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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.

Vol. III. No. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, January 5, 1918.

Price Five Cents

## CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

Three volumes of poetry have reached me from the discriminating and enterprising publishing house of McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited, whose name is beginning to be associated with the finest fruit of native Canadian literature. These volumes belong, as all true poetry does, to the timeless. In only one of them is the great war made a theme. Nature and human nature, the eternal studies of the poet, supply all that is needed for immortal song. Yet no one can read these volumes and not be in better spirit to face the problems of the war and of day-by-day existence. The first thing that the occultist has to learn is to distinguish between the things that endure and those that perish, and then to live for the everlasting. Until this distinction is made and put in practice no progress of a real kind can be made. From the earliest Vedanta down through the ages, the poets and the mystics tell us that the world and the fashions thereof pass away, and they set up for us the quest of the eternal beauty. Perhaps in Canada it has not been so evident, so insistent, but there have been enough who were conscious of and faithful to the quest to make a tradition. No one can read Mr. John Garvin's "Canadian Poets" (from the same publishing house) without feeling that many of those have been touched on the lips with

coals from the true altar. Isabella Crawford, Archibald Lampman, Charles Roberts, Bliss Carman, are outstanding names, and in these three poets we have evidence of the same high calling the note of rapture, the unquenchable devotion, the eye of vision, the lyric melody and the word of power. I have not space to say a tenth part of the things I would like to say of these volumes, nor to quote the splendid passages I have marked, but I can at least call attention to some of the more notable of their contents, and in the order in which I have received them:—"Lundy's Lane and Other Poems," by Duncan Campbell Scott, \$1.25; "The Piper and the Reed," by Robert Norwood, \$1.25; and "Heart of the Hills," by Robert Durrant Watson, \$1.25.

In Mr. Scott's volume there are three poems which come very near to what I take to be the essential spirit of Canadian poetry. It is the note of mysticism, not so sure of itself in Mr. Scott's verse as in Bliss Carman's "Low Tide in Grand Pre," still shadowed with the agnosticism of a generation ago, and still constrained by conventional theology to look elsewhere for the divine things that are now and here. But the ice is breaking, the streams are running more freely, the flowers are springing, the birds are singing. The finest poem to my mind is the "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris." This poetry is Canadian and can not be mistaken for the product of any other

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land. There are three passages which I would like to quote, but space will not permit. First is the exquisite picture of "Akoose, fleet of foot," who in his blinded age rode away and hid himself in a poplar grove. There he slept,

Where dinosaurs sleep, clamped in their rocky tombs.

Who shall count the time that lies between  
The sleep of Akoose and the dinosaurs?  
Innumerable time, that yet is like the breath  
Of the long wind that creeps upon the prairie  
And dies away with the shadows at sundown.

There is a beautiful passage, pages 181-183, beginning, "How often have we risen without daylight," and another at page 189: "Tears are the crushed essence of this world," which proceeds,

We of the sunrise  
Joined in the breast of God, feel deep the power

That urges all things onward, not to an end,  
But in an endless flow, mounting and mounting,

Claiming not overmuch for human life,  
Sharing with our brothers of nerve and leaf  
The urgency of the one creative breath.

Two other fine Canadian poems are "Spring on Mattagami" and "The Height of Land." The first is a poem of nature and love, love in its purest passion; and the second a poem of nature and life, and "The Secret, Golden and Inappellable," which is the cryptic message of the lines. These three poems are entirely worthy of Mr. Scott's promise in earlier work. Canadian literature is the richer for them, and they add another course to the foundations of national thought upon which the splendid philosophies of the future must be raised.

Mr. Scott is as finely lyrical as a poet should be. "An Impromptu" is the product of a thoughtful mood, and there is an ethereal beauty as of Shelley and Hood combined in "Mist and Frost." A lovely lyric of delicate beauty and tenderness is "O Turn Once More!" "The Beggar and the Angel" points an old moral in picturesque phrase—

But being a beggar never saw  
The charm of the compelling law  
That turned the swinging universe.

An exquisite lyric is the prelude to "The Closed Door." "The Dew Falls and the Stars Fall." "The Legend of Christ's Nativity" is instinct with the modern note. Among the sonnets "In Snow Time," though not perfect in form in the octave, is my choice. There are

two fine ones, "To the Heroic Soul," of which I shall quote the octave of the second:

Be strong, O warring soul! For very sooth  
Kings are but wraiths; republics fade like rain,  
Peoples are reaped and garnered as the grain,  
And that alone prevails which is the truth;  
Be strong when all the days of life bear ruth  
And fury, and are hot with toil and strain:  
Hold thy large faith and quell thy mighty pain:  
Dream the great dream that buoys their age  
with youth.

There is no possibility of doing justice to Mr. Scott's volume by meagre quotation. It is one to be read and re-read and thought over. It reveals a mind that is worth being familiar with. And it is only the poets that thus unlock their hearts.

In "The Piper and the Reed" (\$1.25). Rev. Robert Norwood has followed up "His Lady of the Sonnets" and "The Witch of Endor," a dramatic poem, with a collection of lyrical and dramatic, or narrative poems, which establish his reputation as a writer of rarely graceful and finished verse. It is not all up to the same standard as the finer lyrics and blank verse passages of "The Witch of Endor." It is not easy to surpass:

O Light that overflows,  
O Wind that wildly blows;  
O sweet and tender grace,  
All in one woman's face!

O Love that is like fire,  
O Pain that is desire;  
O melodies that start,  
All in one woman's heart!

Mr. Norwood is a mystic, also, and records something of the experiences of those who are lifted into experiences beyond the normal. David utters something of this:

Sometimes the many-colored veils of earth  
Are lifted by invisible swift hands,  
And glory of the infinite is near;  
Then comes awareness of a comradeship  
With God and all His angels, and I rise  
Through unknown spaces of the heaven's blue,  
Lost in the adoration of a love—  
Self-limited and by the creature bound  
That it might share the limitless and pure  
Possession of itself!

In the new volume Mr. Norwood, who has recently taken up his abode in Philadelphia and is probably lost to Canada, displays a more complete mastery of the language than ever, and has given the

rein to his sense of the jewel values of words:

The splendour that Orion spills  
On purple space:  
The golden loom of Leo's name;  
The scintillance of Vega's face;  
Dim unto dark:  
And great Arcturus' far refrain  
Fades to a silence that is pain.  
When like a lark,  
Riseth melodious and strong  
That cadence of eternal song.

That is from the first page, and from the last one may call something even finer:

But if you take this road, my friend,  
My wistful friend,  
Your world will wake to song,  
And all high, holy angels bend  
To hail you of their throng:  
And where the Sons Eternal are,  
You shall be throned upon your star.

Mr. Norwood's poetry is not merely fanciful expression of beautiful dreams. It is fact, experience, truth, as he sees it:

My God had need  
Of one more reed—  
Had need of me  
To make the perfect harmony,  
I am that undersound,  
That needed note.

Mr. Norwood presents in many of his poems a far more radical and advanced view of the spiritual life than is accepted by most conventionally orthodox people. There is really nothing heterodox in his views, but people have neglected the large liberty which comes with knowledge. It is wise for ignorance to step warily, but Truth, knowledge, experience, set men free. They know whereof they speak. Mr. Norwood writes like one emancipated. The truth has set him free. This appears in "The King of Glory," "The Optimist," "Bartimaeus," "The Cock," "The Stream," and particularly in "After the Order of Melchisedec," from which I shall quote some stanzas, and though they may occupy my space so that I must leave Dr. Watson's "Heart of the Hills" till next week, and must neglect the other poems and lyrics, yet these stanzas will present Mr. Norwood in thought and craft at his finest:

I am a priest upon whose head  
God long ago poured holy oil:  
He gave to me a Word and said:  
"With this thou shalt mankind assail!"

I come from out the Holy Place,  
With benediction for the earth.  
To wipe the tears from every face  
And tell the fallen one his worth.

My business is to be a priest  
Whose holy task is to forgive,  
To bid the beggar to the feast,  
To touch the dead and make them live.

I know not any fear of thrones,  
No claim of Scribe or Pharisee;  
My word is set to many tones  
Of lute and harp and psaltery.

I have no temple and no creed,  
I celebrate no mystic rite:  
The human heart is all I need  
Wherein I worship day and night:

The human heart is all I need,  
For I have found God ever there—  
Love is the one sufficient creed,  
And comradeship the purest prayer!

I bow not down to any book,  
No written page holds me in awe;  
For when on one friend's face I look  
I read the Prophets and the Law!

I need no fountain filled with blood  
To cleanse my soul from mortal sin;  
For love is an unbounded flood—  
Freely I go to wash therein.

Love laughs at boundaries of wrath,  
And is as infinite as God:  
Breaks down each wall, finds out each path  
Where willful, straying feet have trod.

Love is the Word God gave and said:  
"With it thou shalt mankind assail!"  
Then forthwith poured upon my head  
Anointing of His holy oil!

—*Toronto Sunday World.*

## SENACA TO LUCILIUS.

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 coöperation 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 whence they came, so an eminent holy man associates with us.

Truly, a beautiful secret is proclaimed by the blessed Gods. Mortality is not a curse, but death a blessing.—*Eleusis.*

## FROM THE ALCHEMISTS.

The woman is called Magnesia, the white, the man is called red, sulphur.—*Turba philosophorum.*

Our stone is like the creation of man. For first we have the union, (2) the corruption, (3) the gestation, (4) the birth of the child, (5) the nutrition follows. So it clearly appears that the philosophers spoke the truth about it, although it seems impossible to simpletons and fools, that there was indeed only one stone, one medicine, one regulation, one work, one vessel, both identical with the white and red sulphur, and to be made at the same time.—*Arnold.*

For there is only one stone, one medicine, to which nothing foreign is added and nothing taken away except that one separates the superfluities from it.—*Arnold.*

Now when you have separated the elements, then wash them.—*Arnold.*

The philosophical work is to dissolve and melt the stone into its mercury, so that it is reduced and brought back to its prima materia, *i. e.*, original condition, purest form.—*Arnold.*

Consider well these two dragons, for they are the beginning of the philosophy which the sages have not dared show their own children. . . . The first is called sulphur or the warm and dry. The other is called quicksilver or the cold and wet. These are the sun and the moon. These are snakes and dragons, which the ancient Egyptians painted in the form of a circle, each biting the other's tail in order to teach that they spring of and from one thing. These are the dragons that the old poets represent as guarding sleeplessly the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperian maidens. These are the ones to which Jason, in his adventures of the golden fleece, gave the potion prepared for him by the beautiful Medea of which discourses the books of the philosophers are so full that there has not been a single philosopher. from the true Hermes, Trismegistus, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Artephtias, Morienus, and other followers up to my own time, who has not written about these matters. These are the two serpents sent by Juno that were to be strangled by the strong Hercules, that is to be conquered and

killed in order to cause them in the beginning of his work to rot, be destroyed and be born. These are the two serpents that are fastened around the herald's staff and rod of Mercury. . . . Therefore when these two (which Avicenna calls the bitch of Carascene and the dog of Armenia) are put together in the vessel of the grave, they bite each other horribly.—*Flamel.*

The work of the alchemists was one of contemplation and not a work of the hands. Their alembic, furnace, cucurbit, retort, philosophical egg, etc., in which the work of fermentation, distillation, extraction of essences and spirits, and the preparation of salts is said to have taken place was Man—yourself, friendly reader—and if you will take yourself into your own study and be candid and honest, acknowledging no other guide or authority but Truth, you may easily discover something of hermetic philosophy: and if at the beginning there should be "fear and trembling" the end may be a more than compensating peace.—*Hitchcock.*

The highest wisdom consists in this, for man to know himself, because in him God has placed his eternal Word. . . . Therefore let the high inquirers and searchers into the deep mysteries of nature learn first to know what they have in themselves, and by the divine power within them let them first heal themselves and transmute their own souls. . . . if that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee. If thou knowest not the excellency of thine own house, why dost thou seek and search after the excellency of other things? The universal Orb of the world contains not so great mysteries and excellences as does a little man formed by God in his own image. And he who desires the primacy amongst the students of nature will nowhere find a better or greater field of study than himself. Therefore will I here follow the example of the Egyptians and . . . from certain true experience proclaim, O Man, know thyself; in thee is hid the treasure of treasures.—*Hitchcock.*

It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. . . . It is sown a

natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.  
—*St. Paul.*

There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial. . . . There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon.  
—*St. Paul.*

For he is our peace who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us, having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace, and that he might reconcile both unto God in one body, having slain the entity thereby.—*St. Paul.*

### MIMICRY IN ANIMALS.

Mimicry in animals. "hitherto an unsolved mystery," is explained in the *North American Review* by Hudson Maxim.

When a bird is about to attack a worm he looks at the worm, trying to ascertain whether the worm is a food worm or a puff-adder. The mental process of the bird is transferred to the nervous system of the worm, who, now aware of the fact that the bird would hesitate to attack him if he were a puff-adder, proceeds to imitate the puff-adder.

In explaining mimicry in animals Mr. Maxim says:

"Knowing that everything in existence is sensitized to everything else in existence, we know, therefore, that there can be no state of being which does not tend to impress its condition upon or betray its condition to other existences whose necessities develop in them faculties of awareness—senses to meet their requirements—besides those senses that we count on the fingers of one hand.

"We know positively that no mental phenomenon can take place without leaving an impress of some character upon surrounding media, because no condition of any structure can exist without that condition making its impress upon surrounding media, tending to alter the conditions existing in those surrounding media. Consequently, we know with absolute certainty that a thought can not exist in the mind of a bird without that thought exerting an influence upon other life in the neighborhood of the bird, and that one

thought exerts a different influence upon the mental mechanism of a worm than will another thought. These things we know; the only thing we do not know, and can not very well prove by practical experiment, is that the worm is able to utilize that influence in the way I have suggested."

Ages have rolled within my breast,  
though yet

Not nigh the bourn to fleeting man  
assigned:

Yes: old—alas how spent the struggling mind

Which at the noon of life is fain to set!  
My dawn and evening have so closely met

That men the shades of night begin to find

Darkening my brow; and heedless, not unkind,

Let the sad warning drop, without regret.

Gone Youth! had I thus missed thee, nor a hope

Were left of thy return beyond the tomb,

I could curse life:—But glorious is the scope

Of an immortal soul.—Oh Death, thy gloom

Short, and already tinged with coming light,

Is to the Christian but a summer's night.

—*Joseph Blanco White.*

Now God did not make the soul after the body, although we have spoken of them in this order; for when he put them together he would never have allowed that the elder should serve the younger, but this is what we say at random, because we ourselves, too, are very largely affected by chance. Whereas he made the soul in origin and excellence prior to and older than the body, to be the ruler and mistress, of whom the body was to be the subject.—*Plato.*

The path of Wisdom is the path of duty. They are not separate roads, as many erroneously conclude. Men fail to associate wisdom with duty—they consider them as apart. The disciple performs the action (duty), and in so doing finds wisdom.—*Teachings of the Master.*

## THE VATICAN.

(From Christian Science Monitor, Dec. 14.)

CHICAGO, ILL.—In its leading editorial, "Where does the Pope stand?" as regards the United States and the war, the *Masonic Chronicle* of this city declares it is folly to ignore this phase of the war. "The time has come," says the *Masonic Chronicle*, "to force all citizens of this country to take a stand. If the Pope wants to keep out of it, let him do so, but he must not assist the Kaiser in Europe and expect to hoodwink the people of the United States into the belief that he is their friend. He must come out into the open and cease his aiding the enemies of this country or be regarded as an avowed enemy." The editorial follows:

"The Roman Catholic newspapers of Canada, backed by the clergy of that wonderful religious, political, and business institution, have been conducting a vigorous campaign for the repeal of the Canadian conscription act, and vicious attacks on Freemasonry are being made in order to bolster up the courage and unite the faithful followers of the Pope.

"The Masonic institution is held responsible for the passage of the conscription act, which is styled 'a menace which causes the Roman Catholic clergy, the worst possible apprehension.'

"The Montreal *La Croix*, which circulates among the Roman Catholics of Quebec, prints the following statement:

"No one ignores the brutal purposes at the base of the conscription bill, which an English majority wishes to introduce in our laws in order to be able to send French-Canadians to the European butchery, and to any other butchery that may happen in the future. Sir Robert Borden, who received the word of command from London, and from the Grand Lodge of England, of which he is a member, and whose reunions he must have attended during his last trip to Europe, will not listen to the language of reason and good sense.'

"The claim of the Roman Catholic organ is absurd, as every Mason in the world knows, but if the Masons of Canada are responsible for the conscription law, or any great movement in the interest of liberty and democracy,

they are entitled to praise from all red-blooded Americans, and will no doubt receive the plaudits of most American Roman Catholics. Cardinal Begin of Quebec, Que., is quoted as saying:

"The conscription law is a menace which causes the Roman Catholic clergy the worst possible apprehensions. This military service . . . is not only a serious blow to the Church of Christ, independent in its domain, and whose laws and practice exempt the clergy and that class of society which that name designates from the service under arms, but also it (the conscription law) constitutes a fatal obstacle to the recruiting of ministers of God, as well as to that of the staff of clerical teachers, and through this very fact it creates, in our society, an evil much worse than that which it is alleged to attempt to remedy.'

"The last part of the quotation deserves especial consideration. It no doubt expresses the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward democracy, which is regarded by Cardinal Begin as 'an evil much worse than that which it is alleged to attempt to remedy.'

"November 10th Isaac F. Marcossou, a well-known writer, arrived at an Atlantic port after a trip to England, France, Italy, and Spain. According to a special dispatch in the *Chicago Tribune*, he brought back a message from General Pershing, at whose headquarters he spent several days. This message was no doubt read by many readers of the *Masonic Chronicle*. It sounded a note of warning to the American people, saying: 'Germany is stronger today than eighteen months ago. The end of the war is at least two years off, and the burden of it must now be borne by the Anglo-Saxon nations.' The warning concluded as follows:

"The well-known sympathy of the Vatican toward the Central Powers, especially Austria, has also contributed to the failure of General Cadorna's troops. No blame is to be attached to Cadorna. He is a striking figure in the war, a man very much like General Haig.'

"This appeared just after thousands of Italians had laid down their arms and surrendered to the Austrian-German forces. General Pershing is not a 'hair-brained bigot,' a name used by the Ro-

man Catholic press when refering to a Mason. He is a hard-headed, experienced military man, who is in close touch with the situation and who is calling attention to the facts in order to arouse his countrymen to the dangers now confronting them.

It is a well-known fact that the Vatican is strongly antagonistic to the Italian government and sympathizes with the Austrians. It can not be denied that the Pope is the avowed enemy of England and France. He is opposed to democracy, but has always pretended friendship for the United States.

"Now that the American Government is one of the main factors in the present war for democracy and liberty, what is the attitude of the Vatican toward America?

"Before the United States entered the war, the Pope was very friendly with its present enemies. Since this country joined the Allies, how far has the Pope gone in his efforts to assist the Kaiser?

"The Pope may be able to influence his faithful followers in some sections of Europe, and that influence may extend beyond the confines of loyal citizenship, but how powerful will that influence be in the United States if thrown in favor of the Kaiser remains to be seen. There are many loyal American Roman Catholics. They will resent any interference with their rights as citizens of this country. The situation is so grave and the complications so many that the Pope may stub his big toe.

"But the fact remains that the Vatican is the enemy of the Allies of this country. The warning of General Pershing and the declarations of Roman Catholic officials and press prove this beyond a doubt. Will the power of the United States government change the attitude of the Pope?

"There is no desire on the part of the *Masonic Chronicle* to raise the religious issue. On the contrary, it is making an effort to eliminate it. The Pope injected the Roman Catholic Church into the war by proposing peace terms, that would make the Kaiser the victor. President Wilson properly and firmly rapped the Pope over the knuckles. Therefore, the Pope is responsible for the church issue.

"It is folly to ignore this phase of the

war. The time has come to force all citizens of this country to take a stand. If the Pope wants to keep out of it, let him do so, but he must not assist the Kaiser in Europe and expect to hoodwink the people of the United States into the belief that he is their friend. He must come out in the open and cease his aiding the enemies of this country or be regarded an avowed enemy.

"The following Associated Press dispatch was printed in the daily papers of this country:

"LONDON, Nov. 23.—The Vatican is accused in an editorial in the *Morning Post* of being implicated in the propaganda, which the newspaper says was largely responsible for the recent Italian reverses. Reviewing what it describes as Vatican machinations the *Post* declares that its political activities during the war "can by no sophistry be regarded as consistent with the rules of neutrality. From the beginning," says the *Post*, "the Vatican has leaned to Austria's side and lately has furtively but actively espoused the Austrian cause."

"When all the facts are considered, it becomes apparent that the American people are justified in asking, 'Where does the Pope stand?'

"The Masonic institution stands for liberty and democracy. Its position is well known and it need make no defense."

The mountain chain with all its gorges deep,

Would then no more impede my godlike motion;

And now before mine eyes expands the ocean,

With all its bays, in shining sleep.

—Faust.

Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition. Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.

—Voice of the Silence-Fragment.

Help Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance.—Voice of the Silence-Fragment.

You follow a false trail;

Do not think that we are not serious;

Is not the kernel of nature

In the hearts of men?

—Goethe.



# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## MEDICAL INSPECTION.

The people of Santa Ana, California, are to be congratulated on their protest against the medical control of their schools. Such control is a violation of American principles and of democracy. It is an affront to the rights of parents and a physical injury to the children themselves, who are thereby taught to be hypochondriacs. Unless this tyranny is speedily checked we shall have in our midst an inquisition more hateful than the religious oppression from which we have partially escaped. Indeed we have it already.

Does the modern doctor know what constitutes sub-normality? Of course he does not. He can recognize the mentally commonplace because he is himself an example of it. And whatever is not commonplace—that is to say like himself—he regards as a disease, and as a fit subject for serums and operations. Dr. Crutcher, who addressed the mass meeting at Santa Ana, said that Abraham Lincoln and Napoleon Bonaparte would have been classed as sub-normals. Indeed nearly every genius that the world has ever known would have been banned by the modern physician. Joan of Arc had visions and would have been fortunate to escape the asylum. The Apostle Paul would probably have been trepanned. So would Mahomet. Martin Luther would have been found guilty of paresis, and St. Francis, if he had tried

to land in America, would have gone straight to the psychopathic ward. The mental "tests" that are applied to children are a piece of solemn humbug and the doctors know it. Very few doctors, or bankers, or clergymen, could pass the fourteen-year-old test.

But the real danger of these absurdities is the resulting concentration of the minds of children and parents on the things of the body. It is an elaborate system of auto-suggestion, immeasurably mischievous, and certain to lead to neurosis and hypochondria. It should be stopped.

## SECRECY.

Why should there be any thing secret or esoteric about religion? Secrecy is repugnant to the modern spirit. It suggests the charlatan.

Such a criticism may come well from the agnostic, but not from the Christian, whose own faith seems to be founded on esotericism. Jesus spoke to the people in parables with the avowed intention that they should not understand him. Even to his disciples he says that he has other things to tell them, but that they could not bear them then. Paul speaks of having a knowledge that it is not lawful for man to utter, and some of the early church fathers laid extraordinary emphasis upon the exoteric teachings for the multitude and the esoteric or secret teachings for the few.

No one can speak of the nature of this

arcane knowledge unless he himself possesses it, and in that case he will be unwilling to speak of it. None the less it is not difficult to understand that there may be certain aspects even of religion that would be dangerous in the hands of the untrained and the undisciplined. Sir Oliver Lodge, for example, earnestly warns his readers against the experiment that he himself has undertaken with a view to establishing the continuity of life after death. They may prove disastrous, he says, to the nervous and the emotional. He would certainly keep his methods secret if he could. Science does what little it can to withhold some of its knowledge from the general mind. It is by no means easy, for instance, to learn the composition of the high explosives. And even the law regards it as criminal to impart a knowledge of certain physiological facts with which every physician is familiar.

There may be, and doubtless there are, certain processes of spiritual development that would be dangerous and even fatal without preparation and training, no matter how accurately they were imparted. Indeed there are many persons who have seriously injured themselves mentally and physically in the effort to put into practice some of the misunderstood hints to be found in Oriental literature. Consciousness, he it remembered, depends for its manifestation on a physical medium. The normal brain and nervous system are adjusted to the normal consciousness, and may easily break down if the strain of an abnormal consciousness is placed upon them. It is also possible that new and enormous moral temptations may present themselves to those who wander unguided into unfamiliar paths.

None the less the beginnings of occultism may be essayed by all without danger. And when the first step has been taken there will be no bar to progress except our own frailties. Every one has a right to be tried, and the teacher will take him just so far as he is able to go. But progress must be orderly if it is also to be safe.

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A wish earnestly desired  
Produced by will, and nourished  
When gradually it must be thwarted,  
Burrows like an arrow in the flesh.

—*Buddha.*

## JERUSALEM.

How great would be the interest throughout Christendom, says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, if the capture of Jerusalem from the Turks should result in the discovery of a new Bible. But we are not so sure of that. Much would depend on the contents of the new Bible. If it seemed to confirm the existing creeds it would be received joyfully. If it controverted them, it would be denounced as spurious. Many "Logia of the Lord" have been discovered in the last few years, as authentic as the Canon itself, but they have been frowned on and neglected because they were not in unison with the received dogmas. A "new Bible" would be judged by the same standards.

The Turks have never excavated for the manuscripts that certainly lie hidden under the sacred city, and they have allowed no one else to excavate. Therein perhaps they were the agents of a beneficent Karma, for the mediæval church would assuredly have destroyed whatever was displeasing to it. Perhaps even now we may have to wait awhile if the hour is not yet ripe, for the British will allow of no outrage to the Mohammedan mosques that stand in the way of the explorer:

The British are displaying great care not to disturb the religious sensibilities of the Moslems. They will undoubtedly continue this policy; and it may be that this will seriously limit the work of excavators, even if the wholesale prohibition of the Turk is repealed. At Luxor, in Egypt, for example, there is one section of the great temple which remains uncovered because a Mohammedan mosque rests upon the mound of débris that hides it. The authorities will not allow any disturbance of the mosque. Similar respect will doubtless be shown Moslem buildings and feelings in the much more sacred city of Jerusalem. Even greater solicitude is to be expected. But there is plenty of the area of Jerusalem over which the Moslem has not thrown the mantle of his mosque and his tombs.

The ancient sites are difficult to identify in spite of the vociferous certainties of Greek, Latin, Copt, and Armenian. No one knows the site of Calvary nor the place of the wall of the first century. The situation of Mount Zion is a mystery:

In many sections of Jerusalem the débris is very deep. The Damascus gate, for example, is obviously built right on the top of another gate, the upper angle of whose archway just

appears above the present pavement running through the gate. The whole Tyropoeon Valley is from twenty to sixty feet beneath the present surface. Digging there may reveal anything, for the débris of an ancient city, like the sand of Egypt, is a great preserver of olden structures. But it is impossible to tabulate all the question marks with which the religious archaeologist turns toward this museum-city—of biblical times. The judgment hall of Pilate is just up the hill from this valley—perhaps? Digging there will disturb nothing but a Turkish barracks, and that is hardly a structure that the Allies will hold sacred. But here we are on the edge of the most interesting place of all—the Temple area. This is one of the very few absolutely authentic and undisputed sites in Jerusalem. Its pavements cover many secrets. The investigator had rather be let loose here with his pick and spade than anywhere else in Jerusalem or even in Palestine. But will he? Two mosques are in this area, one of them the most sacred Moslem edifice outside of Mecca. This unfortunately is the mosque of Omar, which is built over the holy rock. This rock is a part of the top of Mount Moriah and was undoubtedly in the temple inclosure. It saw not only the temple of Christ (of Herod), but the temple built by the Jews after their exile and the glorious temple of Solomon. Under it is a cave very sacred to the Mohammedans, and in the floor of that cave is an opening into something beneath, which no Christian has ever been permitted to see. All sorts of traditions excite our keen curiosity. It is said that here are hidden the sacred vessels from the temple of Solomon. Ignoring history, others say that here are the seven-branched candlestick and similar priceless treasures stolen by Titus and now believed to be at the bottom of the Tiber. How eagerly would the excavator delve into this cave of mystery and promise! But it is to be feared that even a permanent British possession of Jerusalem can not gain for him that privilege. Moslem opposition will be too strong.

This is an age when we may expect that hidden things shall be brought to light. It is not only the frontiers of nations that are dissolving before our eyes. The unseen things are more—the molds that have fettered and restrained the human mind, the habits of thought that have anchored us to our delusions and our follies, the sanctities that we have attached to the things that are not sacred but wholly human and transient, the fixed opinions that have shielded a falseness and a lie. It is not a work of war-like destruction that fills our vision, but a new creation and a revelation. And perhaps the sardonic hand of Karma has ordained that the Turk shall be the agent for the demolition of the theology that has been his scourge, and for the preservation of the spiritual philoso-

phy that theology sought to hide and to obliterate.

## "THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN."

(By Edwin Lester Arnold.)

Among the books of fiction published during the past decades few can challenge in strangeness, few open to speculation so attractive a vista as that rare combination of atmosphere, stirring incident, and thoughtfulness which Edwin Lester Arnold produced in "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phoenician," a new edition of which recently appeared under the Putnam imprint. Phra's several incarnations covered a span of over a thousand years, from a time antedating the Roman conquest of Britain to the stirring days of Queen Elizabeth. Phra sat in Britain at the tables of Roman Centurions, and the last of her Saxon kings died in his arms. He swore hatred of foreign tyrants in the wassail bowls of serfs, and bestrode Norman chargers, in tiltyards and battlefields. His enormous span of years was packed with adventure and romance. Edwin Arnold in his introduction to the volume says: "While renewing in each existence the characteristic passions and sentiments which constitute Phra's individuality and preserve the unity of the narrative, the author seems to me to have adopted him to varying times and places with a vraisemblance and absence of effort which are extremely effective."

I will send a prophet to you,  
A deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,  
Who shall toil and suffer with you.  
If you listen to his counsels,  
You will multiply and prosper.  
If his warnings pass unheeded,  
You will fade away and perish.

—*Hiawatha*.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfills himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

—*Tennyson*.

It is the supreme law of philosophy that involution and evolution are an eternal equation.—*Joseph Cook*.

## EXPERIENCE.

(By the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia.")

Theology deals chiefly with the religious experience of the past, and the interpretation that great thinkers give to that experience; but we have also our own present experience to interrogate.

Let us, then, candidly ask whether this life is really in our experience as much cut off from the next as we are apt to believe.

It is quite possible that we have made an entire mistake in supposing that the souls of our dead friends are cut off from us. When a soul develops the God consciousness it finds God continually within and without; communion with God becomes a constant and familiar reality. It is not to be imagined that God was not with such a soul before, as well as after, its awakening. Just so it is at least possible that our souls may have communion with the discarnate souls of those they have loved on earth, but may be unaware of the fact, for we overlook many things in our lives till we obtain some new light upon their nature and importance.

I would like to illustrate what I mean by transcribing what I believe to embody a true experience. It is a colloquy between a widow and a modern vicar. The latter, having lost his only daughter at the same time as his son was killed in the war, had been plunged into depression, and had received great comfort from visiting a medium through whose lips he believed he had caught characteristic messages from his children. In paying a visit he spoke of this in confidence to the widow, saying at the same time how inadequate he had found the ordinary consolations of religion.

"Well," said she, "when I was young I lost my husband. I was mad with grief. He was all the world to me, and I was a silly little thing without much religion and with almost no faith; and I had the children to bring up, and no one to help me. I just raged against God for taking my James from me. So when the parson came I raged at him for calling a God like that good. All he said was, 'I don't know whether your husband's death was God's will or not. It may have happened because of the sinful condition of the

world; but of one thing I am quite sure, and that is that it is God's will to be your Comforter.'"

"Yes," said the vicar, "we all say that, but comfort sometimes comes through indirect channels, and I think that in Spiritualism God may be guiding us to find such a channel. Did you find the comfort of which he spoke?"

"I will tell you what happened if you care to know," said the widow. "I didn't believe I should get comfort his way. I was angry at heart, but I was honest. I asked the parson how God could comfort me, and he said that God could be all to me that my husband had been, and more. I was so angry that I got in the way of defying God in my heart. A dozen times a day, when I wanted my husband, I would say to God, 'Now and here, this is what I need, and you can't give it to me!' Perhaps it would be advice I wanted; perhaps I wanted to show my husband how bonny the children were; perhaps I wanted to tell him of the clever things they said; or perhaps I was tired and wanted a hand to help. I thought this was a wicked habit of mine, telling God that he couldn't meet my needs. But after a time I came somehow to feel that God liked the honesty of it. Sometimes I seemed to think quite suddenly and unexpectedly of the Lord Christ looking at me with a twinkle in His eye." She paused for a few moments. "It was just wonderful how, some way of other, after a few months the world was all full of God for me. I was very young and foolish, and I am none too wise now, but I have known a secret since that time that I can't put into words. But what I was going to tell you when I began was something else. It was one day a year after my husband died, and I went out with God into the garden to get some flowers to put on his grave, and there, suddenly, I knew that my husband himself was there with me in the garden—just himself, only braver and stronger and more happy than I had ever known him."

"Did you see anything?" asked the vicar.

"Oh, no! I thank God I have always kept my five wits about me. If the sort of form he had were the kind my eyes could see, of course I should see him

all the time, and not occasionally standing about like a silly ghost."

"Did you hear anything?" inquired the vicar.

"No, I didn't. How could I hear what I couldn't see?"

"How did you know he was there?" asked the vicar.

"I don't know how I knew—but I knew; and times and times since I have known; and if you want any proof that what I tell you is true, I should say, Apply the old test—look for the fruits. Look at my children. Do you think the foolish, undisciplined girl that I was could have trained and taught them as they have been trained and taught? What I think is that whatever comfort you got through your medium, I got a better form of comfort, for I found God and my husband, too."

Afterwards, in speaking about it, the vicar remarked that she was evidently an unusual woman, spiritually minded, healthy and intelligent; but he added that he also thought she had a lively imagination, and he questioned the veridical nature of her experiences. As for me, I question the veridical nature of his; I do not find his evidence at all convincing.—*From "Immortality." Published by the Macmillan Company; \$2.25.*

#### A VEDIC HYMN.

In the beginning there was neither the Unreal nor the Real.

Were there these spheres of light? Or the heavens beyond?

What? and by what enveloped? Where? and for whose enjoyment?

Was there the primal Ether, the source and end of all that is—deep, infinite, immeasurable?

There was neither death nor aught deathless, nor darkness separate from light.

That One alone, unbreathing, lived; with It the shadowy veil subsisted (not Being nor non-Being); other than It there nothing was.

Before the birth of all things this world lay sleeping in the womb of the Prime Cause, like gloom in darkness hidden,

Each in the other merged, inseparate as sea from sea;

When by the potent majesty of Thought, pulsing with creative purpose,

This single, self-poised Whole from out its shroud of nothingness broke forth.

Ere yet all This arose, together with the One was Love;

And there lay floating an inchoate mass—the seed of life and matter—

Remnant of bygone creations, of hopes deferred and ends unrealized.

(In the light of their wisdom, musing in their hearts, thus have the poets seen—loosing the Real from its bond, the Unreal.)

Out from them all shot scintillating lines of rays, all-spreading, swift, like cloud-born fiery flashes;

Whither flamed they forth? Athwart, above, below?

Some were enjoyers, seed-showerers and reapers of the harvest;

Some, of vast power and magnitude, fields of enjoyment;

While some again the substance were of sustenance, nourishing the fathers and the gods.

In order first evolved, and higher,—those—these later formed and lower.

Who then knows in truth? Who here may utter it?

Whence stream this forth? This manifold of life and mind, of what composed? and whither moving?

The Devas, by the Word made manifest, after this Bursting-forth shone into being:

Who then shall know whence This arose? Where has creation birth? Whether or no upheld?

If He uphold it not—what mortal or immortal can?

He who is its highest Seer, in the supreme space beyond as in the inmost heart of all,

—Self-luminous, its perfect Life and Joy and Essence—

He surely knows the whence and whither of it all;

If He know not—what mortal or immortal knows?

—*Translated by Sri Ananda Acharya in "Brahmadarsanam." Published by the Macmillan Company.*

After the entire union of the soul had taken place, according to the master's mind, he formed all that is corporeal within this, and joined it together so as to penetrate it throughout.—*Plato.*



## THE MYSTIC PATH.

The gods were everywhere and mingled in all the events of daily life. The fire which cooked the means of nourishment for the believers and which warmed them; the water which quenched their thirst and cleansed them; also the air which they breathed, and the day which shone for them, were the objects of their homage. Perhaps no religion has given to its adherents in so large a degree as Mithracism opportunity for prayer and motives for devotion. When the initiated betook himself in the evening to the sacred grotto concealed in the solitude of the forest, at every step new sensations awakened in his heart some mystical emotion. The stars that shone in the sky, the wind that whispered in the foliage, the spring or brook which hastened murmuring to the valley, even the earth which he trod under his feet, were in his eyes divine; and all surrounding nature a worshipful fear of the infinite forces that swayed the universe.

—*Franz Cumont.*

When you enter a grove peopled with ancient trees, higher than the ordinary, and whose boughs are so closely interwoven that the sky can not be seen, the stately shadows of the wood, the privacy of the place, and the awful gloom can not but strike you, as with the presence of a deity, or when we see some cave at the foot of a mountain penetrating the rocks, not made by human hands, but hollowed out to great depths by nature; it fills the mind with a religious fear; we venerate the fountain heads of great rivers; the sudden eruption of a vast body of water from the secret places of the earth, obtains an altar: we adore likewise the springs of warm baths, and either the opaque quality or immense depths, hath made some lakes sacred.—*Seneca.*

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. Les, 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.—*Seneca.*

## CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

There is something in the feminine nature that reaches more profoundly, more faithfully, more responsively to the heroic than the masculine does, but this has not always found expression. The present war has found women more vocative, more capable of giving utterance to their own feelings, because, perhaps, less occupied with the poems of men, or perhaps because more prepared with a higher culture to giving expression to their own views. The poems with which Mrs. Nellie McClung has prefaced her chapters are singularly impressive. "This was the third time a boy on a wheel" is an example of graphic and disciplined tragic verse. The stanzas preceding that most touching narrative, "Permission," are only to be read and filed with the pathos of the story after it has been read. Those who are impervious to these things have many incarnations ahead of them, and those who are not moved to action by their perusal are of those of whom it was said that they had better never have been born. It is the poet's mission to speak to the dull heart and to awaken the sleeping fires. I have been greatly impressed by Katherine Hale's new collection of poems, "The New Joan" (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; 25 cents). It makes a long advance on "The White Comrade," and even more on "Grey Knitting." There is indeed an attainment in full of that distinction of which there was the promise in the previous booklets. In these splendid and colorful poems one hears the rare, high note of the soul, a language echoed in words, but whose meaning transpires rather than is spoken. The felicitous phrase, the happy epithet, the choice

word are all of the upper ether, and Katherine Hale has been breathing that diviner air:

"Behold a legion of all-souls," she said,  
 "Who ride again for country and for king,  
 And with them, as the ardent sun with spring,  
 See the enchanted ones that life calls dead."

I would like to quote several of these poems, but space will not permit, and the reader will desire to buy and possess for himself:

But O, the splendour of the way!  
 And O, the magic sheen  
 That hath enmeshed God's flower-of-love  
 Along the road of green!

"The Child" is a beautiful poem, and in bright contrast to the next one, "The Law," whose marble purity carries self-evident conviction:

For I would find out Truth, my Lord,  
 The soul behind the naked word,  
 And at the bourne where life began,  
 I would inquire the law for man.

My favorite, however, is "A Spring Day," not because it is the best, but because it fits my own mood, and has a rare music singing in its lines that lifts one towards the serene:

O. March, he is a loud-foot lad,  
 Nor pipes as April can,  
 But this green day he brings again  
 An olive-branch to man.

His emerald hours are promises  
 Set in the snow-white days;  
 And slowly moves Earth's miracle  
 Along the hidden ways.

As peace is paler than red war,  
 The crocus than the rose,  
 So life comes whispering up the Land  
 A word that whitely glows.

And not in azure Arcady  
 Or where great battles ring,  
 Is felt the everlasting hope  
 That is the heart of spring.

But in the Spirit of the race  
 That holds a vision clear,  
 And plucks the flower of fadeless dream  
 Through soldier as through seer.

—*Toronto Sunday World.*

Free dost thou call thyself? Thy dominant thought would I hear and not that thou hast thrown off a yoke. Art thou one who had the right to throw off a yoke? There are many who throw away their last value when they throw away their servitude.—*Nietzsche.*

## WISDOM FROM BUDDHA.

Ye must rely upon the law. This is your highest, strongest vantage ground.

Know when to eat and the right measure; and so with reference to the rules of clothing and of medicine; take care you do not by the food you take encourage in yourselves a covetous or an angry mind.

Eat your food to satisfy your hunger and drink to satisfy your thirst, as we repair an old and broken chariot, or like the butterfly that sips the flower, destroying not its fragrance nor its texture.

If a man with a sharp sword should cut the body bit by bit, let not an angry thought or of resentment rise, and let the mouth speak no ill word.

Your evil thoughts and evil words but hurt yourself and not another; nothing so full of victory as patience, though your body suffer the pain of mutilation.

Anger and hate destroy the true law, and they destroy dignity and beauty of body; as when one dies we lose our name for beauty, so the fire of anger itself burns up the heart.

A contented mind is always joyful, but joy like this is but religion; the rich and poor alike, having contentments, enjoy perpetual rest.

Right thought kept well in the mind, no evil thing can ever enter there.

Buddha himself at rest, and full of love, desired to bestow the rest he enjoyed on all.

By coveting to appease the desires we really increase them. There is no character of permanency therefore about them.

From pure behavior comes self-power, which frees a man from many dangers. Pure conduct, like a ladder, enables us to climb to heaven.

Twofold is the life we live in—  
 Fate and Will together run:—  
 Two wheels bear life's chariot onward.  
 Will it move on only one?

—*From the Sanskrit.*

How absolutely universal is the extent, and at the same time how completely subordinate the significance, of the mission which mechanism has to fulfill in the structure of the world.—*Lotze.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## MYSTERIOUS FORCES.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a quotation from *Current Opinion* in relation to an article on psychic phenomena contributed by Professor Whately-Smith to the *London World*. The phenomena in question are those commonly known to psychic research, and more particularly "those cases in which ponderable bodies are set in motion in the presence of a medium in a manner which can not be accounted for by the known laws of science." Translated into the vernacular, this means table turning and table levitation.

With such matters we are not at the moment concerned, interesting and important as they undoubtedly are. But we are concerned with the assertion of *Current Opinion* that "Sir William Crookes testified to their occurrence in the presence of D. D. Home more than forty years ago, the circumstances and the nature of the investigation into them being such as to preclude all reasonable possibility of error."

Now science began to pay serious attention to these matters about ten years ago. Until then it was wholly impervious to facts, stupidly and contemptuously silent before proof and demonstration. The evidence in support of these phenomena was advanced, not by the credulous or the superstitious, but by Sir William Crookes, who even at that time

was among the most eminent of living scientists. He asked for a hearing, and it was denied him. He wrote books, and they were ignored. He asked for the co-operation of his confrères in the work of research, and the only reply was a covert and derisive sneer. Huxley, invited by Wallace to see for himself the inexplicable moving of ponderable bodies, replied curtly that he was not interested—not interested in facts so vitally related to his own peculiar department of knowledge! Not interested! He was immensely interested in the number of hairs on the leg of a spider, but that a table should move without physical contact left him cold and unconcerned. He did not wish even to see it. And this enlightened attitude on the part of science in general persisted for at least thirty years. To a lesser extent it exists still.

It is well to remember these things at a time when science is blatantly assertive of its eagerness to study all facts and to possess all knowledge. There was a time when religion was supposed to be the enemy of the progressive mind, but not even the spectacle of Galileo before the Holy Inquisition was quite so repellant a one as that of Sir William Crookes pleading for a hearing from the science of the nineteenth century, and pleading in vain for thirty years. Galileo was advancing a theory not easily understood by untutored minds, not

easily defended in the dim intellectual light of his day, a theory that seemed subversive of religious faith, that was honestly believed to be so. Sir William Crookes was pleading before the Inquisition of a science that had proudly championed the freedom of the mind, and the right and duty of the mind to follow the light of knowledge wherever it might lead. He had no theory to advance, no system to recommend. All he asked was an observance of physical fact under such conditions "as to preclude all reasonable possibility of error." And they would not even look.

Once more it is well to remember these things, not scornfully nor contemptuously, but none the less with a certain suspicion that science is not necessarily penitent because it has moved forward. Its advance may be compulsory—at the point of the bayonet, so to speak. One naturally uses military terms nowadays.

#### RELIGION AND POLITICS.

Innumerable books are being written on the future religion of the world. Innumerable other books are being written on the part that religion ought to play in government, sociology, and political reform. One wonders who reads them all. Or if any one does. One is also inclined to wonder if the printing press as an agent of progress has not been overvalued.

The books on the future religion of the world are usually written with a conceit so naïve as to be inoffensive. The procedure of their composition is a simple one. The future religion of the world is always "my" religion, and no more is needed than to outline its features in the full conviction that the world will soon struggle upward and onward to its attainment. The books on religion and sociology are equally simple in their construction. All you have to do is to summarize the election platform of your own political party and to harness it to the cause of true piety by means of a few texts. A recently published volume on the social and political duties of a Christian enumerated nineteen highly contentious laws with the bland assurance that loyalty to Christ demanded their support. It seems a little disgusting.

#### CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

Cycles do not, it is stated in the "Secret Doctrine," "affect all mankind alone at one and the same time. . . . Hence, as we see, the difficulty of comprehending and discriminating between them, with regard to their physical and spiritual effects, without having thoroughly mastered their relations with, and action upon the respective positions of nations and races, in their destiny and evolution. This system can not be comprehended if the Spiritual action of these periods—preordained, so to say, by Karmic law—is separated from their physical course. The calculations of the best astrologers would fail, or at any rate remain imperfectly, unless this dual action is thoroughly taken into consideration and dealt with upon these lines. . . . Mankind has ever shut its eyes to the great truth that man is himself his own saviour, as his own destroyer; that he need not accuse heaven and the gods, Fates and Providence, of the apparent injustice that reigns in the midst of humanity. . . . The Western Aryans had, every nation and tribe, like their Eastern brethren of the Fifth Race, their Golden and their Iron Ages, their period of comparative irresponsibility, or the Satya age of purity, while now several of them have reached their Iron Age, the Kali Yuga, an age black with horrors." This was published in 1888 and we have seen the blackness and the horror. Out of these horrors will come something better. Better things are already coming, as in the suppression of the liquor traffic. The enfranchisement of women and their participation in public life is a phase of the new development, and of the first importance. Woman has been given no responsibility in the past, and she can not be blamed for much that has occurred. It is impossible to estimate fully the effect which the enfranchisement of women will have on the political life of the nations, but it will be very great upon women themselves. They are leaving their minority behind them, as it were, and become adults in their relation to the social fabric. Perhaps they will do for the social fabric what they always have done for the domestic fabric, and man will find that there is one who under-

stands social order and economy better than himself.

In the outer world by far the most striking and important event was the revolution in Russia, signalized by the abdication of the Tsar on March 15th. It was hoped at first that the revolution would be an orderly and bloodless one, but the forces of evil are too strong to permit such a blessing. Germany assisted the entry to Russia of such firebrands as Lenine and Trotsky, and in the course of the year they succeeded in demoralizing the country and overthrowing the government which had been preparing to ascertain the will of the people as to their desires for the future. Those who willed anarchy found too many to agree with them, and until this anarchy is purged out of the nation the Germans will have their way in it. But the cause of democracy in one form or another is secure in Russia. Almost immediately, as though the Russian revolution had been the precipitating cause, or the note struck there had elicited an accord in America, the United States came into the war, and thus assured beyond question the defeat of Germany. The third great event was the triumph of British arms in Mesopotamia and Palestine, and the occupation of Bagdad and Jerusalem by British forces. These are great symbolic events, like the visit of the Three Kings, and the consolidation of Mohammedan, Jewish, and Christian interest which they betoken, mean much for the human race. The Arab people are firm friends of Britain, and 120,000,000 of Moslems in the British Empire give assurance that peace and liberty will be cherished wherever the Star and Crescent has authority. Turkey is under the black flag of Germany at present, but the Turks are ready for revolt, as the Germans are themselves. The astrologers perceive for Germany "an appalling combination" at the autumn equinox, Uranus exactly culminating in close opposition to Saturn and in square with Mars, indicating "internal anarchy, revolution, and a reign of terror." William sowed the wind in July, 1914. He will reap as he has sown. The adoption of union government by Canada is another event of world significance, for it also signifies the departure of the autocratic party spirit, not less autocratic in its way than

the Kaiserism of Prussia. Shall we have democracy in religion as in government? That is the great question. There are many who look for the coming of One as a Dictator in religion, and the idea does not appeal to me. A leader, a teacher, yes; an arbitrary ruler and absolute authority, no. We are too slavish now. We are too fond of ruling each other. The great Teacher, when He comes, will have a law of perfect liberty. I doubt if we are ready for Him yet.—*Toronto Sunday World.*

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Time is, and all the detail of the world  
confounds

The plastic mind. With multitude of  
shapes and sounds

Do the swift elements of thought con-  
tend

To form a whole which they may com-  
prehend

Only to those of high intent

Is life revealed, and quick dreams sent—  
Half-glimpsèd truths omnipotent.

Out of the silence of an unborn space

A spirit moves, and thought comes face  
to face

With the immutable, and time is past,  
And the spent soul, alone, meets truth  
at last.

Chance, fate, occasion, circumstance,  
In interfused radiance

Are lost. Past, present, future, all com-  
bined

In one sure instantaneous grasp of mind,  
And all infinity unrolls at our command,  
While beast and man and God unite, as  
worlds expand.

—*Ormeida Curtis Harrison.*

---

To others the doctrine of love may be  
dear;

I own I confide in the doctrine of fear:  
There's nothing, I think, so effective to  
make

Our weak fellow-creatures their errors  
forsake,

As to tell them abruptly with unchanging  
front,

"You'll be damned if you do! You'll be  
damned if you don't!"

A new generation forthwith must arise,  
With Beelzebub pictured before their  
young eyes.

They'll be brave, they'll be true, they'll  
be gentle and kind

Because they have Satan forever in mind.



## IMMORTALITY.

Whether as a result of the war or as its concomitant, the important fact may be noted that more books are being written on death and immortality than on any other topic with the single exception of the war itself. But in most of these books we may note a common defect. The authors seize the opportunity to advance or to sustain some pet theory or conviction founded upon faith and not upon facts. They are special pleaders and they misuse the evidence, as special pleaders always do.

But only to a limited extent does such a criticism apply to the volume under present review. It is entitled "Immortality," and its authors are B. H. Streeter, A. Clutton-Brock, C. W. Emmet, J. A. Hadfield, and Lily Dougall. Unfortunately the article on "Reincarnation, Karma, and Theosophy" has been entrusted to the last-named writer, whose sympathies, while theologically generous, are avowedly hostile to her topic. It would have been well to give the task to one not already anchored to adverse views. What should we think if an article on the Vicarious Atonement, for example, were entrusted to a Mohammedan?

The first article on "Presuppositions and Prejudgments," by A. Clutton-Brock, is among the most notable in the volume. A disbelief in immortality sometimes proceeds, says the author, from a sort of rigid moral asceticism that delights to deprive itself of the prospect of reward. But sometimes it rests on the less reasonable basis of a denial of some particular kind of future life or of some particular arguments advanced for it:

There are, for instance, many people who suppose that the whole question of a future life is bound up with the notion that Heaven is a place above the sky, and with the dogma of the Physical Resurrection of Christ. It has never occurred to them to consider the two questions separately. Because they do not believe in a local Heaven, or in the physical Resurrection, they assume that they can not believe in a future life. But it is possible not to be a Christian at all, to believe that Christ never existed, or never to have heard of the name Heaven, and yet to believe in a future life with Plato. Yet another irrelevant cause of disbelief in a future life is the strange assertion, commonly associated with the Christian faith, that animals have no souls. This did not matter so long as men saw no likeness between themselves and animals; but, now that a thousand discovered

facts prove the likeness, the contention is obvious that, since animals have no souls, men can have none either, and must die like dogs. But how if dogs die like men? How if animals are like men rather than men like animals? Perhaps the last piece of Christian humility, we have yet to learn, with St. Francis, is that the black beetle is our brother. Perhaps it is the generic snobbery of man, more than anything else, that has deprived him of his highest hopes, just as all our snobberies deprive us of hope by emptying life of absolute values for us. I can not believe in any real and universal fellowship unless I am ready to strip myself of all status; I can not believe in a real future life so long as I think of it as a privilege of my own species. In the long run exclusiveness always shuts out those who exclude; for there is a terrible unconscious sincerity in the human mind by which all lies told for comfort or pride re-venge themselves on the liar.

Another notable contribution is on "The Mind and the Brain," by J. A. Hadfield, M. A., M. B., Surgeon, Royal Navy. The author reviews briefly the various systems of philosophy, touching on Idealism in the following well-chosen words:

Mind is alone real and eternal: the brain is but a deposit thrown out, precipitated, and then formed into a coherent whole, and fashioned as the instrument by which the mind communicates with the material world and with other minds. The destruction of the brain will have no more effect on the existence of the mind than the breaking of a violin on the genius of a musician. The mind, being eternal, is undisturbed by the accidents which may befall the material and temporary, whose very nature is to decay.

That there may be mental distortion without any corresponding brain disorder, that the mind is a tenant of the brain and subject to its own ailments independently of the brain, is proved by the fact that remedies purely mental or moral in their nature are often effective. The lesion is not in the brain, but in the mind:

In the course of writing the account of this case [previously cited] I have had a visit from an officer recently returned from the front, who was formerly a patient of mine for psycho-therapy. A year ago he was a clerk in a shipping office. He came to me with the symptoms of physical exhaustion, anæmia, and sleeplessness. In addition he had delusions that anything he touched, and particularly his pen, were covered with microbes. Bits of paper about the street and about the house filled him with the same fear of contamination. It will be readily understood that such delusions completely incapacitated him for his work, for nothing could persuade him to write a letter, and he was compelled to abandon his work suffering from a nervous breakdown. Were the mental symptoms in his

case due to some toxin affecting the brain? or, on the other hand, were the physical symptoms caused by mental disturbance? The test of successful treatment will furnish us with an answer. An attempt to discover the cause of the condition by questioning failed to elicit any satisfactory reason for the disease. I therefore applied the method of "psycho-analysis." By this method I discovered the true cause of his malady; it turned out, as is so often the case, to be a suppressed anxiety of a strongly emotional character, the nature of which I do not feel justified in making public. In this case the mere realization by the patient of the latent cause, once it was discovered, was practically sufficient to cure the condition, on the same principle that the best cure for a "tune running in the head" is to sing it aloud, and the only cure for a hidden sin is to confess it. I saw this officer a year ago a candidate for the asylum: I see him now having been through the fighting of the "Devil's Wood," in which one-third of his battalion was laid low, but far from being afflicted with the nerve shock one would have expected he has won for himself a commission, and is one of the few men I have met who genuinely desires to return to the trenches. These two cases are sufficient to prove that the primary lesion was not to be sought for in the brain cells, but in the mind, and illustrate the power which the mind is capable of exercising, not only over mental, but over physical conditions.

Mr. Hadfield is not quite so fortunate in his treatment of some of the phenomena of spiritualism. He is inclined to attribute all appearances at the time of death to telepathy, the actual appearance being a hallucination. But what is telepathy? Merely to translate the term into mind transference helps us not at all:

The Spiritualist seems to believe that the spirit of the departed is in the room and manifests himself in some actual form, but a more reasonable theory is that the impression is purely subjective, and due to Telepathy from the dying person. It is to be noted that in several of the best-authenticated cases of these stories of apparitions of the dying the death takes place in India or Africa, and the recipient is in England.

We may put on one side the loose jargon about "spirits" and still ask ourselves if Mr. Hadfield's theory can explain the facts. Can it explain, for example, the well-established fact that the appearance often reveals the exact manner of death, as well as physical details that could hardly have been known even to the victim himself? Mr. Henry Holt, for example, relates the appearance of a young man who had died at the same moment from poison accidentally administered. The face of the "wraith"

was covered with blotches, the usual result of the particular poison employed, but this could hardly have been known to the victim, who had died almost immediately. The Oriental teaching of the Mayavi Rupa is much more satisfactory.

Mr. Hadfield has a good word to say for faith, which is as essential to the scientist as to the religionist:

For the present, therefore, so far as science is concerned, life after the grave is not a proved fact, but the evidence is sufficient to justify faith in it. Such "faith" is often looked upon as a specifically religious function, and suggests to the casual observer a process of "swallowing" what is incredible. Far from that being the case, faith is a function which the scientist employs constantly and without which he could not conduct his investigations. "Faith" is merely the religious counterpart of the "hypothesis" of the scientist. He is bound to assume as a hypothesis the law of gravity, and other mighty assumptions which he has not proved; but, having assumed any such hypothesis, he finds that the facts of the universe as he knows them fit so perfectly into it that he is confirmed in his belief in the legitimacy of his hypothesis. Precisely the same process is employed by the religious man who assumes the truth of belief in God and in immortal life. Having accepted these hypotheses, he finds that they explain so many of the deep problems of the world that his faith in them is confirmed. Since, therefore, the facts of science, which we have been studying, seem rather to confirm than to contradict the hypothesis of a life beyond death, the religious man is acting only reasonably when he accepts the belief as an article of his faith.

Mr. Hadfield concludes his article with an admirable summary, but he fails somewhat to carry it forward to its logical goal. He tells us that before our lives began we were each parts of the "World Soul," but without separate consciousness or distinct individuality. But how comes it that the race is made up of such diversified characters if all were parts of the world soul before birth. Was the degenerate criminal a part of the world soul? And also Plato? And if it is our destiny, as Mr. Hadfield says, to become "more differentiated and more spiritual," when and under what circumstances will this happen to the degenerate criminal, and under what impetus? Does Mr. Hadfield believe that this "part of the world soul" that constitutes a human consciousness is destined to the tenancy of a human brain that may last for only a few moments and that never lasts for more than a century, and that this will be its only contact with a human brain

and with the world of matter through unending ages? How does it happen that "parts of the world-soul" sometimes manifest as the depravities of idiocy and sometimes as the exaltations of saintship? And if preëxistent "parts of the world-soul" may incarnate once in a human brain, why not a second time, or a hundredth time? None the less we may congratulate Mr. Hadfield. Like Gileleo's earth, *e pur muove*. It is no small thing that so accomplished a scientist should have reached the point of pre-existence. It is a milestone on the road to reincarnation.

Other parts of this remarkable volume will be noticed in the next issue of the *Outlook*.

IMMORTALITY. By various authors. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

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It is curious how the ghosts of dead scholars are alleged to haunt many of our leading schools and universities (remarks London *Tit-Bits*). Eton believes firmly in the "Spook of Cuckoo Weir," an apparition of a boy who was drowned nearly 400 years ago at a spot on the river just north of the college. Westminster School, where many of our greatest men have received their early education, possesses its own peculiar "spook" in the shape of a rotund Puritan named Wiseman, who was killed by a tile hurled by one of the scholars during one of the London riots in 1642. Queen's College, Oxford, has its "John Bonnell's ghost," the said John Bonnell being a former commoner of the college, who died there in mysterious circumstances in 1795. Trinity College, Cambridge, is haunted by a "radiant boy"—beautiful, ethereal, diaphanous.

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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 and carries him whither he would not.—*Stevenson*.

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In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the Supreme Spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, and what room for sorrow, when he reflects on the identity of spirit.

## SOME MYSTERIOUS FORCES.

It is not surprising, observes Professor W. Whately-Smith, that the past two years have witnessed a considerable increase in the facts and problems of what is vaguely referred to as "psychical research." The trouble is that popular interest centres almost exclusively about that branch of the inquiry dealing with the possibility of establishing communication with those who have undergone physical death. This tends to eclipse the relative progress which has been made in other branches of the subject, a progress likely to prove of far greater importance from the strictly scientific point of view. As an instance of this may be mentioned the wide publicity given to the recent book by Sir Oliver Lodge dealing with one who "passed on," whereas a series of investigations and researches by Dr. Crawford, lecturer on mechanical engineering at the municipal technical institute of Belfast, is very little noticed. The latter are of immense import to all who feel an interest in the strictly scientific progress of this department of knowledge and they deal with the phenomena which it is agreed to call "psychical."

The point should be cleared up at the outset. By the term "psychical" phenomena are meant those cases in which ponderable bodies are set in motion in the presence of a medium in a manner which can not be accounted for by the known laws of science. The annals of spiritualism and of psychical research abound with cases in which such things are alleged to have taken place, yet the number of instances wherein the evidence is unimpeachable is extraordinary small in view of the confidence reposed in them by believers or devotees. Yet Sir William Crookes testified to their occurrence in the presence of D. D. Home more than forty years ago, the circumstances and the nature of the investigation into them being such as to preclude all reasonable possibility of error.

To Dr. Crawford belongs the honor of being the first to subject a case of this sort to a prolonged and methodical quantitative examination. He has been exceptionally fortunate in finding an admirable medium and very favorable conditions of work. He has concentrated his energies upon two details only—raps

and the movement of a table without contact. The salient features of his results are thus given by Professor Whately-Smith in the *London World*:

1. A wooden table is raised to a height of one to two, or more, feet from the ground, without being in contact with any person or other material object of any kind. This does not occur in a capricious or erratic manner, but can almost always be produced on demand.

2. When the table is thus "levitated" the weight of the medium is increased by an amount practically equal to the weight of the table.

3. Experiment has forced Dr. Crawford to infer the existence of a rigid structure connecting the medium to the table—an inference which, in the opinion of the writer, is inevitable. This structure is, however, invisible and impalpable—a thin rod can be passed freely between medium and table during levitation—or all round the table—without effect.

4. The forces concerned are under intelligent control of some kind.

This is a very condensed summary, and Professor Whately-Smith says he has himself witnessed the phenomena under conditions favorable to observation and they are undoubtedly genuine. The peculiar interest of these researches, he says, lies in their proximate rather than in their ultimate cause. The nature of the controlling intelligence is in no way established by the fact that a table is affected by forces of an unknown nature. The important point is that we have here a case of an intelligence—of what kind is immaterial—producing movements in matter without the normal intermediaries of brain, nerve, and muscle. The connecting link between consciousness on the one hand and matter on the other appears here to be "exteriorized" from the physical body to which it is normally restricted:

"We have thus an opportunity of investigating its nature, without the insuperable limitations which the human body usually imposes on the experiment.

"In that the connecting structure is capable of affecting matter and is itself actuated by mind—it seems possible that it may represent a sort of 'half-way house' between the physical and mental planes, and that its complete elucidation would bring us appreciably nearer being able to express both in common terms.

"It will be seen, therefore, that these researches, although of less immediate emotional interest than those relating to

post-mortem existence, are yet likely to prove of superlative importance. No one who takes a seriously intelligent interest in these matters can afford to overlook them."—*Current Opinion*.

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 feeleth, thinketh, willeth,—is 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. —*Browning*.

We are our own fates. Our own deeds  
Are our doomsmen. Man's life was made  
Not for men's creeds,  
But for men's actions.

—*Owen Meredith*.

Unfortunately, no nation or nations  
can escape their Karnic fate, any more  
than can units and individuals.—*Secret  
Doctrine*.

Little by little, then, especially if the  
Voice of Conscience is attended to, the  
"Spiritual Will" develops and works.

With pure thoughts and fullness of  
love, I will do towards others what I do  
for myself.—*Buddha*.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## LILY DOUGALL AND THEOSOPHY.

Mrs. Annie Besant once remarked to the writer that the objections urged by a skeptical public against the theosophical lecturer need not be feared, as they were always the same. They could be foreseen.

But while a certain monotony of this sort might be expected from the casual audience of the public lecture hall it is with some surprise that we encounter it in the scholarly writings of Lily Dougall, who contributes a chapter on "Reincarnation, Karma, and Theosophy" to the volume on *Immortality* that has just been published by the Macmillan Company. For example, we find the author urging the old objection that where there is no conscious connection between earth lives there can be no preservation of identity, and that "a continuance of memory is necessary to personality." But what does she mean by memory? Does she mean a persisting *awareness*? The actor who is playing the part of Hamlet may be so immersed in his personation as to "forget" that last week he played Macbeth. But has he thereby lost his personality? On the contrary, is not his Hamlet all the better for the energy and industry that he gave to his study of Macbeth? Are not the two performances in a sense continuous and sequential? Have I lost my identity because the events of my early life have nearly

completely faded from my mind? Do I lose my identity when I go to sleep at night merely because I can not remember the states of my sleep consciousness? Modern psychology shows that there is no event, however trivial, however fully its record may seem to be effaced, that may not be recalled from the depths of the subconscious. It is evident that such events are still the subject of memory; otherwise they could not be recalled. But they are not the subject of *awareness*. In the same way it may be urged that the events of past incarnations lie buried in the memory, but they do not enter the field of awareness. None the less there are many who have fetched them forth into awareness.

But why should a soul return to this earth, asks the author, when there are so many other worlds to which it might go? She says: "All these worlds may, for aught we know, be stages in the destiny of each human person. He may pass from world to world with memory intact and without physical rebirth."

But what a curious idea—a universe of innumerable worlds, all peopled by ghosts, phantoms, or disembodied souls—except this one. The author does not seem to see that physical worlds demand inhabitants with physical bodies, just as water implies fish, and air implies birds. But presumably there must be some law of causation governing the choice by the soul of the new world in which it is thus



to function without a body. Why should it choose one world and not another? Is it not reasonable to suppose that it would be steered, so to speak, by the causes that it had engendered, that is to say steered to the physical scene of those causes?

We hardly expected from Lily Dougall an appeal to a rather sticky sentiment. But we have it none the less. How can a mother, she asks, "look into the dawning intelligence of her child's eyes and be satisfied to believe that in innumerable past lives that same soul has gone through experience savage and civilized, has probably been in turn harlot or rake; victim or tyrant, wife or warrior, layman or priest, and perhaps all these a hundred times?" Seeing that the great majority of the human race are believers in reincarnation, the questions seems superfluous, or at least misdirected. It should be addressed to the innumerable mothers who find nothing repugnant in the idea. The author will doubtless admit that the atoms in the child's body, that are now in such adorable combination, have been in the world since the dawn of evolution, and have doubtless participated in the formation of many other bodies, some of them perhaps elemental and repulsive. Does the realization of this unchallengeable fact diminish her delight in the contemplation of a child? Does it prove repellent to the child's mother? And if the same matter is eternally caught up and welded into new forms, why should we not suppose that the informing consciousness is also the same? Lily Dougall finds nothing repulsive in the idea that the child's character is influenced by "innumerable streams of heredity," and here of course we are verging upon matters of taste that admit of no discussion. Personally we should prefer to believe that a child's character was the result of its own past actions than that it had been spiritually vaccinated, so to speak, with poisoned lymph from a harlot grandmother. And surely we catch the author napping when she says that infant genius always has to do with numbers, music, or arithmetic, and never with philosophy. How about Jesus? And this from the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia!*

The author's objections to karma are of the usual kind. Either they are based

on the axiom that any stick will do to beat a dog or she has not troubled to acquaint herself with even the surface presentation of her subject. She assumes that karma is comparable with human punishment which, as she truly says, has no reformatory effect unless the victim is aware of the nature of his offense. We do not punish a sow who devours her young alive, but we do punish a human mother who even neglects her children. How can karma have a reformatory effect if the sufferer has no memory of the offense that invoked its rod?

The answer is obvious. Karma is not punishment in the sense that a human judge punishes a prisoner. Karma is the condition or state of fate and fortune into which our characters have led us. If I am by nature greedy, unreliable, or discourteous, I shall presently find that these vices have led me into an unfavorable environment. For example, I shall be avoided by my friends and even isolated, and as a result I shall suffer. Eventually I shall realize the self-generated cause of my suffering and I shall reform myself. Now these vices were acquired by the habitual acts of some past life, but it does not matter whether or not I remember the acts, since I have now the character resulting from those acts, and that character has induced an exactly appropriate and reformatory suffering. And it was my own character—acquired by my habitual acts—that led me to that suffering.

Since it is obvious that character is the arbiter of fate and fortune it would seem that the origin of character is the main point for determination. Greed leads to dishonesty, and dishonesty to suffering, but how comes it that I am greedy? Why is it that I have one kind of character and the man next door quite another? Why is it that I am attracted by science, and the man next door by art? Why is one man cruel and another merciful? Not only do we demand answers to these questions, but we demand answers that shall satisfy our sense of justice. If we were able to read the character of the boy on Commencement Day we could make a fairly accurate prediction of his future. That future will be his karma. But how did he acquire his character?

What has Lily Dougall to offer us in exchange for the eminently just theory that the character of the boy represents the sum total of his experience in other lives in just the same way that his character will now be modified and changed by the experiences of this life? Apparently she has nothing to offer us except vague and repulsive assumptions that he has been infected, so to speak, by poisonous strains from ancestors whom he never knew, perhaps never even heard of, and for whom he is in no sense responsible. And this horrid idea is supposed to be quite acceptable to mothers who would shrink in consternation from the thought that the soul of the baby is not a new creation by God, who is thus supposed to stand in constant readiness to create souls whenever it pleases human beings to comply with the necessary physical conditions, no matter under what circumstances of shame and degradation.

Probably it would be useless to discuss the subject of trance and the knowledge obtainable therefrom with an author who does not know the difference between trance and mediumship, and who placidly supposes that Samadhi is analagous to hypnotism. None the less we may derive some satisfaction from the fact that a Christian apologist should advance so far toward enlightenment as to examine heedfully and acquiescently such phenomena as clairvoyance and telepathy. To suppose that we have reached the ultimate of attainable truth and that all who claim a further advance are deluded is a weakness of human nature, and we can but congratulate Lily Dougall that her conception of Christianity did not fall under the scourge of her co-religionists of fifty years ago. And we may believe that her co-religionists fifty years hence will marvel at the kindly ability with which she now combats some obvious theosophical truths which by that time will be included in the range of their recognition and hailed as integral parts of Christianity. But Theosophy will be ahead of them still.

Beware when the great God lets loose a new thinker on this planet.—*Emerson.*

Everything is a series and in a series.—*Swedenborg.*

## FEAR.

Let us gather fine things wherever they may be found. They are few enough, in all conscience. And so in the *Christian Science Monitor* we find the assurance that there are compensations for war, and that even in the thunder of the battlefield may be heard the still small voice that teaches heavenly mysteries. When the war broke out it seemed as though all hell were let loose, and then "marvel of marvels, the pleasure-seekers climbed out of their barges, the socialists and labor unions closed their meetings, and all marched together, shoulder to shoulder, into the trenches to defend principle":

That night Mephistopheles must have sat puzzled, angry, and alarmed. Nothing had gone the way he had calculated; and, as he watched the transformation in the trenches, he must have realized that the game was lost. "We went into the trenches," said a British officer not long ago, "Christians by education, infidels in practice. And this is what the trenches have done for us—today, we know that there is a God." What the pulpit was powerless to teach, the trenches have taught. Self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-renunciation in the trenches have taught men what love meant on Calvary. "What message," asked a journalist one day on leaving the front, "shall I take to them at home?" And the answer came without hesitation from the officer addressed, "Tell them that the men are splendid." There, huddled together in the mud and blood of the long city stretching from Zeebrugge to Belfort, amidst the crash of "coal-boxes" and "Jack Johnsons," with the great guns roaring, and the rifle bullets pattering, with the blasted trees and shell craters of "No Man's Land" for a front garden, officers and men are alike splendid. It is the same, too, amidst the sands and limestone ridges of Palestine, and by the fly-covered mud flats of "Temptation Square" in Eden. There is no "class" in the trenches. Peers and factory hands, laborers and university professors, academicians and artisans, all putting Principle first and themselves last in a common fellowship. And that is the redemption of the trenches.

For the first time half the men are beginning to think at all, and most of the others to think truly. A company of troops, going shouting and laughing over the top not long ago, fought themselves into a position where they were surrounded on every side by death, and from which escape seemed impossible. From the tense silence which fell upon them, said one of the officers afterward I knew that they were praying. And then I don't know how, but the whole danger melted away, and we were safe. Safe from what? demands the cynic cynically, from the fate they went out to inflict on somebody else? No, not from that, though the explanation is difficult in a few words. Safe from the dangers their own fears had conjured up for them. Safe, owing to their own simple trust in good, which

made safe also those whom they had gone out to fight.

It is, as the writer says, difficult to explain in a few words, or in words at all. But we may note for reflection the emphasis that the scriptures of the world have laid upon fear. "He is dear unto me," says Krishna, "who has no fear of men, and of whom men are not afraid." And in the New Testament we read that "perfect love casteth out fear." It might be hard to defend the assertion that courage and a light heart will protect against physical dangers, but none the less there are those who know it to be true and who need no proof.

### CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

I am thoroughly convinced that all Bibles, sacred scriptures, mystical writings, and "inspired" compositions that are of any value to the world, and have shown that value by their survival, derive their value from their direct bearing on universal life and not on historical grounds. It is true that there is a historical key to their interpretations, but for the most part no one understands it. Hence the absurd efforts, for example, made in every generation to identify the "beast" of the book of Revelation whose number is 666, a figure recognized long before Christianity in the Pythagorean table of numbers which is based on magic squares, and indicates the key numbers of evolution. It evidently refers to the critical state when the evolution of the animal passes over into the human, a stage of transmutation. I have never seen in any orthodox commentary any allusion to the Pythagorean table, which surely suggests the limitations of our church scholars. The parables in general all deal with facts of occult science, plain enough to the instructed, but the weird explanations given in the pulpit occasionally are sufficient to drive reasonable men from religion. I have spoken in these columns before of sermons on the parable of the mustard seed, and of the related passage in which the Lord said that if the disciples had faith "as a grain of mustard seed," they could move mountains. All the sermons I have heard preached on

the passage missed the idea altogether of having faith, as a grain of mustard seed has faith, but suggested having faith the size of a grain of mustard seed, as though faith could be measured in bulk. Faith, pistis, is understanding, an interior faculty or form of wisdom, which is common to all life. If we have faith as the mustard seed has faith we shall seize our opportunities and grow, and if necessary remove mountains in the process. No one seems able to explain the assertion about the mustard seed as being "indeed the least of all seeds." A comparison with lobelia seed, for example, will puzzle even a Crisadelphian or a Plymouth Brother to get over this difficulty.

The parables, like the miracles, and the philosophy of the New Testament in general harmonizes strictly with the ancient mystery teachings, the four worlds entering into every discussion in more or less definite symbolism. The four Gospels with their symbols of the Ox, the Lion, the Man, and the Eagle, clearly indicate the physical, the psychic, the mental, and the spiritual worlds, recognized ages before Christianity as the prakritic, the askasic, the pranic, and the manasic globes or spheres. The physical man lives in the physical or prakritic world; the psychic man (misleadingly translated "natural" man in I. Corinthians, xv.) dwells in the akasic or etheric world; the mental man belongs to the pneumatic or pranic world; and the real man, the Self, the man from heaven or the overworld, is of the manasic world, St. Paul's "third heaven." These worlds are symbolized also by iron, copper, silver, and gold. In the book of Daniel the vision of Nebuchadnezzar follows the same symbolism. The image he saw had a head of gold, breast and arms of silver, belly and thighs of brass, legs of iron, and feet partly iron and partly clay. The four elements, so-called, were used by the alchemists and other occultists and mystics for the same purpose, earth, water, air, and fire indicating the relative tenuity of the four worlds. The angelic and other fourth dimension phenomena of the scriptures can not be understood without a knowledge of these four worlds, which, it will

be understood, are not globes like the earth, but conditions of matter, realms or planes of being, to the lowest of which as physical beings we belong. Our consciousness in the waking state is confined to this lowest plane. We have glimpses or reflections, usually quite incoherent, of the next plane in the dream-like state. The other two are practically closed to the consciousness of the average waking man. The whole aim of religion, although this has been almost forgotten, is to attain to the consciousness of these higher levels. In order to do so, suitable vehicles or bodies must be developed. The psychic body has been evolved, and is sown as a seed, as St. Paul puts it, in the physical body, from which by right thought and right conduct it may be evolved to the spiritual level and be transformed into a spiritual body.

All the parables bear on this process of regeneration which is carried on through various incarnations until the spiritual birth has been attained. Until this occurs reincarnation is compulsory. Afterwards it is voluntary. Jesus showed the way of voluntary incarnation, descending from higher planes to this physical plane and being born in the body of a little infant, as the Christian world celebrates every Christmas, though neglecting, or having forgotten, the main lesson of the event, which is the fact of our preëxistence and immortality. The periods of development in the world occur in cycles, the chief of which are marked by the zodiac whose year of 25,960 years, the period of the revolution of the sun in its orbit, and the zodiacal month of 2155 years, mark the term of great terrestrial events. We are at the beginning of one of these months now, when the sun enters the sign Aquarius, the man bearing a pitcher of water (Mark xiv., 13; Luke xx., 10). These months are called aeons or ages in the New Testament and the expression, "the end of the age," is always translated "the end of the world," to the great mystification and delusion of the ignorant. Any one who will take the trouble to read over the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters of Matthew, with these facts in mind, will understand the references, not to the end of the

world, but to the end of the aeon or age, and the events which accompany the coming of the new aeon or age, and the new Messenger or Master of the new cycle. All the great religions teach these things, and record them in their scriptures, but it has been the aim of a section of the Christian church to conceal them from the people, and many of the accredited ministers even deny them. But everybody is free to examine for himself, and if he rejects the opportunity he can not expect to have his ignorance excused. As against this, some of them quote the text (Matthew xxiv., 36), "Of that day and hour knoweth no man," which as far as I know is literally true. If the text had been, "Of that century and year," the literalists might have had warrant for their short-sightedness. I would quote another text for their edification (Matthew xvi., 1-4), "O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

The two chapters I have mentioned are full of occult teaching. The spiritual man constantly strives to redeem the psychic man from the lower world. The brain consciousness, of which is begotten the personality, mediates between the lower animal nature and the higher spiritual nature. If it tends to concentrate its forces and attention on the spiritual world the whole character may be so refined and purified that the new birth may become possible. This is not a process of the head, but of the heart, a mystery associated with the "secret heart" of occultism. It is the birth of Christ within on which Paul dwells so frequently. All men are passing through this phase of evolution or experience. Some are more advanced than others, as is indicated in the parable of the talents. Each man, according to his previous effort, has his talents delivered to him in the conditions of his incarnation, his opportunities, his environment, his heredity, his natural abilities. All these he has earned in past lives. They are his to use or abuse. If he uses them rightly and is faithful in little, in his next incarnation he will get further opportunities and responsibilities. If he neglects and wastes his opportunities, like the man that hid his talent, he is deprived even

of what he had. If a man lets his faculty be dormant it dies out in him, becomes atrophied. Others seize his opportunities, so there is taken away from him even that which he had, and it is given to those that have. By no materialistic interpretation can these parables be regarded as reasonable or just in principle. As statements of natural law they are scientifically accurate. The parable of the ten virgins is of the same kind. They represent people in general, you and me and the rest of us. Some are wise and some are foolish. With a materialistic interpretation it is impossible to justify the wise virgins who would not share their oil with the others. As a parable of the kingdom it is an accurate statement of fact. The coming of the bridegroom is the presence of the spiritual man in our consciousness, the "man from heaven." The oil is the oil with which prophet, priest, and king have to be anointed, the oil which no one can share with another, which each must obtain for himself—the oil of experience. The wise virgins did not share their oil with the foolish, simply because they could not. No one can share his experience with another, no matter how willing he may be. The foolish virgins neglected the opportunity to get this most precious harvest of life. They could not therefore enter into the marriage feast. They must incarnate again and learn in a new life as they omitted to do in the old. In the case of the evil servant (xxiv., 42-51) who thought that his Lord delayed coming, and he would follow his own lower desires, the occult significance is very marked. "The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder." After death the lower animal or desire nature is separated from the human or higher aspect of the thinking man. He is cut in sunder. If he has had little spiritual life, there is little to be added to the spiritual memory and consciousness. He must incarnate again.—*Toronto Sunday World*.

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The fearful unbelief is the unbelief in myself.—*Carlyle*.

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Overcome evil by good.—*Buddha*.

## EASTER ISLAND.

The Pacific, of all oceans, holds perhaps the greatest clues to that past civilization which was old when history began. Of Mexico and Peru much has been written, and much speculation has been followed by many interesting discoveries. And yet, despite Prescott, despite museums, and the collections and exploits of indefatigable antiquarians, but little is established after all. Still less, indeed, of the widely scattered Polynesian group of islands, so many of which strive in vain to tell a tale too old to be recalled. . . .

Easter Island was discovered nearly two hundred years ago by the Dutch Admiral Roggeveen, who cast anchor there on an Easter Sunday, whence it derived its name. He found it more largely populated than it is now. But he and his crew must have both seen and marveled at its bold rock sculpture, its terraces and walls, its picture writings. Many of these, indeed, rival the world-famous relics of Mexico and Peru, while they are strangely akin to them in conception and design.

A comparison with the Inca architecture of the city of Cuzco as it appeared to the Spaniards when they conquered Peru, will give some indication of the appearance of Easter Island to-day. It is said of Cuzco that its walls and fortresses were built of stone, the heavy blocks of which were not laid in regular courses, but so disposed that the small ones should fill up the interstices between the great; cement was not used, but the stones were adjusted with such nicety and precision that "it was impossible to introduce even the blade of a knife between them." In such a manner, too, are placed the stones composing the walls and terraces of Easter Island.

The arrangement of terraces at Easter Island again is similar to that obtaining in the defense works of Cuzco, though of course on a somewhat smaller scale. Many of the images, varying from twelve feet to sixty-eight feet in height are hewn out of a solid block, in some cases of the stationary rock itself, and in others evidently "quarried" out and set up at some distance from the quarry. How the latter were brought from the quarries whence they must have been excavated without the help of iron tools

remains a riddle. It will be remembered that some of the stones, whether wrought into images, or built into the grand structures of Cuzco, measured even thirty-eight feet in length, eighteen feet in breadth, and six feet in thickness!

Curiously Sphinx-like these images of Easter Island are in the secretive expression of vast, rude features. The hieroglyphics also bear an allusive resemblance to those of Egypt. These are, many of them, more elaborate, more alphabetic in form, than the picture-writing of the ancient Mexicans, for instance, although there seems little doubt that the writings of Mexico were in some forgotten way akin to the Egyptian. At the present day the phonetic properties of hieroglyphics are recognized, and what indeed are such properties if not alphabetic?

The hieroglyphic writings of Easter Island, perhaps its most salient and remarkable feature, have been executed on tablets of wood. There appear to have been two kinds of script, as in other cases of ancient writings; a sacred and a common. Quite recently a native was discovered who could decipher the latter. In the Caroline Islands, Chatham Island, and even among the Battas of Inner Sumatra, a rude approach to such writings, and consequent proof of former civilization, have been found.

As compared with Mexico, again, the tools employed by the ancient Easter Islanders, though like in shape, are yet more wonderful when the purpose for which they were used is considered. It is believed that the use of iron was unknown to the more ancient people of the earth; certainly few traces are found. But among the Mexicans there is evidence of red copper having been fashioned into tools; and although that is wonderful enough when the usage is seen to which the comparatively soft metal was put, yet still more marvelous are the tools of volcanic glass which were wrought, carved, cut, and chiseled the huge images and blocks of stone to be found on Easter Island. Remains of these tools are yet to be found lying about the island quarries.

The people of Eastern Island, whatever their remote origin, are now decadent, partly through slavery, partly

through migration; a continual exodus and influx of strange peoples, and the consequent mixture of type, have marred what must have been once a fine and gradually civilizing race. The conversion of the natives in 1864 to Christianity has caused them to abandon all interest in their pagan carvings and writings, so that much of the secret of their former advance is, and must be, lost to the world.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

### SONG.

Ye that follow the vision  
Of the world's weal afar,  
Have ye met with derision  
And the red laugh of war;  
Yet the thunder shall not hurt you,  
Nor the battle-storms dismay;  
Tho' the sun in heaven desert you,  
"Love will find out the way."

When the pulse of hope falters,  
When the fire flickers low  
On your faith's crumbling altars,  
And the faithless gods go;  
When the fond hope ye cherished  
Cometh, kissing, to betray;  
When the last star hath perished,  
"Love will find out the way."

When the last dream bereaveth you,  
And the heart turns to stone,  
When the last comrade leaveth you  
In the desert, alone;  
With the whole world before you  
Clad in battle-array,  
And the starless night o'er you,  
"Love will find out the way."

Your dreamers may dream it  
The shadow of a dream,  
Your sages may deem it  
A bubble on the stream;  
Yet our kingdom draweth nigher  
With each dawn and every day,  
Through the earthquake and the fire  
"Love will find out the way."

Love will find it, tho' the nations  
Rise up blind, as of old,  
And the new generations  
Wage their warfares of gold;  
Tho' they trample child and mother  
As red clay into the clay,  
Where brother wars with brother,  
"Love will find out the way."

—From "Drake," by Alfred Noyes.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## ADRENATION.

Professor G. T. W. Patrick, Ph. D., writes on "Courage and Fear in the Great War" in the December issue of *Medicine and Surgery*. War, says Professor Patrick, seems to result in a merging of the soldier's personality into that of the organization to which he belongs. He thinks thenceforth with the larger social unit. He thinks collectively and he becomes to that extent unselfish. Fear he will probably have, but it will not lead him to do anything unworthy:

Fear indeed is most valuable to a soldier. Without great emotional excitement he will not attain his maximum power. In fact, psychologists have recently shown through laboratory experiments the mechanism of fear and its effects upon the body. Dr. Walter B. Cannon's experiments are well known to us. He has discovered a number of interesting internal changes which take place in the body as a result of fear or other strong emotions, and which are exceedingly useful in preparing the individual for movements of defense or fighting. The most important of these changes is the effect upon the adrenal glands. Under the influence of any strong emotion, such as fear or anger, these glands secrete and pour into the circulating blood a substance called adrenalin. The effect of this, circulating through the blood, is instantly to prepare the body for violent action. The pupils of the eyes are dilated, the activities of the stomach are checked, the heart is stimulated, and sugar is liberated from the liver. The increase of sugar in the blood means an instant increase in muscular energy. The blood is drawn away from the stomach and the digestive system, where for a time it is not needed, and pours to the muscles of the legs and arms and to the lungs and heart, where it is required for

sudden action, while the influences of fatigue are greatly diminished.

Dr. Cannon's experiments, if we remember them rightly, showed that the secretion of adrenalin, while fitting the body for sudden and unwonted exertion, would also induce diabetes and Bright's disease, if long continued. But these experiments show more than that if we may be allowed to use what we may call an inferential imagination. If fear induces a secretion of adrenalin we may reasonably suppose that all emotions have some corresponding effect for good or evil upon the bodily organs. In this particular instance Dr. Cannon has identified the influence of fear on the adrenal glands. But what is the influence of hope, for example? Or greed? It is reasonable to suppose that there is such an influence and that it awaits only to be detected.

## THE KILLED IN BATTLE.

Mr. Harold W. Percival, editor of the *Word*, has written an interesting little pamphlet on "The World War, the Killed in Battle, and Reincarnation." Mr. Percival does not believe that death on the battlefield must necessarily imply a quicker reincarnation than under other circumstances. He reminds us that "after death a man must pass through certain stages before he can reincarnate. These stages are hastened or retarded by his attitude of mind at the moment of death. That attitude is not a matter of



accident, but is inevitably the sum and result of all his previous thoughts. It is his karma, his self-made destiny." Mr. Percival believes that death in battle is never alone a determining factor and that the explanation of the increase of male births after a war must be sought elsewhere. But the pamphlet should be read in its entirety. It can be obtained from the *Word*, 25 West Forty-Fifth Street, New York. Price, 5 cents.

### PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

Those who place a touching reliance on the interpretations of psychic phenomena that are offered to us by science must be not a little perplexed to find that these interpretations are so widely at variance. Indeed there are nearly as many interpretations as there are interpreters, and each is offered with the dogmatic certainty that was once the peculiar province of the priest. Thus we find that some of the able authors of "Immortality" are inclined to pin their faith to telepathy and to clairvoyant vision. Sir Oliver Lodge believes that he can often disentangle the voices of a true human individuality from other voices of a more dubious and questionable nature. And now here is Dr. J. Godfrey Raupert, writing in *Ave Maria* and calling upon his great experience to warn us against the Devil and all his works. And it may be said that our sympathies are largely with Dr. Raupert, while asking for a liberal latitude in our definition of the Devil.

Dr. Raupert is at least impressive. He says:

I am, in the first place, wholly and entirely convinced that, whatever future research may bring to light, nothing in the natural order can account for the intelligence which is at work in the production of a large proportion of the phenomena in question. Neither duplex or secondary personality, nor telepathy or thought-transference, nor the manifestations of the subconscious mind, can furnish the key to the solution of the problem. All these may be instrumental agencies by means of which the intelligence, back of the phenomena, works; but they are not the intelligence itself; and, in true phenomena, that intelligence does most certainly display itself in an unmistakable manner. I said this in my earliest works many years ago, before science had applied itself systematically to the solution of the problem; and I held to my conviction in spite of much unfavorable criticism and of the plausible sounding assertions of imperfectly informed experimenters. The

now almost universal acceptance of the spiritistic conclusion is evidence that my view was the correct one.

To a large extent this firm conviction is, of course, due to my personal observation of the phenomena under a variety of conditions; and I maintain that no sane man, who has had similar opportunities, could possibly arrive at any other. I have often, in some spirit-haunted room, with the furniture moving about, and voices sounding aloud and explaining some of the mysteries of the spirit-life—all the witnesses being in a normal state of mind, and all agreeing as to the nature of the phenomena—laughed inwardly at those scientists who sit in their armchairs and evolve complex and, I am sure, often (to themselves) incomprehensible theories, by which they seek to explain these phenomena. I feel sure that five minutes in such a spirit-haunted room would have been sufficient to make them converts to spiritism—in the wider sense, of course, of that term, and in no-wise implying that these spirits are what they most generally claim to be.

Our opinion of the arm-chair scientist corresponds with that of Dr. Raupert. That their conclusions are wholly unhampered by experience is often evident enough.

Mediumship, says Dr. Raupert, may be "developed," or it may result from the uncurbed passions of men:

When men become the helpless slaves of such passions their moral judgment becomes unbalanced, their will is paralyzed, they lose the sense of the proportion of things, and there is developed in them a state of mind which creates a sort of bond or affinity with evil spirit-intelligences, who, by reason of this affinity, gain a closer access to the soul, and in the course of time, control and dominate it entirely. By a method of suggestion and by a subtle and barely perceived direction of the destructive current of thought, they manage to fan the particular passion enervating the subject, until they rule the soul and become masters of the situation. I believe this is thus that some forms of spirit-obsession and possession have their beginning, and this is the key which solves many a puzzling psychological problem by which we are confronted. The main peril, of course, lies in the circumstance that the victim is seldom conscious of the true character of the influence which is at work.

Actual obsession as a result of uncurbed passions is, of course, comparatively rare, nor should we admit that developed mediumship necessarily involve contact with evil intelligences. Generalities are rarely true, and they always weaken argument. The real danger of mediumship is to be found in its essential state of negativity, which is the negation of spirituality and in itself the father of all mischief.

Science, says Dr. Raupert, can never determine the nature of the communicating intelligences:

I am further thoroughly convinced that the key to the solution of the psychic problem will never be found in the purely scientific method. The scientific student of the phenomena may be able to observe and register and classify the various phenomena which he invites. He may weigh and measure and microscopically examine "the psychic force," or "plasma," as it flows from the body of the sensitive. He may succeed in ascertaining the most favorable conditions under which it can be exteriorized, and become available for manipulation by spirit-intelligence. He will never be able, by such a method, to determine, with any degree of certainty, what are the source and character and aim of the intelligence which controls it, and which produces by its means such mysterious and remarkable effects in the sense-world. It is evident that he is here confronted by a problem which lies wholly outside the scientific sphere, and for the solution of which his scientific knowledge will avail him nothing.

His statements on this point must ever be mere surmise and inference—inference largely affected by his personal views of life and by his attitude towards religion. The circumstance that the spirit-intelligence displaying itself presents a human form and uses human language is manifestly no evidence at all that it is really human in its nature, seeing that it is only in this way that it could make itself intelligible to our understanding. A being or an order different from the human obviously could not enter into sensible communication with us, unless it adopted the human mode of intercourse—employed human thought-forms and human language. The circumstance, therefore, that these are employed can never be conclusive evidence that the intelligence back of them is not of an order different from the human.

But, whatever view we may be disposed to take of the matter, it is fully admitted by the best-informed psychological students that, whether they be human or not, evil and malignant beings doubtless exist in the unseen. The grave peril, therefore, to which the rash and unwary expose themselves in entering upon these experiments must be apparent to the most superficial thinker. The door of the mind once thrown open, either by the practice of mediumship or by sin and passion, access to the personality by the unseen spirit-agent becomes a comparatively easy matter; and the degree in which this access is effected depends largely upon the physical health and the general mental and moral condition of the victim.

Dr. Raupert has, of course, a theological contention to sustain and, as usual with theological contentions, it is wholly inadequate. We need not trouble ourselves about it.

God can as little do without us as we without Him.—*Eckhart*.

## CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

In the Belfast *Witness* of November 30th there is published a sermon on "Theosophy and Christianity," by Rev. David Purves, D. D., preached in Elmwood Presbyterian Church on November 18th. For one who has only made a superficial examination of Theosophy it seems to me to be an extraordinarily fair statement, and in marked contrast to some of the assertions made about Theosophy by men who ought to know better. I have had several pamphlets given me recently in which the writers, generally without knowing anything about Theosophy, have gone out of their way to misrepresent or distort the views, or what were alleged to be the views, of Theosophists. One pamphlet, issued by a Gospel Association on Yonge Street, and distributed to children coming out of a Theosophical Sunday-school, telling them that Theosophy is an invention of the devil, is not calculated to inspire respect for this form of Christianity in children who are taught that all religion is of God and that truth is its first principle. When we know or profess to believe that the devil is the father of lies, we should be exceedingly careful not to misrepresent or falsify. This, as far as he was aware, apparently, Dr. Purves has been careful not to do. There are some points in his sermon about which I am sure he would be glad to be set right. I am not at all sure that the *Witness* would accept a letter, so I take this opportunity of making some comments. Dr. Purves' text was from I. Corinthians, i., 24: "Christ, the Wisdom of God," which in the Greek is "Christou Theou dunamin Kai Theou Sophian," or "Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God." Dr. Purves recognizes the claim that Theosophy underlies all religions, and that it is "an interpreter of all religions, and that it is able to give a spiritual interpretation of the universe, thus parting company with materialistic science." He is unable, of course, wholly to endorse this.

Dr. Purves admits that there is an esoteric, as well as an exoteric knowledge. "Paul is supposed to speak of a wisdom which is hidden from the many and revealed to the few," he says, but adds,

"this, of course, to the Christian, is simply the distinction between those who are more or less advanced in spiritual experiences, and, therefore, in knowledge of spiritual things." This would imply that there is no knowledge that is not available to ordinary Christians, and if Dr. Purves asserts this he has much to learn. He quotes an ambiguous passage from Mrs. Besant: "Theosophy claims to be this secret wisdom in the hands of a mighty brotherhood variously spoken of as Adepts, Masters, Mahatmas. Brothers, who are living men evolved further than average humanity, who work ever for the service of their race, with a perfect and self-less devotion." If Mrs. Besant had spoken of these men as variously termed prophets, apostles, patriarchs, perhaps Dr. Purves would find it more difficult to repudiate them, or to confuse their intellectual and psychic knowledge, acquired by the senses, with their spiritual knowledge, which is not attained by intellectual process. I think Dr. Purves has not sufficiently considered this distinction, so very obvious in connection with such Mahatmas as Enoch, Moses, Elijah, Ezekiel, or such Adepts or Masters as Paul or John. But he willingly admits the value of Theosophy as against materialism. "So far, in testifying to the reality of a spiritual world and a life after death, the Theosophists have done us service, and not harm." If he would bear in mind with this the statement of a prominent Theosophist, W. Q. Judge, that "nothing will take a man to hell quicker than mere intellectuality," he will appreciate the real difference between genuine Theosophy and the false gnosis or the merely philosophic and scientific or psychic speculation that passes for gnosis. With Theosophy as a scheme of the Universe, he says he is not concerned, and that it rests on a theory of the constitution of man, "which is extremely complicated, if not fantastic." The Bible declares that we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and I do not see how we are to escape a complicated theory of such a complicated universe. The Theosophic one is the least complicated of all I have met.

The Bible doctrine of man, says Dr. Purves, divides him into body, soul, and spirit. Dr. Purves is not relying on his

knowledge of the Bible in making this statement. He knows that the body is not the nephesh, the neschamah, nor the ruach of the Old Testament, nor is it the soma psychikon, nor the soma pneumatikon of the New. We have here the physical body, the psychic body, and the spiritual body; we have also the spirit and the life; and besides these there are the mind, or nous, and the life, or zoe.

Dr. Purves thinks it unnecessary to identify these with the Atma, Buddhi, Manas, kama, prana, linga and sthula sarira of Theosophical literature no harm is done, but he need not complain of the complication. These divisions are not arbitrary any more than the division in skin, flesh, bones, venous blood, arterial blood, nerve cells, and breath are arbitrary. He has fallen into error in making his notes regarding the post mortem states, as he says that man passes at death "into a state, not a place, which is not unlike the Hebrew Sheol or the Greek Hades, a state of existence which they call Devachan." Dr. Purves may be pardoned for this slip. The state "not unlike" Sheol or Hades, for it is Sheol and Hades and Purgatory and any other name that mortals have applied to it, is known to Theosophists as kama loka, the place of the desire body. Only those bound by desire remain there. Devachan lies beyond and is heaven, or literally "the land of the Shining Ones." There are higher states yet. Paul speaks of the "third heaven." I hope this is not too complicated for Dr. Purves. The soul can only dwell where it is at home and the kamic personality would feel as out of place in devachon or heaven as Dr. Purves would in Potsdam. Each soul goes to its own place and meets its kind.

Reincarnation is properly distinguished by Dr. Purves from transmigration, but he goes on to say that "there is no need for that weird doctrine of reincarnation which is the pivot of Theosophy." Here are two errors. It is not the pivot of Theosophy. The pivot is the spiritual unity of all beings. "The Kingdom of Heaven is inside (entos) you." That is the real pivot. But if by your weakness of will, or desire for the world and the flesh, you fail to find that inner kingdom, there is another incarnation and another for you, until the quest is achieved.

Dr. Purves says the Bible is silent about it. Statements like this from presumed Bible readers and students always astonish me. Has he read James iii., 6; or II. Peter i., 9; or Revelation iii., 12; or Matthew xix., 28; or Titus iii., 5? I presume Dr. Purves reads Greek, and how he can peruse these passages and say there is nothing in the Bible about reincarnation, renews my wonder. Perhaps he will say they are allegorical, for he accuses Theosophists of allegorizing everything. If so, then what about the Master's statement that John the Baptist was a reincarnation of Elijah? Or is Dr. Purves one of those unwilling to believe it, as the Master implied some would be? Dr. Purves dwells much on the necessity for re-creation. Does he not see that reincarnation, palin-genesis, as in Titus iii., 5, exactly supplies his need?

Karma is much misunderstood by Dr. Purves, because as so many do, he divorces the law from the law-giver. The law is not outside ourselves. It is in us and of us. We can not "escape" karma because we are karma. Karma is action, but also the result of action within and without. It is character whose growth is by action and whose being leads to action. Moreover, it is "judgment" in the New Testament sense, *krima* in Greek, but the same word with the same meaning. Mrs. Besant has been accustomed to put Theosophy from an Indian point of view, and it does not appeal in this form to Dr. Purves, but if he will take the New Testament himself, or the Old, for that matter, and interpret his own Theosophy, he will find that all religions are one, and that there are not Lords many, but one Lord, "the first born among many brethren." The divine mystery by which after many trials and purifications we become one with him is a Theosophical truth because Christ is Theosophy, as Dr. Purves quotes in his text. Every resurrection is a reincarnation, and if the Christian church understood this its members would rejoice as they read in Micah v., 2, about that Bethlehem Ephrathah which has been so much before us of late, whence there was one to come forth to be a ruler in Israel, "whose goings forth are from of old, from everlasting." Is not this reincarnation in its most glorious form; the

same promise the Hindus have in their Bhagavad Gita, "the Lord's Song," written, it is said, by Vyasa, 5000 years ago. This is what the Christ said then: "Many are My past births and thine also, Arjuna; I know them all, but thou knowest them not. Though I am the Unborn, the Soul that passes not away, though I am the Lord of beings, yet as lord over My nature I become manifest, through the magical power of the Soul. For whenever there is a withering of the Law, and an uprising of lawlessness on all sides, then I manifest Myself. For the salvation of the righteous, and the destruction of such as do evil; for the firm establishing of the Law I come to birth in age after age. He who thus perceives My birth and work as divine, as in truth it is, leaving the body, he goes not to rebirth; he goes to Me. Arjuna" (iv., 5-9). This is salvation. This is the way, the truth and the life. And St. Paul asks the great question that follows from it—"Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (I. Corinthians, iii., 16).—*Toronto World*.

### THIS TATTERED CATECHISM.

This tattered catechism weaves a spell,  
 Invoking from the Long Ago a child  
 Who deemed her fledgling soul so sin-  
 defiled  
 She practiced with a candle-flame at hell,  
 Burning small fingers that would still  
 rebel  
 And flinch from fire. Forsooth not all  
 beguiled  
 By hymn and sermon, when her mother  
 smiled  
 That smile was fashioning an infidel.  
 "If I'm in hell," the baby logic ran,  
 "Mother will hear me cry and come  
 for me.  
 If God says no—I don't believe He can  
 Say no to Mother." Then at that  
 dear knee  
 She knelt demure, a little Puritan  
 Whose faith in love had wrecked the-  
 ology. —*Katharine Lee Bates*.

Great souls ever at rest in the Self, all  
 light, and standing at the height of de-  
 velopment, are always as firm as Mount  
 Meru, though appearing as fickle with-  
 out as a tip of a feather.—*Yogavasish-  
 tha*.

## ETERNAL RECURRENCE.

(By William Mackintire Salter.)

Nietzsche had early referred to the Pythagorean view that under the same constellation of the heavenly bodies, the same things would happen on earth, but he thought that it savored of astrology and did not take it seriously. The basis for the charge of error against him is a certain passage in Zarathustra—at least I can find nothing beyond this. In this passage the animals who attend the prophet, and who are joyfully welcoming him back to life after an illness, divine the meaning of the illness and exclaim, "Sing and bubble over, O Zarathustra, heal thy soul with new songs, that thou mayest endure thy destiny, which was that of no one yet. For thy animals know well, O Zarathustra, who thou art and must become: behold, thou art the teacher of eternal recurrence—that is now thy destiny. That thou must be the first to teach this doctrine—how should this great destiny not be also thy greatest danger and illness." The natural interpretation is here that Zarathustra is to be the first of a line to proclaim that doctrine, with then the dangers and risks of an initiator—the thought is rather of the future than of exclusion in relation to the past. But if "first" be taken otherwise and implies what the critics assume, the question is, whether in the form in which Nietzsche taught the doctrine, it is not new. For to him it is bound up with the idea of something superhuman to come—only in this shape would he have published it: unrelieved, unrelated in this way, he would probably have allowed it to remain in the dark chambers of his own mind. Zarathustra is made to say, "I come again, with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this serpent—not to a new life or a better life or a similar life; I come again eternally to this identical and selfsame life, in its greatest and also in its smallest, to teach again the eternal return of all things—to announce to man the superman." The two things—eternal return and superman—are interwoven in Nietzsche's mind; and no one, I imagine, will claim that this full-orbed view had ever been taught before.

On another point, however, it is difficult to acquit Nietzsche of error, and

even of a certain naïveté. He entertained the idea—nay, appears to have been convinced of it—that the doctrine would make a veritable selection among men. The weaker, he believed, would not be able to stand it, they would be undone at the thought of an unending repetition of their pitiful lives, and not knowing how, or being without the energy, to transform them, they would be driven to despair and suicide. Only the strong, the brave, those capable of great things, could face the doctrine with equanimity, and with this type of men surviving and occupying the earth things would be possible of which no utopist has yet dreamed. "It is the great disciplinary thought: the races that can not endure it are doomed, those that feel it as the greatest benefit are chosen for dominion." But that the relatively unreflecting and unimaginative mass of men are going to be deeply affected by something that is to happen to them ages on ages to come is most improbable; if they are not driven to suicide now by the character of their lot, a prospective renewal of it at some unknown time in the future will hardly disturb them much more deeply. In truth Nietzsche, in thinking as he does, transfers to others quite different from himself his own imaginative intelligence; because he would suffer to despair in their place, he infers that they must—while it is just because he is so different from them that he does so suffer. Unquestionably the view is very real to him. He says, "you fancy that you would have long repose before rebirth—but do not deceive yourselves. Between the last moment of consciousness and the first appearance of the new life, 'no time' intervenes—it is as quickly by as a lightning flash, even if living creatures measure it by billions of years or can not measure it at all. When the mind is away, timelessness and succession are compatible with one another." He even fancies that the mass may look approvingly on his doctrine at the start, since it means immortality of a certain kind and the most ordinary impulses of self-preservation will respond to it. Equally, he suspects, the finer, nobler spirits will be at first depressed and in danger of extirpation (even as he had been) leaving the commoner, less sensitive nature to survive—a probability the reverse of

the view first stated, and, I should say, likelier. He is thus not really certain as to what the popular effect of his doctrine will be—now he suspects one consequence and now another. The only thing we or he can speak with real assurance about is its effect on himself—for to him the doctrine became something like a religion.—*From "Nietzsche the Thinker."*  
*Published by Henry Holt & Co.*

## MEMORY.

(By Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst.)

Has it ever occurred to the reader of this article that there is something in our power of memory that has a bearing on the doctrine of the soul's immortality? Not that there is anything in it that actually proves immortality, for the world may have still to wait before arriving at its complete demonstration, but something which disposes of a part of the underlying objections to immortality.

I recall at this moment with absolute distinctness—distinctness as absolute as though it were of yesterday—an event which occurred fully fifty years ago. In some way that event was imprinted upon me, I can not tell how, and it is of no account that I should be able to tell how. But the print was made, and that print is upon me still.

It could not have been printed upon my body, for in that case the impress would have disappeared many years ago; for we are authoritatively informed that the material of the body is, by gradual process, completely changed in the course of every few years. That being so, the print, if put upon the body, would also very soon have disappeared, just as foot tracks left in the snow disappear when the snow disappears.

As the imprint still remains upon me, clear and distinct, and as it can not be that it is the body that has preserved it, it must be that it is due to something belonging to me that is not my body, and something, too, that has continued to exist during the whole of the fifty years. That in me which still carries the impress of that event in my childhood must, then, be at least fifty years old, and it has not been destroyed, although the material of my body has in the meantime been replaced several times.

From which it follows that my soul

or mind (whatever name be given to it), upon which the imprint was made half a century ago, exists quite independently of the coming and going of the body's material. This does not prove that the immaterial part of me will exist forever, but it does show that it will exist fifty years, whatever happens to the original body in the meanwhile; and if it will exist under those conditions for that length of time it helps to remove the objection made to the doctrine of the indefinite continuance of the soul because of what happens to the body at death.

If the soul is such a live thing as not to be affected by being gradually disrobed and redressed, it tends to weaken, at least, the presumption that its existence will be imperiled by being left physically unclad. The hesitant acceptance of the doctrine of immortality is not due to any unreasonableness inherent in the doctrine itself, but to the fact that it involves so much as to exceed the compass of the contracted human mind.

A big truth in order to be easily believed must be reduced to match the smallness of the mind, or the mind must be expanded to match the measure of the big truth.—*San Francisco Call.*

## IN OUR YARD.

Moses, Moses, seeing God  
 In a bush that burned,  
 Moses, Moses, hearing God  
 Advising, unconcerned,

I believe you, for myself  
 Saw him plain and heard—  
 Others saw a myrtle bush  
 That held a mocking-bird.

—*William Alexander Percy, in the Bellman.*

He whose initiation is recent, and who has been the spectator of many glories in the other world, is amazed when he sees any one having a godlike face or form, which is the expression of Divine Beauty; and at first a shudder runs through him, and again the old awe steals over him.—*Plato.*

I am Brahman, not at all of the world, never apart from Brahman; I am not the body, nor have I any body whatever; I am the unconditioned eternal One.—*S'ankaracharya.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## RECURRENCE.

It is a little surprising to find that reincarnation was a part of the philosophy of Nietzsche. Why have his innumerable commentators made no mention of this fact, or only in terms so vague as practically to conceal it? It seems now to be a part of the prerogatives of the commentator and the biographer to suppress whatever in their subject is displeasing to themselves, or whatever they may judge to be extravagant or irrelevant.

Nietzsche believed that he had originated the idea of reincarnation, although he must certainly have known that it was advanced by some of the Greek philosophers. To him it seemed obvious that the principle of recurrence found everywhere in nature must be extended to human birth. He is inclined even to accept the ancient idea that the return of the constellations to the same position must imply a repetition of the same events. Humanity was on a perpetual treadmill, ever mounting and yet never advancing. Lives that were ungoverned by will, by effort, must necessarily repeat themselves eternally. Without an injection of self-conquest, a voluntary acceptance of pain, there could be no breaking away from the wheel of necessity. For such as these, that is to say for the majority, there could be no variation of experience. They could expect nothing but monotonous recurrence

without even the compensation of an intervening rest, since the sense of time must disappear with the physical body. It was only the Superman who could command new experiences, who could force himself clear of the cycle of blank recurrence. It mattered not at all to Nietzsche that no link of memory should unite life to life and therefore that there should be no continuity of consciousness. Why should there be continuity, he seems to say, for those who can make no use of it? Of what value to remember mere recurrence?

This is, in very truth, a dark and dreary doctrine, and we may suppose that Nietzsche used it as a sort of cudgel wherewith to belabor us onward toward the Superman. For surely experience must do something to push us, if ever so little, beyond the circle of, a blank and identical recurrence. No man so dull as to learn nothing from experience, to change not at all under the spur of pleasure and of pain. There can be no day wholly unaffected by its yesterday, no day without some molding effect upon its tomorrow.

Nietzsche is, of course, at fault on his science. He usually is. Actually there is no recurrence anywhere in nature. Nature seems to repeat herself, but she never does. No two blades of grass alike. Nature abhors straight lines and circles. She moves in spirals and in curves, but they may be so vast as to look like straight lines or circles. The



earth travels around the sun, but the sun himself moves onward through space and every morning sees us at some point in the immensities where we have never been before. If Nietzsche would go to nature for his analogies he must go to her as she is, and he must abide by the challenge. If every day is affected by the experiences of the day before, if it is changed by them, then the results of experiences are in themselves a memory. Otherwise they would not be results.

The Superman must, of course, live more rapidly and more vividly. While lesser mortals hover on the edge of the circle, he will plunge forth into space. But it is a difference of speed and not quality. All must move. There is no quiescence and no absolute recurrence.

And as to the Superman himself, we must have our own opinion, our own definition, as to what manner of man this is. But the great thing is to seek him in ourselves.

### THE HOLY CITY.

The Turkish government has at least the saving grace of humor. Among the reasons urged for the restoration of Jerusalem to the rule of the Turk is the necessity for the presence of Mohammedan soldiers to keep the peace among the various Christian sects who would otherwise murder each other on the steps of the Holy Sepulchre.

The claim, so far as it goes, is valid. The sight of the Mohammedan guard is a familiar one to visitors of the Holy City, and it is unquestionably true that murderous conflicts between the various kinds of Christian pilgrims were of daily occurrence before the Turkish government put an end to the unseemly spectacle and quenched the fires of religious hatred. None the less there will be no restoration of the Turkish government in Jerusalem. If the Christian pilgrims can not learn to love each other it will be necessary to find some other way to persuade them into the semblance of decency.

We see created things because they are; but they are because God sees them.—*Augustine.*

One can not think without creating.—*Dr. Alcinous B. Jamison.*

### CYCLES.

*What is the Saros? What is the Metonic Cycle? Of what value is a knowledge of the cycles?*

The Saros is a period of eighteen years and eleven days. Add this period to the date of any eclipse of the moon and it will give you the date of the next eclipse. The Metonic Cycle is nineteen years and it indicates the return of the New Moon on the same day of the week.

A knowledge of lunar and other cycles is not necessarily of value unless you give it value by use. But it is extraordinarily suggestive and significant to those who try to understand the harmony of the universe and to discover the correspondences of nature. The moon and the other heavenly bodies are the hands upon the dial of nature. A clock is of little value to those who need not adjust themselves to the movements of other people. But to those who live the ordinary life of the world a clock is indispensable.

But no one can be wholly indifferent to the astronomical cycles, seeing that night and day, summer and winter, are among the simplest of these periodicities and we can not remain unaffected by them. The tides of the ocean are produced by a lunar cycle and the moon is therefore responsible for the successive submergences and reappearances of every part of the earth's surface. Wherever water is found, though it be only a drop, there, too, must be a tide, and since the human body consists largely of water it can not be insensitive to the moon's influence. Indeed a distinguished gynecologist has lately written a book to prove that the sex of the unborn child is determined by the lunar phases.

Since the ordinary phenomena of human life are so largely controlled by the simpler astronomical cycles—the day and the year—it seems not unreasonable to suppose that the more obscure phenomena are similarly dependent on the larger and more intricate cycles. Nothing is more remarkable than our willingness to believe that the whole universe is governed by periodicities, regularity, and law, and that human life alone is beyond the reach of law. If the tides are produced by the simpler motions of the moon, why may we not believe that the more obscure lunar motions have also

their influence, even though we can not yet determine what it is? The moon travels around the earth and produces the terrestrial changes with which we are familiar. But the earth travels around the sun and carries the moon with it and the motion of the moon thus becomes, not a circle, but a spiral. But the sun himself is traveling around a centre of his own, and this adds still another complexity to the lunar motion. But the orbit of the moon contracts and expands according to the distance of the earth from the sun. There are also other variations which give an added intricacy to the course of the moon. Why may we not suppose that all these movements, and their sum, whatever it may be, have their certain effect upon terrestrial life?

The study of cycles is a study of universal harmonies of which the life of man is a part.

### IN NO STRANGE LAND.

O world invisible, we view thee.  
O world intangible, we touch thee.  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, 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 betwixt Heaven and Charing  
Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry.—clinging Heaven by the hems:  
And lo, Christ walking on the water  
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

—Francis Thompson.

For was, and is, and will be, are but is;  
And all creation is one act at once.

—Tennyson.

### CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

EDITOR CRUSTS AND CRUMBS: I want to say how much I have enjoyed reading your answer to the Rev. Belfast Gentleman's sermon in this week's "Crust and Crumbs." There is one point, though, that I would like to take up with you, and that is where you speak of Reincarnation or Regeneration. I quite agree with you when you say that "until we have experienced the complete washing of Regeneration we (or the Ego) will have to incarnate again and again, until the quest is achieved." But, from studying your writings and listening to your lectures for some time, I have got the impression that you are still orthodox enough yourself to believe that (after, or when to use your own words again) "the quest is achieved," the body is cast off and the soul goes to a Heaven or higher existence. Is this correct? Now, this does not agree with the teachings of the Great Master, Jesus Christ, who taught and demonstrated a Regeneration of the body and a refining process through the renewing of your mind, as Paul states it. This is to me the great important point of all that Theosophy misses at present, although Mr. Mitchell, in a series of lectures given here last year, taught it plainly enough. No! Man must redeem his body in the same way that Jesus did, for, as Paul says, "The whole creation groaneth in travail until now waiting for the Sons of God. To-wit, or namely, the redemption of the body." But it should not be overlooked that reincarnation is but a makeshift under the law of existence; a sort of roundabout way of keeping the race going. Through his ignorance and willfulness man does that which kills his body, when he should be making it more and more alive. By the grace of God man is allowed to try again and again the law of body-building, with the hope that he will get wise and cease to die. "For why will ye die?" So it is not a case of living so many lives and then going away some where, but we are here and we are given a body to redeem and regenerate and to overcome death in as Jesus did, and until we do this we have not attained Eternal Life at all. Jesus said plainly, "If a man keeps my sayings he shall never see Death," and as the body is the only part of man that can die or lose consciousness of life, it is very obvious this was what He meant. Again at the raising of Lazarus He said, "He that believeth on Me (or the Christ within) shall never die": very plain, surely. All the grave-yards and tombs will be deserted and turned into parks when men and women decide to follow Jesus in the resurrection. It is the bodies of people that are buried, and it is these same bodies that we are commanded to raise up. This resurrection is not at some great Easter Day, but every day that the consciousness perceives the mighty Truth that man does not have to die, but can, with Jesus, go through a transforming process, which results in the redemption of the body. This transformation is the resurrection, and it is a daily casting-off of the old body and putting on of the new Christ body. This change goes on until the whole man is renewed, and he becomes, indeed, a

new creature in Christ Jesus. It is in this way we put on "Immortality." We literally "die daily" and are resurrected daily. The three steps in mentality that bring the consciousness of the indwelling Life in the body can be realized in a moment, and all the degrees taken in a flash of spiritual light when the soul is seeking God. "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die; so also in Christ shall all be made alive" (I. Corin., 15, 21, 22). Death is the wages of sin, and can never be an entrance into Eternal Life. Please pardon this lengthy letter, but the subject is so important and I felt impelled to write you about it, as I know you are an advanced thinker and reasoner. I remain, your sincere friend in and for the Truth,

JAMES B. KENGAN.

Argument is the last thing I desire to undertake, but if the writer of this letter is really anxious for knowledge on the subject he discusses he should study Theosophical literature. I am aware of many cults that profess to believe in the immortality of the physical body. A large part of the Christian church clings to the idea that in some miraculous way the body that has died and mouldered to decay will be restored. All these ideas have their basis. It is the duty of students to seek out the true basis of such beliefs. They need not hope to convince the world of its errors, but they may get the truth for themselves, and that is the way, one by one, that the world is saved. Those who are not ready will scorn to listen, and will impute to the devil the divine truth that has been discovered. It isn't criminal, however, to be orthodox. If there were not some truth in orthodoxy it could not survive. It is the element of truth in any system that perpetuates it and holds it together. All the sects and all the creeds have some spark, however small, of the truth. What is called Theosophy is the whole truth. No system embodies it all, for humanity has not evolved sufficiently to need it all. Enough has been divulged by the Masters through Theosophical literature to reanimate or revivify the old systems for those who care to try to understand their spiritual sense apart from their dead letter. There is no reason why people should violate their common sense in trying to believe what outrages their reason when it is possible to reconcile the contradictions, supply the discrepancies, and harmonize the several systems by abandoning one's prejudices

and studying the origins. All true religion and everything concerned with it is of the inner life and consciousness in the first place. Most people begin outside at first, and so we get hypocrisy. "Raj Yoga encourages no sham, requires no physical postures. It has to deal with the inner man whose sphere lies in the world of thought. To have the highest ideal placed before one's self and strive incessantly to rise up to it, is the only true concentration recognized by Esoteric Philosophy, which deals with the inner world of noumena, nor the outer shell of phenomena."

In all the systems that I am acquainted with of the New Thought variety the stress is laid on the outer results, the outside show, as it were, and the problem of immortality is approached from the outside with the rest. My correspondent has not a firm grip of the fact that the Ego, the real man, is not the body, a soul or a mind, but uses these vehicles on the several planes to which they belong. His desire for a physical body is connected with his need for such a vehicle to function on this plane. If his duties or objects are on other planes he does not need a physical body, but some other kind of body. His prakritic body would be no use on the akasic, pranic, or manasic spheres. The desire for a physical body indicates material tendencies or duties to be done here. But the New Thought systems are usually directed to getting rid of pain or sickness, to achieving worldly success, amassing wealth, or having "a good time," enjoying the delights of the body for their own sake, increasing the opportunities of living a worldly life. There is one test which I fancy is supreme. Truth is without money and without price. Those who profess to impart it at so much a course could never be pupils of a prophet like Elisha. The vehicle is **not** the important thing, as bodies, physical, psychic, mental, are phenomenal, and therefore subject to change. The Ego is the real man, and he may use other bodies than the physical. Jesus told us not to fear those who could kill the physical body, but to fear those who could kill the psychic body. He that believeth shall never die. It isn't the body that believes. It is the conscious Ego in whatever vehicle he may be. The aim

of the Ego is to attain union with its Higher Self, the "Father in Heaven," and so attain a continuing consciousness. To do this it must purify its vehicles. The three stages of purgation, illumination, and union are recognized in all systems. The churches have them in one form or another. The Freemasons illustrate them. There is no monopoly of the Truth. As in Adam, the man of flesh, all die, so in Christ, the man of spirit, shall all be made alive. There is nothing in this to assure physical immortality. The flesh or physical body is the body of death. Who shall deliver me from it? asks St. Paul. The New Thoughters are anxious to be buried in it, to use St. Paul's expression. Resurrection is the process, not of being raised out of the grave, but of being raised out of the physical body—of the Ego or Self being raised out of the physical in a more ethereal, psychic, or spiritual body.

If my correspondent will turn to the older Theosophical literature he will find that the New Thoughters take their ideas in a diluted form from it. The first three articles in the volume, "Five Years of Theosophy," for example, deal in the fullest way with this question of the prolongation of the life of the body. The physical body can not be perpetuated for more than about 400 years. Let me quote from the article, "The Elixir of Life." "Theosophical occultists claim to have communication with (living) intelligences possessing an infinitely wider range of observation than is contemplated even by the loftiest aspiration of modern science, all the present 'Adepts' of Europe and America—dabblers in the Kabala—notwithstanding. But far even as those superior Intelligences have investigated (or, if preferred, are alleged to have investigated), and remotely as they may have searched by the help of inference and analogy, even They have failed to discover in the Infinity anything permanent but—SPACE. All is subject to change. Reflection, therefore, will easily suggest to the reader the further logical inference that in a Universe which is essentially impermanent in its conditions, nothing can confer permanency. Therefore, no possible substance, even if drawn from the depths of Infinity; no imaginable combination of drugs, whether of our earth or any other,

though compounded even by the Highest Intelligence; no system of life or discipline, though directed by the sternest determination and skill, could possibly produce Immutability. . . . But the actual prolongation of human life is possible for a time so long as to appear miraculous and incredible to those who regard our span of existence as necessarily limited to at most a couple of hundred years." The article, written it is said by G. Mitford, one of the Hampshire Mitfords, nearly forty years ago, goes on to tell how the grosser particles and atoms of the body may be refined away and replaced by the finer material of the plane beyond this. In this way the Adept may exchange his physical body gradually for a more permanent one. "To do this, then, is the real object of all the rites, ceremonies, fasts, prayers, meditations, initiations, and procedures of self-discipline, enjoined by various esoteric Eastern sects."—*Toronto Sunday World*.

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He serveth the servant,  
The brave he loves amain;  
He kills the cripple and the sick,  
And straight begins again;  
For gods delight in gods,  
And thrust the weak aside;  
To him who scorns their charities  
Their arms fly open wide.

—Emerson.

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Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies. Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people; wise and eloquent in their instructions. Such as find out musical tunes and recited verses in writing. Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations: All these were honored in their generations and were the glory of their times.—*Ecclesiasticus, XLIV*.

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He who in his lifetime recovers the memory of all that his soul has learnt, is already a god.—*Hindu Scriptures*.

## WATER BABIES.

Charles Kingsley wrote "Water Babies" long before the advent of the Theosophical Society and at a time when there was practically no trace of occult thought to be found in the western world. And yet he managed to convey some ideas of a mystic philosophy to his innumerable child readers, and we can only wonder at the sources of his inspiration, and at the courage thus displayed by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in giving utterance to suggestions so heterodox. Let us be careful, he says, not to disbelieve things because they are "contrary to nature," for what, after all, do we know about nature?

Wise men are afraid to say that there is anything contrary to nature, except what is contrary to mathematical truth; for two and two cannot make five, and two straight lines cannot join twice, and a part cannot be as great as the whole, and so on (at least, so it seems at present); but the wiser men are the less they talk about "cannot." That is a very rash, dangerous word, that "cannot"; and if people use it too often the Queen of all the Fairies, who makes the clouds thunder and the fleas bite, and takes just as much trouble about one as about the other, is apt to astonish them suddenly by showing them, that though they say she cannot, yet she can, and what is more, will, whether they approve or not.

And so people say that there are no fairies, and that they are contrary to nature. But then, of course, so much depends on what you mean by nature, and also where you look for the fairies:

Some people think that there are no fairies. Cousin Cramchild tell little folks so in his Conversations. Well, perhaps there are none—in Boston, U. S., where he was raised. There are only a clumsy lot of spirits there, who can't make people hear without thumping on the table; but they get their living thereby, and I suppose that is all they want. And Aunt Agitate, in her Arguments on political economy, says there are none. Well, perhaps there are none—in her political economy. But it is a wide world, my little man—and thank heaven for it, for else, between crinolines and theories, some of us would get squashed—and plenty of room in it for fairies, without people seeing them; unless, of course, they look in the right place.

And then, most surprising of all, we have a reference to reincarnation. The water baby, when he became a water-baby, had no memory at all of any other state:

That is not strange: for you know, when

you came into this world, and became a land-baby, you remembered nothing. So why should he, when he became a water-baby?

Then have you lived before?

My dear child, who can tell? One can only tell that, by remembering something which happened where we lived before; and as we remember nothing, we know nothing about it; and no book, and no man, can ever tell us certainly.

There was a wise man once, a very wise man, and a very good man, who wrote a poem about the feelings which some children have about having lived before; and this is what he said:

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.

There, you can know no more than that. But if I was you, I would believe that. For then the great fairy Science, who is likely to be queen of all fairies for many a year to come, can only do you good, and never do you harm; and instead of fancying, with some people, that your body makes your soul, as if a steam engine could make its own coke; or, with some other people, that your soul has nothing to do with your body, but is only stuck into it like a pin into a pin-cushion, to fall out with the first shake:—you will believe the one true,

orthodox, rational, philosophical, logical, irrefragable, nomanilistic, realistic,	comfortable, salutary, productive, seductive, deductive, inductive,
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and on all accounts to be received doctrine of this wonderful fairy tale; which is, that your soul makes your body, just as a snail makes his shell.

For the rest, it is enough for us to be sure that whether or not we lived before, we shall live again; though not, I hope, as poor little heathen Tom did. For he went downward into the water: but we, I hope, shall go upward to a very different place.

When all the desires infesting the heart are entirely given up the mortal becomes immortal and lives in Spirit even here. The slough cast off by the serpent lies dead and lifeless on the ant-hill; so even lies this body; and the mortal who is thus disembodied, while yet here, becomes immortal, all life, all Spirit, all light.—*Brhadaranyahopani-shad*.

The majority of souls depart from their terrestrial forms without the body of Christ, but being connected therewith only by a small thread.—*Boehme*.

## NIETZSCHE.

The greatest thoughts are the greatest events.

Thoughts that come with the feet of doves rule the world.

Love gives the highest feeling of power.

All education begins with obedience.

Many a man has cast aside his last worth when he cast aside his servitude.

You are too pure for the soil of the words revenge, punishment, reward, requital.

We are buds on *one* tree—what do we know of what can come out of us in the interests of the tree. . . . No. Beyond "me" and "thee"! To feel cosmically!

I love him who will not save himself.

In the dream of the God, we are figures who divine what he dreams.

One can not be happy, so long as everything suffers and creates suffering about us.

Twice better perish than make one's self hated and feared.

Let us impress the image of eternity on our life.

Not to look for distant, unknown bliss and blessing and mercy, but so to live that we shall wish to live again, and to live in the same way externally.

My consolation is, that everything that was, is eternal:—the sea washes it up again.

I come again, with this sun, with this earth, with the eagle, with the serpent—not to a new life or a better life or a similar life; I come again eternally to this identical and self-same life, in its greatest and also in its smallest, to teach again the eternal return of all things—to announce to man the superman.

You fancy that you would have long

repose before rebirth—do not deceive yourselves. Between the last moment of consciousness and the first appearance of the new life, "no time" intervenes—it is as quickly by as a lightning flash, even if living creatures measure it by billions of years or can not measure it at all. When the mind is away, timelessness and succession are compatible with one another.

Matter itself is only given as a sensation.

At the age of twelve I thought out for myself a wonderful Trinity: namely, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Devil.

## REACTIONS.

"Reactions," eh? Well, what's your formula

For one particular kind—I won't insist  
On proof of every theorem in the list  
But only one—what chemical combine,  
What CO<sub>2</sub> and H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>,  
To cause such things as happened yesterday,

To send a very gallant gentleman  
Into antarctic night, to perish there  
Alone, not driven nor shamed nor  
cheered to die,

But fighting, as mankind has always  
fought,  
His baser self, and conquering, as mankind

Down the long years has always  
conquered self?

What are *your* tests to prove a man's a  
man?

Which of *your* compounds ever lightly  
threw

Its life away, as men have always done,  
Spurred not by lust nor greed nor hope  
of fame

But casting all aside on the bare chance  
That it might somehow serve the Greater  
Good?

*There's* a reaction—what's *its* formula?  
Produce *that* in your test-tubes if you  
can!

Pilgrimage to the place of the wise is  
to find escape from the flame of separation.—*Jelalu'd Din*.

Our weakness somehow shapes the  
shadow, Time.—*Tennyson*.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## OBSESSION.

References to psychism and to "spirit communion" are becoming more frequent in the fiction of the day, and they are usually condemnatory without being skeptical of the reality of the phenomena. We find such a reference in "The Quest of Ledger Dunstan," by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard (Appleton's). The hero feels an inexplicable impulse to suicide. Suppose the revolver should go off by accident. Or supposing he were forced to press the trigger against himself. If some power took sudden possession of him, making him use it. That was possible. A malignant, evil spirit, say. He has recently read such a story. A young man had fallen in love with the daughter of a local tradesman and she had died. He had experimented with spiritualism and something strange had happened:

He determined to explore more deeply. A girl at his home who loved him, seeing his danger, tried to save him. She spoke to a man who had been a Spiritualist, but had abandoned Spiritualism in consequence of the mischief he had seen wrought by these seances in men and women of weak and nervous temperaments. This man tried in vain to save him. . . . He went to another seance at which it was promised that, if possible, the girl should be materialized. He was warned in no account to touch her. There was a screen in the room. After a long spell of darkness, tension, and silence, a misty figure appeared above the screen, floated in the air, resolved itself into shape and features of his lost love. With a cry he rushed forward—the warning and his promise forgotten—and tried to clasp her. The screen clattered down;

lights were turned up; the medium and others rushed forward. He crashed down into unconsciousness. . . . Soon afterwards the girl at his home was warned that he was coming back, and that she must be prepared for a great change in him. One evening he appeared. His manner at once indicated alteration; he was gloomy, sullen, taciturn, would scarcely speak. For a minute he was out of her sight. His mother lay in bed; she saw a distorted, animal, snarling, demoniac face for a moment at the open door of her room . . . but he passed again down the stairs. And, through the night, the girl, brave and pure and strong—and loving him—wrestled for his soul. She tried to make him pray; to make him repeat the Lord's Prayer. She went down on her knees beside him, and prayed for him. She named the name of Christ. ("None Other Name"—and nine people out of ten in the world have never heard of Him.) And, at that Name, the lips drew back in a snarl, savage, bitter, contemptuous, hostile; he shook himself free angrily; from lips hitherto clean poured floods of blasphemy and filth. Yet still she fought. "Listen to me," she cried. "It's *You* I'm speaking to. *You*. You've been playing, and you've got caught in the machinery." And so, to the *You* hidden there, buried there, numbed and half dead there, being strangled by the evil spirit which, unhoused, had taken the shape and features of his lost love, she called out. . . . And, after long agony, she won; he came to his right and clean mind.

Here, of course, we have the trouble with an unguided and uninstructed psychism—"something strange" is always likely to happen, and this may easily be something terrible and tragic. Passivity is essential to success, and passivity means the surrender of all safeguards and of all discrimination, it means that



the domain of the mind is allowed to become a highroad to all and sundry, to be used at will by forces that will certainly not be morally superior to the mind that harbors them, and that will probably be inferior.

Unfortunately the evil results of psychism are not always apparent. They rarely take the acute form pictured by the author of the novel in question. And even when they do take so terrible a form the true source is not always known or is concealed. Moral deterioration may be slow and unsuspected or delayed. But the danger is always there. The world is about to witness a recrudescence of psychism in some of its extreme forms, and it is well that those disposed to meddle with it should at least make some effort to acquaint themselves with its true nature.

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### BIRDS OF THE AIR.

Rough rise the waves to the wind's angry voice,

Surging and springing,

Nor end nor beginning;

Soaring through mists the white sea-gulls rejoice.

So from the broad restless ocean of thought,

Soaring on pinions,

Through dreamland's dominions,

Rise feathered fancies, like sea-birds uncaught.

Sweeping through dreamland in freedom and purity,

Birds of the air,

Now here and now there,

Catching through clouds some stray gleams of futurity.

Up in the blue through the cloud's fissured caves,

Glints of bright light

Gild the birds' flight,

Ere, seaward turning, they sink in the waves.

—*Henrietta A. Huxley, in Christian Science Monitor.*

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As Nature is another word to signify the state of things and course of events God has appointed, nothing that occurs can be strictly called supernatural.—*Archbishop Whately.*

### DREAMS.

*If consciousness continues while we are in deep sleep, why is it that we are not aware of it?*

This and so many other problems of a like kind would be simplified if we were to realize that awareness and memory in the ordinary acceptance of those terms, are functions of the brain, and are regulated and governed by the brain. The average brain has been adjusted to particular kinds of consciousness and to no others. Thus there are brains that are sensitive and receptive to ideas of art, but that are insensitive and unreceptive to ideas of music. There are commercial brains, and philosophical brains, and sensual brains, and unfortunately there are brains that are inhospitable to ideas of any sort except of those of sensual pleasure. These various brains are expressions of the particular kinds of thought with which they have been familiarized, just as the muscular developments of the body are expressive of the uses to which the body has been put. The day laborer has a bodily development that would be useless to the watchmaker, and the watchmaker would be unable to handle a pick and shovel. The brain that has been used entirely for stock exchange transactions will resent a sudden demand that it think about philosophy or mathematics. It can be compelled to adjust itself to the new kind of thought, but it will do so unwillingly and painfully. Its inertia, its polarity, must be overcome by effort. And it will often be found that the brain that has been used for only one kind of thought will regard all other kinds of thought as subsidiary, unimportant, or even illusory.

Now the brain is usually the only vehicle by which consciousness can express itself on this plane. If the brain has been familiarized only with the lower kinds of consciousness it will refuse to transmit the higher kinds. We may regard the brain as a beneficent mechanism for the transmission and expression of consciousness, and in so doing we shall be right. But at the same time we must recognize that the brain is enemy as well as friend, since it actually excludes far more of consciousness than it transmits. The window that is covered with dust and cobwebs will transmit a

certain amount of light, a few faint rays, but it is none the less shutting out the full glory of the sunlight. The dim illumination in the room is a poor expression of the radiance that is outside. But for the window we should have no light at all. On the other hand, but for the dust on the window we should see the light in its splendor.

Consciousness is freed from the brain during deep sleep, and it becomes omniscient. But if we are to become aware of that consciousness upon waking we must provide the sort of brain that will receive the record, just as the man who thinks of nothing but business must provide a new kind of brain if he wishes to understand music or art. He must rearrange its particles, and give them a new slant. They will resist his efforts to do that, because inertia is a property of matter, but they must surrender if the effort be continued. In just the same way we can train the brain to receive the record of a spiritual consciousness. The spiritual consciousness is always there, but it can not print itself upon matter that is irresponsive and reluctant. That is why we are not aware of the states of consciousness during deep sleep, and only dimly aware of the consciousness that prevails during the sleep that is not deep. This dim awareness we call dreams. It represents the partial willingness of the brain to receive an impression, but as it is only partial so our dreams are usually confused and chaotic.

If any one advances anything new which contradicts, perhaps threatens to overturn, the creed which we have for years repeated, and have handed down to others, all passions are raised against him, and every effort is made to crush him. People resist with all their might; they act as though they neither heard nor could comprehend; they speak of the new view with contempt, as if it were not worth the trouble of even so much as an investigation or a regard, and thus a new truth may wait a long time before it can make its way.—*Goethe*.

Identification with ignorance resulting in obscuration of the light of Self, disappears with the rise of Spirituality.—*Panchadasi*.

## DEATH.

(By Hugh Walpole.)

How strange it is that at home death is so horrible with its long ceremonies, its crowd of relations, its gradual decay—and here, in nine out of every ten deaths that I have seen there has been peace or even happiness. This is the merest truth and will be confirmed by any one who has worked here. Again and again I have seen that strange flash of surprised, almost startled interest, again and again I have been conscious—*behind not in the eyes*—of the expression of one who is startled by fresh conditions, a fine view, a sudden piece of news. This is no argument for religion, for any creed or dogma, I only say that here it is so, that Death seems to be happiness and the beginning of something new and unexpected. . . .

War is made up, I believe, not of shells and bullets, not of German defeats and victories, Russian triumphs or surrenders, English and French battles by sea and land, not of smoke and wounds and blood, but of a million million past thoughts, past scenes, streets of little country towns, lonely hills; dark sheltered valleys, the wide space of the sea, the crowded traffic of New York, London, Berlin, yes, and of smaller things than that, of little quarrels, of dances at Christmas time, of walks at night, of dressing for dinner, of waking in the morning, of meeting old friends, of sickness, theatres, church services, prostitutes, slums, cricket-matches, children, rides on a tram, bathes on a hot morning, sudden unpleasant truth from a friend, momentary consciousness of God. . . .

Death, too. . . . How clear now it was to me! During these weeks I had wondered, pursued the thought of Death. Was it this? Was it that? Was it pain? Was it terror? I had feared it, as, for instance, when I had seen the dead bodies in the Forest, or stood under the rain at Nijnieff. I had laughed at it as when I had gone with the sanitars. I had cursed it as when Marie Ivanovna had died. I had sought it as I had done last night—and always, as I drew closer and closer to it, fancied it some fine allegorical figure, something terrible, appalling, devastating. . . . Now, when I was, as

I believed, at last face to face with it,  
I saw that one was simply face to face  
with one's self.—*From "The Dark Forest."*

PAN.

I am the All—the sole created One—  
The solitary Life beside the Life  
Which fashioned me from gusty darkness, flawed  
With uproar of prenatal elements;  
And thus I dwell through all the quiet years,  
A loneliness within a loneliness,  
Myself sufficient to myself, and lulled  
By that most ancient silence in my heart,  
Answering the silence over all; whereto  
The babbling of my multitudinous tongues,  
Is as the voice of leaves in stillest night.

All aspects, sound, and movements dwell in me;  
The knotty forests and the mountains old,  
And the rich valleys and the cataracts  
Dancing like youth eternal, and the wealth  
Of the unmastered and rebellious sea,  
All flowers and herbs, the roots and leaves and seeds;  
With whatsoever in the gorgeous gloom  
Of mines and central chasms may be hid;  
Man, and the high-towered cities that he builds;  
All lower form of animal life—beasts, birds,  
The swift cold shapes of oceans, streams, and ponds,  
Dull reptiles and obscure vitalities,  
Monstrous developments and prodigious births.  
Motes of intense existence, beyond sight.  
Faint atoms on sensation's utter verge;—  
All these are parts of me: yea, more than these.  
All central suns—even to that which is  
The centre of all centres, bright and vast,—  
Lighten, and burn, and orb their golden fires  
In me forever; all attendant moons  
Are quickened by the light which is in me:

Mine are the lapsing planets, beamy-faced.  
The lucid children of the suns, for aye

Peopling my vasts of silence and old Night;  
Mine are those swift and haggard wanderers  
Of the abyss, comets drawn on through space  
By strong enchantment of the unknown sun;  
And mine are all the drifting nebulae  
Of shapeless slime and mist, wherefrom new stars,  
The happy homes of life and love, shall rise,  
And warm the unilluminated gulfs  
With spheres of regal splendor. Meteor shapes  
Of the red storm, acres of colored light  
Built by the sun and rain across the voids,  
And vaporous stars, perishing utterly,  
And the swift lightning's momentary noon,  
Sky flames and visions in the paveless clouds,  
And singing rains out of immensity.  
And noiseless snowfalls, and the iron showers  
Of hail and sleet, black Winter's javelins,  
And billowy thunders, rolling into space.  
And dews and winds and the diaphanous air,—  
These all are in my universal round.

My lower frame is rough and wild and grim,—  
Brute matter, torn with savage energies;  
The old rebellion of swart Chaos, still  
Struggling with Love, the ever-youthful god.  
The Reconciler. But far up, I look  
Forever in the long celestial calm.  
Behold! the stars are quivering on my breast!  
Behold! my face is golden bright with fire!  
And upward from my head two horny beams  
Stretch lengthening into heaven, with thrill on thrill  
Of endless aspiration, deathless hope!

So is it with all individual life!—  
Below all forms are diverse, opposite,  
Confounded with their contraries, cross cut  
With wranglings and with jealousies; grotesque,  
Irreconcilable, and reeling back  
To their original atoms; higher up

Come fitness, and consent of part with part,

Making one harmony; while at the peak of the ever-sharpening pyramid of things,

The mystery of the unincarnate Jove Lies like a consummation; into which All figures sharpen upward, and are lost.—

All shapes, all hues, all odors, and all sounds.

Pass, as the flushings of the rainy bow Fade in the vast and all insphering air!

—*From "Household Words; conducted by Charles Dickens. May 2, 1857.*

### IN EARLY HAWAII.

The house in which Mr. Bishop and myself had lodged was early crowded with natives. Morning worship was held in the native language, and a short address given to the people.

A very interesting conversation ensued on the resurrection of the dead at the last day, which had been spoken of in the address. The people said they had heard of it by Kapihe, a native priest, who formerly resided in this village, and who, in the time of Tamehameha told that prince that at his death he would see his ancestors, and that hereafter all the kings, chiefs, and people of Hawaii would live again.

I asked them how this would be effected, and with what circumstances it would be attended; whether they would live again on Hawaii, or in Miru, the Hades of the Sandwich Islands.

They said there were two gods, who conducted the departed spirits of their chiefs to some place in the heavens, where it was supposed the spirits of kings and chiefs sometimes dwelt, and afterwards returned with them to earth, where they accompanied the movements and watched over the destinies of their survivors.

The name of one of these gods was Kaonohiokala, the eye-ball of the sun; and of the other Kuahairo.

Kapihe was priest to the latter, and, by pretended revelation, informed Tamehameha that when he should die Kuahairo would take his spirit to the sky, and accompany it to the earth again, when his body would be reanimated and youthful; that he would have his wives,

and resume his government in Hawaii; and that, at the same time, the existing generation would see and know their parents and ancestors, and all the people who had died would be restored to life.

These, they said, were all the particulars they knew; but added that though at Kapihe's suggestion many valuable offerings were made to his god, he proved a false prophet, for Tamehameha died, and did not come to life again.

At 8 o'clock a small pig, nicely baked under ground, and a calabash full of potatoes were brought in for breakfast. We were both too ill to partake of the bounty of our kind host, yet felt grateful for his attention.—*From the Journal of William Ellis in 1823.*

Who would care to live without opposition and struggle? Would men prize truth itself as they do, if it were attained without effort and kept alive without battle? To battle and to make sacrifices for one's chosen cause constitutes a necessary element of human life. Carlyle states this truth in a beautiful passage in his book on "Heroes and Hero-Worship": "It is a calumny to say that men are roused to heroic actions by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense—sugar-plums of any kind in this world or the next. In the meanest mortal there lies something nobler. The poor swearing soldier hired to be shot has his 'honor of a soldier,' different from drill, regulations, and the shilling a day. It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true deeds, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest day-drudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the allurements that act on the heart of man." —*Paulsen.*

The smattering I have of the Philosopher's Stone (which is something more than the perfect exaltation of gold) hath taught me a great deal of Divinity, and instructed my belief how that immortal spirit and incorruptible substance of my soul may lie obscure, and sleep awhile within this house of flesh.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

## CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

I closed the old year and opened the new reading one of the remarkable books of the time—"Priest of the Ideal," by Stephen Graham (the Macmillan Company of Canada, St. Martin's House, Toronto; \$1.50). It is described as a novel, and while that far-reaching term has been stretched to cover all kinds of literature, I feel sure that the average novel reader would feel much deceived by the description; while those in search of the great literature of the day, the revealing scriptures, may overlook a treasure. It is less of a novel than Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and those who revel in "Lavengro" or any of the discursive, allusive, self-confessional, and illuminating story books will rejoice over this one. The story consists of an account of the adventures of Washington King, an American representing a billionaire syndicate, who comes to England to buy any old thing of a national or historical nature which the nation feels it has no further use for, cathedrals, abbeys, churches, castles, ancient crosses, monuments, anything, in fact, that could be set up in America to become a nucleus of historical sentiment. He meets Richard Hampden, who proposes a pilgrimage around England, so that King may learn for himself something of the spiritual values of the national monuments, and judge for himself what could be dispensed with by the people. "He is always wandering about, today at Glastonbury, next week at Iona, then preaching a sermon for a sick clergyman in some remote country parish. . . . He is specially licensed to preach. He gives lay sermons. If ever the press get to know him, he may become famous on that score alone." There are several other interesting men, including Lord Poldu, evidently Lord Northcliffe, Rev. J. S. Griffiths, a Nonconformist preacher; Charles Trevor, a well-bred Englishman; Rev. Ernest Biggleswade, an army chaplain; Cosmo, a clever business man; Brother John, "a little brother of humanity"; Oppenheimer, a rich importer and patron of art, and two notable women, Vera Middleton and Celia Cosmo. These are the more important char-

acters, and they are all people worth knowing.

There has been a great deal written in theosophical circles in the last year about the Old Catholic Church, and with a truly ridiculous reaction towards sacerdotalism, a number of prominent members of the society have been taking "orders," and been consecrated as bishops. The ultimate inspiration apparently comes from the same source as broke up the activities of the American section in 1895-1900, and carried all the active workers to the extinction of Point Loma. A society under the control and influence of men engaged in pressing the claims of the Old Catholic Church is not likely to make appeal to those of the Greek Catholic Church, the Roman Catholic Church, nor the Anglican Catholic Church, and least of all to those who have realized that neither temple nor ritual, neither dogma nor creed, neither priest nor scripture are required by those who have learned to know God and His Word, the Logos. A society that professes to have neither creed nor dogma can not consistently exhibit any preference for one church, nor for one religion more than another. The selection of the Old Catholic Church to receive the benediction of Mrs. Besant, C. W. Leadbetter, A. P. Warrington, and the rest is an unaccountable vagary. This has struck me all the more forcibly in reading "The Priest of the Ideal," where the true ideals of life and religion are set forth in a far more beautiful and attractive way than the Old Catholic Church recruits are capable of. If I had any yearnings for ritualistic and ceremonial religion I would certainly choose the exquisite forms and stately traditions of the Anglican Church as Stephen Graham sets them forth in preference to any other. There is a fine freedom, too, in a church in which such a preacher as Frederic Hampden has free scope to deliver such sermons as are recorded in this book. And if churches are to be reformed from within, as is generally agreed, is there not more likelihood of the Anglican body fulfilling the ideal, and reaching its huge constituency with the new true message than there is of a successful spiritual revolution being launched through schismatic offshoot of the Roman communion? I am quite aware that neither

logic nor reason will persuade in a case of this kind, and that inclination is the final arbiter. Very well, then, if inclination is to settle it, I shall be inclined to Frederick Hampden and his appeal to the heart, rather than the appeal of any set of enthusiasts to the eye or the brain. "There is a Keltic spirit in all of us to-day," writes Stephen Graham; "the earth of Britain has made out of us all its own people, we have grown out of it, and in the deeper sanctuary of our souls is to be found the mystic seed which St. Joseph and his hermits brought."

Hampden conducts his American acquaintance on a spiritual pilgrimage over Britain, starting at Glastonbury "in the region of the mysterious and beautiful hill, where the first British shrines were made. Behold the Tor points its blunt forefinger to the sky. The larch trees climb aslant up Joseph of Arimathea's hill. The spring of living water still dances from Chalice Hill, where the Holy Grail was buried. Hither, as legend tells, came Joseph of Arimathea, who, though he had ready his own new-bewn sepulchre and could give it to his Saviour, yet lived seventy years from the day of the Crucifixion. Joseph was entrusted by the Apostles to carry the Gospel to Britain, and to be our Christ. He was shown by a vision that he must seek a hill like unto Mount Tabor, and he sailed in a boat with twelve holy men from France to Wales, and from Wales to the isles in the marshes. For at that time the hills were islands over the marshes and the valley below them was Avalon. At last, one morning, on pleased eyes dawned the green hill of Tor, which is so like the Mount of Transfiguration that people who have been to the Holy Land and come afterward to Glastonbury remark it, though the legend be unknown to them. So St. Joseph and the twelve hermits paused in their rowing and prayed. And they anchored their boat at the foot of these hills. St. Joseph brought in his keeping the mystical gift of the Cup of the Last Supper, and he gave it to the earth of Britain. The land was a wilderness then, but the aged Joseph placed his barren staff in the ground and it blossomed with spiritual blossoms, as it blossoms to this day, every 25th December, as Christ is born again in the land. He built a church of

wattles on the summit of the Tor, and about the base of the hill the twelve holy men made twelve caves and lived a hermit's life therein. St. Joseph at length died and was buried in the same earth with the Grail seventy years after his sepulchre had been used in Palestine. He found a successor amongst his holy men. But they also were growing old, and as they died new hermits took their places in the caves at the foot of the Tor, the first fruits of sacrifice in Britain, for they were British hermits. Glastonbury is our British holy land, for from its sacred spring the first baptisms were made. As the Grail, when the heathen came, was put in the dank, rich British earth, or in a rock chamber of the well, so the mystic and gentle religion of the Virgin-born Saviour and Man of Sorrows who died to reconcile us all found a mysterious home in the souls of men. . . . The ancient Britons were ready for Christianity. No race received it more humbly, more simply, and more readily than they. The atmosphere of Britain was never that of a quarrelsome Levant. Joseph was not persecuted, his hermits were not butchered by the Druids. Probably Joseph was expected by these people, seen coming by the mystically gifted and by those who saw beyond material veils. They came and glorified God in peace."—*Toronto Sunday World*.

A mind unwilling to believe, or even undesirous to be instructed, our weightiest evidence must ever fail to impress. It will insist on taking the evidence in bits and rejecting item by item. The man who announces his intention of waiting until a single absolutely conclusive bit of evidence turns up, is really a man *not* open to conviction, and if he be a logician he *knows* it. For modern logic has made it plain that single facts can never be proved except by their coherence in a system. But as all the facts come singly any one who dismisses them one by one is destroying the conditions under which the conviction of new truth could ever arise on the mind.—*Dr. F. C. S. Schiller*.

Miracles do not happen in contradiction to nature, but only in contradiction to that which is known to us of nature.—*Saint Augustine*.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 SECOND COMING.

A number of eminent English clergymen are satisfied that the world is about to witness a second coming of Christ, and they are even banding themselves together into what may be called without irreverence a reception committee. An expectation of this kind has been continuous for hundreds of years. It has found expression at every crisis in the modern history of the world. Whenever we are called upon to face the Nemesis of our cruelties and greeds we clamor for superhuman aid. But it rarely occurs to us to abandon our cruelties and greeds. We consult the physician, not that we may learn the laws of health, but that he may show us how to break the laws of health and evade the consequences.

How would these clergymen identify the Messiah if he should come. They themselves tell us that he came two thousand years ago to an expectant world, and that because he came in an unwelcome guise he was rejected. This might happen again. Suppose the Messiah should come with stern and scornful rebuke for the churches represented on the reception committee. Suppose he should place upon them the responsibility for the present horror. Suppose he should choose his associates from the same classes of society that he seems to have favored upon the previous occasion to the exclusion of all the orthodoxies and all the respectabilities. Suppose he should refuse to go to church, or attend divine

service with a whip of small cords, for which also there is precedent. It is not impossible. What would the eminent English clergymen do then? It is well to face the possibilities in advance. One can never tell.

It is hard to see what Christ could do for the world more than he did two thousand years ago. Are we certain that he would stop the war? The men of old were certain that he would rescue Palestine from the Roman yoke. On the contrary he pronounced a deeper doom than any that had then befallen the land. He said that the prophets had been sent to them and they had murdered them, as they were about to murder him. He said that Jerusalem should be utterly destroyed. And in order to guard against a repetition of such horrors in the future and upon an even greater scale, he said that they could be escaped only by fraternity, self-sacrifice, and devotion. Have we obeyed these commands that we should now expect others? On the contrary we have elaborately, carefully, and deliberately set them upon one side, explained them away, and repudiated them. We have avowed our preference for Haeckel, for the "survival of the fit," for the establishment upon earth of the law of the jungle. What right have we to a divine interposition? How should we profit by it?

It may be that there will be such an interposition, but certainly there is no reason to suppose so, and it is a pity to



waste our time in conclaves and preparations. We are too busy, or should be. There is too much to do. If we were now to begin where we should have begun two thousand years ago by the practice of helpfulness and fraternity it may be that the kingdom of heaven would suddenly appear by the only means through which it can ever appear.

### CREDULITY.

Even a book so credulous as has been given to us by Grace Garrett Durand may serve a purpose. It is entitled "Sir Oliver Lodge *Is Right*," and the author publishes it herself at Lake Forest, Illinois. Presumably the use of the italic in the title is considered in some mysterious way to be an argument. Certainly we can find no other.

The author tells us she has had long and beautiful conversations with Mr. Lincoln, with Count Tolstoy, and with Joan of Arc. One would have supposed these great people would have something better to do, but it seems not. So far as Joan of Arc was concerned there was a little difficulty as to the language, but the Maid of Orleans obligingly spoke English, which must have been a little galling to her sentiments. Presumably she has learned English in the spirit world. Evidently she knew none while on earth. Count Tolstoy also converses fluently in English. Doubtless a recent acquisition.

Lincoln displays his accustomed common sense. He talks like an editorial. He says that the various kinds of war work should be given to those who have had appropriate experience. When asked if he could not manage to impress the mind of the Administration in the direction of prudence, he replies: "Wait and see. We shall do so. Heaven forbid that we should neglect this particular means of grace."

Count Tolstoy is hopeful. It is true he has ceased to be a pacifist and has become an apostle of bloody war. But that was to be expected. Why be a spirit if one does not learn thereby to correct one's errors. Tolstoy is sorry that the Czar has been sent to Siberia, for he "has a good heart, but is weak." Ah! how true! Such profundity could come only from Tolstoy. He says "my soldiers weakening has only delayed the end of the war." He says also "The Russian

peasant, of whom I was one," etc. The grammar is a little faulty, but then what can one expect from a foreigner.

The enthusiasms of the author are, of course, fatal to accuracy. Enthusiasms usually are. Enumerating some "out-spoken spiritists" she includes the Hon. Arthur Balfour and Emerson. This is true of neither. To be interested in psychic research is not necessarily to be a spiritist.

Then we get back again to Lincoln. He does not like the Barnard statue. He can not understand how "that man Barnard can put it over anybody." But did Lincoln actually say that—just in those words? Did he say "that man Barnard"? It would seem that manners are not included in the spirit curriculum. Did Lincoln say "put it over"? Slang evidently is included in the spirit curriculum.

Genius, it seems, is always due to "spirits." Why is it always the disembodied spirit that has genius and never the embodied we are not told. Emerson touchingly informs the author that he got his inspiration in this way. He did not know it at the time, but he knows it now, and hastens to give credit. Emerson got his wisdom from spirits and he is now a little spirit himself and is passing it on. His grammar is not quite what it should be, but that is probably due to a natural embarrassment at talking with a lady. In the meantime he hopes the world will study his books.

But there is a little nugget among the dross. A haphorth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack. Speaking of Heifitz, the violinist, the author says that he is so great "because he has brought back his great gift with him from the spirit world in this reincarnation," etc. But where does the author get her belief in reincarnation? We ask to know. Did the spirits tell her? If so will she now tell us why the spirits obstinately denied reincarnation until quite recently, why they jeered at it and derided it? But perhaps it is hardly fair to ask questions.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
From that true world within the world  
we see,  
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore.

—Tennyson.

## THE UNSEEN.

Sir William F. Barrett, author of "On the Threshold of the Unseen" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), has some uneasy twinges of doubt as to the legitimacy of psychic experiment. It has been condemned, he says, by the seers and the prophets. Isaiah warned the people "Thy spells and enchantments with which thou hast wearied thyself have led thee astray." Juvenal says something of the same sort. Psychism leads to spiritual confusion and it clouds discrimination. None the less, says Sir William Barrett, these strictures do not apply to scientific research. Possibly not, but then he himself is writing for the public.

We need not trouble ourselves with the phenomena cited by the author. Frankly, we are a little tired of "Florrie," and "Mrs. C." and "Miss L." We know precisely what they will do before they begin to do it. We will accept the "genuineness of the phenomena." Let them pass. *Nemine contradicente.*

The explanations are far more interesting. Thus we have a speculation as to whether certain orders of phantasms may be due to a thought projection of ourselves, each one of us having a simulacrum in the unseen:

The ancient Buddhist doctrine of Karma also teaches that our future state is the result of our thought and actions, the sum of our merit or demerit. "All that total of a soul which is the things it did, the thoughts it had." Karma is thus the relentless operation and spiritual embodiment of the law of cause and effect, from which none of us can escape. In modern Theosophy we find the same idea, developed in connection with the doctrine of reincarnation. The thoughts of each individual life generate a thought-body in the unseen, which becomes the next dwelling place of our soul on its return to earth. Hence the innate disposition of a child is the result of its own unconscious past, the character it has moulded for itself during a previous existence on earth.

The author points out that the stream of consciousness is actually far wider than we suppose. There are shallows upon either side of the current of which we take no note. Innumerable impressions reach us, but we give them no attention, and they slip unperceived into the subliminal:

Thus the outer or conscious self, as said, is not our entire self, any more than the visible or earth-turned face of the moon is the whole moon. Mr. Frederick Myers has well compared our normal self-consciousness to the

visible spectrum of sunlight; beyond it on either side is a wide tract, imperceptible to the eye, yet crowded with radiation. Each pencil of sunlight embraces these invisible, as well as the visible, rays, and so each human personality embraces the unconscious as well as the conscious self. And just as experimental physics has within the present century revealed the existence of ultra-violet and infra-red portions of the spectrum, and shown us how we may, in part, render these obscure rays visible, so with the growth of experimental psychology we are beginning to discover the complex nature of our personality, and how that part of our Ego which is below the threshold of consciousness may be led to emerge from its obscurity. As the bright light of day quenches the feebler light of the stars, so the vivid stream of consciousness in our waking life must usually be withdrawn or enfeebled before the dim record of unheeded past impressions, or the telepathic impact of an extraneous mind, becomes apparent.

Perhaps what we call the "control" of the medium, suggests the author, may be no more than an invasion of the field of the mind by this subliminal consciousness. Perhaps it may also solve the mystery of the dual personality.

The author is no less interesting in his theory of phantasms. These, too, may be subjective:

There is nothing improbable in this subjective theory of apparitions, for all the things we see are phantasms projected from our mind into the external world. It is true that a minute and real inverted picture of the objects around us is thrown on the retina by the optical arrangements in the eye, but we do not look at that picture as the photographer does in his camera; it creates an impression on certain brain cells, and then we mentally project outside ourselves a large erect phantasm of the retinal image. It is true this phantasm has its origin in the real image on the retina, but it is no more a real thing than is the virtual image of ourselves we see in a looking-glass. If now, instead of the impression being made on certain cells in the brain through the fibre of the optic nerve, an impression be made directly on those same brain cells by some telepathic impact, it may reasonably be supposed that a visual reaction follows, and a corresponding image would be projected by our mind into external space.

Moreover, there are phantasms of the living, and same experimenters have been able to produce them almost at will. Since it is obvious that these are not "spirits" we may find an explanation of all alike in the invariable tendency of thought to externalize itself.

Perhaps the contents of the subliminal self are more varied and of higher value than we have any idea of. It may even give us access, says Mr. Myers, to "a sort of terrene omniscience," so that to a

man's unconscious self some phantasmal picture should be open of all that men are doing or have done. This is entirely occult except in its terminology. Union with the Higher Self does not indeed confer such power. And the Higher Self remembers its own experiences stored through countless incarnations.

It is unusual in works of this kind to find references to reincarnation, but the author is of too high a mental calibre to exclude anything from prejudice. He says:

There are many who believe with the devout and learned Henry More and other Platonists, together with several eminent thinkers of the present day, such as Professor McTaggart, that the survival of the soul after death involves the assumption of its pre-natal existence. If so, as Mr. C. C. Massey has said, "The whole conception of immortality undergoes an important change if we regard the personal consciousness with its Ego as a mere partial and temporary limitation of a larger self, the growth of many seasons, as it were, of earthly life."

The lack of any memory of our past existences, if such there were, has been urged against the idea of reincarnation, but this may be only a temporary eclipse. It is possible that recollection of our past lives may gradually return, as in the course of our spiritual progress we gain a larger life and deeper consciousness; the underlying subliminal life may be the golden thread that binds into one all our past and future lives.

As this question of reincarnation is at present attracting much attention it may be of interest to quote another sentence or two from the devout and suggestive writer named above (C. C. Massey): "We may find the ground of reincarnation in an attraction to this world or principle of life. . . . What-ever has brought us here once will presumably bring us here again and again till the motive power changes. . . . Regeneration (a new nature) alone exempts from reincarnation; the bonds of desire to the external nature being thus severed, all the tendrils of attachment to it are thus eradicated."

Here we may leave an admirable and suggestive work with which we may not wholly agree, with which we may greatly disagree, but that is none the less welcome as the contribution of a scientist who brings to his task a ripe intelligence and a sincerity that is beyond challenge.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNSEEN. By Sir William Barrett, F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

No action whether foul or fair  
Is ever done but it leaves somewhere  
A record written by fingers ghostly.

—Longfellow.

## THE MOST-SACRED MOUNTAIN.

Space, and the twelve clean winds of heaven,

And this sharp exultation, like a cry,  
after the slow six thousand steps of climbing!

This is Tai Shan, the beautiful, the most holy.

Below my feet the foot-hills nestle,  
brown with flecks of green; and  
lower down the flat brown plain, the  
floor of earth stretches away to blue  
infinity.

Beside me in this airy space the temple  
roofs cut their slow curves against  
the sky,

And one black bird circles above the  
void.

Space, and the twelve clean winds are  
here;

And with them broods eternity—a swift,  
white peace, a presence manifest.

The rhythm ceases here. Time has no  
place. This is the end that has no  
end.

Here, when Confucius came, a half a  
thousand years before the Nazarene,  
he stepped, with me, thus into time-  
lessness.

The stone beside us waxes old, the  
carven stone that says: "On this  
spot once Confucius stood and felt  
the smallness of the world below."

The stone grows old:

Eternity is not for stones.

But I shall go down from this airy  
space, this swift white peace, this  
stinging exultation.

And time will close about me, and my  
soul stir to the rhythm of the dail  
round.

Yet, having known, life will not press  
close, and always I shall feel time  
ravel thin about me;

For once I stood

In the white windy presence of eternity  
—Eunice Tietjens, in "Poetry."

Is there an answering voice from  
void.

Or vain and worthless my passionate  
prayer?

Are all my hopes forever destroyed  
In blackness of darkness, depth  
despair? —F. W. H. Myers

## FROM THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

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 instance, that England is on the verge 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*. Our view of the reliability of the information depends, of course, on our acceptance or rejection of the claim for a tremendous period of historical observation. Eastern initiates maintain that they have preserved records of racial development and of events of universal import ever since the beginning of the Fourth Race—their knowledge of events preceding that epoch being traditional. Moreover, those who believe in seership and in occult powers will have no difficulty in crediting the general character, at least, of the information given, even if it be traditional, once the tradition is checked and corrected by clairvoyance and esoteric knowledge.

But in the present case no such metaphysical belief is claimed as our chief dependence, for proof is given—on what, to every occultist, is quite scientific evidence—the record preserved through the Zodiac for incalculable ages.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

If we now turn to thought, we find that inasmuch as it affects the substance of the present visible universe, it produces a material organ of memory. But the motions which accompany thought must also affect the invisible order of things, while the forces which cause these motions are likewise derived from the same region, and thus it follows that thought conceived to affect the matter of another universe simultaneously with this may explain a future state.—*The Unseen Universe*.

When we see *how* a thing can have happened we are much more ready to give a fair hearing to evidence that it *has* happened, than when the material offered is quite indigestible to our intelligence. And thus an explanatory hypothesis is hardly less necessary for the reception of facts of a certain character than are facts for the support of a hypothesis.—*C. C. Massey*.

The Ghost in man, the Ghost that once was man

But can not wholly free itself from man,  
Are calling to each other thro' a dawn  
Stranger than earth has ever seen; the veil

Is rending and the voices of the day  
Are heard across the voices of the dark.  
—*Tennyson*.

If either Roman Catholics, or any others, will give sufficient proofs of the occurrence of a miracle, they ought to be listened to; but to pretend to, or to believe in, any miracle without sufficient proof is clearly superstition.—*Archbishop Whately*.

In regard to ghost stories, while I doubt any one of them, still I have a certain faith in the whole of them taken together.—*Kant*.

Wherever there is the slightest possibility for the mind of man to *know*, there is a legitimate problem for science.—*Karl Pearson*.

## HELP.

When the enemy is near thee,  
 Call on us!  
 In our hands we will upbear thee,  
 He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,  
 He shall fly thee and shall fear thee.  
 Call on us!

Call when all good friends have left thee,  
 Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee,  
 Call when hope and heart are sinking,  
 When the brain is sick with thinking,  
 Help, O help!

When the panic comes upon thee,  
 When necessity seems on thee,  
 Hope and choice have all foregone thee,  
 Fate and force are closing o'er thee,  
 And but one way stands before thee,  
 Call on us!

O, and if thou dost not call,  
 Be but faithful, that is all!  
 Go right on, and close behind thee  
 There shall follow still, and find thee,  
 Help, sure help!  
 —Arthur Clough Benson.

## THE VISION OF MONS.

Miss Courtney Wilson gives the following statement by a lance-corporal concernig the vision of Mons:

"I was with my battalion in the retreat from Mons on or about August 28th. The German cavalry were expected to make a charge and we were waiting to fire and scatter them so as to enable the French cavalry who were on our right to make a dash forward. However, the German aeroplanes discovered our position and we remained where we were.

"The weather was very hot and clear, and between 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening I was standing with a party of nine other men on duty and some distance on either side were parties of ten on guard. Immediately behind us, half of my battalion was on the edge of a wood resting. An officer suddenly came to us in a state of great anxiety and asked us if we had seen anything astonishing. He hurried away from my ten to the next party of ten. When he had got out of sight I, who was the non-commissioned officer in charge, ordered two men to go forward out of the way of the trees, in order to find out what the officer meant. The two men returned, reporting that they

could see no sign of the Germans. At that time we thought that the officers must be expecting a surprise attack.

"Immediately afterwards the officer came back, and, taking me and some others a few yard away, showed us the sky. I could see quite plainly in mid-air a strange light, which seemed to be quite distinctly outlined, and was not a reflection of the moon, nor were there any clouds in the neighborhood. The light became brighter, and I could see quite distinctly three shapes, one in the centre having what looked like outspread wings; the other two were not so large but were quite plainly distinct from the centre one. They appeared to have long, loose-hanging garment of a golden tint, and they were above the German line facing us.

"We stood watching them for about three-quarters of an hour. All the men with me saw them, and other men came up from other groups who told us they had seen the same thing. I am not a believer in such things, but I have not the slightest doubt that we really did see what I now tell you.

"I remember the day because it was a day of terrible anxiety for us. The morning the Munsters had a bad time on our right, and so had the Scots Guard. We managed to get to the wood, and there we barricaded the roads, and remained in the formation I have told you. Later on the Uhlans attacked us, and we drove them back with heavy loss. It was after this engagement, when we were dog-tired, that the vision appeared to us.

"I shall never forget it as long as I live. I lie awake in bed and picture all as I saw it on that night. Of my battalion there are now only five men alive besides myself, and I have no hope of ever getting back to the front. I have a record of fifteen years' good service and I should be very sorry to make fool of myself by telling a story mere to please any one."

Miss Wilson asked him if the figures resembled anybody, and he replied "You could discern there were faces, but you couldn't see what they were like."

Miss Wilson also asked him, "What was the effect of the vision on your feelings, and the feelings of the other men?"

"Well, it was very funny. We calmed over quiet and still. It took us that while. We didn't know what to make of

And there we all were looking up at those three figures, saying nothing, just wondering, when one of the chaps called, 'God is with us'—and that kind of loosened us. Then when we were falling-in for the march the captain said to us, 'Well, men, we can cheer up now, we've got Some One with us.' And that's just how we felt. As I tell you, we marched thirty-two miles that night, and the Germans didn't fire a rifle or cannon, the whole way."

Asked, "Did the effect—the moral effect—last?"

He replied slowly: "There was a certain non-commissioned officer with us who was a fair coward, not fit to be a soldier, much less a non-commissioned officer, and that man—well, he was a fair honest coward, and no mistake about it—he became quite different from that night. He didn't mind what happened to him. He set a good example. That's a fact. He got killed at Wipers" (Ypres).

Asked about other changes in the men. "We were a decent lot of men on the whole, and of course fighting keeps a man quiet, but there was one very rough fellow along with us, always cursing and swearing and going for all the drink he could get—not exactly a bad fellow he wasn't, but he was rough, very rough, and not particular about himself. Well, that man was changed right through by the vision. I think it had more effect on him than any of us. He didn't speak about it, but we could see for ourselves. It made a man of him."

On being asked whether he had met, since he got back, any of the men who saw the vision, he replied: "Only one. He's lying in Netley Hospital at this moment. He's in the Scots Guards. I saw him the other day, and asked him about it. He remembers it just as well as I do. Of course, these chaps in here won't believe it. They think I must have dreamed it. But the sergeant in the Scots Guards could tell them. It was no dreaming. I've never seen anything like it before or since. I know very well what I saw."

After all, that which is true *must* be admitted; though it should show us the shortness of our faculties, and that we are in no wise judges of many things, of which we are apt to think ourselves very competent ones.—*Bishop Butler.*

## SIGHT FOR BLIND SOLDIERS.

Enile Boirac, the famous French psychologist, whose work, "Our Hidden Forces," was published by Stokes last spring, has carried his researches forward to the point where he has produced amazing results in the way of controlling and utilizing the natural magnetic energy that is radiated from the human body. In his earlier work Dr. Boirac offered conclusive evidence that the body does radiate a force comparable to electricity. The new book, "The Psychology of the Future" (Stokes), describes experiments by which this force has been placed under control and put to practical use—in medicine, in corrective criminology, etc.

Particularly interesting is its application to the treatment of the blind. For this two methods have been developed, with great success. The first is to direct the radio-activity to stimulating the sense of touch, thus making the patient sensitive to colors and to ordinary printed type which is not raised, through mere contact with the finger-tips. By the second method a new centre of "X-ray vision" is created in the brain, by means of which the blind person is enabled to see more or less distinctly without the use of his eyes.

There is every reason to believe that by the use of one of these two methods every soldier blinded in the war can have restored to him at least a partial substitute for normal sight.

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The limits of the study of nature do not bring us to the supernatural . . . if at any particular point science finds a present limit, what is beyond science is not therefore beyond nature; it is only unknown nature; when we cease to trace law we are sure law remains to be traced.—*Rev. Baden Powell.*

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The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die and their departure is taken for misery and their going away from earth to be utter destruction—but they are at peace.—*Wisdom of Solomon.*

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The heart of the fool is in his tongue, the tongue of the wise is in his heart.—*Turkish proverb.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED  
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

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## A DIFFICULTY.

Theosophy, says a devotee, would make more rapid progress but for the inherent materialism of the human mind. Of course it would. Why be guilty of a truism? On the other hand, but for the inherent materialism of the human mind there would be no need for Theosophy at all. And then some busy people would be out of a job.

Theosophy is hindered not so much by the inherent materialism of the human mind as by the inherent silliness of some of its advocates. How is it these people are able to force themselves into the foreground and to palm off their cerebral spasms as philosophy? Why are their absurdities accepted as Theosophy without any attempt at verification? No one would be allowed to take such liberties with Darwinism, for example. A challenge to cite chapter and verse would be instant and inevitable. But any nonsense may be advanced as Theosophy, and the more arrant the nonsense the more readily it is accepted. Or so it would seem.

Take, for example, the case of Miss May Sinclair, who has just written a valuable book on the philosophy of Idealism. Miss Sinclair is a woman of exceptional intelligence and of profound insight. She is practically a Theosophist. But she says she would rather be a Pragmatist than a Theosophist, and from this we may measure the depth of her condemnation. Fortunately she ex-

plains her antipathy. At once we know what has befallen her. She has been talking with Theosophists, and she has our sympathy. She says she objects to have the *Bhagavad Gita* thrown at her head as though it were a portion of Scripture appointed for the day's reading. So do we. She says she objects to insistent assurances that if she will suppress her lower nature she can go to Nirvana. She says she does not wish to go to Nirvana—not yet. Nor do we. She says she has suffered much from Theosophists, and here we may claim a community of pain. Now it is easy to say that Miss Sinclair should have read some standard work on Theosophy instead of conversing with chattering incompetents, but then we have to take things as we find them. And so we can only regret that she should have been frightened away by what we may call the theosophical *Bandar-log*.

The *Gita* has, of course, been grossly mistreated. It is intended for students, and not for the public at large, as is sufficiently indicated by its concluding stanzas. The metaphysics of Theosophy has also been grossly mistreated. Metaphysics is for the student, and not for the public at large. What can be more futile, more inane, than a platform effort to explain Parabrahm? And what does it matter? The ordinary charlatan dresses in a white robe with the signs of the zodiac around the hem. The more subtle variety is likely to talk about



Parabrahm. The object is often the same. It is to impress the observer with the illusion of mental superiority.

The object of a theosophical propaganda is not to persuade the hearer of the truth of certain facts of nature. If it comes to that we do not any of us know the truth about anything. No man is necessarily the better, and he may even be much the worse, for learning about the Astral Body, or Akasa, or Atlantis, or the Fourth Dimension. Even a knowledge of Devachan may leave him unregenerate. The Thugs of India probably know more about all of these things than we do, but their customs are detestable. We have all known the most learned Theosophists, who have the *Gita* by heart, and who are yet extraordinarily prone to malice and slander, who will boycott, ostracize, and persecute with a happy zest that would have been a credit to Torquemada. And their superstitious credulities, their willingness to worship other personalities, would disgrace a Portuguese peasant. Perhaps Miss Sinclair met some of these.

There is no advantage in persuading a man that he is a spiritual being unless he proceeds forthwith to act in a spiritual way. Certainly there can be no spirituality that is unshown by kindness, toleration, courtesy, and self-restraint. Spirituality does not avoid human comradeships, it does not boycott, it does not think itself superior, nor hold itself aloof. The Founders of the Society were not much concerned with beliefs, but they were much concerned with conduct. They did not hold that the world could be redeemed by a knowledge of reincarnation, for example, or they would not have made such great efforts in India, where every one believes in reincarnation already, except the Mohammedans. The Founders were looking toward ends, not means. We are looking towards means and not ends. They were anxious that humanity should become less selfish and they advanced a philosophy that should conduce to that end. What can be more hateful than a display of the philosophy without its fruits? Perhaps there is actually one thing more hateful, and that is the use of that philosophy as a stimulant to bigotry, intolerance, and cruelty.

By what extraordinary obliquity can any Theosophist hold himself aloof from

the ameliorative efforts of the day on the ground that he is dealing with basic principles and not with their application with the general and not with the particular? Can hypocrisy go further than this? Did not the Chohan bestow his benediction upon Anna Kingsford for her championship of animals? Did not a Master withhold communication from certain Brahmans until they should do what they could—among other things—to abolish child marriage in India? Did not H. P. Blavatsky vociferously applaud General Booth for his efforts on behalf of the submerged, and Tolstoy for his struggle against autocracy? Was she not passionately interested in every scheme, or project, or suggestion, that could make for human welfare, ever physical welfare? And yet we find shoddy and make-believe Theosophists who have the effrontery to assert that they are doing their whole duty when they prate about the *Gita*, or say their prayers to the "three fundamentals," or "point to the teachings," or whatever the formula of the moment may happen to be. The best that we can wish for them is a clear vision of a certain assurance from a high source to the effect that "He who does not practice altruism, he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself, he who hears another slandered and does not undertake his defense as he would undertake his own—is no Theosophist."

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Each creature holds an insular point in space;  
 Yet what man stirs a finger, breathes a sound,  
 But all the multitudinous beings round  
 In all the countless worlds, with time and place  
 For their conditions, down to the central base,  
 Thrill, happy, in vibration and rebound  
 Life answering life across the vast profound,  
 In full antiphony, by a common grace.  
 —Mrs. Browning.

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Is anything of God's contriving endangered by inquiry? Was it the system of the universe or the monks that trembled at the telescope of Galileo? Did the circulation of the firmament stop in terror because Newton laid his daring finger on its pulse?—*Lowell*.

## RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

It is not a little significant that we should be given a popular account of the religions of the world in which there is no trace of theological prejudice nor of comparative pieties. In this present volume, "Religions of the Past and Present," edited by Dr. J. A. Montgomery, we have sketches of fourteen different faiths by various authors, and all of them marked by a scholarship and an accuracy that are beyond praise.

The article on Buddhism is by Dr. Franklin Edgerton, Ph. D. He calls it a Protestant faith, an attempt at democratic religion, a repudiation of the exclusiveness of Brahmanism:

The Protestant attitude of Buddhists and Jains towards Brahmanism is strikingly illustrated by the languages they used in their gospels. They rebelled against the Brahman theory that religion was only for the upper classes, a theory which finds expression in the well-known Brahmanical doctrine that *Udras* and outcasts might not even hear or read the Vedas, the sacred texts, much less take part in the services of the ritual. Buddhism and Jainism were open to all castes and to those of no caste. And that their message might be intelligible to all mankind, they discarded the Sanskrit language, the artificial vehicle of Brahmanical learning and culture, and laid down the principle that their gospels should be preached in every land in the dialect of the land itself.

The author gives us an admirable summary of Transmigration and Karma doctrines which are to be found in all Hindu systems, but which are absolutely fundamental to Buddhism:

But if life is all evil, does not death bring release from it? By no means, say the Hindus. The way out is not so easy as that. Death is not cessation of existence. It is only passing from one existence to another. Just as a caterpillar, when it comes to the end of a blade of grass, gathers itself up together (to go over to another grassblade), even so this Spirit, when it has rid itself of this body and cast off ignorance, gathers itself up together (to go over into another body): "so speaks already an Upanishad text. In fact the history of the belief in rebirth after death goes back much further than the Upanishads. . . . The Upanishads also began to join with this doctrine of transmigration the old doctrine of retribution for good and evil deeds in a life after death. The belief in such retribution, in some form or other, is found all over the world, and various forms of it are found in different stages of Vedic religion. With the transference of a future life from a mythical other world to this earth, and with the extension of multiplication of it to an indefinite series of future lives more or less like the present life the way is prepared for the characteristically Hindu doctrine of karma or "deed." Ac-

cording to this doctrine, which all Hindus regard as axiomatic, the state of each existence of each individual is absolutely conditioned and determined by that individual's morality in previous existences. A man is exactly what he has made himself and what he therefore deserves to be. One of the earliest clear expressions of this view is found in this Upanishad passage: "Just as (the Soul) is (in this life) of this or that sort; just as it acts, just as it operates, even so precisely it becomes (in the next life). If it acts well it becomes good; if it acts ill it becomes evil. As a result of right action it becomes what is good, as a result of evil action it becomes what is evil." In short, the law of the conservation of energy is rigidly applied to the moral world. Every action, whether good or bad, must of necessity have its result for the performer of the action. If in the present life a man is on the whole good, his next existence is better by just so much as his good deeds have outweighed his evil deeds.

The distinctive quality of Buddhism, says the author wisely, is moderation. Excessive zeal, even for a righteous cause, defeats its own ends:

This moderation, this evidence of extremes and readiness to meet human nature half way, is probably one of the secrets of the enormous success of Buddhism as a missionary religion. To mention one example: like all higher forms of Hinduism, Buddhism preaches ahimsa or non-injury of any living being. This implies, of course, abstention from the eating of meat. And good Buddhists are therefore specifically commanded to observe a vegetarian diet. Nevertheless, if one is offered hospitality, and the meal set before one by the host consists of meat, it is not sinful to partake of it. To refuse to do so would injure and insult the host, and would do no good, since it would not restore life to the slaughtered animal.

The author says there is no doubt that many Christian stories owe their source to Buddhism. The story of the life of Buddha himself is found, in unmistakable form, as the story of St. Josaphat, the name itself being a corruption of Bodhisattva. Professor Garba of Tübingen says there are four Christian narratives which are probably derived from Buddhist sources. These are (1) the angel chorus which announces the miraculous birth of the Saviour; (2) the temptation; (3) the miraculous walking on the water of the disciple; (4) the miraculous feeding of the multitude.

RELIGIONS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.  
Edited by Dr. J. A. Montgomery. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50.

Science is bound by the everlasting law of honor to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it.—*Lord Kelvin*.

## THE DOG.

Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success it with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.—*From a speech by the late Senator George G. Vest.*

## THE JUGGLER.

Look how he throws them up and down,  
The beautiful golden balls!  
They hang aloft in the purple air,  
And there never is one that falls.

He sends them hot from his steady hand  
He teaches them all their curves;  
And whether the reach be little or long,  
There never is one that swerves.

Some, like the tiny red one there,  
He never lets go far;  
And some he has sent to the roof of the  
tent  
To swim without a jar.

So white and still they seem to hang,  
You wonder if he forgot  
To reckon the time of their return  
And measure their golden lot.

Can it be that, hurried or tired out,  
The hand of the juggler shook?  
O never you fear, his eye is clear,  
He knows them all like a book.

And they will home to his hand at last,  
For he pulls them by a cord  
Finer than silk and strong as fate.  
That is just the bid of his word.

Was there ever such a sight in the  
world?  
Like a wonderful winding skein,—  
The way he tangles them up together  
And ravel them out again!

. . . . .  
If I could have him at the inn  
All by myself some night,—  
Inquire his country, and where in the  
world  
He came by that cunning sleight!

Where do you guess he learned the trick  
To hold us gaping here,  
Till our minds in the spell of his maze  
almost  
Have forgotten the time of year?

One never could have the least idea.  
Yet why be disposed to twit  
A fellow who does such wonderful things  
With the merest lack of wit?

Likely enough, when the show is done  
And the balls all back in his hand,  
He'll tell us why he is smiling so,  
And we shall understand.

—Bliss Carman.

## THE VISIONS OF MONS.

The account of one of the visions of Mons and Ypres published in the last issue of the *Outlook* has been received with so much interest that some other and confirmatory descriptions are appended hereto. They are taken from "The Visions of Mons and Ypres," by the author of "The Great Pyramid," and published by Robert Banks & Son of London.

Miss Phyllis Campbell, a cousin of Lady Archibald Campbell, who has been a nurse at the front throughout the war, says:

I paid little attention to the stories at the time. The commandant had warned us to be ready for evacuating the base at a moment's notice. But we hung on.

Train after train crept into the forest without lights, almost without a sound. We went around with small lanterns, had to climb from the ground into cattle trucks, and then sort the living from the dead. This post was the first stopping-place.

It was pitch dark, and I was attending a poor French fellow when the lady president of the post called to me. "Miss Campbell," she said, "there is an English soldier in the fifth wagon—he wants a holy picture."

It seemed an extraordinary thing to ask for in that awful scene, but I went to him. "Miss," he asked, "*pléuse give me a picture of St. George. I want a picture or a medal, because I have seen St. George on a white horse.*"

An R. F. A. man lying near by corroborated this seeming madness. "*It's true, sister,*" he interjected, "*we all saw it.*"

While helping to make these men as comfortable as possible I questioned them. Yes, they had seen it; others had seen it from different points of the battle. There was no doubt about it: St. George had saved them from utter annihilation.

They had seen him come out of a funny-looking cloud of light. He was a tall man with yellow hair, in golden armor, and was riding a white horse. He was holding a sword above his head. Then came the order to advance, and the German hordes were in full flight.

But why had they fled? None could say, for the British were hopelessly outnumbered.

Later, during that awful night, I tended French soldiers, who all brought, in effect, the same testimony. But some of these poor fellows said it was Joan of Arc, while others said it was St. Michael.

"*When God sends St. Michael to fight for us,*" they said, "*then the case is hard indeed.*"

One French soldier—he was a sergeant-major, and has since been given an adjutancy—was particularly explicit and lucid in his account of the vision. He had seen Joan of Arc leading them on to victory. She was brandishing a sword and rode a white charger.

On this night there were six of us women at the post, including Mme. de A—, the president. Similar stories were told to all of

us, except one, who was mounting guard over some wounded Germans.

When there came a lull in the work we compared notes. The accumulated evidence was from the lips of scores of wounded. Amongst these eye-witnesses were officers of high rank, a Roman Catholic priest, and English and French soldiers.

I had the testimony, amongst others, of three poor fellows of the Irish Guard. One of them was an enormous man who stood over 6 feet 5 inches.

St. George was in golden armor, bareheaded, and riding a white horse. He cried, "Come on!" as he brandished his sword. This had occurred at the most critical point of the retreat.

They had given themselves up for lost; nothing known to them that could save them. Then suddenly there had been this interposition from heaven, and to their amazement the Germans were in full retreat.

The French testimony differed. Some said it was Joan of Arc, that she was bareheaded, riding a white horse and flourishing a sword as she called "Advance!" Others had seen St. Michael the Archangel, clad in golden armor, bare-headed, riding a white horse, and crying "Victory!" as he brandished his sword.

These eye-witnesses came from widely-separated points of the field of battle. I can not give names of places; not even could the officers do this. They had been retreating and fighting for days and nights. None knew where they were.

Miss Callow, secretary to the Higher Thought Centre at South Kensington, also writes:

An officer has sent to one of the members of the centre a detailed account of a vision that appeared to himself and others when fighting against fearful odds at Mons. He plainly saw an apparition representing St. George, the patron saint of England, the exact counterpart of a picture that hangs today in a London restaurant. So terrible was their plight at the time that the officer could not refrain from appealing to the vision to help them. Then, as if the enemy had also seen the apparition, the Germans abandoned their positions in precipitate terror. In other instances men had written about seeing *clouds of celestial horsemen* hovering over the British lines.

Mr. Hazlehurst, a justice of the peace in Flintshire, wrote to the *Daily Mail* on August 22, 1915, concerning Private Cleaver of the First Cheshire Regiment. He said:

Cleaver frequently spoke to his friends in the canteen of what he had seen at Mons, and finding he was only forty miles off I went to see him. He gave me the following words in writing: "I myself was at Mons, and saw the vision of angels." He also expressed his willingness to sign an affidavit to that effect. Well content, I returned home, and the following day procured an affidavit and again traveled forty miles to see him sign it. A copy is enclosed.

The Rev. Alexander Boddy, vicar of

All Saints, Monkwearmouth, who was for two months at the front with the troops, also gives an account of similar visions having been seen at the *second battle of Ypres*, when the British were attacked by overwhelming numbers of Germans. He says:

A soldier of the Third Canadians stated that after the second battle of Ypres, when the battalion was retiring through their communication trenches towards their rest camp, they were obliged to halt where a West Riding regiment was stationed. During the halt one of the men of this regiment was narrating to those around him a strange experience of his own. He had seen, he said, what at first appeared to be a ball of fire. Afterwards it took the form of an angel with outstretched wings, standing between the British front line and that of the enemy.

Mr. Boddy also mentions a story told to the sister of a gentleman who had given up his house as a convalescent home for wounded soldiers. One of the wounded soldiers told the lady that "at a critical moment an angel with outspread wings, like a luminous cloud, stood between the advancing Germans and themselves. This figure appeared to render it impossible for the Germans to advance and annihilate them." The lady in question was subsequently speaking of this incident in the presence of some officers, and expressed her own credulity. One of the officers, a colonel, looked up at this, and said, "Young lady, the thing happened. You need not be incredulous. I saw it myself."

Mr. Ralph Shirley, referring to these and other visions, says that he interviewed two ladies who had been nursing at a hospital in the vicinity of Paris. These ladies stated that the accounts in question were in France "not merely implicitly believed, but were absolutely known to be true," and they added that "no French paper would have made it self ridiculous by disputing the authenticity of what was vouched for by so many thousands of eye-witnesses."

In this stone there lieth hidden, whatsoever God and the Eternity, also heaven, the stars and elements contain and are able to do. There never was from eternity anything better or more precious than this, and it is offered by God and bestowed upon man; every one may have it. . . . it is in simple form, and hath the power of the whole Deity in it.—*Boehmen*.

## "IMMORTAL LOVE."

Immortal Love, too high for my possessing,—

Yet, lower than thee, where shall I find repose?

Long in my youth I sang the morning rose,

By earthly wings the heavenly pattern guessing!

Long fared I on, beauty and love caressing,

And finding in my heart a place for those

Eternal fugitives; the golden close  
Of evening folds me, still their sweetness blessing.

O happy we, the first-born heirs of nature,

For whom the Heavenly Sun delays his light!

He by the sweets of every mortal creature

Tempers eternal beauty to our sight:  
And by the glow upon love's earthly feature

Maketh the path of our departure bright.

—*George Edward Woodbury.*

## MATTER.

Within the half-century the hypothetical ether has amply vindicated its novel claim to take its place as a mysterious entity side by side with matter and energy among the ultimate compounds of the objective universe. . . . Modern science sets before our eyes the comprehensive and glorious idea of a cosmos which is one and the same throughout, in sun and star and world and atom, in light and heat and life and mechanism, in herb and tree and man and animal, in body, soul, and spirit mind and matter.—*Grant Allen*.

All that has been predicted of atoms their attractions and repulsions, according to the primary laws of their being only becomes intelligible when we assume the presence of mind.—*Sir John Herschell*.

It is in no small degree reassuring to find that we are not chained to inert matter, but to the living energies of its forms. . . . This leads us to the inference, long suspected, that all matter, as well as the ethereal medium itself, consists ultimately of one and the same pr

mordial element.—*Colonel A. T. Fraser.*

When a movement is willed a current is sent forth from the brain.—*Sir James Clifton Browne.*

Those who occupy themselves with the mysteries of molecular vibration bear the victorious wreaths of successful discovery, and show that every atom teems with wonders not less incomprehensible than those of the vast and bright far-off suns.—*Reynolds.*

One eternal and immutable law embraces all things and all times.—*Cicero.*

It may be said that if all things come from only one cause or internal source, acting within itself, then motion and matter must be fundamentally and essentially one and the same, and we may look upon matter as being latent force and upon force as being free matter.—*Franz Hartmann.*

Is not ether infinitely more rare and more subtle than air, and exceedingly more elastic and more active? Does it not easily penetrate all bodies? And is it not by its elastic force diffused through the universe?—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

We know nothing of the ultimate seat of force. Science, in the modern doctrine of the conservation of energy and the convertibility of forces, is already getting something like a firm hold of the idea that all kinds of forces are but forms or manifestations of some one central force, arising from one fountain-head of power.—*Duke of Argyll.*

The law which connects radiation with absorption and at once enables us to read the riddle set by the sun and stars is, then, simply the law of "sympathetic vibration."—*Norman Lockyer.*

We seem to be approaching a theory as to the construction of ether. Hertz has produced vibrations, vibrating more than one hundred million times per second. He made use of the principle of resonance. You all understand how, by a succession of well-timed small impulses, a large vibration may be set up.—*Professor Fitzgerald.*

I do not believe that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed by a certain amount of primitive intelligence.—*Edison.*

The elements of nature are made of the will of God.—*Hermes.*

Not gravitation, nor electricity, nor magnetism, nor chemical affinity, but will,

is the typical idea of force. Self-determination, volition, is the essence of the only causation we know. Will is the sum-total of the dynamic idea: it either stands for that or nothing. Now science professes itself unable to interpret nature without this metaphysical idea of power. The experiments made by Professor Barker and others, which are said to establish the identity of heat and mental force, really prove only a correlation between heat and the nervous action which attends thinking. Nervous action and heat correlate, but the actual point is to prove that nervous action and mental force correlate.—*Herbert Spencer.*

The concept of will has hitherto commonly been subordinated to that of force; but I reverse the matter entirely, and desire that every force in nature be thought of as will. It must not be supposed that this is mere verbal quibbling and of no consequence; rather it is of the greatest significance and importance.—*Schopenhauer.*

The structure of the smallest particle, invisible to our most searching vision, may be as complicated as that of any of the heavenly bodies which circle around our sun.—*Sir Henry Roscoe.*

It was in India that man first recognized the fact that force is indestructible and eternal. This implies ideas more or less distinct of that which we now term its correlation and conservation. The changes which we witness are its distribution.—*Professor Draper.*

There is a principle in music which has yet to be discovered.—*Herschel.*

By what means is force exerted, and what definitely is force? Given that force can be exerted by an act of will, do we understand the mechanism by which this is done? And if there is a gap in our knowledge between the conscious idea of a motion and the liberation of muscular energy needed to accomplish it, how do we know that a body may not be moved without ordinary material contact by an act of will?—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

A mysterious force exists in the vibrations of the ether, called sound, which science and invention have so far failed to utilize; but which, no doubt in the near future, will come under man's control, for driving the wheels of industry.—*E. S. Huntington.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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Price Five Cents

## THE SILENCE OF THE MOON.

Mr. William Butler Yeats, Poet Laureate, we believe, of Ireland, is always full of delicate imaginings and fine fancies, and these are found in their perfection in his latest work, "Per Amica Silentia Luna," just published by the Macmillan Company (\$1.50). Mr. Yeats leads the inner life, the reflective life. When he withdraws from the world another world opens to him, and sometimes he sees therein the beautiful and sometimes the weird. But wisdom of some sort comes always. Thus he says:

I think that all religious men have believed that there is a hand not ours in the events of life, and that, as somebody says in *Wilhelm Meister*, accident is destiny; and I think it was Heraclitus who said: the Daemon is our destiny. When I think of life as a struggle with the Daemon, who would ever set us to the hardest work among those not impossible, I understand why there is a deep enmity between a man and his destiny, and why a man loves nothing but his destiny. In an Anglo-Saxon poem a certain man is called, as though to call him something that summed up all heroism, "Doom eager." I am persuaded that the Daemon delivers and deceives us, and that he wove that netting from the stars and threw the net from his shoulder. Then my imagination runs from Daemon to sweetheart, and I divine an analogy that evades the intellect. I remember that Greek antiquity has bid us look for the principal stars, that govern enemy and sweetheart alike, among those that are about to set, in the Seventh House as the astrologers say; and that it may be "sexual love," which is "founded upon spiritual hate," is an image of the warfare of man and Daemon; and I even wonder if there may not be some secret

communion, some whispering in the dark between Daemon and sweetheart. I remember how often women, when in love, grow superstitious, and believe that they can bring their lovers good luck; and I remember an old Irish story of three young men who went seeking for help in battle into the house of the gods at Slieve-na-mon. "You must first be married," some god told them, "because a man's good or evil luck comes to him through a woman."

Mr. Yeats has discovered, he says, that if you suspend the critical faculty, either as the result of training or by passing into a slight trance, images pass rapidly before you. If you can suspend also desire, the images become more clear in color and more precise, and they move in the midst of a powerful light:

I had no natural gift for this clear quiet, as I soon discovered, for my mind is abnormally restless; and I was seldom delighted by that sudden luminous definition of form which makes one understand almost in spite of one's self that one is not merely imagining. I therefore invented a new process. I had found that after evocation my sleep became at moments full of light and form, all that I had failed to find while awake; and I elaborated a symbolism of natural objects that I might give myself dreams during sleep, or rather visions, for they had none of the confusion of dreams, by laying upon my pillow or beside my bed certain flowers or leaves. Even today, after twenty years, the exaltations and the messages that came to me from bits of hawthorn or some other plant seem of all moments of my life the happiest and the wisest. After a time, perhaps because the novelty wearing off the symbol lost its power, or because my work at the Irish Theatre became too exciting, my sleep lost its responsiveness. I had fellow-scholars, and now it was I and now they who made some dis-



covery. Before the mind's eye, whether in sleep or waking, came images that one was to discover presently in some book one had never read, and after looking in vain for explanation to the current theory of forgotten personal memory, I came to believe in a great memory passing on from generation to generation. But that was not enough, for these images showed intention and choice. They had a relation to what one knew and yet were an extension of one's knowledge. If no mind was there, why should I suddenly come upon salt and antimony, upon the liquefaction of the gold, as they were understood by the alchemists, or upon some detail of cabalistic symbolism verified at last by a learned scholar from his never-published manuscripts, and who can have put together so ingeniously, working by some law of association and yet with clear intention and personal application, certain mythological images. They had shown themselves to several minds, a fragment at a time, and had only shown their meaning when the puzzle picture had been put together. The thought was again and again before me that this study had created a contact or mingling with minds who had followed a like study in some other age, and that these minds still saw and thought and chose.

Mr. Yeats tells us that he was led to the study of spiritism seeing that "our masters had not denied that personality outlives the body or even that its rougher shape may cling to us awhile after death, but only that we should seek it in those who are dead." But, says Mr. Yeats, he has found nothing that he can not also find some light on in Henry More:

All souls have a vehicle or body, and when one has said that, with More and the Platonists one has escaped from the abstract schools who seek always the power of some church or institution, and found one's self with great poetry, and superstition which is but popular poetry, in a pleasant dangerous world. Beauty is indeed but bodily life in some ideal condition. The vehicle of the human soul is what used to be called the animal spirits, and Henry More quotes from Hippocrates this sentence: "The mind of man is . . . not nourished from meats and drinks from the belly, but by a clear luminous substance that redounds by separation from the blood." These animal spirits fill up all parts of the body and make up the body of air, as certain writers of the seventeenth century have called it. The soul has a plastic power, and can after death, should the vehicle leave the body for a while, mould it to any shape it will by an act of imagination, though the more unlike to the original that shape is, the greater the effort. To living and dead alike, the purity and abundance of the animal spirits are a chief power. The soul can mould from these an apparition clothed as if in life, and make it visible by showing it to our mind's eye, or by building into its substance certain particles drawn from the body of a medium till it is as visible and tangible as any other object. To help that building the ancients offered fragrant gum, the odor of flowers, and

it may be pieces of virgin wax. The half-materialized vehicle slowly exudes from the skin in dull luminous drops or condenses from a luminous cloud, the light fading as weight and density increase. The witch, going beyond the medium, offered to the slowly animating phantom certain drops of her blood. The vehicle once separate from the living man or woman may be moulded by the souls of others as readily as by its own soul, and even it seems by the souls of the living. It becomes a part for awhile of that stream of images which I have compared to reflections upon water. But how does it follow that souls who never have handled the modeling tool or the brush make perfect images? Those materializations who imprint their powerful faces upon paraffin wax, leave there sculpture that would have taken a good artist, making and imagining, many hours. How did it follow that an ignorant woman could, as Henry More believed, project her vehicle in so good a likeness of a hare, that horse and hound and huntsman followed with the bugle blowing? Is not the problem the same as of those finely articulated scenes and patterns that come out of the dark, seemingly completed in the winking of an eye, as we are lying half asleep, and of all those elaborate images that drift in moments of inspiration or evocation before the mind's eye? Our animal spirits or vehicles are but as it were a condensation of the vehicle of *Anima Mundi*, and give substance to its images in the faint materialization of our common thought, or more grossly when a ghost is our visitor. It should be no great feat, once those images have dipped into our vehicle, to take their portraits in the photographic camera.

At death, says the author, our long-forgotten wishes may become our external words, and even our beliefs may haunt us as dreadful realities. Mr. Yeats tells us that years ago he was present when a woman consulted Mme. Blavatsky for a friend who saw her newly-dead husband nightly as a decaying corpse and smelt the odor of the grave. When he was dying, said Mme. Blavatsky, he thought the grave was the end, and now that he is dead can not throw off that imagination.

Henry More believed that those who failed to find the rhythmic body and to pass into the Condition of Fire were born again. Edmund Spenser said something of the same sort:

After that they againe retourned beene,  
They in that garden planted be agayne,  
And grow afresh, as they had never seene  
Fleshy corruption, nor mortal payne.  
Some thousand years so doen they ther re-  
mayne,  
And then of him are clad with other hew,  
Or sent into the chaungeful world agayne,  
Till thither they retourn where first they  
grew:  
So like a wheele, around they roam from old  
to new.

The dead who speak to us deny metempsychosis, perhaps because they but know a little better what they knew alive; while the dead in Asia, for perhaps no better reason, affirm it, and so we are left amid plausibilities and uncertainties.

Mr. Yeats has written a remarkable book, and one that will repay perusal.

### ATTAINMENT.

Thus far of him who is under desire. Now as to him who is free from desire, who is beyond desire, for whom the Soul is his desire. From him the life-powers do not depart. Growing one with the Eternal, he enters into the Eternal.

When all desires that were hid in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal, and reaches the Eternal.

And like as the slough of a snake lies lifeless, cast forth upon an ant-hill, so lies his body, when the Spirit of man rises up bodiless and immortal, as the Life, as the Eternal, as the Radiance.

The small old path that stretches far away has been found and followed by me. By it go the Seers who know the Eternal, rising up from this world to the heavenly world.

Who knows the Soul, and sees himself as the Soul, what should he long for, or desiring what should he fret for the fever of life?

By whom the awakened Soul is known while he dwells in the wilderness of the world, he is creator of all and maker of all; his is the world, for he is the world.

Even here in the world have we reached wisdom; without wisdom, great were thy loss. They who are illumined, become immortal. Others enter into sorrow.

When a man gains a vision of the god-like Soul, the Lord of what has been and what shall be, he fears no more.

At whose feet rolls the circling year with all its days, Him the gods worship as the one, the light of lights, the immortal Life.

In whom the five hierarchies of beings and the ether are set firm, him I know to be the Soul. And knowing that deathless Eternal, I, too, am immortal.

They who know the life of life, eye of the eye, the ear's ear, heart of the heart, have found that eternal Ancient, the Most High.

This is to be understood by the heart: there is no separateness at all. He goes

from death to death who beholds separateness.

This immeasurable and unchanging Being is to be beheld as the One. The stainless Soul is higher than the heavens, mighty and sure.

Let the sage, the follower of the Eternal, knowing this, strive to behold it in vision. Let him not meditate on many words, for words are weariness.

This is the mighty Soul unborn, who is Consciousness among the life-powers. This is the heaven in the heart within, where rests the ruler of all, the master of all, the lord of all. He grows not greater through good works, nor less through evil. He is lord of all, overlord of beings, shepherd of all beings. He is the bridge that holds the worlds apart, lest they should flow together. This is he whom the followers of the Eternal seek to know through their scriptures, sacrifices, gifts, and penances, through ceasing from evil towards others. He who knows this becomes a sage. This is the goal in search of which pilgrims go forth on pilgrimages.

Knowing Him, the men of old desired not offspring. What should we do with offspring, they said, since ours is the Soul, the All? They became saints, ceasing from desire of offspring, the desire of the world, the desire of wealth. For the desire of offspring is a desire for wealth, and the desire for wealth is a desire for the world. For these both are desires. But the Soul is not that, not that. It is incomprehensible, for it can not be comprehended; it is imperishable, for it passes not away; nought adheres to it, for it is free; the Soul is not bound, fears not, suffers not.

He who knows is therefore full of peace, lord of himself; he has ceased from false gods, he is full of endurance, he intends his will. In his soul he beholds the Soul. He beholds all things in the Soul. Nor does evil reach him; he passes evil. He is free from evil, free from stain, free from doubt, a knower of the Eternal.—*Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad.*

All outward vision yields to that within, Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key;

We only feel that we have been  
And evermore shall be.

# THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

(Translated from the Greek by Fabre D'Olivet and from the French by Nayan Louise Redfield and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

## PREPARATION.

Render to the Immortal Gods the consecrated cult;  
Guard then thy faith: Revere the memory  
Of the Illustrious Heroes, of Spirits demi-Gods.

## PURIFICATION.

Be a good son, just brother, spouse tender and good father  
Choose for thy friend the friend of virtue;  
Yield to his gentle counsels, profit by his life,  
And for a trifling grievance never leave him;  
If thou canst at least: for a most rigid law  
Binds Power to Necessity.  
Still it is given thee to fight and overcome  
Thy foolish passions: learn thou to subdue them.  
Be sober, diligent, and chaste; avoid all wrath.  
In public or in secret ne'er permit thou  
Any evil; and above all else respect thyself.

Speak not nor act before thou hast reflected.  
Be just. Remember that a power invincible  
Ordains to die: that riches and the honors  
Easily acquired are easy thus to lose.  
As to the evils which Destiny involves,  
Judge them what they are: endure them all and strive,  
As much as thou art able, to modify the traits:  
The Gods, to the most cruel, have not exposed the Sage.

Even as Truth, does Error have its lovers:  
With prudence the Philosopher approves or blames;  
If Error triumph, he departs and waits.  
Listen and in thine heart engrave my words;

Keep closed thine eye and ear 'gainst prejudice;  
Of others the example fear; think always for thyself:  
Consult, deliberate, and freely choose.  
Let fools act aimlessly and without cause.  
Thou shouldst, in the present, contemplate the future.

That which thou dost not know, pretend not that thou dost.  
Instruct thyself; for time and patience favor all.  
Neglect not thy health: dispense with moderation,  
Food to the body and to the mind repose.  
Too much attention or too little shun;  
for envy  
Thus, to either excess is alike attached.  
Luxury and avarice have similar results.  
One must choose in all things a mean just and good.

## PERFECTION.

Let not sleep e'er close thy tired eyes  
Without thou ask thyself: What have I omitted and what done?  
Abstain thou if 'tis evil; persevere if good.  
Meditate upon my counsels; love them: follow them;  
To the divine virtues will they know how to lead thee.  
I swear it by the one who in our hearts engraved  
The sacred Tetrads, symbol immense and pure,  
Source of Nature and model of the Gods.  
But before all, thy soul to its faithful duty,  
Invoke these Gods with fervour, they whose aid,  
Thy work begun, alone can terminate.  
Instructed by them, naught shall then deceive thee:  
Of diverse beings thou shalt sound the essence;  
And thou shalt know the principle and end of All.  
If Heaven wills it, thou shalt know that Nature,  
Alike in everything, is the same in every place;  
So that, as to thy true rights enlightened.  
Thine heart shall no more feed on vain desires.  
Thou shalt see that the evils which devour men

Are of their choice the fruit; that these  
unfortunates

Sseek afar the goodness whose source  
within they bear.

For few know happiness: playthings of  
the passions,

hither, thither tossed by adverse waves,

Upon a shoreless sea, they blinded roll,

Unable to resist or to the tempest yield.

God! Thou couldst save them by  
opening their eyes.

But no: 'tis for the humans of a race  
divine

To discern Error and to see the Truth,  
Nature serves them. Thou who fath-  
omed it,

O wise and happy man, rest in its haven.

But observe my laws, abstaining from  
the things

Which thy soul must fear, distinguish-  
ing them well;

Letting intelligence o'er thy body reign;

So that, ascending into radiant Ether,

Midst the Immortals, thou shalt be thy-  
self a God.

### THE OLD PHILOSOPHERS.

Learn of the sea-shell to love thine  
enemy, and to fill with pearls the hand  
thrust out to harm thee. Be not less  
generous than the hard rock; make re-  
splendent with precious stones the arm  
which rends thy side. Mark thou yon-  
der tree assailed by a shower of stones;  
upon those that threw them it lets fall  
only delicious fruits or perfumed flowers.  
The voice of all nature calls aloud to us;  
shall man be the only one refusing to  
heal the hand which is wounded in  
striking him?—*Hafiz*.

The duty of a good man, even at the  
moment of his destruction, consists not  
only in forgiving, but even in a desire  
of benefiting his destroyer; as the San-  
dal-tree, in the instant of its overthrow  
sheds perfume on the axe which falls;  
and he would triumph in repeating the  
verse of Sadi which represents a return  
of good for good as a slight reciprocity,  
but says to the virtuous man, "confer  
benefits on him who has injured thee."—  
*The Arya*.

The Will which goes resolutely for-  
ward is of faith; it models its own form  
in spirit and overcomes all things; by it  
a soul receives the power of carrying its

influence in another soul, and of pene-  
trating its most intimate essences. When  
it acts with God it can overthrow moun-  
tains, break the rocks, confound the plots  
of the impious, and breathe upon them  
disorder and dismay; it can effect all  
prodigies, command the heavens, the sea,  
and enchain death itself: it subjugates  
all. Nothing can be named that can not  
be commanded in the name of the Eter-  
nal. The soul which executes these great  
things only imitates the prophets and the  
saints, Moses, Jesus, and the apostles.  
All the elect have a similar power. Evil  
disappears before them. Nothing can  
harm the one in whom God dwells.—  
*Boehme*.

When one does a shameful thing with  
pleasure, the pleasure passes and the  
shame remains. When one does an ex-  
cellent thing with great trouble and labor  
the pain passes and the excellence alone  
remains. Whence it follows necessarily,  
that the evil life is also bitter and pro-  
duces as much sorrow and chagrin as the  
good life is sweet and procures joy and  
contentment.—*Hierocles*.

Ormuzd knew by his sovereign science  
that at first he could in no way influence  
Ahriman; but that afterwards he united  
with him and that at last he finished by  
subjugating him and changing him to  
such degree that the universe existed  
without evil for a duration of centuries.  
When the end of the world comes the  
wickedest of the infernal spirits will be  
pure, excellent, celestial; yes, he will be-  
come celestial, this liar, this evil doer;  
he will become holy, celestial, this cruel  
one: vice itself, breathing only virtue,  
will make long offerings of praise to  
Ormuzd before all the world.—*Zoroaster*.

The sage knows what he ought to say  
or do; the fool is ignorant of it; the one  
implores in prayer, what can be really  
useful to him; the other desires often  
things which, being granted him, become  
for him the source of the greatest mis-  
fortunes. The prudent man, however  
little he may doubt himself, ought to re-  
sign himself to Providence, who knows  
better than he, the consequences that  
things must have.—*Socrates*.

A workman, you will say to this phi-  
losopher, is not the same thing as the

instrument which he uses; the one who plays the lyre differs from the lyre upon which he plays. You will readily agree to this, and the philosopher, pursuing his reasoning, will add: And the eyes with which this musician reads his music, and the hands with which he holds the lyre, are they not also instruments? Can you deny, if the eyes, if the hands, are instruments, that the whole body may likewise be an instrument, different from the being who makes use of it and who commands? . . . For he who knows the body only knows that it is his, and is not himself. To know his body as a physician or as a sculptor, is an art, to know his soul, as a sage, is a science and the greatest of all sciences.—*Plato*.

### ZIMBABWE.

Many, if not most, tourists in Rhodesia content themselves with visiting the Matoppos and the falls, which they can do not merely comfortably, but luxuriously. But ladies, at any rate, can win themselves a cheap reputation for hardihood by going to Zimbabwe (Margaret L. Woods writes in "Pastels Under the Southern Cross"). Seventeen miles of driving toward a fine mountain range brought Gilbert and myself . . . to Mr. Mundell's huts. . . . The huts are a trading station in connection with Mr. Mundell's farm, but the bulk of the season's trading had been done before our arrival.

In the beauty of the mountains and the strangeness of these immediate surroundings one might go near to forgetting the very object of our pilgrimage—the mysterious ruins of Zimbabwe. At first one does not seem to see anything of them from the huts, because the eye, accustomed to the architectural outlines of the boulders on the kopjes, fails to distinguish the work of human hand mingling with those which crown a kopje to the eastward. But up there was once the acropolis of a city which lay between it and the mountain range. The city has vanished, but as about sunset we walked by a wild and beautiful mountain way from the Dutch mission of Morgenster, we saw below us a large irregular ellipse, dark on the golden floor of the valley. This was the temple of the city whose name has also perished.

There in the early morning we made

our pilgrimage. The mountains wore the dewy transparency of the hour, and as we walked along the track in the frail, fresh shadow of the seven-foot grass, we felt as though a favorite dream of childhood had been realized—that we had suddenly shrunk to the stature of elves and entered the new world of tiny creatures. But through the grass from time to time we had glimpses of the dark trees and darker walls of the temple inclosure.

There is nothing to be even distantly compared to the giant ruins of Karnak or the graceful temples of Philæ. But strange it is and appealing to the imagination, this labyrinth of buildings to which the clue has been for ages lost—these relics of an ordered state in a country so long given over to the wild monotony of savagery.

Mr. Hall (the Rhodesian archaeologist) tells us that the plan of the whole elliptical building resembles that of a temple near Marob, in Southern Arabia, which is believed to have been built by Bilkis, Queen of Sheba, and was certainly dedicated to the goddess Almaquah, at once the planet Venus and the Venus of the Phœnicians. At Groote Schur and in the Bulawayo Museum are soapstone beams found at Zimbabwe, carved with a conventional bird, either hawk or vulture, the emblem of the goddess; or, as Mr. MacIver suggests, the sacred animal of the tribe. No other carvings of any kind have been found, except—and these in considerable numbers—small emblems of nature worship in soapstone and other materials. Some of these are marked with the rosette, which was the Phœnician conventional representation of the sun. From this great temple a paved way between walls, now at least not very different in aspect from some of the old causeways of rural England, led to a narrow entrance between boulders and a flight of steps by which the acropolis was ascended.

It was near sunset before our investigations—laborious, if superficial—were ended. We watched from the acropolis the sun go down over the plain, the tree peaked kopje, and the mountain range between us and Victoria. Above the labyrinthine passages, at the edge of great balanced masses of stone, clung leafless trees covered with scarlet blossoms, that burned like fire in the light of the fiery sun. Through the pattern of

these blossoming boughs, the valley grasses—higher, more feathery, and deeply colored here than elsewhere—seemed wrought by the gnomes of very gold. For surely it is they whose fantastic spires and castles and pylons are reared upon the neighboring mountains. Blue, incredibly blue, are the shadows among them on the bare bright granite of the heights. As once these gnome-fortresses towered over a living city, now they tower over dark patches among the gold. For not only is there yonder the temple inclosure, with the deep green of its foliage and the brown of its walls, but dotted everywhere, even on the mountainside, are small heaps of hewn stones and fragments of walls. They lead the eye away where the narrowing valley runs southeast to Little Zimbabwe. The ruins of the city stretch about three-quarters of a mile, and some of the houses must have been those of comparatively wealthy men. They have cemented floors; in one place there are cemented steps leading to a dwelling, and there are walls with a dado of cement upon the stone.

#### GENERAL ALLENBY.

LONDON, Jan. 2 (Correspondence of the Associated Press).—The name of General Allenby, the commander of the British forces in Palestine, which took Jerusalem, has given him a remarkable prestige in the East, according to statements by military men returning from Palestine.

For many generations, it is said, a poetic prophecy has been current among the Arabs and other non-Turkish tribes of the East that "he who shall save Jerusalem and exalt her among the nations will enter the city afoot, and his name will be God the Prophet."

General Allenby entered Jerusalem by the Joppa Gate on foot, and now, it seems, his name is being interpreted by the tribesmen as Allah Nabi, the former word meaning "God" and the latter "Prophet." Therefore his triumph over the Turk has been accepted as a direct divine interposition.

Our perceptions, regarded as sources of information, are not merely occasionally inaccurate, but habitually mendacious.—*A. J. Balfour.*

#### MEDITATE.

*What are the first steps toward becoming conscious of the invisible world? Is there not something that one may do to develop the vision for and the powers to function in the spiritual world?*

There are several worlds now invisible to us, but of these it is only one that we should strive to become conscious of, viz., the inner world, or the "Kingdom of God." And the first steps toward that end are plainly stated in all great religions of the world. It can, without exception, be summed up in these words: "Purify your heart"; because it is only "the pure in heart" that shall see God. This first claim on all who want to scale the heavenly ladder it is very difficult for people of the present age to comply with, because it doesn't commend itself to our lower nature, nor is its indispensableness much understood. But unless it is met to some considerable extent, it is not only futile, but in some cases even dangerous to try to climb higher. In some unexpected place of the ladder a step is rotten, and the climber will fall down and injure himself, or perish. Therefore, give full attention to the fulfillment of this first demand. Keep the commandments—"live the life"; live up to your highest ideal of the perfect man—or strive earnestly to do so always; and in time you will come to stand high.

Certainly there is something that must be done in order to develop the vision for and the powers to function in the Kingdom of God. *Meditate! Meditate! Meditate!* Unless you have acquired the power of *continual meditation* no vision for, nor any powers to function in that world can develop. And while striving to improve your meditation, you are strengthening your moral nature, thus making it easier to keep your heart clean;—"for you have no conception of the *power of meditation*." In this way the heavenly ladder is gradually ascended, and when the disciple at last enters the kingdom he will find that all powers, needed in that world, have developed while he was climbing.

Needless here to describe any special course of training in order to attain to continual meditation, since it has often been exceedingly well expounded in detail.—*T. H. K. in the Theosophical Quarterly.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## RELIGION OF THE SOLDIER.

A writer who is familiar with the life in the trenches has something interesting to tell us about the religion of the soldier. It is a religion that the churches would repudiate with perhaps something of the same scorn that the soldier himself would repudiate the churches. But it is a religion that the ethicist would applaud as containing all the essentials of enlightenment and fraternity.

The soldier, says the writer in question, detests and despises what he calls religion, and by religion he means the whole mechanism of theology and creed—in other words, the church. He regards it as his enemy, and any man who sustains it as a humbug. He does not want to hear about Jonah and the whale, and as for hellfire he is reasonably certain that death can hide nothing worse than life. And as he is not at all afraid of the hellfire of the battlefield he has nothing but derision for any other sort of hellfire that may follow the battlefield.

None the less the soldier has a religion. He has a profound admiration for truth, honor, purity, and courage, but he does not believe that these have anything to do with what he calls Christianity. He has never observed the connection and he does not think it exists. Christianity has told him that poverty is a divine institution and that his greatest virtue is patience and resignation. He

associates Christianity with everything that is hateful in the social life, with the whole system of caste and privilege and class domination. Why not? He does not want to listen to the chaplain and he resents the compulsion that makes him do so.

But the soldier has a code of conduct and it is quite simple, like all good things. It is summed up in the word helpfulness. He must be a good comrade. He must share what he has with all who are in need, even with Germans. He must face pain and wounds with a laugh. And he must instantly give up his life, also with a laugh, if the safety of another demands it.

What, we are asked, are we to do to reconcile the religion of the soldier with Christianity? Perhaps it would be better to ask what we are to do to reconcile Christianity with the religion of the soldier.

## PASTOR RUSSELL.

We are all familiar with the extensive advertisements of Pastor Russell, and perhaps some of us are familiar with that luminary's books. Perhaps also we may have wondered who paid for it all. Now we know. The chief press censor of Canada has decided that these publications are a part of German propaganda, extremely anarchistic and anti-British, and the whole stock in trade of pieties has accordingly been seized. It is said that 5,000,000 copies of Pastor Rus-



sell's weekly have been sold in the United States and Canada, while a report from Victoria, B. C., to the *Christian Science Monitor* says that since the recent Bible Students' Convention extraordinary efforts have been made to sell these precious publications. No expense, says the report, has been spared in this propaganda, and "it is believed in official circles to be unquestionably another phase of anti-war crusade which is being financed by enemy money."

And yet some people wonder why the churches do not now command the respect that was once theirs.

### ANCIENT AMERICA.

Dr. Garrett P. Serviss, writing in the *San Francisco Call*, says that the story of ancient America must be rewritten as a result of archæological discoveries that have been made in various parts of the country. The earthen forts of the Mississippi Valley have never been explained. Nor has the "serpent mound" of Ohio. Everywhere from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico have been found the traces of a prehistoric people who were certainly not savages and who must have possessed some knowledge even of metal working and of art. That these people were the ancestors of the red men is improbable, seeing that the red men have not even a tradition concerning them, and aboriginal tradition usually goes a long way back. And now, says Dr. Serviss, the mystery is deepened by a new discovery of caves in the Mississippi Valley:

While in some ways these people seem to have had more or less resemblance to the inhabitants of ancient Mexico and Yucatan, yet they also present a type of head and face that is strikingly original, as may be seen from the busts that have been ingeniously reconstructed upon the framework of their skulls at the University of Nebraska in Omaha. This process of restoring the faces of a vanished race by filling out, on scientific principles, the gaps left by the disappearance of the flesh, is one of the most interesting of recent development of archæology.

It has been found possible by means of a great number of minute measurements to determine with much exactness the outline and thickness of the fleshy covering characteristic of faces of different types, and the results of the applications of this system in the case of the mysterious cave dwellers of Missouri are startling, the beholder seeming to be looking into the very countenances of that ancient people.

The caves that they inhabited, as far as at

present known, were artificially constructed, and remarkable for their strict uniformity of size and outline. They were sunk to a depth of five to seven feet, and were always perfect rectangles, 20x40 feet, and carefully oriented to the cardinal points, showing that the builder had sufficient knowledge to control their operations with its aid.

In one corner of the cave was excavated a bottle-shape cavity about four feet deep and stoppered with burnt clay. The walls of these cavities were so skillfully calcined with fire and the necks were so carefully closed that the interiors are now found perfectly dry, with their contents well preserved. In these places most of the skulls, bones, beads, potteries, and minute carved busts representing men or idols are found.

Dr. Serviss thinks that these people may have lived 5000 years ago. But perhaps it was much longer than that. In any case they seem to have been superior to the people who came after them, who knew nothing of the use of metals.

### A VISION OF WORDSWORTH.

Writing in *Harper's Magazine* for March, Mrs. Humphry Ward tells a curiously interesting story of a visit in recent years with her daughter to the home of Wordsworth. What happened on that visit is told as given as set down at the time.

"I found myself, in September, 1911, the tenant of a renovated and rebuilt Rydal Mount, for a few autumn weeks. The house was occupied then, and is still occupied, by Wordsworth's granddaughter and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Wordsworth. My eldest daughter was with me, and a strange thing happened to us. I arrived at the Mount before my husband and daughter. She joined me there on September 13th. I remember how eagerly I showed her the many Wordsworthiana in the house, collected by the piety of its mistress—the Hayden portrait on the stairs, and the books in the small, low-ceiled room to the right of the hall which is still just as it was in Wordsworth's day; the garden, too, and the poet's walk. All my own early recollections were alive; we chattered long and late. And now let the account of what happened afterwards be given in my daughter's words as she wrote it down the following morning:

"RYDAL MOUNT, Sept. 14, 1911.

"Last night, my first at Rydal Mount. I slept in the corner room, over the small sitting-room. I had drawn up the blind

about half-way up the window before going to bed, and had drawn the curtain aside, over the back of a wooden arm-chair that stood against the window. The window, a casement, was wide open. I slept soundly, but woke quite suddenly, at what hour I do not know, and found myself sitting bolt upright in bed looking towards the window. Very bright moonlight was shining into the room and I could just see the corner of Loughrigg out in the distance. My first impression was of bright moonlight, but then I became strongly conscious of the moonlight striking on something, and I saw perfectly clearly the figure of an old man sitting in the arm-chair by the window. I said to myself, "That's Wordsworth!" He was sitting with either hand resting on the arms of the chair, leaning back, his head rather bent, and he seemed to be looking down straight in front of him with a rapt expression. He was not looking at me, nor out of the window. The moonlight lit up the top of his head and the silvery hair and I noticed that the hair was very thin. The whole impression was of something solemn and beautiful, and I was not in the very least frightened. As I looked—I can not say, when I looked again, for I have no recollection of ceasing to look, or looking away—the figure disappeared, and I became aware of the empty chair. I lay back again, and thought for a moment in a pleased and contented way, "That was Wordsworth." And almost immediately I must have fallen asleep again. I had not, to my knowledge, been dreaming about Wordsworth before I awoke; but I had been reading Hutton's essay on "Wordsworth's Two Styles" out of Knight's "Wordsworthiana" before I fell asleep.

"I should add that I had a distinct impression of the high collar and stock, the same as in the picture on the stairs in this house."

"Neither the seer of this striking vision—unique in her experience—nor I, to whom she told it within eight hours, make any claim for it to a supernatural origin. It seemed to us an interesting example of the influence of mind and association on the visualizing power of the brain. A member of the Psychical Society, to whom I sent the contemporary record, classified it as 'a visual hallucination,' and I don't know that there is any-

thing more to be said about it. But the pathetic coincidence remains still to be noted—we did not know it till afterwards—that the seer of the vision was sleeping in Dorothy Wordsworth's room, where Dorothy spent so many sad years of death-in-life; and that in that very corner by the window, Wordsworth must have sat, day by day, when he came to visit what remained to him of that creature of fire and dew, that child of genius, who had been the inspiration and support of his poetic youth."

## PYTHAGORAS.

(By Fabre d'Olivet.)

Man, such as I have depicted him, according to the idea that Pythagoras had conceived, placed under the dominion of Providence between the past and the future, endowed with a free-will by his essence, and being carried along toward virtue or vice with his own movement, Man, I say, should understand the source of the evils that he necessarily experiences; and far from accusing this same Providence which dispenses good and evil to each according to his merit and his anterior actions, can blame only himself if he suffers, through an inevitable consequence of his past mistakes. For Pythagoras admitted many past existences, and maintained that the present, which strikes us, and the future, which menaces us, are only the expression of the past which has been our work in anterior times. He said that the greater part of men lose, in returning to life, the remembrance of those past existences; but that, concerning himself, he had, by a particular favor of the gods, preserved the memory of them. Thus according to his doctrine this fatal Necessity, of which man unceasingly complains, has been created by himself through the use of his will; he traverses, in proportion as he advances in time, the road that he has already traced for himself; and according as he has modified it by good or evil, as he sows so to speak, his virtues or his vices, he will find it again more smooth or laborious, when the time will come to traverse it anew.

That is to say, that the true disciple of Pythagoras, placed en rapport with the gods through contemplation, arrived at the highest degree of perfection, called

in the mysteries, autopsy; saw fall before him the false veil which until then had hidden truth, and contemplated Nature in its remotest sources. It is necessary, in order to attain to this sublime degree, that the intelligence, penetrated by the divine ray of inspiration, should fill the understanding with a light intense enough to dissipate all the illusions of the senses, to exalt the soul and release it wholly from things material. Thus it was explained by Socrates and Plato. These philosophers and their numerous disciples put no limit to the advantages of autopsy, or theophany, as they sometimes named this highest degree of the telestic science. They believed that the contemplation of God could be carried so far during this same life, that the soul became not only united to this Being of beings, but that it was mingled and blended with it. Plotinus boasted having experienced the joy of this beatific vision four times, according to Porphyry, who himself claimed to have been honored with it at the age of sixty-eight. The great aim of the mysteries was to teach the initiates the possibility of this union of man with God, and to indicate to them the means. All initiations, all mythological doctrines, tended only to alleviate the soul of the weight of material things, to purify it, so that, desirous of spiritual welfare, and being projected beyond the circle of generations, it could rise to the source of its existence. If one examines carefully the different cults which still dominate upon earth, one will see that they have not been animated by any other spirit. The knowledge of the Being of beings has been offered everywhere as the aim of wisdom, its similitude, as the crown of perfection; and its enjoyments, as the object of all desires and the goal of all efforts. The enumeration of its infinite faculties has varied; but when one has dared fix one's attention upon the unity of its essence, one has always defined it as has Pythagoras: the principle and the end of all things.—From *"The Golden Verses of Pythagoras."* Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance would not stop my way.  
—Shakespeare.

## THE WAR ON SPIRITISM.

So ferocious are the current attacks on psychic research by scientists and churchmen, particularly by the churchmen, that the innocent bystander begins to suspect there is something in it. You innocent bystander usually shies at spiritualism. He has seen it worked, and frequently has seen himself worked at the same time. He knows it is a fertile field for fakers in search of easy money from credulous and superstitious people. He has been either losing interest altogether or laughing at it, but when he sees reputable and eminent and scholarly men defending the theory of spirit communication, and when he sees equally reputable and eminent and scholarly men crowding into the lists to destroy the spiritists, he begins to take the whole subject more seriously.

Most astonishing of all is the rage of so many of the clergy who believe in the immortality of the soul when they find somebody trying to demonstrate it. The say that God did not intend that it should be demonstrated, or he would have vouchsafed a revelation. They seem to feel quite sure about their knowledge of God, and they resent the attempt of anybody to interpret his world without their help; and yet if spiritism should prove their case it would seem to be performing a service for the Christian religion almost comparable with its founding.

Most of these clergy argue that immortality is a matter for faith and faith alone, that no scientific proof of immortality is necessary or desirable. Therefore they charge the spiritists with not having enough faith instead of having too much. They regard psychic research as a profane interference with the divine plan and a humiliation of the sacred mysteries. If they reach the point where they will admit that it may be possible to communicate with discarnate spirits, they are very sure that the spirits are evil spirits with the devil at their elbow. To them psychic research is nothing better than black magic whose devotees must be ridiculed as well as denounced, just as "witches" used to be burned in the name of God by our pious ancestors.

Your anti-spiritist Christian can defend the gospel miracles, but he is bower that nobody shall show him anything resembling a miracle today. That is his

business, of course, and not ours. We are only standing on the side lines looking on, not always we may confess, with a straight face.

The first ally of these clergy is strangely enough the materialist and the agnostic, who do not believe in the immortality of the soul at all and who stop all existence at the grave. To them, of course, spiritism is just arrant nonsense. Though claiming science for their deity, many of them unscientifically refuse to examine the facts the spiritists offer them. They vie with the unscientific layman in comparing men like Lodge and Doyle and Sidgwick and Hyslop with the world's greatest quacks and frauds.

Some of them discuss spiritism on the theory that it can not be done and therewith refuse to discuss it further—a forthright attitude of mind at least. There is no reason why one should discuss spiritism if he does not wish to any more than he should discuss baseball or mathematics or the crawl stroke.

Others rush into print with prejudice and pedantry to support their negotiations, and with nothing else. Still others listen intently to the protagonists of spiritism, and either withhold assent or attempt to disprove its findings.

Telepathy is the favorite resource of the anti-spiritists—anything, as it were, to deny communication with the other world, though the man on the side lines will probably find it no more difficult to believe in the wonders of spiritism than in the wonders thus ascribed to telepathy.

We rather like the attitude of Mark Twain, who was neither scientist nor theologian, but like ourselves an innocent bystander. He, at least, was open-minded. His daughter, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who is now trying to stop the publication of her father's alleged spirit communications by Professor Hyslop of the American Society for Psychic Research, says that the great American humorist "was not a believer (in spiritualism) and yet he did not absolutely disbelieve." He often expressed his disappointment, she says, with the triviality of the communications that were supposed to have come from spirit land. "It seemed to him that life, instead of going on (in the other world) was fall-

ing into greater senility." And yet when he gave her his last farewell on his deathbed, the attending physician thought he heard him adding the unfinished sentence "If we meet—."

Mark Twain may not have been sure that there was another world in which he would live, and he certainly was not sure that if there were such a world it could establish communication with the one he was leaving. Neither was he sure that there was not such a world. Had he been sure in either case, it is not to be doubted that one of his courage and straightforwardness would have said so; and because of his courage and his straightforwardness he would not attempt to prevent other people from seeking the truth and reaching their own conclusions.

That is all, as we understand it, that the spiritists ask. We are speaking now, not of the theatrical and mercenary mediums of spiritualism, but of that increasing number of sincere and thoughtful and intelligent people who are championing the cause of spiritism. They invite the most rigorous cross-examinations; they welcome the discovery of error in any of their investigations; their motives are entirely philanthropic. Surely they are entitled to toleration.

It should not be necessary for our colleagues and scholars to suppress their belief in spiritism as several of them have thought wise to do in order to protect their professional reputations. Professor James, for instance, accepted spiritism before he died, though he never avowed it, and when Professor Hyslop took the secretaryship of the American Society for Psychic Research, he had to burn all his academic bridges behind him.

Mrs. Gabrilowitsch speaks the popular mind on the subject quite accurately, we think, when she admits that spirit communication "may be possible," or at least "thinkable"; but that the evidence in her father's case was not convincing.

It will take a lot of evidence to convince the average man and woman of today that the spirits of the dead can speak with the living. For if that be true, the tales of a million ghosts and haunted houses begin to command attention with very good chances of being widely regarded as real. Presently we be peopling the world with spooks and

plunging into a revival of the most absurd superstitions. For just as spiritism can not escape the embarrassments of crooked spiritualists now, neither can it altogether escape the follies that are likely to attend its triumph.

Your average man and woman doesn't fancy spooks for steady company. Spooks are uncomfortable things to have around; likewise the nightmares and fairy stories that go with them. Spiritism in this respect may raise a vision of fear that leads to madness. No wonder so many human beings shun it, or approach it with unfavorable prejudice. They want to be sure of their ground before they go ahead; and so far from being satisfied with results to date, Professor Hyslop says that while he himself is a firm believer there is enough investigation yet to be done to keep the keenest spiritists busy for a thousand years.

Mrs. Gabrilowitsch also voiced another popular criticism of spiritism as at present understood when she wrote Professor Hyslop that his communications with her deceased father were "totally unlike his real self, and so trivial as to be revolting."

The spiritist reply of course is that trivial communications are the most valuable, because they concern items which are known only to a small circle of relatives and friends of the departed, and perhaps only to himself, and thus offer the most advantageous means of identifying and establishing the individuality of the spirit and the authenticity of the communication. Surely that is sound scientific argument and method. And yet the results are bound to be unimpressive to others as well as to Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, and for the very simple reason that triviality is always unimpressive.

More than that, the communication of triviality tends to make the whole scheme of spiritism unimpressive. Even granting that such communications are possible and genuine, who will think them worth while? Apart from the proof that the human consciousness persists after death, what consolation would it be to hear from a lost loved one that it is a nice day?

But it would be a mistake to suppose that Hyslop and his colleagues are satisfied with trivialities. They seek more

pretentious news from the other side, and they maintain that they have had some success in getting it. The difficulty, as Hyslop understands it from one of his deceased friends, is that the spirit can not inhibit the transmission to this side of his thoughts. Every idea or picture that records itself on the discarnate consciousness keeps crowding into the dispatches, so to speak; much as if a living mortal were to put into words everything that flitted through his mind during an ordinary conversation, instead of editing his utterances down to intelligible remarks on the subject in hand.

The result in such a case, Hyslop argues, would be that that mortal would be adjudged unbalanced at once and put under restraint. But because the discarnate consciousness is powerless for some reason to so edit his utterances all sorts of incoherence and rigmarole are frequently reported by the medium. A great scientific principle, or great foolishness, as you like it.

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It is distrust of the whole tribe of mediums that underlies most of the skepticism that confronts spiritism; and this distrust Mrs. Gabrilowitsch expresses with feeling:

"I knew my father. I know that if he had anything to communicate he would come to those he loved. He would not go to strange women whom in the body he despised. He would not choose as his amanuensis illiterate people."

It is difficult for sane, healthy, normal people to believe that illiterate and strange women can sit at a ouija board and spell out messages of the most intimate nature from one's departed friends. The ouija board and like contraptions have been in the funny papers too long to retain the respect of the uninitiated. And yet, when a rational spiritist suggests that the ouija board may only be a means of accelerating and intensifying the concentration of the operator, who is thus aided to pass into a state of hypnosis, perhaps self-hypnosis, you feel constrained to listen.

You remember that your own senses are more alert at one time than another, and if you are a writer, you know that you can write much better in certain physical environments than in others. The same is true of different methods of getting your thoughts on paper. At least

you can not refute the spiritist who advances the theory of hypnosis by calling him a lunatic.

Nor does it lessen the mystery to ascribe the queer performances of some of these mediums as recorded by reliable witnesses to something quite as mysterious as spiritism. Have not entirely sincere persons affirmed that they have actually seen angels on the battlefields of Europe? Let us be skeptical if we will, but let us at least avoid bigotry.—*From "Black and White," 154-160 Fort Street, Detroit, Michigan.*

## DEATH.

(By Edward Carpenter.)

If the apparent loss of consciousness (the loss of the ordinary consciousness at any rate) which often takes place during the death-change, seems to point to extinction and not to continuance, I think that that need not disturb us. For in sleep, in our nightly sleep, the same suspension of the ordinary consciousness takes place, as we very well know; yet all the time the subconsciousness is functioning away—sorting out sounds, bidding us wake for some, allowing us to sleep through others, discriminating disturbances, carrying on the physiologies of the body, posting sentinels in the reflexes—and guarding us from harm—till untired in the morning it knits together the raveled thread of the ordinary consciousness and renews our waking activities. And if this happens in our ordinary and nightly sleep, it seems at any rate possible that something similar may happen at death. Indeed there is much evidence to show that while at the hour of death the supraliminal consciousness often passes into a state of quiescence or abeyance, the subliminal, or at any rate some portion of the subliminal, becomes unusually active. Audition grows strangely keen—so much so that it is sometimes difficult to tell whether the things heard have been apprehended by extension of the ordinary faculty or whether by a species of clairaudience. Vision similarly passes into clairvoyance, the patient becomes extraordinary sensitive to telepathic influences, and knows what is going on at a distance; and, not only so, but he radiates influence to a distance. All the phenomena of wraiths and living messages, now so well substan-

tiated—of apparitions and impressions projected with force at the moment of death in the minds of distant friends—prove clearly the increased activity and vitality (one may say) of the subliminal self at that time; and this points, as I say, not to extinction and disorganization, but perhaps to the transfer of consciousness more decisively into hidden regions of our being. One hears sometimes of a dying person who, prevented from departure by the tears and entreaties of surrounding friends, cries out, "Oh, let me die!" and one remembers the case, above mentioned, of the apparently dead mother, who, so to speak, called herself back to life by the thought of her orphaned children. Such cases as these do not look like loss of continuity; rather they look as if a keen intelligence were still there, well aware of its earth-life, but drawn onward by inevitable force, and passing into a new phase of swifter subtler activity in perhaps a more ethereal body.—*From "The Drama of Love and Death."*

For more than once when I  
Sat all alone, revolving in myself  
The word that is the symbol of myself,  
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,  
And passed into the Nameless, as a cloud  
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs,  
the limbs  
Were strange, not mine—and yet no  
shade of doubt  
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self  
The gain of such large life as match'd  
with ours  
Were sun to spark—unshadowable in  
words,  
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-  
world.  
—Tennyson.

We may find the ground of reincarnation in an attraction to this world or principle of life. . . . Whatever has brought us here once will presumably bring us here again and again till the motive power changes. . . . Regeneration (a new nature) alone exempts from reincarnation; the bonds of desire to the external nature being thus severed, all the tendrils of attachment to it are thus eradicated.—*C. C. Massey.*

Being good, I came into a body undefiled.—*Solomon.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## SOME NOTES.

It was high time that some such organization as the Public School Protective League of California should make its appearance. The object of the league is sufficiently explained in its public platform, which reads: "A free child in a free school. It is the school that is public, not the child. The function of the public school is to educate, not to medicate." That such a league should be necessary is of course primarily the fault of the parents themselves. They have been willing enough to devolve their duties upon any one willing to assume them, or to pretend to, with the result that the school is now the happy hunting ground of the crank, the charlatan, and the experimenter. It is time now to assert the fact that the schoolchild is not public property, still less the property of churches, inoculators, and vivisectionists who are ever in search of unresisting victims.

Nothing of its kind is more remarkable than the number of books that are now being published on what is called social progress and efficiency. The ideal of the state seems to be a social system in which every individual is docketed, scheduled, numbered, and passported, and so employed as to produce the greatest possible number of dollars. The unorthodox philosopher must be pardoned for suggesting that what we need just at

the present time is not so much progress as a season of salutary quiescence unbroken by the voice of the reformer and of which the dollar mark is not the distinguishing sign. We want time for thought, music, and art, and all the other things that really matter. We want freedom from the menacing shadow of the inspector with his note-book, surely the most menacing shadow that ever fell across a free people. Happiness is not to be obtained by registrations, balloting, nor classifications. We can not vote ourselves into the kingdom of heaven, nor is the voice of God to be discerned in the raucous shoutings of majorities. It is leisure that we need, a certain divine carelessness, the occasional exercise of impulse, the right to possess our own souls.

The religion of the soldier, says a recent writer, is to share whatever he has with whomever needs it, to give his life for a comrade, and to meet wounds and death with a laugh and a joke. All the more formal kinds of religion he detests, nor does he believe that death can hide any worse hell than that of the artillery fire in which he now finds himself. It seems to be a good religion, in fact the only real religion, but what a portent for the future! The time will come, presumably, when these millions of soldiers will go home again, and with the definite convictions and the hardihood that war has given to them. It is to be feared



that they will then be found to be lacking in deference for the ecclesiastical powers that be. They will be rebels against the church, and perhaps quite as willing to believe that Jonah swallowed the whale as that the whale swallowed Jonah. Let us hope that the grave crisis will be somewhat mitigated by a continuation in times of peace of the religion of helpfulness and self-sacrifice engendered in times of war. Perhaps ecclesiasticism itself might be persuaded to try it.

The changes wrought by the advance of civilization upon ethics (says the *Christian Science Monitor*) are sometimes rather more apparent than real. Such a change is that which is proposing that children shall make great efforts to raise white mice as pets, in order that they may subsequently be handed over to the medical research authorities, for a consideration, to be inoculated with pneumonia germs, as a test of pneumonia serum. Now supposing pneumonia serum to be an effective medical agency, and supposing the inoculation of white mice to be a necessity, it is surely possible for a country which has produced the Western ranches and the Chicago stockyards to provide the necessary supply of white mice, without teaching children to breed these as pets in order that they may subsequently sell them to be tortured and destroyed in the interest of medical research. Moreover, we are gravely told, as a proof of how easily the children might be led to this, that white mice would endear themselves to the children, owing to their affectionate nature. To find a parallel for this sort of reasoning it is necessary to turn to the pages of "Mr. Punch." Some years ago that world-famous humorist produced a picture of the vicar of a parish talking to a woman in a village street, whilst under it was a conversation somewhat to this effect: *The Vicar*—How is Tommy? *The Parishioner*—Oh, 'e's working now, sir. *The Vicar*—What's he working at? *The Parishioner*—Oh, the butcher, sir, 'e's took 'im as a 'elp, and so lucky for the boy, being as fond as 'e is of dumb animals. A mental condition which "Mr. Punch" branded with the hot metal of his irony is being held up as a desirable education for children today.

## KARMA.

*Am I karmically responsible for bad habits developed as a result of wrong training during my youth?*

It was your karma that you should be born into the family where the wrong training was imparted. The circumstances of birth are not due to chance, but to the merits or demerits of the past.

But do not get a false idea of karma. It is not punishment in the sense in which that word is usually employed. Karma is the condition into which we have been led by our character. That you were responsive to bad training is evidence of tendencies and dispositions which karma will eradicate, rather than punish. Character is the helmsman of our lives. It steers us toward benefits and into misfortunes. Actually it was not the wrong training that caused the bad habits. The training did no more than bring to the surface such tendencies as were already latent. Those latent tendencies were brought into manifestation in the form of character, and character then steered you toward the appropriate Nemesis. As a matter of fact there have been many great men whose early environment was evil.

## ILLUSION BODIES.

*What is a Mayavi Rupa?*

A Mayavi Rupa is an illusion body formed by the imagination or creation—power of the mind. It is self-ideation in the physical sense of the term. If you imagine yourself to be in some distant place you create thereby a physical simulacrum of yourself, very frail and tenuous, but none the less real. The more powerful the imagination the more substantial is the image. It is possible to transfer the consciousness to the image thus created and to function through it. It is the Mayavi Rupa that accounts for stories of the phantasms of the dying so often reported and so well substantiated. The dying person, thinking vividly of some familiar scene or person, creates an image of himself that may, and that often does, become visible. The power can be acquired or strengthened by practice.

If you would escape vexation, reprove yourself liberally and others sparingly.—*Confucius.*

## SOUL TO BODY.

And thus my Soul unto my Body said,  
 With strenuous hardihead;—  
 "Hear thou this word!  
 The guests that thou wert wonted to invite  
 For eye, or ear, or for sweet lip-delight,  
 Shall not within this house be harboured!  
 I have been midnight-mute, and not demurred,  
 Alas, too long!  
 Henceforward shall I sternly ward the door,  
 To any knocking there, attain with wrong,  
 Ready to cry, 'No more!'  
 Albeit fond familiars, fair of face,  
 Come smilingly, they shall not step within,—  
 Beauty, nor Blithesomeness, nor vernal Grace,—  
 If these are but the glozing cloak of Sin!  
 Clean-swept are all the rooms, and garnished greenly,  
 And set about with Purity's white flower;  
 There sitteth Peace serenely  
 From the clear stroke of this renewed hour;  
 Hereafter shall be incense lifted only  
 To that pure Love which knoweth no alloy;  
 And thou, O Body, thou shalt not be lonely  
 With thy new comrade—Joy!"

—Clinton Scollard.

## REINCARNATION.

(By Edward Carpenter.)

And here I will state what I personally think and believe about this problem, leaving the reasons for the present to commend themselves. I think that in the early stages—in animal and primitive human life—the Race-self is paramount; that each individual self proceeds from it, in much the same way as a bud proceeds from the stem of a growing plant, or even as a single cell forms part of the tissue of the stem; and is absorbed into it again at death. There are no individual and death-surviving souls produced, apart from the Race-soul. In the great race or family of bunny-rabbits, for instance—though there are certainly individual differences of character—just as there are differences of

tissue-cells in the stem of a plant—it is difficult to believe that there are individual and immortal souls. Each little self springs from the race, and is an embodiment of it, representing in various degree its characteristics; and at death—in some way which we do not yet quite understand—returns thither, yielding its experiences to the stores of the race-experience. The same is probably true of the great mass of the higher animals, even up to the primitive and earliest Man. The Race-self in all these cases moves onward, upgathering the experiences of the individuals, wise with their united knowledge, and rich with their countless memories. And these tracts again, of experience, knowledge, and memory, largely in a vague and generalized form, but sometimes in sharp, individualized and detailed form, are transmitted from the Race-self to its later individuals and offshoots. Thus a kind of broken reincarnation occurs, by which streaks of memory and habit pass down from one individual to another, and by which perhaps—in us later races—the persistent "intimations of immortality" and persuasions of having lived before are accounted for.

I think that this process, of mixed and broken reincarnation, may go on for countless generations—the animal or animal-human souls so differentiated from the race-soul returning continually to the latter at death. But that a period may come when the Race-self (illustrated by the growing plant-stem) may exhibit distinct *buds*—the embryos, as it were, of independent souls—which will not return and be lost again in the race-soul, but will persevere for a long period and continually attain to more differentiation and internal coherence and sense of identity. In such cases any reincarnations that occur connected with these buds—though mingled with the race life—will become much less broken than before, and more distinctly individual; till at last a phase is reached when such a soul-bud, almost detached from the race-life, may be reincarnated (or let us say reëmbodied) as a separate entity, with a kind of immortality of its own.

It must be at this stage that the characteristic human soul of the Civilization period is evolved—which coheres quite firmly round itself, which protests and revolts against death, which even largely

throws off its allegiance to the race-soul, and to the laws and solidarities of the race-life, and which has an enormous and overweening sense of identity and self-importance, claiming for itself, as I have just said, a kind of separate persistence. Here ensues, as may be imagined, a terrible period of confusion and trouble—the whole period of competitive civilization. The splendid claim of identity and immortality is made; but for the time being it is spoiled by what we call “selfishness,” the mirror is cracked through ignorance. The Soul has disowned her allegiance to mere instinct and the Race-self, and has yet not found a firm footing beyond—is only floundering in the bogs of self-consciousness and anxiety.—*From “Love and Death.” Published by Mitchell Kennerley.*

### ANNOYING.

Anybody who is at all well read in the literature of “communications” ascribed to the “spirits” of departed notables can easily understand why the daughter of Mark Twain grieves over the fact that a whole bookful of such “messages” from her distinguished father is soon to appear. It is not easy to see, however, just what she or others in like case can do to prevent the publication of such a volume.

Unless it differs amazingly from all previous books of the same class, it will, indeed, demonstrate to all who accept the claims made as to its origin that habitation of the other world results in a pathetic deterioration of intelligence and a complete loss of the sense of humor. But there is no possibility of proving in court that such changes show the “communications” to be spurious. Whoever will can say they are what would be expected from the difficulties of transmission through an imperfect channel, and that assertion puts an end to argument. At any rate, it leaves small chance for an appeal to the law for protection or redress.

It is much to be regretted that Mark Twain himself is precluded by circumstances from commenting on the forthcoming and very posthumous production. The task is one that would have delighted him—and its performance by him would delight everybody else—except, perhaps, the psychical researchers who so industriously set down the products

of subconscious activities. His daughter should not be unduly disturbed. Her father's memory is safe, no matter what nonsense the “mediums” say he makes them talk or write.—*New York Times.*

### THE LAW.

“Allah akbar” (“God is great”)—and then also “Islam”; “That we must submit to God.” That our whole strength lies in resigned submission to him, whatsoever he do to us. For this world, and for the other! The thing he sends to us were it death and worse than death, shall be good, shall be best; we resign ourselves to God. “If this be Islam,” says Goethe, “do we not all live in Islam?” Yes, all of us that have any moral life; we all live so. It has ever been held the highest wisdom for a man not merely to submit to Necessity—Necessity will make him submit—but to know and believe well that the stern thing which Necessity had ordered was the wisest, the best, the thing wanted there. To cease his frantic pretension of scanning this God's world in his small fraction of a brain, to know that it had verily, though deep beyond his soundings, a Just Law, that the soul of it was good, that his part in it was to conform to the Law of the Whole, and in devout silence follow that, not questioning it, obeying it as unquestionable.

\* \* \*

I say, this is yet the only true morality known. A man is right and invincible, virtuous and on the road toward sure conquest, precisely while he joins himself to the great, deep Law of the World, in spite of all superficial laws, temporary appearances, profit-and-loss calculations! he is victorious while he coöperates with that great central law, not victorious otherwise; and surely his first chance of coöperating with it, or getting into the course of it, is to know with his whole soul that it is; that it is good, and alone good!—*Thomas Carlyle.*

We see but half the causes of our deeds,  
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,  
And heedless of the encircling spirit  
world,  
Which though unseen, is felt, and sows  
in us  
All germs of pure and world-wide purpose.  
—*Lowell.*

## THE KINGS.

A man said unto his Angel:

"My spirits are fallen low,  
And I can not carry this battle:  
O, brother, where might I go?"

"The terrible kings are on me  
With spears that are deadly bright;  
Against me so from the cradle  
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:  
"Thou wavering, witless soul,  
Back to the ranks! What matter  
To win or to lose the whole,—

"As judged by the little judges  
Who hearken not well nor see?  
Not thus, by the outer issue,  
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure  
And only event of things:  
The puniest heart, defying,  
Were stronger than all these kings.

"Though out of the past they gather  
Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain  
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit  
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners  
And ringleted Vain Desires,  
And Vice, with the spoils upon him  
Of thee, and thy beaten sires,—

"While Kings of eternal evil  
Yet darken the hills about,  
Thy part is with broken sabre  
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,  
Nor covet the game at all,  
But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
Die, driven against the wall."  
—*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

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The smattering I have of the Philosopher's Stone (which is something more than the perfect exaltation of gold) hath taught me a great deal of Divinity, and instructed my belief how that immortal spirit and incorruptible substance of my soul may lie obscure, and sleep awhile within this house of flesh.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

---

Identification with ignorance resulting in obscurity of the light of Self, disappears with the rise of Spirituality.—*Panchadasi.*

## ANCIENT CORN.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—That the Indians of North America had a superior kind of maize or corn and that seeds produced in prehistoric times may be fertile and will still grow, are facts demonstrated by William A. Akin of this city in a remarkable experiment.

Mr. Akin obtained through a friend a grain of corn taken from an ear found in an Indian mound in Arkansas. The discovery was made by Dr. E. S. Curry, archæologist, who was for twenty-five years a missionary among the Indians. The mound, which was so unusual that it immediately attracted his notice, had a tree growing upon it. He cut the tree and ascertained that it was at least 600 years old. Then he dug into the mound, from which he took many weapons and instruments, together with some tempered copper. He came upon a hermetically sealed jar containing eleven ears of corn, and ascertained that the mound was at least 1800 years old.

When Mr. Akin came into possession of the grain from one of these ears of corn it was brownish, but well preserved. In June he soaked it for several days in water then put it into the ground. It came up almost immediately and showed extraordinary growing powers. The stalk grew to a height of ten feet and seven ears of corn made their appearance. Only three of these developed, and, due to the lateness of the season, it was necessary to take them off before they were fully matured.

Mr. Akin says he investigated concerning what became of the rest of the corn taken from the mound and found that at an experiment station in North Dakota a considerable quantity of it was grown successfully. The yield there, he says, was at the rate of 184 bushels to the acre, and the largest stock was eighteen and a half feet tall and four inches in diameter. This stalk produced eight ears of corn, the largest of which was nineteen inches long, four inches in diameter, and held 860 grains. There were sixty-eight ears on nine stalks. Mr. Akin believes that this corn has in it great possibilities for the development of the varieties of today.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

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God can as little do without us as we without Him.—*Eckhart.*

## FROM SAMUEL BUTLER.

The puzzle which puzzles every atom is the puzzle which puzzles ourselves—a conflict of duties—our duty towards ourselves, and our duty as members of a body politic. It is swayed by its sense of being a separate thing—of having a life to itself which nothing can share; it is also swayed by the feeling that, in spite of this, it is only part of an individuality which is greater than itself and which absorbs it. Its action will vary with the predominance of either of these two states of opinion.

We can no longer separate things as we once could: everything tends towards unity; one thing, one action, in one place, at one time. On the other hand, we can no longer unify things as we once could; we are driven to ultimate atoms, each one of which is an individuality. So that we have an infinite multitude of things doing an infinite multitude of actions in infinite time and space: and yet they are not many things, but one thing.

The idea of an indivisible, ultimate atom is inconceivable by the lay mind. If we can conceive an idea of the atom at all, we can conceive it as capable of being cut in half; indeed, we can not conceive it at all unless we so conceive it. The only true atom, the only thing which we can not subdivide and cut in half, is the universe. We can not cut a bit off the universe and put it somewhere else. Therefore the universe is a true atom, and, indeed, is the smallest piece of indivisible matter which our minds can conceive; and they can not conceive it any more than they can the indivisible, ultimate atom.

In the closest union there is still some separate existence of component parts; in the most complete separation there is still a reminiscence of union. When they are most separate, the atoms seem to bear in mind that they may one day have to come together again; when most united, they still remember that they may come to fall out some day and do not give each other their full, undeserved confidence.

The difficulty is how to get unity and separateness at one and the same time. The two main ideas underlying all action

are desire for closer unity and desire for more separateness. Nature is the puzzled sense of a vast number of things which feel they are in an illogical position and should be more either of the one thing or the other than they are. So they will be first this and then that, and act and react and keep the balance as near equal as they can, yet they know all the time that it isn't right and, as they incline one way or the other, they will love or hate.

When we love we draw what we love closer to us; when we hate a thing, we fling it away from us. All disruption and dissolution is a mode of hating; and all that we call affinity is a mode of loving.

A baby, therefore, has known how to grow itself in the womb and has only done it because it wanted to, on a balance of considerations, in the same way as a man who goes into the city to buy Great Northern A Shares. . . . It is only unconscious of these operations because it has done them a very large number of times already. A man may do a thing by a fluke once, but to say that a foetus can perform so difficult an operation as the growth of a pair of eyes out of pure protoplasm without knowing how to do it, and without ever having done it before, is to contradict all human experience. *Ipsa facto* that it does it, it knows how to do it, and *ipsa facto* that it knows how to do it, it has done it before. Its unconsciousness (or speedy loss of memory) is simply the result of over-knowledge, not of under-knowledge. It knows so well and has done it so often that its power of self-analysis is gone. If it knew what it was doing, or was conscious of its own act in oxidizing its blood after birth, I should suspect that it had not done it so often before; as it is I am confident that it must have done it more often—much more often—than any act which we perform consciously during our whole lives.

When, then, did it do it? Clearly, when last it was an impregnate ovum or some still lower form of life which resulted in that impregnate ovum.

How is it, then, that it has not gained perceptible experience? Simply because a single repetition makes little or no difference; but go back 20,000 repetitions and you will find that it has gained its experience and modified its performance very materially.

## THE NEW CYCLE.

(By Julian Hawthorne.)

What we are to expect is an awakening of the soul; the rediscovery and rehabilitation of the genuine and indestructible religious instinct. Such a religious revival will be something very different from what we have known under that name. It will be a spontaneous and joyful realization by the soul of its vital relations with its Creator. Nature will be recognized as a language whereby God converses with man. The interpretation of this language, based as it is upon an eternal and living symbolism, containing infinite depths beyond depths of meaning, will be a sufficient study and employment for mankind forever. Science will become, in truth, the handmaid of religion, in that it will be devoted to reporting the physical analogies of spiritual truths and following them out in their subtler details. Hitherto the progress of science has been slow, and subject to constant error and revision. But as soon as physical research begins to go hand in hand with moral or psychological research it will advance with a rapidity hitherto unimagined, each assisting and classifying the other.

The attitude of men towards one another will undergo a corresponding change. It is already become evident that selfishness is a colossal failure.

Recent social theorists propose a universal coöperation, to save the waste of personal competition. But competition is a wholesome and vital law; it is only the direction of it that requires alteration. When the cessation of working for one's livelihood takes place, human energy and love of production will not cease with it, but will persist and must find their channels. But competition to outdo each in the service of all is free from collisions, and its range is limitless. Not to support life, but to make life more lovely, will be the effort; and not to make it more lovely for one's self alone, but for one's neighbor. Nor is this all.

The love of the neighbor will be a true act of divine worship, since it will then be acknowledged that mankind, though multiplied to human sense, is in essence one; and that in this universal one, which

can have no self-consciousness, God is incarnate.

The divine humanity is the only real and possible object of mortal adoration, and no genuine sentiment of human brotherhood is conceivable apart from its recognition. But, with it, the stature of our common manhood will grow toward the celestial. Obviously, with the thoughts and pursuits of this calibre to engage our attention, we shall be very far from regretting those which harass and enslave us today. Leaving out of account the extension of physical faculties, which will enable the antipodes to commune together at will and even give us the means of communicating with the inhabitants of other planets, and which will so simplify and deepen language that audible speech, other than the musical sounds indicative of emotion, will be regarded as a comic and clumsy archaism—apart from all this, the fathomless riches of wisdom to be gathered from the commonest daily objects and outwardly most trivial occurrences, will put an end to all craving for merely physical change of place and excitement. Gradually the human race will become stationary, each family occupying its own place, and living in patriarchal simplicity, though endowed with power and wisdom that we should now consider god-like.

... We have only to attempt to indicate what regions await the genius of the new Columbus; nor does the conjecture seem too bold that perhaps they are not so distant from us in time as they appear to be in quality.—*From "The New Columbus."*

By that I know the learned lord you are!  
What you don't touch is lying leagues  
afar;

What you don't grasp is wholly lost to  
you;

What you don't reckon, think you, can't  
be true;

What you don't weigh, it has no weight,  
alas

What you don't coin, you're sure it will  
not pass.

—Goethe.

The perfect observer will have his eyes, as it were, opened, that they may be struck at once with any occurrence which, according to received theories, ought not to happen, for these are the facts which serve as clues to new discoveries.—*Sir John Herschel.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED  
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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## THEOSOPHY AND WAR.

The proper attitude of the Theosophist toward war has often been made the subject of earnest inquiry. But the question seems actually to be based on a misapprehension. Theosophy does not undertake to classify human acts into right and wrong. Human laws are compelled to do this because human eyes can not look into the heart nor discern motives, and it is only by a knowledge of motive that we can attach moral labels to actions. Theosophy contents itself with asserting the fundamental law of human brotherhood and leaving its interpretation and application to the individual in the light of his own wisdom and his own conscience. And each individual will be found to have his own interpretation and his own method of application in accordance with his own vision. In such matters there is no other moral test than conscience, and conscience never lays out for us a complete and detailed pattern of life. It inculcates a general principle, and it also points out the next step along the line of individual advance. It speaks in one way to the village girl and in another way to the man of the world. It has no criminal code, no schedule of right and wrong. All things are right and all things are wrong if thinking makes them so.

But at least we may ask for the exercise of a universal logic in this matter of war, since the laws of logic are the

same for every one. The consistent pacifist will tell us that he objects to war, not so much because it is war, as because it implies the exercise of force, and force, he is fond of saying, is no remedy. It is a contention with which we are unable to agree, plausible though it may sound. Force is a very definite remedy against the wild beast, against the savage, against the lunatic. In such cases we are aware of no other remedy. And if it is true that individuals are subject to lunacy and must therefore be restrained by force, it is equally true that nations may fall victim to the same malady and demand the same remedy.

If we are going to adopt a policy of protest against force we ought at the same time to avoid the appeal to force in our own interests. We have no right to call on the policeman, or to avail ourselves of his protection. We have no right even to go to law, since no legal mandate would have any validity unless the force of the police and the no less real force of public opinion were behind it. For there is no essential difference whatsoever between the policeman and the soldier. The police force is identical with the army, except that the police force is directed against the domestic enemy and the army against the foreign enemy. Just as we have to suppress criminality at home so we have to suppress it equally abroad. It is true that armies may be misused and directed to the ends of tyranny and greed, and they



have often been so directed. But so have the police. In such cases it is tyranny and greed that we must oppose. It is the service in which the force is employed that is the evil, and not the force itself. If we may restrain the lunatic and the savage in the case of individuals, we may restrain the savage and the lunatic in the case of nations. If we may direct the force of the policeman against the burglar we are equally entitled to direct the force of an army against a burglarious nation. If we may forcibly prevent a drunken ruffian from assaulting a child, we may equally prevent a ruffian nation from violating the rights of a small community. There is no difference except in degree. For the consistent pacifist we may have some respect, although we may have our own opinions as to his mentality. But for the pacifist who is willing to place himself under the protection of the police while decrying the use of armies it is hard to have even respect. We can see no difference between the individual who is the victim of brutal and murderous violence and the nation that is subject to the same violence on the part of some larger nation. Both are equally entitled to our protection. But we protect one with the aid of the policeman and the other with the aid of the army. The difference, once more, is only in degree.

War, of course, implies horrid miseries, but it may prevent miseries even more horrid, and it often has. Who would now obliterate even if he could the wars of Gustavus, or of Holland against Spain, or the struggle against Attila, or for religious freedom in Italy? But for these wars the world would now be uninhabitable and uninhabited. The God of the Old Testament seems to have approved of war, and if we are advised instead to consult the God of the New Testament, then we are faced with the fact that Jesus used force, and quite effectively, when He drove the money changers from the Temple. And certainly we can hardly appeal to what we call nature for a verdict against war under all conditions. Science tells us that nature rarely allows an animal in a state of freedom to die a natural death. The end comes always violently. And nature herself would presently have killed all the victims of the battlefield, and in the majority of cases she would

have done so far more painfully than the relatively merciful bullet or shell. She would have killed one with consumption and one with cancer. Another would have died of drink, and another in poverty. Most of them would have met a slow and painful death, but all would have met death in one form or another. In a few score years not one among them would be alive.

If we wish to abolish war there is only one way in which it can be done. We must slowly remove the evils for which war is now the only remedy. We must extirpate hate and greed from the human heart, beginning always with our own. We must establish the law of brotherhood, beginning always with our own lives and thoughts. We must wage war upon the passions that corrode and corrupt, and upon the systems that demand that men shall hate each other and seek to profit at the expense of another. We must lessen the forces of competition, which lead inevitably to the greater competitions of the battlefields. The way to avoid the knife of the surgeon is to avoid the diseases that demand it for their cure. But to cultivate the diseases while denouncing the cure seems to indicate a mental infirmity.

---

Evermore brave feet in all the ages  
 Climb the heights that hide the coming day,—  
 Evermore they cry, these seers and sages,  
 From their cloud, "Our doctrines make no way."  
 All too high they stand above the nations,  
 Shouting forth their trumpet-calls sublime,  
 Shouting downwards their interpretations  
 Of the wondrous secrets born of time.

---

Tissue cells are not structures like stone blocks laboriously carved and immovably cemented in place. They are rather like the local eddies in an ever-flowing and ever-changing stream of fluids. Substance which was at one moment a part of a cell, passes out and a new substance enters. What is it that prevents the local whirl in this unstable stream from changing its form? How is it that a million muscle cells remain alike, collectively ready to respond to a nerve impulse?—*Professor Rand.*

## THE SILENCE OF THE MOON.

There is always a touch of melancholy about the mysticism of William Butler Yeats. His exquisite essays—and none are more exquisite than these, his latest—seem to express a certain elusive vision which is always beyond his grasp, but that tempts him onward by its beauty. The vision, he seems to hint, is of himself, another and a truer self than the transitory, and one with possibilities so sublime as only to be glimpsed—"ego dominus tuus."

Sometimes Mr. Yeats swims in deep water, very deep water:

I think that all religious men have believed that there is a hand not ours in the events of life, and that, as somebody says in *Wilhelm Meister*, accident is destiny. When I think of life as a struggle with the Dæmon who would ever set us to the hardest work among those not impossible, I understand why there is a deep enmity between a man and his destiny, and why a man loves nothing but his destiny. In an Anglo-Saxon poem a certain man is called, as though to call him something that summed up all heroism, "Doom eager." I am persuaded that the Dæmon delivers and deceives us, and that he wove that netting from the stars and threw the net from his shoulder. Then my imagination runs from Dæmon to sweetheart, and I divine an analogy that evades the intellect. I remember that Greek antiquity has bid us look for the principal stars, that govern enemy and sweetheart alike, among those that are about to set, in the Seventh House as the astrologers say; and that it may be "sexual love," which is "founded upon spiritual hate," is an image of the warfare of man and Dæmon; and I even wonder if there may not be some secret communion, some whispering in the dark between Dæmon and sweetheart. I remember how often women, when in love, grow superstitious, and believe that they can bring their lovers good luck; and I remember an old Irish story of three young men who went seeking for help in battle into the house of the gods at Slieve-na-mion. "You must first be married," some god told them, "because a man's good or evil luck comes to him through a woman."

Mr. Yeats quotes Goethe as explaining the literary sterility of a friend on the ground that he was too intelligent. The images must be allowed to form without criticism. "If one is critical too soon they will not form at all." If you suspend the critical faculty, says Mr. Yeats, and so pass into a slight trance, the images will pass before you. But you must neither desire nor criticize. Suspend will and intellect and you can bring up anything of which you have a fragment.

Because of his search for the unseen Mr. Yeats was driven to consult the me-

diums, for "our masters had not denied that personality outlives the body or even that its rougher shape may cling to us for a while after death, but only that we should seek it in those who are dead." But he found nothing from the mediums upon which Henry More did not throw some light:

All souls have a vehicle or body, and when one has said that, with More and the Platonists one has escaped from the abstract schools who seek always the power of some church or institution, and found one's self with great poetry, and superstition which is but popular poetry, in a pleasant dangerous world. Beauty is indeed but bodily life in some ideal condition. The vehicle of the human soul is what used to be called the animal spirits, and Henry More quotes from Hippocrates this sentence: "The mind of man is . . . not nourished from meats and drinks from the belly, but by a clear luminous substance that redounds by separation from the blood." These animal spirits fill up all parts of the body and make up the body of air, as certain writers of the seventeenth century have called it. The soul has a plastic power, and can after death, or during life, should the vehicle leave the body for a while, mould it to any shape it will by an act of imagination, though the more unlike to the habitual that shape is, the greater the effort. To living and dead alike, the purity and abundance of the animal spirits are a chief power. The soul can mould from these an apparition clothed as if in life, and make it visible by showing it to our mind's eye, or by building into its substance certain particles drawn from the body of a medium till it is as visible and tangible as any other object. To help that building the ancients offered fragrant gum, the odor of flowers, and it may be pieces of virgin wax. The half-materialized vehicle slowly exudes from the skin in dull luminous drops or condenses from a luminous cloud, the light fading as weight and density increase. The witch, going beyond the medium, offered to the slowly animating phantom certain drops of her blood. The vehicle once separate from the living man or woman may be moulded by the souls of others as readily as by its own soul, and even it seems by the souls of the living. It becomes a part for awhile of that stream of images which I have compared to reflections upon water. But how does it follow that souls who never have handled the modeling tool or the brush make perfect images? Those materializations who imprint their powerful faces upon paraffin wax, leave there sculpture that would have taken a good artist, making and imagining, many hours. How did it follow that an ignorant woman could, as Henry More believed, project her vehicle in so good a likeness of a hare, that horse and hound and huntsman followed with the hugh blowing? Is not the problem the same as of those finely articulated screens and patterns that come out of the dark, seemingly completed in the winking of an eye, as we are lying half asleep, and of all those elaborate images that drift in moments of inspiration or evocation before the mind's

eye? Our animal spirits or vehicles are but, as it were, a condensation of the vehicle of *Anima Mundi*, and give substance to its images in the faint materialization of our common thought, or more grossly when a ghost is our visitor.

The mind, says the author, throws off forms and these are but other forms of reality, not less real than ordinary and external objects. "Years ago," he says, "I was present when a woman consulted Mme. Blavatsky for a friend who saw her newly-dead husband nightly as a decaying corpse and smelt the odor of the grave. When he was dying, said Mme. Blavatsky, he thought the grave the end, and now that he is dead can not throw off that imagination."

PER AMICA SILENTIA LUNAE. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## SECOND SIGHT.

Mysticism is finding its way even into our war novels. A. C. McClurg & Co. have just published a volume called "Holding the Line," by Sergeant Harold Baldwin. The author is a Canadian, and he tells us that after enlistment and on his way east he met the companion with whom he was to be associated during the war:

After we had entrained again I was seated beside Morgan, a chum with whom I had become very intimate, who was possessed of what might be called a second sight, a gift of foreseeing things, and he then told me of a number of things that would happen to me, every one of which has turned out exactly as he foretold it. For instance, he said the doctor would pass me at Valcartier; and later in Flanders he told me when I was going to be wounded. He also predicted his own wound. Morgan's devotion to me all through our campaigning was positively remarkable, and, as this story will show, I have never had cause to regret the chance that brought us together.

The author is not a man of science, but he is none the less capable of stating his own experiences. And this particular experience seems to demand a good deal of explanation from the incredulous critic.

To the thought of a scientific mind the universe with all its suns and worlds is throughout one seething welter of modes of motion, playing in space, playing in ether, playing in all existing matter, playing in all living things, playing, therefore, in ourselves.—*Professor Gotch*.

## 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.

Before ever land was,  
Before ever the sea,  
Or soft hair of the grass,  
Or fair limbs of the tree,  
Or the flesh-colored fruit of my branches,  
I was, and thy soul was in me.

First life on my sources  
First drifted and swam;  
Out of me are the forces  
That save it or damn;  
Out of me man and woman, and wild-  
beast and bird; before God was, I  
am.

Beside or above me  
Nought is there to go;  
Love or unlove me,  
Unknow me or know,  
I am that which unloves 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 am that thing which blesses  
My spirit elate;  
That which caresses  
With hands uncreate  
My limbs unbegotten that measure the  
length of the measure of fate.

But what thing dost thou now  
Looking Godward, to cry  
"I am I, thou art thou,  
I am low, thou art high?"  
I am thou, whom thou seekest to find  
him; find thou but thyself, thou  
art I.

I the grain and the furrow,  
The plough-cloven clod  
And the ploughshare drawn thorough  
The germ and the sod,  
The deed and the doer, the seed and the  
sower, the dust which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashioned thee

## GHOSTS IN FICTION.

Child, underground?  
 Fire that impassioned thee,  
 Iron that bound,  
 Dim changes of water, what thing of all  
 these hast thou known of or  
 found?

Canst thou say in thine heart  
 Thou hast seen with thine eyes  
 With what cunning of art  
 Thou wast wrought in what wise,  
 By what force of what stuff thou wast  
 shapen, and shown on my breast to  
 the skies?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee,  
 Knowledge of me?  
 Hath the wilderness told it thee?  
 Hast thou learnt of the sea?  
 Hast thou communed in spirit with  
 night? have the winds taken coun-  
 sel with thee?

Have I set such a star  
 To show light on thy brow  
 That thou sawest from afar  
 What I show to thee now?  
 Have ye spoken as brethren together,  
 the sun and the mountains and  
 thou?

What is here, dost thou know it?  
 What was, hast thou known?  
 Prophet nor poet  
 Nor tripod nor throne  
 Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer,  
 but only thy mother alone.

Mother, not maker,  
 Born, and not made;  
 Though her children forsake her,  
 Allured or afraid,  
 Praying prayers to the God of their fash-  
 ion, she stirs not for all that have  
 prayed.

A creed is a rod,  
 And a crown is of night;  
 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.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

To me the Development Theory, and  
 all other explanations of processes by  
 which things came to be, produce a feeble  
 impression compared with the mystery  
 that lies under the processes.—George  
 Eliot.

Ghosts and devils, disembodied spirits,  
 the supernatural in many forms, all per-  
 meate modern fiction (says *Current  
 Opinion*). Unearthly beings meet us in  
 all guises and answer our every mood,  
 whether it be serious or awed, satiric or  
 humoresque. Ghosts "came in" with the  
 Gothic romance, with such writers as  
 Charles Brockden Brown or Anne Rad-  
 cliffe; but our most modern writers, our  
 Theodore Dreisers no less than our Edith  
 Whartons, still study their haunts and  
 habits. The new ghosts and the new  
 devils are now studied in detail, in the  
 first volume ever published about the  
 supernatural in English fiction, by Dr.  
 Dorothy Scarborough, of Columbia Uni-  
 versity ("The Supernatural in Modern  
 English Fiction." New York: G. P. Put-  
 nam's Sons). A specialist and a lover  
 of ghosts, Miss Scarborough has con-  
 tributed not merely erudition and schol-  
 arship to this investigation, but, as the  
 New York *Sun* takes care to point out,  
 humor and irony and colloquial clever-  
 ness of phrase. In her introduction she  
 reveals her own attitude in interpreting  
 the latest styles in ghosts:

I deal with ghosts and devils, by and large,  
 in an impressionistic way. I don't know much  
 about them; I have no learned theories of  
 causation. I only love them. I only marvel  
 at their infinite variety and am touched by  
 their humanity, their likeness to mortals. I  
 am fond of them all, even the dejected, dog-  
 eared ghosts that look as if they were wraiths  
 of poor relations left out in the rain all night,  
 or devils whose own mothers wouldn't care  
 for them. It gives me no holier-than-thou  
 feeling of horror to sit beside a vampire in  
 the subway, no panic to hear a banshee shut  
 up in a hurdy-gurdy box. I give a cordial  
 how-do-you-do when a dragon glides up and  
 puts his paw in mine, and in every stray dog  
 I recognize a Gladstone Beast. Like us mor-  
 tals, they all need sympathy, none more so  
 than the poor wizards and bogles that are on  
 their own, as the Scotch say.

There is a new democracy, a new free-  
 dom, in the realm of the supernatural, if  
 we may accept the authority of Dr. Dor-  
 othy Scarborough. Ghosts and demons,  
 it seems, no longer take themselves quite  
 as seriously as they did a century ago.  
 The grand manner among the wraiths is  
 now *passé*. Even the seraphs are demo-  
 cratic, and angels have developed a sense  
 of humor that renders them more inter-  
 esting than they used to be. "They care  
 little for harps and crowns, grow fidgety  
 under excess of rest, and engage in all

sorts of activities, retaining their individual tastes. James Stephens' archangel, seraph and cherub are chatty, cordial souls with an avidity for cold potatoes and Irish companionship." The demons have felt the same leveling influence. "Only in their case the thing is reversed, and they are raised to the grade of humanity. We are coming to see, in modern fiction at least, that the devil is not really black, only a pleasant mottled gray like ourselves":

Ghosts, angels, witches, devils, were-wolves, and so forth are now made more human, more like to man, yet without losing any of their ancient power to thrill. Ghosts in late literature have more of the mortal characteristics than ever before. They look more human, more normal, they are clad in everyday garments of varied colors, from red shirts and khaki riding-habits to ball-gowns—though gray seems the favored shade for shades as well as witches—and they have lost that look of pallor that distinguished early phantoms. Now they are more than merely vaporous projections, as they used to be, more than merely phantasmogenic apparitions—but are healthy, red-blooded spooks. They are not tongue-tied as their ancestors were, but are very chatty, giving forth views on everything they are interested in, from Socialism to the present war. And their range of interests has widened immeasurably. It would seem that the literacy test has been applied to ghosts in recent fiction. Modern spectres are so normal in appearance that often no one recognizes them as ghosts—as in Edith Wharton's story, "Afterwards," where the peculiar thing about the apparition haunting a certain house is that it is not till long afterwards that one knows it was a ghost. The man in the gray suit whom the wife thinks a chance caller is the spirit of a man not yet dead, a terrible living revenge-ghost, who finally takes his victim mysteriously away with him. Modern ghosts have both motions and emotions like men, hence mortals are coming to regard them more sympathetically, to have more of a fellow-feeling for them.

The new philosophy, the new science, the new psychology, have all aided in increasing interest in supernatural subjects. Fictioneers have not hesitated in using the suggestions from these fields for their own purposes. Some have given to their supernatural beings more cumulative and terrible power. In the work of Ambrose Bierce, Arthur Machen, Algernon Blackwood, Bram Stoker, and others, supernaturalism is raised to the *nth* power and every possible thrill is employed. "The carrion ghosts of Bierce, animated by malignant foreign spirits, surpass the charnal shudders produced by the Gothic." Ghosts, angels, devils, witches, were-wolves, are

humanized in modern fiction, made like to man in appearance, passions, and powers:

Science is revealing wonderful facts and fiction is quick to realize the possibilities of startling situations in every field. So diabolical botanical specimens, animals endowed with human or more than human craft—sometimes gifted with immortality as well—add a new interest to uncanny fiction. And the new machines that make all impossibilities come pass inspire a significant class of supernatural stories. In general, a new force is given all things, to raise them to the level of the human.

Modern supernaturalism is, perhaps more complex, more psychological, the terroristic, Miss Scarborough suggests because we have become more intellectual, our thought-processes more subtle. Humanity still wants ghosts, but they must be cleverly presented to be convincing. It is a more difficult feat, thrill readers than it formerly was. "Yet when it is attained it is more poignant and lasting in its effects because more subtle in its art." The sense of the unearthly persists. As Lafcadio Healy suggested, there is something ghostly in all great art, whether of literature, music, sculpture, or architecture. But the outstanding fact to this erudite ghost-hunt is the new democracy in the world of spirits:

We might have more psychical experience than we do if we would only keep our eyes open: but most of us do have more than we admit to the neighbors. We have an ear for Victorian reticence concerning ghostly things as if it were scandalous to be associated with them. But that is all wrong. We should be proud of being singled out for spectral confidences and should report our ghost-guests to the society columns of the newspaper. It is hoped that this discussion of comparative ghostlore may help to establish a better set of values.

One Life through all the immense creation runs.  
One Spirit is the moon's, the sea's, the sun's;  
All forms in the air that fly, on the earth that creep.  
And the unknown nameless monsters of the deep—  
Each breathing thing obeys one Mind in control.  
And in all substance is a single Soul  
—*Virgil*

Pilgrimage to the place of the wise to find escape from the flame of separation.—*Iclau'd Din.*

## REALITY.

(From Plato.)

And now, I said, let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or unenlightened: Behold! human beings living in an underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they can not move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show their puppets.

I see.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood and stone and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent.

You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to converse with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy when one of the passers-by spoke that the voice which they heard came from the passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

To them, I said, the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images.

That is certain.

And now look again, and see what will naturally follow if the prisoners are released and disabused of their error. At

first, when any of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to stand up and turn his neck round and walk and look toward the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows; and then conceive some one saying to him that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now, when he is approaching nearer to being and his eye is turned towards more real existence, he has a clearer vision—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them—will he not be perplexed? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

## FROM THE SCIENTISTS.

Natural philosophy may explain a rainbow, but not a rabbit. . . . Nothing but rabbits will or can produce a rabbit, a proof again that we can not say what a rabbit is, though we may have a perfect knowledge of every anatomical and microscopic detail.—*Professor Soddy*.

Does not the fitness of living things; the fact that they perform acts useful to themselves in an environment which is constantly shifting, and often very harsh; the fact that in general everything during development, during digestion, during any of the complicated chains of processes which we find, happens at the right time, in the right place, and to the proper extent; does not all this force us to believe that there is involved something more than chemistry and physics?—something, not consciousness necessarily, yet its analogue—a vital *x*.?—*Professor Otto C. Glaser*.

Each link in the living chain may be physicochemical, but the chain as a whole, and its purpose, is something else.—*Professor Moore*.

It is quite certain that we can not even satisfactorily understand, much less explain, the nature of an organism and its internal forces on purely mechanical principles.—*Kant*.

# 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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## NEW THOUGHT.

It is time to say a word of some candor concerning the vagaries of a movement that calls itself New Thought and that sometimes uses a terminology so akin to that of Theosophy as to lead to confusion. For some New Thought writers it would be hard to speak in too high praise. Their teachings are pure and lofty, unsullied by self-interest, and breathing a spirit of altruism. It is unfortunate that they should wish to hide their Theosophy under a name that is misleading and illogical, but perhaps a rather silly craving for novelty may be their excuse.

But there is another kind of New Thought for which no blame can be too severe. It represents a spirit of frank and unadulterated greed. Hidden under a guise of spirituality it is nearly wholly base. Its ideal is acquisition, self-service, cupidity. It is saturated with the spirit of dishonesty and thievery, and it employs the appropriate methods of hypnotic suggestion and sorcery. These are strong words, but they are merited. That such abominations should group themselves under the spiritual movements of the day is a sinister and discouraging phenomenon.

You have a right to wealth, say these teachers. You have a right to comfort and ease, freedom from anxiety, satisfaction of the senses and a pleasant life. All you need is to "hold the thought,"

to form the mental picture, and these things will gravitate toward you. Self-expression is a divine duty and how can it be performed in sickness, poverty, and disesteem? The argument is a specious one. We are easily persuaded that God wishes us to be wealthy and that by remaining poor we are frustrating the divine will. No dogma so pleasant as the duty of greed, the sacred obligation to be avaricious.

And this is supposed to be a sort of esoteric Christianity, a new rendering of the Gospels. But we were under the impression that Christ laid his chief emphasis upon the duty of giving, not of getting. If the immediate followers of Christ were actually New Thinkers, as we are impudently told, the philosophy must have been a lamentable failure in their case, seeing that they were all poor, and indeed were specifically warned that nothing but sorrow and suffering and poverty could be their lot. Compare the incitements to wealth of the New Thought with the single injunction, "Take no heed for the morrow."

An influx of money, we are told, is certain to ensue if we resolutely "hold the thought." Doubtless it will. An influx of money will follow a successful attempt at burglary or forgery. We all know the mysterious powers of visualization, the image-making potencies of the mind. We all know also, or we ought to know, the terrible Nemesis that follows their abuse, for "what shall it profit a man if



he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Does it occur to the devotees of this iniquity to ask whence comes the money that thus "gravitates" toward them? Do they think it is coined in the silences, or minted in the cosmic consciousness? Do they not know, or do they not care, that it comes from the pockets of others, and that it is as veritably stolen as the gains of a thug? And karma will have more toleration for the thug who wields the honest blackjack than these spiritual highwaymen who make broad their phylacteries and thank God that they are not as other men while using the subtle weapons of sorcery for the accomplishment of their misdeeds.

By what authority do these malefactors say that they have a right to money, and ease, and health? There is only one legitimate way to acquire money, and that is by earning it. And the only legitimate way to earn money is by bargain, that is to say by giving to another in exchange for his money something that he values more than his money. Whoever acquires money in any other way, unless by gift, has stolen it.

Your atoms are individually without sensation, much more are they without intelligence. May I ask you, then, to try your hand upon this problem. Take your dead hydrogen atoms, your dead oxygen atoms, your dead carbon atoms, your dead nitrogen atoms, your dead phosphorus atoms, and all the other atoms, dead as grains of shot, of which the brain is formed. Imagine them separate and sensationless, observe them running together and forming all imaginable combinations. This, as a purely mechanical process, is *seeable* by the mind. But can you see or dream, or in any way imagine, how out of that mechanical art, and from these individually dead atoms, sensation, thought, and emotion are to arise.—*Bishop Butler*.

Matter and energy have an original property, assuredly not by chance, which organizes the universe in space and time.—*Professor Henderson*.

All that is on earth, saith the Lord, is the shadow of something that is in the superior spheres.—*Desatir*.

## MY BIRTH.

I had my birth where stars were born,  
In the dim æons of the past:  
My cradle cosmic forces rocked,  
And to my first was linked my last.

Through boundless space the shuttle flew,  
To weave the warp and woof of fate:  
In my begetting were conjoined  
The infinitely small and great.

The outmost star on being's rim,  
The tiniest sand-grain of the earth,  
The farthest thrill and nearest stir  
Were not indifferent to my birth.

And when at last the earth swung free,  
A little planet by the moon,  
For me the continent arose,  
For me the ocean roared its tune;

For me the forests grew; for me  
Th' electric force ran to and fro;  
For me tribes wandered o'er the earth,  
Kingdoms arose, and cities grew;

For me religions waxed and waned;  
For me the ages garnered store;  
For me ships traversed every sea;  
For me the wise ones learned their lore;

For me through fire and blood and tears,  
Man struggled onward up the height,  
On which, at last, from heaven falls  
An ever clearer, broader light.

The child of all the ages, I,  
Nursed on th' exhaustless breasts of  
time;

By heroes thrilled, by sages taught,  
Sung to by bards of every clime.

Quintessence of the universe,  
Distilled at last from God's own heart,  
In me concentrated now abides  
Of all that is the subtlest part.

The produce of the ages past,  
Heir of the future then, am I:  
So much am I divine that God  
Can not afford to let me die.

If I should ever cease to be,  
The farthest star its mate would miss,  
And, looking after me, would fall  
Down headlong darkening to th' abyss.

For, if aught real that is could cease,  
If the All-Father ever nods,  
That day across the heavens would fall  
Ragnarök, twilight of the gods.

—*Minot J. Savage*.

## CRYSTAL GAZING.

(By Professor Garrett P. Serviss.)

"What about crystal gazing—can it really tell the future?" is a question I am asked.

No, it can not tell the future; but it is an interesting phenomenon, consisting of hallucinations of sight, sometimes having a very extraordinary character, which originate in some peculiar but temporary condition of the visual apparatus of the brain.

In the simpler cases it seems to be brought on by a strain put upon the eyes through a steady fixing of the gaze. The usual object upon which the eyes are fixed is a polished glass ball, placed in such a situation with regard to the light that the gazer appears to be looking into a dark, fathomless depth, care being taken to exclude, as far as possible, reflections from the glass.

But it is not necessary, as many suppose, that the ball should be made of rock crystal, nor is it necessary to have a glass ball at all. An ink-well filled with ink will do, or a pocket magnifying lens, or the polished head of a glass stopper may be so arranged, with a dark background, that it will serve the purpose of creating the illusion of an immeasurable profundity. Professional, or habitual "scryers," however, often dispense with such accessories and see the visions, for instance, in the palm of the hand.

That these visions—and there seems to be no doubt that they are often seen—have a divinatory character, so that they can be used to predict future events or to discover lost or hidden things or persons, or to detect crimes and criminals, is one of the oldest and most persistent of popular superstitions. They have played a great part in literature also, as is quite natural, considering the scope that they give to the imagination and the picturesque details that the method of rendering them visible suggests.

Sir Walter Scott, who was deeply interested, as well as deeply read in all occult phenomena, invoked the art of the scryer, or crystal gazer, in his story of "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," as he did that of the astrologer in "Guy Mannering," and the reader of that singular tale will find in it an account of the peculiar manner in which the visions make their appearance, which is quite in accord

with the descriptions of modern investigators of the subject.

For instance, Mr. Andrew Lang, writing in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," makes this interesting statement, which fits in well with Scott's story, although the latter employs a mirror instead of a crystal ball:

"It is almost universally found that the glass ball, for example, takes a milky or misty aspect; that it then grows black, the reflections disappearing, and that then the pictures emerge."

Some persons, he says, arrive at seeing the ball go milky, but can go no further. Some see landscapes and figures in black and white, but others see them not only in natural colors, but observe movements of the figures and detect the expressions of the faces.

My own experiments, made with a "Coddington lens," have never progressed beyond the preliminary stage at which undefined and misty shapes continually changing in form and drifting across the field of vision, make their appearance, and these would suggest nothing more than the natural effects of eye-strain. But Mr. Lang seems to think that crystal gazing in its most successful forms may be connected with the equally obscure phenomena of clairvoyance, and thought transference, or telepathy.—*San Francisco Call.*

Religion was once the pillar of fire which went before the human race in its great march through history, showing it the way. Now it is fast assuming the rôle of the ambulance, which follows in the rear and picks up the exhausted and wounded. This, too, is a great work, but it is not sufficient. And when religion has disburdened herself of all her dead values, she will once more, in intimate association with ethics, rise to be a power which leads men forwards.—*Hoffding.*

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.*

Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of those you come in contact with year by year.—*Chalmers.*

## HIGHER AND LOWER NATURE.

(By C. A. G.)

In the last section is the statement that at first we do not know the difference between higher and lower nature, especially on the borderland where the contest rages. That statement requires elucidation and amplification.

Men and women live in a perpetual fog of self-deception and self-created illusions and delusions. They do so chiefly because they want to. They want to because they would have no peace from the urgings of their consciences if they did not. The same thought in another and simpler form is this: we all know what we ought to do, but we pretend that we do not because we do not want to do it. We cloud the question deliberately, dragging in any side issue or extraneous circumstance that will prevent a clear-cut decision. As these general statements are not very convincing, or very clear, I shall use some homely illustration to explain my meaning.

A crude example would be this: We love hot bread, but having weak digestions, we ought never to eat it. So we seek for every possible excuse to stifle our conscience and indulge our appetite. We go to a meal when, on a wheatless day, only hot corn muffins are served. The rest is easy. It is a patriotic duty to observe the wheatless day; of what importance is our digestion in comparison with the great issues of the war, and our pledge not to eat wheat bread; *ergo*, we eat the hot muffins. We may be uneasy, particularly after the indigestion has begun, but few consciences are proof against such reasoning. We entirely ignore two facts; one that we ought not to eat hot muffins; and the other, that there was no reason why we should have eaten the hot muffins except that we wanted to. All the rest was pure buncombe. We deliberately tried to fool ourselves.

We all do this sort of thing all the time and every day. The variations are infinite, but at heart they are always the same. I have seen a person eat candy who should not have done so, and apparently convince himself that he did it to keep it away from a child for whom it would be bad; he *sacrificed* himself for the sake of the child. Yes, we are just as crude and silly as that. . . .

A man makes a good resolution about some fault, let us say, that he will not criticize others. He sees some one do something wrong or do something badly. He is bursting with desire to tell about it, but remembers his good resolution. Does he keep quiet? Not often. He decides that it would be better for the sinner's little guru to know about this fault so that he can help the sinner to cure it; or the sinner's friends ought to be told for the sinner's good; or maybe some individual ought to know about it so as to guard himself from the result of the sinner's weakness. There is always some justification, some reason, other than his love of scandal. Practically no one ever acknowledges to himself that he is a vicious and malicious gossip, and that that is the real reason he speaks evil of others.

Or let us take something not so unpleasant. I once decided that I would try not to defend or excuse myself. It was extraordinarily interesting and very humiliating to watch the gyrations of my mind under that strain. I think I kept the resolution for as much as forty minutes, during most of which I was alone. But the funny thing was not my unconscious, automatic, and immediate breaking of this admirable rule, but the silly reasons I gave myself when it was not unconscious. I remember once deliberately excusing and defending myself because I was afraid a person who was interested in me would be disappointed and grieved if he thought ill of me where I was not guilty. At my office it was easy. Of course it was my duty there not to let my subordinates think I had made mistakes or done stupid things; that was not self-defense or self-excuse; it was simply and obviously good business. I discovered that my mind could invent forty thousand good and sufficient reasons why it was my plain duty to defend and excuse myself. I also made another very interesting discovery, and that was that I was nearly always, no, practically *always*, actually guilty. We are very rarely unjustly accused. The best, or the most, we can say for ourselves is that sometimes, though rarely, we are not guilty of just the fault that is brought to our attention, or that it did not express itself in just the way pointed out. But that is more than sufficient to enable us to cloud the real issue. How, many

many, many times we deeply resent a scolding, and lose its benefit, because the particular detail selected was one we felt to be unjust. I feel that I must make this point clear by illustration, for it is one of the commonest of our weapons of self-defense and of self-delusion. Let us take a liar. He knows he is a liar and is ashamed of it. It is a sore point with him, and therefore he particularly dislikes being reprimanded for it. He tells some story full of inaccuracies and exaggerations, is found out and scolded about it. The chances are that the person scolding him will, in the arraignment, speak of at least one detail where he feels that he was within the bounds of truth. That is enough for the lower nature. He is being unjustly accused, unfairly scolded. The fourteen lies he did tell are forgotten in his self-righteousness over the little bit of truth. The issue is clouded, the scolding wasted, the opportunity lost, and he goes off full of resentment and self-justification. How very often have I seen this operate. Nine times out of ten when you speak to a person of his faults, the whole effect of the lecture is completely lost because he does not think himself guilty of the particular illustration you happen to use. You scold a servant for being late. They usually are late, and it may be a chronic fault, but on that particular occasion it was the cook who was not ready. They go off inwardly triumphant and outwardly indignant because they were unjustly accused. We are all like that; the only difference is that some are more so than others. Any little fragment of excuse is seized upon for complete self-justification. The real facts are carefully ignored, and kept wrapped up in the cotton wool of self-deception and self-delusion. . . .

The nastier the fault, the more we seek this kind of justification. People guilty of treachery or disloyalty of any kind invariably have convincing reasons why his course was justified. When you come to think of it many novels deal with this theme. They describe the doing of something wrong and the temptations and reactions of the sinner, and his method of justifying his act.

We do things we should not because we are tired, or hungry, or bored, or early, or late, or sorry, or scared, or hot. I mean we do wrong things

which we want to do, and use these conditions as our excuses. They are pretty feeble excuses, but they serve.

This effort of deliberate self-delusion is not confined to the lower planes from which I have drawn my illustrations, and of course, it is the more serious the higher up it is carried. It also becomes more subtle and more difficult to illustrate and trace. The whole purpose of self-examination, of which the devotional books make so much, is designed for no other purpose than to enable us to pierce through the self-created fog of illusion and deception with which we have surrounded our motives. Self-examination is a subject to itself of which more anon. This section is to show its necessity.

The mind is the great slayer of the Real. We habitually use our minds to obscure and nullify the promptings of our consciences, the admonitions of our friends, the advice and directions of our superiors, whenever we do not like what our consciences or friends or superiors say to us, and that is nearly always. We even pretend to ourselves that we do like to be scolded and that we are grateful, and that we will try to benefit by the experience, while all the time our minds are busy excusing and explaining and defending ourselves to ourselves, until any possible benefit is lost in a cloud of side issues and irrelevancies. Of course I am writing about things as they are, not things as they ought to be. I confess that it is deplorable, and also, that fortunately for all of us, there are people who do not behave this way. But do not run away with the idea that you are one of them. I have known a few, a very few, who honestly try to profit by the scoldings they receive. They not only recognize and accept the existence of their fault, but they are really grateful to the person pointing it out. Such people have traveled a long distance on the road to saintliness.

Which one of us prays a really honest prayer? Which one of us knows what a really honest prayer is? Who goes before the Master seeing himself as he really is, stripped of all disguise? It is said that only a disciple who is far along can do it, and that the first time he sees himself as the Master sees him it is more than his consciousness can bear.—*Theosophical Quarterly*.

## FINAL TRIUMPH.

There are two ways, and two only, by which man may hope to possess himself of the inmost truth of things. He may wait for a message to come to him from beyond the limits of Nature. He has waited long for such a message, but to no purpose; for every sound that seems to come to him from the other world is really the echo of his own cry for help and guidance. Or he may strive to penetrate the deeper secrets of Nature by the use of those higher faculties—some awake and active, others as yet latent and quiescent—which are truly divine because they are essentially human. The hour is approaching when he will realize, once and for all, that the "truth of things" is at the heart of Nature, and is therefore to be won, not by passive expectation, not by indolent submission to self-constituted authority, but by the stress of spiritual effort, by living up to truth's high ideal, by secretly assimilating its subtle essence, by growing into oneness with its hidden life—for the "truth of things" is God Himself. When that "great day" comes Christ, the thinker and the prophet, will have entered into possession of his Kingdom; the idea of the Incarnation will have fully disclosed its inner meaning; and the restoration of God to Nature will be complete.

It is conceivable that a hundred thousand years hence (more or less) the inhabitants of this planet will know as little about our religion as we know about the religions of the dwellers in Atlantis (let us say) or any other submerged land. It is conceivable that the very name Christianity, that the very name of Christ, will have passed away. But the world, one may well believe, will be more Christian then than it is now. For through all those years the stream of Christ's spiritual influence will have continued to deepen and widen. Or, to use one of his own metaphors, the seed which he sowed, and which is still buried in the soil, will have expanded into a branching tree. I have elsewhere allowed myself to wonder whether Christ, as he hung upon the Cross, looked forward, beyond the centuries of apparent failure, to the ultimate triumph of his ideas. I can not but think that he did. His faith in the ideas for which he lived and died must have inspired him with the conviction that they

would never pass away; and his firm grasp of the great law of spiritual revelation must have made him realize that only by growing and expanding can a idea continue to exist. But if he did look forward to the eventual fulfilment of his cherished dream, how great must have been his consolation! Fame means nothing to those who take an inward view of life, for they see that at best it is but the symbol of intrinsic worth. The prospect of being worshipped as a supernatural Deity would have shocked and distressed one who had devoted his life to undermining the foundations of supernaturalism. But the prospect of adding his personal influence to the great natural forces which are making for the evolution of the human spirit would surely have thrilled his heart with a wave of sacred joy.

There are deeper and truer records than any that history (as we understand the word) can decipher or preserve—inner and spiritual records which are implicit in the soul-life of Humanity, and which unfold themselves from epoch to epoch as the spirit of man evolves and expands. In this, the only Book of Life, the only scroll which immortalizes the who are enrolled on it, the name of Christ, whether it be remembered or forgotten by our descendants in the far future, will be written forever in letters of living light.—*From "The Creed of Christ."* Published by the John La Mpany.

All omens point towards the steady continuance of just such labor as I have already taught us all we know. Perhaps, indeed, in this complex of interpreting spirits our own effort is no individual, no transitory thing. That which lies at the root of each of us lies at the root of the Cosmos, too. Our struggle is the struggle of the Universe itself and the very Godhead finds fulfillment through our upward-striving souls.  
*Myers.*

Man endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the living and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith from the beginning gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this world-death and time; that triumphs over time and is, and will be, when Time shall no more.—*Carlyle.*

## OLD AND NEW YEAR DITTIES.

Passing away, saith the World, passing away:

Chances, beauty, and youth, sapped day by day:

Thy life never continueth in one stay.  
Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing to grey

That hath won neither laurel nor bay?  
I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May:

Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay

On my bosom for aye.

Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away:

With its burden of fear and hope, of labor and play,

Hearken what the past doth witness and say:

Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,  
A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.

At midnight, at cockcrow, at morning, one certain day

Lo, the Bridegroom shall come and shall not delay;

Watch thou and pray.

Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my God, passing away:

Winter passeth after the long delay:

New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender spray,

Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May.

Though I tarry, wait for Me, trust Me, watch and pray:

Arise, come away, night is past and lo it is day,

My love, My sister, My spouse, thou shalt hear me say.

Then I answered: Yea.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever.—*De Quincey.*

It is easy to make great sacrifices when God does not ask them, but to give up our own will in each detail of life is something far harder.—*H. Bowman.*

## CLAIRVOYANCE.

That clairvoyance is a normal power of the human brain, which any individual may develop, is the decision of Dr. Emile Boirac, the noted French psychologist, whose new work, "The Psychology of the Future," has just been published by Stokes. In Dr. Boirac's former work, "Our Hidden Forces," he described the researches of the French scientists by means of which it was established that the human body radiates a force similar to electricity. The uses of this force are suggested by the many experiments described in the new volume. They seem to prove that the mind can in reality become a sort of "human wireless machine," catching and interpreting the waves radiated by other bodies and minds at a distance. The book is thoroughly scientific in its treatment of the subject and Dr. Boirac admits no evidence that has not stood the test of careful laboratory experiment. But so startling are the results obtained, and so important are the everyday applications of this newly discovered faculty that even the reader without special knowledge in this field will go through the explanations with interest. Dr. Boirac has important things to say about thought transference, the cure of disease by means of this radioactivity, the finding of a substitute for normal vision which might be used in the relief of the blind, and about life after death, which has been the subject of many of his researches.

It is easy to see that a great self-reliance, a new respect for the divinity in man, must work a revelation in all the offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; their modes of living; their associations; in their property; in their speculative views.—*Emerson.*

Live in this world as if God and your soul only were in it, so shall your heart be never made captive by any earthly thing.—*S. John of the Cross.*

Incipient life, as it were, manifests itself throughout the whole of what is called inorganic matter.—*Tyndall.*

Let us then practice good works, and inspect our thoughts that we do no evil.—*Fo-sho-hing-tsan-king.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 CAUSES OF WAR.

Professor Stuart P. Sherman of the University of Illinois has rendered some substantial aid in our search for the causes of war. In his new book, "On Contemporary Literature" (Henry Holt & Co.) he tells us that war "is the logical conclusion of the naturalistic philosophy which has been for many years subtly extending its influence in all countries and in every field of human activity. It is the logical conclusion of repudiating all standards, teaching one's conscience to trot in the rut of events, and making one's truth as one needs it." The primitive savage believed that his happiness depended on his observance of prohibitions or tabus. There were things that he must and must not do, even though his obedience were at the cost of his apparent self-interest. The modern savage, says the author, seeks his happiness by the denial of all prohibitions, by identifying the divine power with his own appetites, by the destruction of all restraints. The popular novelist is never quite so popular as when he shows the triumphant defiance of moral law in deference to the behests of the animal. Do you wish to do something, asks Mr. Wells, or Mr. Dreiser, or Mr. Moore? Do you covet your neighbor's wife, for example? Then take her. God wills it. Do you ask how we know that God wills it? Because you yourself desire it. It is a "natural impulse," and therefore

God-given. It is an effort at "self-expression." It is freedom, emancipation, whatever you like to call it that happens to sound well. Quite obviously it is the law of the jungle, and what more can one wish? Says Professor Sherman:

We have trusted our instincts long enough to sound the depths of their treacherousness. We have followed nature to the last ditch and ditchwater. In these days when the educator, returning from observation of the dog-kennel with a treatise on animal behavior, thinks he has a real clue to the education of children; when the criminologist, with a handful of cranial measurements, imagines that he has solved the problem of evil; when the clergyman discovers the ethics of the spirit by meditating on the phagocytes in the blood; when the novelist, returning from the zoological gardens, wishes to revise the relations of the sexes so as to satisfy the average man's natural craving for three wives; when the statesman, after due reflection on "the survival of the fittest," feels justified in devouring his neighbors—in the presence of all these appeals to nature we may wisely welcome any indication of a counter-revolution.

If we apply to war the test of naturalism there is nothing to be said against it. Every plane of visible nature below that of man seems to be at war—aggressive war. The animal takes whatever he wills to take, remorselessly and ruthlessly, like a German official. Man, say Haeckel and the naturalists, should do the same. There is no nature but visible nature. In search of a pattern we must look below ourselves, where nothing is in sight but the *lex talionis*. Putting this philosophy into practice upon a wide scale, we have the invasion of Belgium. Putting it into



practice upon a small scale, we have the behavior of the hero or the heroine of the popular novel who happens to want something and promptly decides that God will it.

In this connection we have a word of comment from *America*, which finds the poison of naturalism in the newspaper as well as in the novel:

A glance through the pages of the average Sunday paper or of a "popular" magazine will show discerning readers that Professor Sherman is right. In our own land, at least up to a year ago, for America's entrance into the war has sowed us a little, many of the novels that "everybody read" and numerous reviewers praised for their "sincerity" and "artistry" were nothing better than tracts for the propagation of naturalism. As for those who would see what the cult of naturalism has done to the diplomatic and military caste of Germany, they need but recall the history of Belgium's invasion and then behold the present state of that hapless country.

Here, says Professor Sherman, we have one of the causes of war. If we are to shape our behavior upon that of the animal world there is no more to be done except ceaselessly attack and defend. For the ideals of justice, belonging to invisible nature, are no more than dreams.

It (Perfect man) means a deep and accurate instinct for an infinite number of possible paths on which life can move, an infinite number of possible attainments, and the power of free choice between them; for human and spiritual perfection is never mechanical, will and love are the essence of life. It means a synthesis of opposites: patience and passion, austerity and gentleness, the properties of dew and fire. It means high romantic qualities, daring vision, the spirit of adventure, the capacity for splendid suffering, and for enjoyments of the best and deepest kind; for only those capable of Life are also capable of God, only those capable of romance are capable of holiness.—*Livelyn Underhill*.

If the red slayer thinks he slays,  
Or if the slain think he is slain,  
They know not well the subtle ways  
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

—Emerson.

There is no lever capable of raising an entire people if once they have lost their faith in the immortality of the soul.—*Renan*.

## SAMSARA SONNETS.

(A little volume entitled "A Cycle of Sonnets," by Edith Willis Linn, reaches us from the publishing house of James T. White & Co., New York. Among these sonnets is a set of ten devoted to reincarnation and sketching the experiences and relationships of a man and women during a cycle of rebirths. As an example of the author's craftsmanship the following sonnets are reproduced.)

The curtains of forgetfulness uproll,  
Disclosing eastern courts of long ago;  
Walled gates beneath the palms where  
fountains flow,

And swarthy slaves present a brimming  
bowl.

Exultant over all, a woman's soul  
Effused in song, as pulsing to and fro  
Flash bare brown feet, with ankle-rings  
aglow,

Before the king, upglancing from a scroll.  
Phantasm of a preëxistent day!

Attenuated sounds from worlds afar,  
The city's noises into silence die.

Recedes the present—here the far-away;  
We own no past but were as now we are!

Thou gracious king—the singing woman  
I.

I half remember—lo! the fight was done.  
The ranks swept down, the conquering  
host sped by

Triumphant, with acclaim and bugle-cry.  
Through stench of carnage, in the fading  
sun,

I stoop and view the corpses, one by one,  
Each ghastly form, each mangled face I  
try.

I wipe the dampness from me and de-  
scry

'Tis blood of men—grim price of con-  
quest won.

Then in the crimson horror, cries of woe  
And madness all about me, thee I saw

And bore upon my woman shoulder—so  
Æneas bore his father from the war.

Then silence all about us, and afar  
Shining, as now it shines, the evening  
star.

Drifting in flake-like comes the past;  
Phantoms from other lives that cheat  
the brain;

Fleeing like leaves before a hurricane,  
Or mirage on a lurid sunset cast.

Star-mist from interstellar spaces vast  
With gloom; an echo from forgotten  
pain;

A rainbow bridge; a glinting cobweb  
chain;

A blazing meteor in a whirlpool cast.  
Memory?—as to a spoken word a sigh;  
Vision?—as to the sun a shooting star;  
The scent of roses when no flower is  
nigh;

Music from lips that have been dust for  
long—

So are these scenes from lives remote  
and far.

Yet real, as life is real, as love is strong.

## SUPERSTITION AT PETROGRAD.

Sergei Michailovich Trufanoff, otherwise and better known as Iliodor the Mad Monk of Russia, rival of the unspeakable Rasputin, has written his biography with special emphasis on his connection with the Czar and the high politics of Petrograd. The influence of Rasputin, he says, rested upon the superstition of the Czar, who was "quite as superstitious as the most ignorant muzhik in Russia." For him the planchette was the voice of God, and any one who pretended to see ghosts could gain access to the royal household and exercise a power greater than that of the ministers of Russia. The whole country, says Iliodor, is given over to mysticism:

This mysticism is inspired in Russia by three elements, the climate, the geographical situation of the country, and the Russian religion. The Russian church prescribes a season of Lent which stretches over six months and covers the greater part of the winter season. During these long winter months, when the climate is most rigorous, a large part of the Russian population is under-nourished. In the autumn it rains for weeks in succession. The steppes are gray and monotonous. Dismal forests stretch over hundreds of miles. All these conditions communicate themselves to the underfed brain, which imperceptibly passes over into a brooding melancholy that crushes the individual like a nightmare, filling him with dread inertia and hopeless resignation.

This melancholy passes easily into a degenerate mysticism and even into madness, and to this the aristocrats are quite as subject as the plain people. All alike turn for relief to seers and mystics, and all alike believe that the prophetic spirit comes oftenest to the peasant at the plow, to the mendicant, and the pilgrim who wanders over the steppe:

When such a peasant mystic became widely known, he generally found his way to the Russian court. If he was simple and honest, the wizard would give the Czar his blessing and depart; but if he was crafty and cunning, he often became the tool of one or another

of the cliques about the palace, and for a time at least exerted influence over the affairs of the state. The stories of all the Romanoffs are bound up with occultism and soothsayers, which partly explains their terrible history.

Iliodor says that from the year 1900 the politics of the Russian court was conducted, not by ministers, but by various cripples, lunatics, and saints brought in by courtiers who sought through their medium to gain influence with Nicholas and Alexandra:

On the day when Nicholas received his ministers and listened to their reports, scenes like this would take place in the imperial palace. Through the main entrance the high officials, with portfolios in their hands, would hurry to the Czar's study, while at the same time through the back entrance various saintly idiots of both sexes would crowd into the imperial apartments. They were filthy, ragged, barefooted cripples, clad in quaint attire. The soldiers on guard did not recognize them, and they were not officially admitted. It was by climbing over the fence through iron bars that they found their way into the court.

While the Czar was receiving his ministers this dirty band crowded into his apartments. They entered the bedrooms and played with the Czar's children. They pried into every corner and filled the kitchens. As soon as they found out that the ministers had left, one by one they filed into the study, where Nicholas consulted them. Not infrequently it happened that their mere word destroyed all the reports and schemes of the ministers.

It is an ugly picture of superstition and accounts for much. None the less we can not afford to laugh too much at the credulity of the Czar. On a smaller scale we see in our midst the same instant readiness to accept every self-claimed prophet and to fall down and worship at the word of command.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my  
soul,

As the swift seasons roll.

Leave thy low-vaulted past.

Let each new temple, nobler than the  
last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more  
vast,

Till thou at length art free.

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's  
unresting sea. —Holmes.

My own dim life should teach me this,

That life shall live forevermore.

Else earth is darkness at the core,

And dust and ashes all that is.

—Tennyson.

## PROBLEM OF THE SOUL.

Our gratitude is due to Mr. Edmond Holmes for the fine analytical reasoning and philosophic conclusions to be found in his little volume, "The Problem of the Soul." The inquiry undertaken by Mr. Holmes is nearly as old as humanity itself. Assuming that the soul has a certain independent reality at birth, he asks the nature of the influences that will be brought to bear upon it and the extent of its reaction to those influences. To what extent can it be transformed respectively by education and by environment. And will the soul possess faculties, capacities, and characteristics that we can account for neither by heredity nor environment, and, if so, how does it acquire them?

Mr. Holmes believes that we have vastly overrated the influence of lineal heredity. Assumption has taken the place of knowledge and we have adopted fanciful theories and given to them a fanciful interpretation. Let us take, he says, a hundred babies—"German, if you will." Let us suppose them to be born in ten different countries, ten in each country. Let them be further allotted to various social grades and to various employments. Let all German influence be excluded from their lives. Can any one doubt that the great majority of these babies will grow up to be normal citizens of the countries in which they were reared and without trace of their German blood. Each of them will fit accurately and normally into the life of the country and the class and the occupation allotted to him. But the "heredity" novelist would probably have us believe that each of these babies as he approached adolescence would develop an unaccountable craving for sauerkraut and lager beer. Actually he would do nothing of the sort.

We need not enter into the author's general arguments except to say that he gives to education and to environment such values as belong to them and no more. But they do not "fill the bill." They do not account for the soul. We must have something greater than either or than both:

Such a theory has long been familiar to the exoteric as well as the esoteric thought of the Far East. According to the doctrine of Reincarnation, the individual soul has not been supernaturally created, has not entered the

world in a speck of protoplasm, has not been built up by the moulding pressure of a particular environment, but has descended—from an obscure and infinitely distant source—along the line of its own continuous existence, bringing with it into each new earth-life a heritage bequeathed to it by its own former selves, and leaving behind it at the end of each earth-life the same heritage—but enriched or impoverished by the part that it has played on earth—for transmission to its own future selves. This theory accepts the soul on its own valuation, and, recognizing its potential infinitude, allow it, not years, but æons for the work of self-realization, thereby substituting for the idea of the soul being inherited from one's lineal ancestors, the idea of the soul inheriting from itself.

Man inherits physically, lineally from his own line of ancestors, racially from the whole race. But he must inherit also "from the line of his own former selves":

There are difficulties in the way of accepting this theory, which I do not seek to minimize. The conception of the soul as super-physical does not readily harmonize with our instinctive assumption that the physical plane is the only plane of *natural* existence, that the world is in itself what it seems to be to our normal perceptive faculties, that the limitations of our bodily senses determine the boundaries of the Universe. But this assumption, with the fatal contraction of the idea of Nature which it involves, is a mere superstition, and, as an argument against the theory of reincarnation carries no weight. The failure of biology to do the work of psychology compels us to accept the soul on its own evidence; and when once we have taken this step, we must not shrink from its consequences, however irreconcilable these may be with the unformulated axioms of popular thought.

For my own part, I feel in my hearts of hearts that the theory of reincarnation holds the key to the riddle of man's existence; but how the key works I can not pretend to explain in full. In postulating a plane of being which is at once natural and super-physical, the theory leads us into a world of mystery in which the mind is not at home and can not expect to find its way. Any attempt that I might make to work out the philosophy of reincarnation would be largely imaginative, and would therefore reflect my own personality and lead at last in the event of controversy, to the logical *impasse* which Cardinal Newman indicated when he reminded us that where there is no common measure of minds there can be no common measure of arguments. I will therefore content myself with pointing out that the doctrine of reincarnation accepts and even insists upon the fundamental truths which the two biological theories of the soul respectively postulate, but to which, owing to their refusing to entertain the hypothesis of the super-physical, they do less than justice. The first of these is that the future man is in the human embryo, whatever that may be. The second is that consciousness, with the sense of freedom which accompanies it, is the differential feature of the growing

man, and that the transforming influence of consciousness on human life is unlimited. If we accept the former conception, while rejecting the hypothesis of the super-physical, we must, with Professor Bateson, identify the human embryo with the fertilized germ-cell; but in that case, if we accept the second conception, we are faced by the difficulty which the theory of epigenesis seeks to evade—that inasmuch as consciousness is the Protean principle in man's being, the principle of limitless transformation, it can not itself come under the control of physical necessity, and therefore that the subject of consciousness—that which is becoming aware of itself—can not pass through the narrow channel of physical generation and lineal heredity. According to the doctrine of reincarnation, the future man, with all his possibilities, up to the last term of ideal perfection, is in the human embryo; but as consciousness is the differential feature of his being, until the subject of consciousness has united itself with his growing body, the human embryo, as distinguished from the embryo of the human body, has not been formed. When that union has taken place, the human embryo—the new-born infant—is ready to start on its career of self-realization; but it is no "neutral clean sheet" waiting for "writing to be impressed" on it by its environment, but a living organism, with limitless reserves of potentiality, which it is ready to realize, not by passive acceptance of the impress of environment, but by active reaction to its stimulus.

Thus the doctrine of reincarnation, while bringing the life of man in its totality under the master law of growth, withdraws the life of the soul from bondage to the laws of physical growth. In other words, it recognizes two kinds of heredity—the heredity of the body, which inherits from the man's lineal ancestors, and the heredity of the soul, which inherits from its own former selves.

The doctrine of reincarnation, says the author, opens down the ages an ample channel for the journeying soul. In the doctrine of reincarnation we have the only theory of the origin of the individual man, which, without invoking the Supernatural, safeguards the soul:

It is possible that some persons have attained to certitude in these matters. If there are such persons they are in a more advanced stage of mental and psychical development than I am, and truth, for them, means something wider and deeper, something more absorbing and constraining, than it means for me. For both these reasons they, of all people, would be the last to wish me to accept their teaching until I could see for myself that it was true. For when we are dealing with the master problems of life, the dogmatic attitude, with its implied assumption that truth is a thing to possess rather than to be possessed by, is symptomatic, not of certitude, but of secret self-distrust. None are so tolerant or so unwilling to proselytize as those who really know. I am not of the brotherhood of those who really know, but I am not wholly blind to my own limitations. And so, speaking as an ordinary man to ordinary men,

I repeat what I said at the beginning of this chapter—that when we are considering the origin of the soul we are in a region of pure conjecture, in which any one with a spirit of adventure is free to theorize, but in which no one may count himself to have apprehended. My spirit of adventure has led me to examine the four theories of the origin of the soul which seem at present to hold the field; and I have now satisfied myself that the most illuminating of these and the least open to destructive criticism is the theory of a reincarnating and self-developing soul or ego, with which the Far East has been familiar for thousands of years. (The theory of reincarnation does not solve the problem of the soul's origin. Indeed it is the only one of the four theories which does not pretend to do so. What it does is to throw back the dawn of the soul's life into so dark and remote a past that the problem of the development of the soul takes the place in our minds of the problem of its origin.) Further than this I have not gone and have no wish to go.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SOUL. By Edmond Holmes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

### A POISON TREE.

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,  
Night and morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with smiles  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright;  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veil'd the pole:  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

—William Blake.

Wherefore my counsel is that we hold fast to the heavenly way and follow after justice and virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil.—*Plato.*

The ether is strained, and has the property of exerting strain and recoil.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

The heart of the fool is in his tongue, the tongue of the wise is in his heart.—*Turkish proverb.*

## ABRAHAM AND HIS GODS.

Beneath the full-eyed Syrian moon,  
 The Patriarch, lost in reverence, raised  
 His consecrated head, and soon  
 He knelt and worshipped while he gazed:

"Surely that glorious orb on high  
 Must be the Lord of earth and sky."

Slowly toward its central throne  
 The glory rose, yet paused not there  
 But seemed by influence not its own  
 Drawn downwards through the western air  
 Until it wholly sank away,  
 And the soft stars had all the sway.

Then to the hierarchy of light.  
 With face upturned the sage remained,  
 "At least Ye stand forever bright—  
 Your power has never waxed or waned!"  
 Even while he spoke, their work was done  
 Drowned in the overflowing Sun.

Eastward he bent his eager eyes—  
 Creatures of Night! false gods and frail!  
 Take not the worship of the wise;  
 There is the Deity we hail.  
 Fountain of light, and warmth, and love  
 He only bears our hearts above.

Yet was that One—that radiant One  
 Who seemed so absolute a King,  
 Only ordained his round to run  
 And pass like each created thing;  
 He rested not in noonday prime  
 But fell beneath the strength of time.

Then like one laboring without hope  
 To bring his toil to fruitful end,  
 And powerless to discern the scope  
 Where to his aspirations tend,  
 Still Abraham prayed day and night,  
 "God! Teach me to what God to pray."

Nor long in vain; an inward Light  
 Arose to which the sun is pale.  
 The knowledge of the Infinite,  
 The sense of Truth that must prevail:—  
 The presence of the only Lord  
 By angels and by men adored.

—Lord Houghton.

With pure thoughts and fullness of love,  
 I will do towards others what I do  
 for myself.—*Buddha.*

## PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

(By Arthur James Balfour.)

I am of course aware that there are necessarily connected with our work difficulties and obstructions in the way of experiment with which scientific men are not familiar, and which not unnaturally rouse in their minds both dislike and suspicion. To begin with, there is the difficulty of fraud. The ordinary scientific man no doubt finds the path of experimental investigation strewn with difficulties, but at least he does not usually find among them the difficulty presented by human fraud. He knows that, if he is misled in any particular, it is the fault of the observer, and not the fault of the observed. He knows that, if his cross-examination of nature fails to elicit anything, it is because he has not known how to cross-examine, not because nature when put in the witness-box tells untruths. But unfortunately in matters with which we have to deal this is not the case. We have come across, and it is inevitable that we should come across, cases where either deliberate fraud or unconscious deception makes observation doubly and trebly difficult, and throws obstacles in the way of the investigator which his happier brother in the region of material and physical science has not to contend with.

And there is yet another difficulty in our work from which those who cultivate physical science are happily free. They have, as the ultimate sources of their knowledge, the "five senses" with which we are all endowed, and which are the only generally recognized inlet through which the truth of external nature can penetrate into consciousness. But we of this Society have perforce to deal with cases in which not merely the normal five or six senses, but some abnormal and half-completed sense, so to speak, comes into play; in which we have to work, not with the organization of an ordinary and normal type, but with certain exceptional organizations which can neither explain, account for, nor control the abnormal powers they appear to possess.

This is not only a special difficulty with which we have to contend; it is the basis of a serious objection, in the eyes of many scientific men, to the admission of the subject-matter of our researches into

the sphere of legitimate investigation. These critics seem to think that because we can not repeat and verify our experiments at will and when we will—because we can not, as it were, put our phenomena in a retort and boil them over a spirit lamp and always get the same results—that therefore the phenomena themselves are not worth examining. But this is, I venture to say, a very unphilosophic view of the question. Is there, after all, any inherent *a priori* improbability in there being these half-formed and imperfectly developed senses, or inlets of external information, occasionally and sporadically developed in certain members of the human race? Surely not. I should myself be disposed to say that if the theory of development be really sound, phenomena like these, however strange, are exactly what we should have expected. For what says the theory of natural selection? Why this, among other things: that there has gradually been elaborated by the slaughter of the unfit and the survival of the fit an organism possessed of senses adapted to further its success in the struggle for existence. To suppose that the senses elaborated in obedience to this law should be in correspondence with the whole of external nature appears to me to be not only improbable, but, on the rational doctrine of improbability, absolutely impossible. There must be countless forms of being, countless real existences which, had the line of an evolution gone in a different direction, or had the necessities of our primitive ancestors been of a different kind, would have made themselves known to us through senses the very character of which we are at present unable to imagine. And, if this be so, is it not in itself likely that here and there we should come across rudimentary beginnings of such senses; beginnings never developed and probably never to be developed by the operation of selection; mere by-products of the great evolutionary machine never destined to be turned to any useful account? And it may be—I am only hazarding an unverifiable guess—it may be. I say, that in these cases of the individuals thus abnormally endowed, we really have come across faculties which, had it been worth Nature's while, had they been of any value or purpose in the struggle for existence, might have been

normally developed, and thus become the common possession of the whole human race. Had this occurred, we should have been enabled to experiment upon phenomena, which we now regard as occult and mysterious, with the same confidence in the sources of our information that we now enjoy in any of our ordinary inquiries into the laws of the material world. Well, if there be, as I think, no great antecedent improbability against there being these occasional and sporadic modifications of the organism, I do not think that men of science ought to show any distrustful impatience of the apparent irregularity of these abnormal phenomena, which is no doubt one of their most provoking characteristics.—*From the Presidential Address to the Society for Psychological Research.*

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Freedom, the conqueror of the world and of the evil one, ever ascends. It rises up in adoration towards the Eternity of its Lord and God. It possesses the divine union and shall never lose it. But a heavenly impulse comes: and it turns again towards men, it has pity on all their needs, it stoops to all their miseries, for it must sorrow, and it must bring forth. Freedom gives light, like fire; like fire it burns; like fire it absorbs and devours, and lifts up to heaven that which it has devoured. And when it has accomplished its work below, it ascends and takes once more, ardent, with its own fire, the path which leads towards the heights.—*Ruysbroek.*

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Let the earth desert God, nor let there ever henceforth be mention'd the name of God!

Let there be no God!

Let there be money, business, imports, exports, custom, authority, precedents, pallor, dyspepsia, smut, ignorance, unbelief.—*Whitman.*

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I love life so dearly that if I did not have an unswerving faith in the immortality of the soul, perhaps I might hesitate to enlist.—*Paul Guicysse (since dead).*

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In this war the spiritual element dominates all.—*Leo Latil.*

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Everything is a series and in a series.  
—*Sædenborg.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 CYCLIC LAW.

The extract from the monumental work of Dr. Thomas A. Reed that appears elsewhere in this issue of the *Outlook* may almost be said to presage a new era of medical research. The book appeared several months ago and it has certainly not yet received the attention that must ultimately be given to it as its conclusions are tested and confirmed. Moreover, it must prove so violent a shock to medical conventions as to repel alike orthodoxy and dogma. But these twin forces are not invulnerable. Nothing is invulnerable to the force of a fact. And that Dr. Reed is dealing in fact we need not doubt.

With the direct contention of the author that sex is determinable we need not concern ourselves. But he sustains it with the broad and general assertion that a definite cyclic law is to be found at work in all bodily conditions, and especially in those of disease, and that this cyclic law is lunar in its nature. Charles Darwin said something of the same kind. In his "Descent of Man" we find this suggestive remark: "All vital functions tend to run their course in fixed and recurrent periods, and in tidal animals these periods would probably be lunar, for such animals must have been left dry or covered deep with water, supplied with food or stinted during endless generations at regular lunar intervals. If, then, the vertebrata are descended from an animal allied to the existing tidal

ascidians, the mysterious fact that with the higher and now terrestrial vertebrata many normal and abnormal vital processes run their course according to lunar periods, is rendered intelligible."

But a mere increase of our knowledge of natural law and its specific working has relatively little importance to philosophy. But that the reign of universal law should be established has very great importance. From this come confidence and the banishment of fear, the certainty of justice, the eternal sequence of cause and effect. To this only one thing need be added, the recognition that consciousness lies behind phenomena, and that it is the unfolding of consciousness that gives regularity to the periodic changes in the world of matter.

## THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

(By Marfa Mouchanow.)

People have spoken at length of her tastes for occultism and spiritism, and said that she looked for consolation for imaginary woes to the practices of turning tables and other rubbish of the same kind. Unfortunately this was true to a certain extent, because it is a sad fact that the empress liked to sit at tables for hours in the hope that they would begin turning, and she firmly believed that people could come back from the other world and manifest themselves to their friends. But what is not so generally known is that it was the Grand Duke Nicholas, the future generalissimo of the



Russian armies, who first set her to do so. He it was who brought to the Palace of Czar ~~Ros~~ Selo a man named Philippe, who professed to be a powerful medium, and who certainly inspired the Czarina with great confidence. For a year or two he remained in favor, then was dismissed quite suddenly because he had been found out by accident, but so completely that even Alexandra Feodorovna could not defend him.—*From "My Empress."* Published by the John Lane Company.

### ATLANTIS.

What poets sang in Atlantis? Who can tell

The epics of Atlantis or their names?

The sea hath its own murmurs, and sounds not

The secrets of its silences beneath,

And knows not any cadences enfolded

When the last bubbles of Atlantis broke

Among the quieting of its heaving floor.

O, years and tides and leagues and all their billows

Can alter not man's knowledge of men's hearts—

While trees and rocks and clouds include our being

We know the epics of Atlantis still:

A hero gave himself to lesser men,

Who first misunderstood and murdered him,

And then misunderstood and worshipped him;

A woman was lovely and men fought for her,

Towns burnt for her, and men put men in bondage,

But she put lengthier bondage on them all;

A wanderer toiled among all the isles

That fleck this turning star of shifting sea,

Or lonely purgatories of the mind,

In longing for his home or his lost love.

Poetry is founded on the hearts of men:  
Though in Nirvana or the Heavenly courts

The principle of beauty shall persist,

Its body of poetry, as the body of man,

Is but a terrene form, a terrene use,

That swifter being will not loiter with;

And, when mankind is dead and the world cold,

Poetry's immortality will pass.

—Gordon Bottomley.

### PRACTICAL MYSTICISM.

(By Charles Morris Addison, D. D.)

I have failed utterly if I have not made it clear that Mysticism is not a curious by-path which the student of history need not tread, but a constantly recurring and revivifying force in the history of our religion. I have failed if I have not made you see that the great Mystics were not psychic freaks, but only extreme examples of that life hid with Christ in God which is open, in greater or less degree, to every child of God.

If I have not failed, then you must agree with what I said in closing my last lecture, that the Christian Church has much to learn from Mysticism, and should study it carefully with a view to its practice, to hold itself open to its influences, come they whence they may.

The theory of Mysticism is before us. If I have not made that clear, that does not mean that nobody can. But what most want to show is that when you do really understand Mysticism, you will find it very hard not to practice it. And so I call this last lecture *Practical Mysticism*, and ask you to see with me how some men are practicing it and offering opportunities for others to practice it and then to close with some more intimate suggestions.

I want to speak first of certain exhibitions of the Mystic spirit in the worship and work of the church today. I pass by the Emmanuel Movement and the many Healing Missions, because I have already mentioned them and because however much I am in sympathy with them, their purpose is narrower than mine, and they deal almost exclusively with the abnormal. The wreckage which crowds their clinics is thrown up from the troubled sea of our modern life and needs special and expert treatment. It is only a symptom of a condition in which we all find ourselves. The world is restless and the revival of interest in Mysticism shows that it is trying to reach some centre which is calm. Eucken voices this need very clearly when he says:

"It is not only at particular points that civilization does not correspond to the demands of spiritual life, but that civilization, as a whole, is in many ways in conflict with those demands. We feel, with increasing distress, the wide interval be-

tween the varied and important work to be done at the circumference of life and the complete emptiness at the centre. When we take an inside view of life we find that a life of mere bustling routine preponderates, that men struggle and boast and strive to outdo one another, that unlimited ambition and vanity are characteristic of individuals, that they are always running to and fro, and pressing forward, or feverishly exercising all their powers. But throughout it all we come upon nothing that gives any real value to life, and nothing spiritually elevating. Hence we do not find any meaning and value in life, but in the end a simple huge show in which culture is reduced to a burlesque. Any one who thinks it all over and reflects upon the difference between the enormous labor which has been expended and the accompanying gain to the essentials of life must either be driven to complete negation and despair, or must seek new ways of guaranteeing a value to life and liberating men from the sway of the petty human. But this will force men to resume the quest for inner connections."

And then again he says in another place:

"If this is really the case, it can be easily understood how men grow tired and weary of all the rush and bustle, which is so confused and yet in the end so empty, how this feeling of weariness spreads and produces a longing for more persistence, more peace and repose in life. It is a remarkable feature of the present day that the old mysticism is regaining its power of attraction, and that the Indian religions, which release men from the cares and troubles of time, are gaining many adherents also in the West. Is not this to be connected with the change in vital feeling which we have described?"

This reaching out for more peace and repose in life is evident in many directions. If the rush and hurry in these days, which sweeps us along breathlessly either with or against our will, takes its toll in physical or nervous or mental exhaustion, then we turn to the blessings offered by the noble men and women who teach us how to be calm, to re-create, to change the current of our thoughts, and so the clinics of the workers in the Emmanuel Movement, the

New Thought and countless variations of these are crowded. To those who can stultify their intellect even Christian Science brings its blessing of calm and cheerfulness. But widespread as is this nervous exhaustion, this mental strain, and widespread as are its effects in the life of the individual, it is as I said, only a symptom, and a side issue. Most men are healthy in body and mind, and the over-emphasis on the abnormalities have made many feel that the cure must be as peculiar as the disease. But the cure is base on the root principle of Mysticism and uses its very methods. It is an unconscious plagiarism, very interesting to trace. And we are studying the larger issues and uses, those which belong to all men and which we feel are needed by all men. For there is in us all the need of God, and these days of haste and unrest have had the same effect on the spiritual life as they have had upon the nervous system. They have given us no time to think of God, to commune with him in prayer, to be quiet and know. The life of the Spirit has been dwindling, and men and women are beginning to feel a loss: a loss not to be supplied by any amount of strenuous social service, nor even by the ordinary method of church-going.—*From "The Theory and Practice of Mysticism." A Course of Lectures. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.*

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So is myself withdrawn into my depths.  
The soul retreated from the perished  
brain,

Whence it was wont to feel and use the  
world

Through these dull members, done with  
long ago!

Yet I myself remain; I feel myself:

And there is nothing lost. Let be,  
awhile! —*Broening.*

---

He whose initiation is recent, and who has been the spectator of many glories in the other world, is amazed when he sees any one having a godlike face or form, which is the expression of Divine Beauty; and at first a shudder runs through him, and again the old awe steals over him.—*Plato.*

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Beware when the great God lets loose  
a new thinker on this planet.—*Emerson.*

## THE SELF.

Here in the self is all that man can know  
Of Beauty, all the wonder, all the  
power,

All the unearthly color, all the glow,  
Here in the self which withers like  
a flower;

Here in the self which fades as hours  
pass,

And droops and dies and rots and is  
forgotten

Sooner, by ages, than the mirroring glass  
In which it sees its glory still unrotten.

Here in the flesh, within the flesh, be-  
hind,

Swift in the blood and throbbing on  
the bone,

Beauty herself, the universal mind,

Eternal April wandering alone;

The God, the holy Ghost, the atoning  
Lord,

Here in the flesh, the never yet explored.

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 be-  
gin,

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.

If I could get within this changing I,

This ever altering thing which yet per-  
sists,

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 sud-  
den storms,

I might attain to where the Rulers  
lurk;

If, pressing past the guards in those gray  
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  
behold

The unearthly self beyond, unguessed,  
untold.

—John Masefield.

## THE MOON IN DISEASE.

(By Thomas A. Reed, M. D.)

For a number of generations it has  
been noticed that infectious fevers pre-  
sent certain periodic fluctuations. I have  
been in the habit of noting these periodic  
changes in many forms of acute disease.  
In some it seems to be more easily recog-  
nized than in others. The ones where it  
is the most easily observed are those  
which depend upon a bacterial infection.  
In very acute diseases we have noted  
that the termination of a full week gen-  
erally brings a critical day. A distinc-  
change usually occurs either for better  
or for worse at that time. To a lesser  
degree this is true of the end of the three  
and a half day period. Convalescence is  
often established at the end of the first  
or second week; or when death takes  
place, it is more likely to occur on the  
seventh, fourteenth, or twenty-first day  
or perhaps the fourth, eleventh, or  
eighteenth, and so on. These changes in  
the character of the symptom comple-  
are not, perhaps, so noticeable to the gen-  
eral practitioner as they would be were  
all diseases allowed to run their natu-  
ral course.

The solar day of twenty-four hours  
the pathological period most generally  
observed by physicians. Some disease  
symptoms do seem to be regularly aggr-  
vated or lessened at certain times of the  
solar day, but we believe this may be  
due to some daily regulation in the habit  
of the patient, rather than to any other  
influence. I believe that a gain would  
result from the adoption of the twenty-  
four hour cycle (without reference to the sol-  
ar day), as the shortest pathological period  
than a three and one-half day period,  
a seven day period, two weeks, and finally  
one lunar month.

The incubation period of infectious dis-

cases should show some evidence of being affected by these anabolic and katabolic cycles. I have frequently scanned tables of incubation periods as they are given in various works on diagnosis or practice. It is to be regretted that there seems to be considerable disagreement between them. As there must of necessity be so many extraneous factors influencing the incubation period of an acute infection, to say nothing of the internal individual resistance, perhaps the true periods can only be known from the averages of a much wider series of observations than have yet been made. In my own practice I have always made with every case of acute infection coming under my careful observations and inquiries with respect to this factor, and in my opinion incubation periods of infectious disorders betray the effect of the anabolic and katabolic lunar cycle. That is to say, three and one-half days, one week, ten and one-half days, two and three weeks, or rarely one month.

A careful review of the incubation periods cited in various text-books will (although it must be admitted that the status of the whole question is rather indefinite) if averaged support my own observations. Their relation to the monthly metabolic cycle of from another point of view the twelve-hour lunar cycle is clearly indicated. The incubation of typhoid is from seven to twenty-one days; varicella fourteen days; vaccination twenty-four hours, while the papule will make its appearance on an average three and one-half days after the operation. Smallpox has an incubation period of from seven to fourteen days. Scarlet fever averages three and one-half days; measles, ten and one-half days; while roetheln, or German measles, has about the same period. Whooping cough will average about ten and one-half days. The average of dengue is probably three and one-half days.

A United States army commission after a careful investigation found that yellow fever varied from forty-one to one hundred and thirty-seven hours, from which we find the average to be three days and seventeen hours, or close to three and one-half days. The average of hydrophobia is two months. Diphtheria may show itself as early as three and one-half days after exposure or as late as ten and

one-half days. One week would thus constitute a mean. The incubation period of typhoid is from seven to twenty-one days, the average being fourteen.

But it is in the progress of the ordinary acute infections, when we observe them through a fairly typical course, uninfluenced in marked degree by radical treatment that the influence is more striking. It has been observed by physicians for generations that regular seven-day changes do occur in some fever cases. A careful study of the phenomenon has, however, as far as I am aware, never been made. In my own opinion the longer continued and more grave the case, the more perceptible are these periodic fluctuations; but by the careful observer they may be detected in every form of acute disease, from the simple cold to the most malignant typhoid. Not only is the seven day period easily recognized, but the seven times twelve hours, or three and one-half days period, may be noticed. The ordinary acute coryza is marked by regular stages; first, a congestive stage, lasting about twenty-four hours, followed by a stage of serous discharge, lasting two and one-half days, in all three and one-half days, or one-half week; a third stage, characterized by muco-purulent discharge, which lasts three and one-half days, completing the week. This in a typical case with an individual of average vitality.

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 rise anew from the setting in of new complications, but these cycles will still be manifest to a complete recovery of the case. --From *"Sex and Its Determination."* Published by the Rebman Company, 141-145 West Thirty-Sixth Street, New York.

Who can believe that the everlasting Mind fulfills its end by disappointing every other.---Martineau.

## FROM THE MYSTICS.

The meanest thing that one knows in God—for instance, if one could understand a flower as it has its Being in God—that would be a higher thing than the whole world.—*Eckhart*.

It is, then, the greatest of all lessons to know one's self, for if one knows himself he will know God, and knowing God he will be made like God.—*Clement*.

According to Mysticism, Being is nothing beyond yourself. You even now hold it within you in your heart of hearts.—*Royce*.

It has been the contention of mystics in all ages that God himself is the ground of the soul, and in the depths of their being all men partake of one central divine life.—*R. M. Jones*.

Some in the church most certainly have a knowledge of things to come. Some have visions, others utter prophecies and heal the sick by laying on of hands; and others still speak in many tongues, bringing to light the secret things of men and expounding the mysteries of God.—*Ignatius*.

Our virgins at the distaff utter divine oracles, see visions and sing the holy words that are given them.—*Tatian*.

Then is he delivered from all seeing and being seen, and passes into the truly mystical darkness of ignorance, where he excludes all intellectual apprehensions and abides in the utterly Impalpable and Invisible.—*Dionysius*.

Now the created soul of man hath also two eyes; the one has the power of seeing into eternity, the other of seeing into time and the creatures, of perceiving how they differ from each other, of giving life and needful things to the body and ordering and governing it for the best. But these two eyes of the soul of man can not perform both their work at once, but if the soul shall see with the right eye, then the left eye must close itself and refrain from working, and be as though it were dead. Or if the left eye is fulfilling its office toward outward

things—that is holding conversation with time and the creatures—then must the right eye be hindered in its working, that is, in its contemplation.—*Theologica Germanica*.

The ordinary conscious personality is only a feeble portion of the whole psychological personality.—*Ribot*.

There is in man a faculty which I call simply the faculty of apprehending the Infinite, not only in religion, but in all things, a power independent of sense and reason, a power in a certain sense contradicted by sense and reason, yet I suppose a very real power if we see how it has held its own from the beginning of the world; how neither sense nor reason have been able to overcome it, while it alone is able to overcome both reason and sense.—*Max Muller*.

Our normal waking consciousness, as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different. We may go through life without suspecting their existence, but apply the requisite stimulus and at a touch there they are, in all their completeness, definite types of mentality which probably somewhere have their field of application and adaptation. No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded.—*William James*.

He who wishes to dwell in his inmost interior must rid himself of all multiplicity. He must habitually reject all that is not the one thing. . . . If a man can not comprehend the matter let him be passive and the matter will comprehend him.—*Henry Suso*.

He (Wordsworth) found that when his mind was freed from preoccupation with disturbing objects, petty cares, "little enmities and low desires," that he could then reach a condition of equilibrium, which he describes as a "wise passiveness," or a "happy stillness of the mind." He believed this condition could be deliberately induced by a kind of relaxation of the will, and by a stilling of

the busy intellect and striving desires. It is a purifying process, an emptying out of all that is worrying, self-assertive, and self-seeking. If we can habitually train ourselves and attune our minds to this condition, we may at any moment come across something which will arouse our emotions, and it is then, when our emotions—thus purified—are excited to the point of passions, that our vision becomes sufficiently clear to enable us to gain actual experience of the "central peace subsisting forever at the heart of endless agitation."—*Caroline Spurgeon.*

Every man is infinitely richer in his being than in his performance, is infinitely more than he shows himself or can show himself to be.—*Martensen.*

Mysticism claims to be able to know the Unknowable without help from dialectics, and is persuaded that by means of love and will it reaches a point to which thought, unaided, can not attain.—*Recejac.*

One of the marks of the true Mystic is the tenacious and heroic energy with which he pursues a definite moral ideal.—*Leuba.*

This strange art of Contemplation, which the Mystic tends naturally to practice during the whole of his career—which develops step by step with his vision and his love—demands of the self which undertakes it the same hard, dull work, the same slow training of the will which lies behind all supreme achievement, and is the price of all true liberty. It is the want of such training—such "super-sensual drill"—which is responsible for the mass of vague, ineffectual, and sometimes harmful Mysticism which has always existed: the dilute cosmic emotion and limp spirituality which hangs, as it were, on the skirts of the true seekers of the Absolute and brings discredit on their science.—*Miss Underhill.*

Cease but from thine own activity steadfastly fixing thine eye upon one point.—*Boehme.*

My mind withdrew its thought from experience, extracting itself from the contradictory throng of sensuous images

that it might find out what that light was wherein it was bathed. . . . And thus, with the flash of one hurried glance, it attained to the vision of That Which Is.—*Augustine.*

For I tell thee truly that the Devil hath his contemplatives as God hath his.—*Hilton.*

When the soul, forgetting itself, dwells in that radiant darkness, it leaves all its faculties and all its qualities.—*St. Bernard.*

### ACCIDENTS.

A vision seen by Plato the divine:

Two shuddering souls come forward,  
waiting doom

From Rhadamanthus in the nether gloom.

One is a slave—hunger has made him pine;

One is a king—his arms and jewels shine,

Making strange splendor in the dismal room.

"Hence!" cries the judge, "and strip them! Let them come

With nought to show if they be coarse or fine."

Of garb and body they are swift bereft: Such is hell's law—nothing but soul is left.

The slave, in virtue glorious, is held fit

For those blest isles of peace where just kings go.

The king, by vice deformed, is sent below

To herd with base slaves in the wailing pit. —*John Hay.*

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the ward of elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds! —*Addison.*

It often happens a fact is strenuously denied until a welcome interpretation comes with it, then it is admitted readily enough.—*William James.*

The fearful unbelief is the unbelief in myself.—*Carlyle.*

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 FLYING TEUTON.

The short story is now doing a gratifying work in the spread of a philosophical mysticism. The ban once imposed by editors upon everything unorthodox seems to have been lifted. The public demand has been recognized, and it may be said that the standard attained by the new fiction is usually a high one.

Certainly the short stories by Alice Brown are of a sort to satisfy the most exacting. A new volume entitled "The Flying Teuton" has just appeared from her pen, and among its contents we find some examples of mystical fiction of which it would be hard to speak too highly in praise. Notable among these is "The Island," a war story and one that seems both vivid and accurate. Jack Haddon and Amy Lake are on the *Artemisia* when she is torpedoed. Just before the explosion they had been talking of the Island that is sometimes visible from Innishmore and that is called the paradise of the pagan Irish. Then comes the explosion, and Haddon, describing his experiences, says that he does not know when his consciousness stopped, but when he came to himself he was alive, delightfully alive, and apparently on the Island. There seemed to be other people there:

"Oh, there were other people?" I asked.

"Scores of 'em, and all busy, and for a while all hurrying and talking. It was evidently a time of unusual excitement. For

there were ships coming in—sail boats, beauties—and people landing from them. And everybody was met and evidently made to feel it was tremendously nice they'd come, and there was a good deal of laughing and relief. That's it. There was relief in the air, as if there'd been a cloudburst and now the sun was out and people were saying to one another, 'It didn't do any damage after all.'"

"And did you really think you were on the fabulous Island?" I asked.

I wanted to pin him down to as literal fact as he could manage.

He laughed.

"Not for an instant," he answered, "then. Amy'd said so, you remember, and I partially agreed, but it was only because we were so light-hearted we said the first things that came into our heads. Really I was perfectly sure we were on the coast of Ireland. I assumed that, without a doubt. And when things had quieted down a little and our passengers were dispersing, going off by ones and twos with the Island people, I went up to the Tall Man——"

"Who was he?" I interrupted.

"I don't know. I never heard his name."

"You don't assume," I hesitated, "it was"—and this was the only way I could end—"some one supernatural?"

"Bless you, no," said he. "I call him the Tall Man simply because he was tall and I don't know his name. And he was most certainly some one in authority. I went up to him and said, 'Can we hire any sort of conveyance to take us to Queenstown or somewhere else where we can get passage to England?'"

"And he looked at me, a long look, and smiled. And then I knew. But I didn't dare look at Amy. I thought it might frighten her, you see. But I might have known. She'd guessed it from the first. She took my hand, and we stood there like two children, not in any way distressed, but coming out of a wood-path to an open door, a little curious and pretty excited.



"Don't you see, John?" said Amy. "Don't you know?"

"And then I said it. My voice sounded strange to me.

"Am I—dead?"

"For the minute I forgot her. I rather think the soul has to face that one thing alone, and now it was my turn to face it.

"Yes," said Amy. It was the most commonplace 'yes' you ever heard. She might have been encouraging a child, after he'd come out of some bad business like an anæsthetic. 'Now let's get to work. Isn't there something,' she said to the Tall Man, 'we can do?'

He was immensely pleased with her. She seemed to have been clever in accepting it and adapting herself, as you might say.

"Yes," he said, 'there are lots of things you can do.' And I've got to break off right here and say I don't know whether those were his actual words. But it was the sense of them. And then he looked doubtful. 'The fact is,' he said, 'I'm not sure, you know, whether you're both going to stay.'

"Oh, you mean," said Amy—and when it came to her I could swear to every word—'you're not sure whether we're both dead.' It seems astonishing to me, the way she used that word we hate so, lightly, you know, as if it meant something rather warm and pleasant. And then she snatched at my hand and held it tight. 'We've got to be,' she said. 'If one of us is, the other's got to be, too.'

Another story is called "The Empire of Death." Two young Americans, Arnold and Hugo—the latter of German birth—leave America at the beginning of the war and go to Europe, the former to join the Allied army, and the latter the German. Arnold finds Hugo at the point of death on the battlefield and he does actually die in the course of a few minutes. Almost at the same moment Arnold himself is hit by a bullet:

"Now you know how it was, how an apparently dead Boche at my left had come to himself and potted me, and you know of course I wasn't dead because I'm here now. But I did have a narrow squeak of it, as they'd tell you in hospital if they had time to remember also-rans like me. So far as this world goes I was dead. I had gone out of my body and into some other state of existence, just as sure as you're here in this. I had a sensation of lightness, of rising, and of all my faculties being keener than they'd ever been. I seemed to be able to think of a dozen things at once and with a clearness, a power, that was even in itself a mode of action. Don't you see? I might not have my hands or feet or eyes to work with, or a heart to beat, but I was perfectly conscious that I could do things. And I thought of Annie with a sort of regret that yet wasn't sad, even though now she'd lost us both and there was nobody but the road commissioner to stand between her and life—yes, I actually saw the road commissioner as I lay there on the field of France, with his pepper and

salt suit and the gold tooth I always suspected him of being proud of—and above every stratum of feeling was the certain that I'd got to hang on to Hugo till we could sit down and talk it over and somehow arrange things for her. And though I had that sensation of lightness, I was apparently there on the ground, only we were standing and we faced each other and I was the first to speak.

"Well, old chap," said I, 'how goes it?'

"And we seemed to shake hands, only I didn't feel the grip of his; but I knew he was tremendously glad to see me, and his voice sounded perfectly familiar when he answered.

"I suppose," said he, 'we're dead.'

"That was it. We were dead. It had been so far from my thoughts as anything I was likely to suffer, that particular day, that actually hadn't known it. He began to peep round in exactly the way he used to when we were alive, and I laughed. Being dead wasn't going to be so bad if we were sufficiently ourselves to chum together in the old way. Though all the time I was conscious of something that tried to draw me away from him or him away from me. That's a commonplace, you know. I've heard lots of chaps speak of it that got knocked down and then had to come back. It was so strong that I felt breathless as I combatte it, and gasped once or twice to get my breath because I'd even thought of a little joke.

"Evidently we're to be separated," I said. 'I'm going to heaven. So you can draw your own conclusions.'

We are allowed a glimpse of the Nemesis that awaits Hugo. He has been doing the work of devastating the countryside and now he is haunted by an endless vista of murdered fruit trees, or maimed and mangled torsos.

All of these stories are worth reading and some of them remarkably so. We should hear much more from Alice Brown.

THE FLYING TEUTON. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

In this stone there lieth hidden, whatsoever God and the Eternity, also heaven, the stars and elements contain and are able to do. There never was from eternity anything better or more precious than this, and it is offered by God and bestowed upon man; every one may have it . . . it is in simple form and hath the power of the whole Deity in it.—*Boehme*.

I am Brahman, not at all of the world never apart from Brahman; I am not this body, nor have I any body whatever; am the unconditional eternal One.—*Sri Ankaracharya*.

## A QUESTION OF LOYALTY.

But if thou wilt not carry on this righteous warfare, then casting away thine own duty and thine honor, thou wilt incur sin.—*Bhagavad Gita*, ii, 33.

In his profoundly suggestive book, "The Philosophy of Loyalty," Professor Josiah Royce begins by giving as a preliminary definition of loyalty "The willing and practical and thoroughgoing devotion of a person to a cause," and after more than three hundred pages of analysis he concludes with the final and more generalized definition, "Loyalty is the Will to Believe in something eternal, and to express that belief in the practical life of a human being." And the lesson which he draws from his analysis is that "in loyalty, when loyalty is properly defined, is the fulfilment of the whole moral law."

Loyalty, according to Royce, is the highest of the virtues, and further, it is the virtue of the highest and most supreme importance as a factor in the evolution of the soul. Those who are familiar with the theosophical teachings have heard of "the three paths," one of which is the path of devotion. The evolution of the soul upward to the Divine presents two quite different phases. One of these is in the direction of ever-increasing power and intellect, the other from self-seeking to selflessness, from egoism to altruism. The former alone leads devilward, for the satanic quality is that of infinitely developed power and intellect devoted wholly to personal and selfish ends. It is only when this development is accompanied *pari passu* by the growth of the spirit of devotion, of loyalty, that the evolution is towards that divine state which is summed up in the expression "God is Love."

No one can be considered as having made any spiritual progress, therefore, unless there has been some development of the sentiment of loyalty, active or dormant, whether it be loyalty to an individual, to a cause, to a principle. The essential point is that one must be loyal to something, and that in the sense of expressing it, not in words or thoughts alone, but in his practical life. Loyalty means nothing if it is not practical in its effects. Without doubt it is better to be loyal to truth than to error. Human progress and welfare, both of the individual and of society, depend on the tri-

umph of certain principles. But the triumph of no principle is of much value unless loyalty exists, for loyalty is in itself the greatest of all principles. Fidelity to a lost cause, yes, even to error mistaken for truth, is no less noble in itself, no less valuable as a means of spiritual progress than is fidelity to the cause which succeeds, or to that which finally proves itself to be truth.

So essential, indeed, is the cultivation of loyalty to the developing ego, that Nature, or if you choose, the Higher Power which directs the evolution of the race, sacrifices much to it which seems to us desirable. We wonder how an omnipotent and beneficent Power can allow the struggles which are constantly going on between groups of human beings. Yet is it not obvious that in just such struggles the sentiment of loyalty is called forth and trained? It is only on a comparatively high level that the mind is capable of loyalty to a great general principle such as that of universal brotherhood. Long before it has reached that level it is trained in loyalty to the family, to the tribe, race or nation, or to the faith. Conflict is necessary because conflict calls forth loyalty and puts it to the test. Small centres are formed, the individuals in each of which are loyal to their own ideals, to their own leaders. To my mind one of the most wonderful things is the way in which Nature is always trying to develop this quality, working out the higher aims through eternal conflict, through the struggle for existence, but all the while benefiting alike him who throws his devotion on the side of truth, and him who casts it on the side of what eventually proves to be error.

One might follow out this subject of loyalty along many lines, but I have a definite object in view, and while I intend to make a special application, still the matter is one which may occur in the lives of any one of us with reference to a church, an order, a society to which we claim allegiance.

Loyalty, let me repeat, is an essential factor in the development of the soul which absolutely nothing else can replace as long as man is man. Most of us require a peg of personality on which to hang our loyalty. Consequently most forms of religion are intimately associated with loyalty to a personality,

usually some leader, living, dead, or even yet to live, a dreamed of Teacher or Messiah. And it is a common occurrence that this form of loyalty, originating in devotion to the principles for which the leader stands, stood, or is expected to stand, becomes perverted into a blind subservience, a sacrifice of one's own intelligence and will to the thought and will of another. Quite often this devotion to the leader eclipses devotion to the principles for which the leader originally stood. One comes to accept the principles, not because they are intrinsically noble, but because the leader says so. Whatever the leader teaches, accepts, or claims to accept, that is also swallowed by the disciple, who sees not through his own eyes, but through the eyes of another. Authority usurps the place of insight.

It is not my intention to condemn this wholly. It is adapted to brainless and willless people, and while it is not to be admired or recommended for others, for such people it has the advantage of cultivating loyalty when otherwise they would drift about aimlessly, a prey to every fad and wind of doctrine which may blow their way. Nobody can deny that a loyalty based on intelligent insight, which senses that which fits into the general plan of evolution, is to be preferred to a blind and unreasoning devotion. But there is nothing which can replace loyalty, and blind and unreasoning devotion is far better than no devotion at all.

When Bishop Wedgwood, of the Old Catholic Church, in the course of his flirtation with the Theosophical Society, says that "the wave of devotion is receding; the wave of ceremonial is rising," and when his colleague, Bishop Leadbeater, of the same church, asserts "The future is with the Church, for the seventh ray—the ray of ceremonial magic—is beginning to dominate the world. The day of blind and unreasoning devotion is passing, but that of the intelligent comprehension and use of Nature's forces is dawning upon us," they may be stating an unfortunate truth, but they are stating in so many words the triumph of materialism over religion, the prostitution of the church to self-seeking. For real religion is essentially devotion; it is loyalty to something outside of one's self; it is giving, not

getting. But "the intelligent use of Nature's forces," whether by the approved methods of science, or by the methods of ceremonial magic, has absolutely nothing to do with loyalty or religion. He who attempts to secure the divine blessing by any process whatever other than by loyalty, by offering himself, whether by baptism, sprinkling with holy water, having a priest perform incantations or what not, may get something which is agreeable to himself, but it is no more religious in its nature than is getting a good crop by sprinkling fertilizer on one's field. Both are examples of the "intelligent use of nature's forces" entirely for one's own gratification. There is no more of the spirit of loyalty in the ritualism which Bishop Leadbeater and his followers advocate than there is in scientific agriculture. But it is much worse. Nobody can object to the utilization of Nature's forces for promoting the physical well-being of the race, but no one deceives himself to the extent of making a religion of it. But he who proposes what Bishop Leadbeater does is deluding himself into the notion that what he is doing is "religion." And just as the physical forces of nature can be used, not for the good, but for the harm of humanity, for blowing up ships and destroying human life, so Bishop Leadbeater actually proposes to put these forces of which he speaks to the most pernicious use imaginable. He claims that they can be used to secure the remission of sins; he proposes to allow a man to sin as often as he chooses and then to get off scot-free through the process of absolution by a priest. He proposes a method of "magic" by which, even if it is not supposed to be used directly for one's own advantage to the detriment of others, allows one to act to the detriment of others and escape the consequences. And this system of black magic—and it is magic of the blackest variety, or would be if it had any real efficacy—he proposes to substitute in the name of the Church for the old-fashioned spirit of loyalty. Nothing could be more materialistic and destructive of religious ideals. Devotion, whether blind and unreasoning or not, is a spiritual attitude which no process of pumping out the reservoir of Divine power by magical processes can possibly replace. Considered as a form of "Kultur," Mr.

Leadbeater's application of occult science may be admirable, but from the standpoint of the religion of Christ, to say nothing of the principles of Theosophy, it is the rankest and most pernicious humbug imaginable; it is a form of transcendental burglary.—*Extracted from the O. E. Library Critic, Washington, D. C.*

### THINK ON GOD.

Can a maid forget her ornaments or a bride her attire? Yet my people have forgotten me days without number.—*Jeremiah ii. 32.*

Forget Thee, oh my God! and can this be?

Earth with thy thousand voices answer me!

Ye midnight heavens gazing with eyes so bright

Upon the silent eloquence of night  
Speak of thy Maker! Speak thou glorious sun

And thou enchanting moon! ethereal one

Tell me of Him.

Oh! exquisite and clear  
Were those soft words upon my listening ear;

Oh! eloquence divine of Nature's voice  
Whose thrilling accents spoke:

"Fond heart rejoice,  
For we forget not God; there is no hour  
When we could live without His love—  
His power."

"Each moment," sighed the pale and blushing rose,

"The wonders of my Maker I disclose";  
And every flower throughout the garden fair

Mingles its grateful perfume with the air,

Like incense, rising with a heavenly prayer,

Speaks each in varied tone its faithful love

Crowned with eternal beauty from above.  
"Ah! not in thee forgetfulness," I said,

"Emblems of faithful love! I, too, would shed

My heart's best incense on that holy shrine

To burn forever." Then, with sound divine,

Teeming with melody the stately trees  
And graceful wheat bowing to every breeze

In whispered chorus spoke His wondrous skill

And their obedience to His blessed will.  
I gazed in rapture on those fields so sweet

Whose every blade bowed low as if to meet

The faintest breath of wind which seemed to bring

The thought of God upon its angel wing.  
Oh! Nature, exquisitely calm and bright!

Your Maker is your life, your soul's delight.  
—R. E. S.

### KARMA.

(By C. H. in the Theosophical Quarterly.)

QUESTION No. 220—*What can we learn from the Great War about Karma and its workings?*

ANSWER—As Karma is the working of inner things out to the surface, we might think of this war as the working out to the surface of all that the different nations have been building into their national character. And as the nation is made up of individuals, it would appear that the small everyday choices which determine the character of the individual must have been potent in ranging the nations, some on the side of the White Powers, some under control of the Black Forces, the powers that make for Evil. Can those who regard Karma as absolute compassion, as an expression of love, mercy, and "poetic justice," reconcile this view with the position in which the Central Powers are now placed? One answer might be that mercy would be exemplified by making conditions such that the impurities within those nations and their peoples might be allowed to work out (no matter what form that took), instead of being allowed to stay within their natures, thereby producing corruption and death. Would it be their good or their bad Karma that led them into such a plight? In that question we have the statement of one of the paradoxes surrounding this whole law of Karma: from the point of view of Higher Manas whatever made for purification would seem to be good, no matter what the pain or the loss; from the point of view of Lower Manas the opposite conclusion might be reached.

We have been told that in order to understand the war it is necessary to look at it as one moment in that everlasting conflict between Good and Evil

that must endure until the whole world is redeemed; it is waged ceaselessly in the inner world, and occasionally externalized as at the present. In 1914 men were apparently so convinced of everlasting peace that they had given themselves to fox-trotting, speculation, and social reform; war was declared, and they were rudely awakened from their dreams. As viewed by the Lords of Karma the only change in the situation then must have been the extent to which men had become aware of it; to which they wished to enter into it.

What brought about the externalization of the war? We can only surmise that under cyclic law the time had come when the Lords of Karma could risk bringing the conflict to the surface—where man's active coöperation was demanded, where his course might be temporarily decisive. It is interesting to speculate as to the length of time by which their decision preceded the outbreak of hostilities. We can image to ourselves the situation when the forces of Evil discovered that there was to be open contest in this external world, which they must regard as peculiarly their own domain; we can see the devils exultantly seeking out their own in each country, whispering into every attentive ear the false doctrine of Socialism, saying in many different tongues, "Lo, we are all brothers!" We ask ourselves, was it necessary that some nations should have been found to represent their cause? Was Germany doomed, by its past Karma, to be their tool? What turned England's wavering of early August, 1914, into a brave declaration for the right? It was Russia's determination, in July, 1914, to mobilize her forces that was made the ostensible occasion for the entry of Germany into the quarrel between Austria and little Serbia—thus precipitating Europe into war. How does it happen that Russia, then so determined, is now a great disintegrating mass, dangerous alike to friend and foe? When Russia saw her duty clearly, our own country was deep in the drugged sleep that looked like the sleep of death. How was it that this country was finally aroused, in time to gain the chance to fight side by side with the Heavenly Hosts? There is the once lordly kingdom of Spain, taking no part in this contest. Is its present ease,

its freedom from toil and suffering, the measure of its past good Karma? Or might we venture the conclusion that the amount which a nation is permitted to suffer for the Master's Cause is, as in the individual case of Joan of Arc, a gauge of its worthiness rather than of its offenses? What quality has made the French the leaders in this warfare, and through what past experience was that vision and that ardor gained? It has been hinted in the *Quarterly* that France is the chosen land of the Master Christ. Might the triumph of the cause to which she is so completely giving herself mean the establishment of His outward and visible kingdom upon the earth? Would this mean the externalization of a part of the spiritual Hierarchy? Is the cycle of the Adept Kings to return?

There are endless questions that present themselves about the part played long ages ago by the soul that now guide the destinies of the warring nations. How did they then align themselves; how did they make the Karma which has placed them where they are today? We may not lift that veil as yet, but as this conflict advances we do see thrown into wonderfully vivid coloring that web of Karma's weaving which "binds together men and nations in a pattern of marvelous beauty." Intricate relations which are usually open only to the eyes of the spiritual powers are by this conflict made clear for those who care to see. Indeed so much is now forced to the surface, consequences follow so quickly and so unmistakably on the heels of action, that we should be wise to study and store up for use in future lives the revelation of spiritual law now so openly made.

Take the case of Belgium, whose very name breathes honor. A few years ago she stood calmly by, first conniving in and then sharing in, the unspeakable cruelties which her mad king inflicted on the natives of the Congo. By what act of "poetic justice" was that Belgium galvanized into the Belgium of King Albert and Cardinal Mercier? At which period in her history can we imagine that she would seem richer, happier, more fortunate in the eyes of the Lords of Karma?

Where could we find a more vivid picture of rapidity of Karmic action than in Russia? Hurried into war, lacking guns, ammunition, in fact everything

save men, that goes to the making of a great army—how splendidly she fought and sacrificed so long as she saw this as a contest to be waged for God and Czar and home! Then we see the idealists listening to voices that bade them centre their efforts at home, and seize this time of confusion to right the governmental wrongs that their people had suffered. They probably did not see this as treachery to their Allies, but dreamed of a quiet and peaceful establishment of a better form of government for Russia, while all eyes were fixed on the world war. So they raised the old battle cry of "liberty, freedom, and equality" which has never failed to make its appeal to the baser passions of men—and shortly Russia was on fire; Socialism was rampant; then, so quickly did the fire run, Socialism was too conservative for the masses, who forgetting everything except their greed, opened their gates to Anarchy and the Bolsheviki—who at least dared to put into practice the theories which Socialists the world over had proclaimed. In the name of the Brotherhood of Socialism we hear them calling upon their German fellows not to advance upon Russia, consistently exemplifying the principles of their common cause. It is evident that this cry has been answered by an uneasy stirring in Germany, but the German army's advance was not halted. Instead we have another object lesson on the big screen of current history, showing again that the Brotherhood of the dark powers, based upon selfishness and aggression, holds firm only when it is to the separate advantage of each participant that it should; only when no sacrifice of one for the others is demanded. Already there are signs that the Socialists of America are questioning the position of their brothers in Germany, charging them with being untrue to the cause of Socialism, although to us it might seem that German Socialists were showing out consistently the evil wishing on which their theory of government is based. Is it possible that the contrast between true and false Brotherhood may yet be made so plain on the steppes of Russia that all the right-minded, true-hearted people of every nation may be rallied in conscious recognition of the issues really at stake in this episode of the great spiritual war—may finally, and deliberately take

their places under the banner of the Master for the external conquest of this world, for the establishment of His Kingdom, outwardly a part of the Kingdom of the Heavens?

Several writers in the *Theosophical Quarterly* have declared that the Theosophical Movement has in this century accomplished what it has never been possible to do before—that the impetus brought by the Lodge Messenger in the last quarter of the nineteenth century has been carried over the turn of the century. This would imply that in maintaining outer connection with the White Lodge the Theosophical Movement must also have attracted the special notice of the Black Lodge; seeds of evil, lying dormant in men's hearts, must have been quickened by the same outpouring of force that has quickened the seeds of aspiration and devotion. In some sense, therefore, we might find warrant for saying that it has been the Karma of the Theosophical Movement to bring into the world this greatest of all world wars.

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### REINCARNATION.

I close the old man's eyes, for he  
No longer cares the path to see.

Old Charon ferries him across the  
stream;

I wonder—in the other land—  
Just whose will be the loving hand

That wakens him from his long, peaceful  
dream?

I ope the little stranger's eyes  
That he may see the path that lies

Before him—stretching far o'er field  
and stream;

I wonder—in that other land  
Just whose kind, sympathetic hand

It was, that closed his eyes for his  
long dream?

—Margaret Helen Florine.

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He is not an atheist who denies the existence of the gods, whom the multitude worship, but he is such who fastens on these gods the opinions of the multitude.—*Epicurus*.

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What if earth  
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things  
therein  
Each to other like more than on earth is  
thought?

—Milton.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## SERVICE.

A little group of imitation Theosophists have expressed their intention to abstain from all practical efforts to alleviate the miseries of war. They will confine their energies to the spread of a philosophy that shall make war impossible.

It is an interesting decision, and one upon which we are tempted to comment with some warmth but for the fact that it probably proceeds from weakness of mind, and not from a lack of morals. None the less we may observe that morality unsustained by mentality is liable to lead us into mischief. It implies the "loss of discrimination" against which we have been warned by high authority, and which leads to "the loss of all."

For how can there be a spiritual philosophy without a love of mankind? How can there be a love of mankind without a love of the individual, and a desire to serve him upon all planes of his being? It was said, also upon high authority, "If ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how shall ye love God whom ye have not seen?" Merely to repeat the teachings of Theosophy is of very little value. A parrot or a phonograph could do that. To be effective they must be animated by a spiritual and individual force, and that force is not to be obtained except by personal service, by "washing the feet of the poor."

It would be interesting to ask some questions of these curious Theosophists who surprise us not so much by their unwillingness to do practical war relief work as by their ability to refrain from it. What do they suppose an adept would do if confronted with the miseries of the battlefield, with the desolations of war bereavement? Meditate on the Gita? Recite the "three fundamentals"? Or hasten to bind up wounds, to clothe the naked, and to comfort the desolate? We need not ask. We know already, unless we are hypocrites and blinded by our vanities. We know at least of one adept who said that "he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker and poorer than himself is no Theosophist." And in the whole of that rather tremendous utterance from which this single sentence is cited there is not a word said of a spiritual philosophy, nor of those "teachings" at which we are so fond of pointing, and which we deface and defile.

With vanity and conceit there can be no discussion. There can be no argument with spiritual pride. They rush rapidly down that steep place that leads to the sea of intolerance, bigotry, and cruelty. Their end is death.

Without personal service there can be no spiritual power, and the more intimate, the more physical, the service the greater the power. The widow's mite, the cup of cold water, are the seeds of the Siddhis. There are times when it is



of more service to knit a pair of socks than to know the Vedas. A cry of unalleviated pain may be the doom of spiritual darkness through incarnations.

### JEWISH THEOLOGY.

It is not a little remarkable that, Dr. Kohler's comprehensive volume should be the first on Jewish theology to appear in English. Dr. Kohler is the president of the Hebrew Union College and he is to be congratulated on a work which gives so detailed and yet so popular an exposition of the belief of Judaism.

With the greater part of this remarkable volume we have no immediate concern except warmly to commend it to the student. But the chapter on "The Immortal Soul of Man" seems to stand apart. Here we learn, somewhat to our surprise, that the idea of immortality has been found in Scripture in a rather obscure and probably corrupt passage: "In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death." Upon so slight a foundation it is natural that Jewish beliefs should have been of the most varied kinds:

The conception that the soul enters into man as the breath of life and leaves him at his death, flying toward heaven like a bird, is quite as ancient and universal as the other, that the soul descends into the nether world as a shadowy image of the body, there to continue a dull existence. The two are related to one another, and in the Bible, as well as in the literature of other peoples, they have given rise to diverse definitions of the soul. This was the point of departure for the development of the conception of immortality in one or the other direction, according to whether the body was considered a part of the personality which somehow survives after death, or only the spiritual substance of the soul was thought to live on in celestial regions as something divine. The former led to the theory of the resurrection of the body and its reunion with the soul; the latter to the belief in a future life for the soul, after it had been separated or released from the body.

There appears to have been no clear and consistent view of the soul in the rabbinic age. The popular belief, we are told, was influenced by Persian notions, and was to the effect that the soul lingers near the body for a certain time after it has relinquished it, either from three to seven days or for an entire year. Furthermore it was said that after death the souls hovered between heaven and earth in the form of ghosts, able to overhear

the secrets of the future decreed above and to betray them to human beings below. These ideas were accepted by the rabbis of the Talmud and it is easy to see that they had a basis of esoteric truth:

Nevertheless at the same epoch we find the higher idea expressed that the soul is an invisible, god-like essence, pervading the body as a spiritual force and differing from it in nature in much the same way as God is differentiated from the world. "Thou wishest to know where God dwells, who is as high as are the heavens above the earth; tell me, then, where dwells thy soul, which is so near," replied R. Gamaliel to a heathen. The prevailing view of the schools is that God implants the soul in the embryo while in the mother's womb, together with all the spiritual potentialities which make it human. In fact, R. Simlai, the third-century Hagadist, advances the Platonist conception of the pre-existence of the soul, as a being of the highest intelligence, which sees before birth all things throughout the world, but forgets all at birth, so that all subsequent learning is only a recollection. In Hellenic Judaism especially the doctrine seems to have been general of the preëxistence of the soul, or of the creation of all human souls simultaneously with the creation of the world. Of course, the soul which emanates from a higher world must be eternal.

We are told that the philosophically trained Jews were dependent on Plato or Aristotle:

The nearest approach to Plato was Philo, who saw in the three biblical names for the soul—*nefesh*, *ruah*, and *neshoma*—the three souls of the Platonic system—the sensuous soul, which has its seat in the abdomen; the courageous or emotional soul, situated in the breast; and the intellectual soul, which dwells in the brain and contains the imperishable divine nature. This last is kept in physical environment as in a prison or grave, and ever yearns for liberation and reunion with God. The soul of the righteous enters the world of angels after death; that of the wicked the world of demons.

In spite of a tendency to regard the true nature of the soul as incomprehensible, the mystics, we are told, sought all the more to penetrate its secrets:

The Cabbalah also divides the soul into three different substances according to the three biblical names, assigning their origins to the three different spheres of the universe, and reiterating the Platonic theory of the pre-existence of the soul and its future transmigration. This division into three parts provided scope for all types of theories concerning the soul in its sensuous, its moral, and its intellectual nature. Fundamentally the Cabbalah considered the soul an emanation from the divine intellect with a luminous character just like the philosophers. But in the Platonic view of the ascending order of creation, which forms the basis of the Cabbalah, this mundane life is an abyss of moral degrada-

tion, so that the soul yearns toward the primal Source of light, finally to find freedom and bliss with God. Thus the later Cabbalah returned to the teachings of Philo, the Jewish Plato, for whom death was only the stripping off of the earthly frame in order to enter the pure and luminous world of God.

The entire absence of dogma from Judaism so far as immortality is concerned will thus be noted. In this respect piety is free to follow its own inclination and its own reason and to adopt whatever belief is most in accord with its own nature.

JEWISH THEOLOGY. By Dr. K. Kohler.  
New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

### DYING—SHALL MAN LIVE AGAIN?

In dying, will the parting breath  
Renew our life—is there no death?  
Go ask it of the winter's snow,  
Or of the winds that fiercely blow.  
Or ask it of the moaning seas,  
Or of the naked, barren trees;  
Or of dead leaves that withered lie,  
Where Autumn saw them fall and die.

Ask of the stars that nightly gleam—  
Or ask it of the frozen stream  
That in a shroud, all glorious, white,  
Lies buried through the wintry night.  
This question of another birth,  
Go ask it of old mother earth;  
Ask it of her when she receives  
The glory of the newer leaves.

Ask it of the joyous birds that sing.  
Or ask it of the new-born spring;  
Or of the mists in valleys low,  
That sleep—where swollen rivers flow.  
Or ask the thunder-toned roar  
Of the old ocean breaking o'er  
The barriers of some rock-bound shore—  
This question of forevermore.

And yet the answer, strong, and sure,  
That conquers every human fear,  
And wipes away each bitter tear—  
Is found in Him whose heart is pure:  
This is the answer that He gives,  
"Who dies to self, forever lives."

—Albert Frank Hoffman.

A fundamental law of Eastern Philosophy is, There is no miracle. Everything is the result of law.—H. P. Blavatsky.

### THE SOUL.

(The following suggestive passages are from a little book entitled *The Immortality of the Soul*, published by Sir Oliver Lodge in 1908.)

The theory of a larger and permanent personality of which the conscious self is only a fraction in process of individualization, the fraction being greater or less according to the magnitude of the individual—this doctrine as a working hypothesis, illuminates many obscure facts, and serves as a thread through an otherwise bewildering labyrinth. It removes a number of elementary stumbling blocks which otherwise obstruct an attempt to realize vividly the incipient stages of personal existence; it accounts for the extraordinary rapidity with which the development of an individual proceeds; and it eases the theory of ordinary birth and death. It achieves all this as well as the office for which it was originally designed, viz., the elucidation of unusual experiences, such as those associated with dreams, premonitions, and prodigies of genius. Many great and universal recognized thinkers, Plato, Virgil, Kant, I think, and Wordsworth, all had room for an idea more or less of this kind; which indeed in some form is almost necessitated by a consideration of our habitually unconscious performance of organic function. . . .

Our present state may be likened to that of the hulls and ships submerged in a dim ocean among many strange beasts, propelled in a blind manner through space; proud perhaps of accumulating many barnacles as decorations; only recognizing our destination by bumping against the dock wall. With no cognizance of the deck and the cabins, the spars and the sails; no thought of the sextant and the compass and the captain; no perception of the lookout on the mast, of the distant horizon; no vision of objects far ahead, dangers to be avoided, destinations to be reached, other ships to be spoken with by other means than bodily contact—a region of sunshine and cloud, of space, of perception, and of intelligence, utterly inaccessible to the parts below the water-line. . . .

The analogy pointed to is that whereas we living men and women, while associated with this mortal organism, are ignorant of whatever experience our larger selves may have gone through in the past

—yet when we wake out of this present materialized condition, and enter the region of larger consciousness, we may gradually realize in what a curious though legitimate condition of ignorance we now are; and may become aware of our fuller possession, with all that has happened here and now fully remembered and incorporated as an additional experience into the wide range of knowledge which that larger entity must have accumulated since its intelligence and memory began. The transition called death may thus be an awaking rather than a sleeping; it may be that we, still involved in mortal coil, are in the more dream-like and unreal condition.

### 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 rests photographed on its eternal tablet.

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.

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.

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.

### Hiranyagarba, or the Unit Soul.

That man who has conquered matter sufficiently to receive the direct light from his shining Augoiedes feels truth intuitionally; he could not err in his judgment notwithstanding all the soph-

isms suggested by cold reason, for he is *illuminated*.

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 is it with the mind.

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."

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.

The will creates; for the will in motion is *force*, and force reproduces *matter*.

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.

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.

It is a strange coincidence that when first discovered America was found to bear among some native tribes the name of Atlanta.

Great souls ever at rest in the Self, all light, and standing at the height of development, are always as firm as Mount Meru, though appearing as fickle without as a tip of a feather.—*Yogavasishtha*.

## TELEPATHY.

(By J. A. Hadfield.)

Having pointed out that we have real evidence that the mind can dominate the body and all its functions, let us now consider certain evidence which suggests that the mind can act without using the ordinary channels of bodily sense.

Just as the pursuit of Astrology brought to light facts which laid the foundation of the science of Astronomy, so the pursuit of Spiritualism has brought to light facts of thought-transference or Telepathy. These have already given rise to a certain amount of scientific investigation, and will be more thoroughly investigated in the future.

Only the briefest indication of their nature can be given in this place; but some further illustration will be found in Essay VII of this volume. Probably the subject first forced itself to the front owing to the frequently recorded cases of "wraiths" appearing at the time of death. Many of us have personal experience of having the thought of some person obtruded on our mind, and have discovered later that this person died at that moment, or passed through some extraordinary experience. The image of the person is flashed across our mind, perhaps visualized. I should hold myself that, if visualized, the appearance is a hallucination, the result of a subjective impression. This states very concisely the difference between the theory of Telepathy and that of Spiritualism.

The Spiritualist seems to believe that the spirit of the departed is in the room and manifests himself in some actual form, but a more reasonable theory is that the impression is purely subjective, and due to Telepathy from the dying person. It is to be noted that in several of the best-authenticated of these stories of apparitions of the dying, the death takes place in India or Africa, and the recipient is in England. In the Proceedings of the S. P. R. many instances of exactly this class are recorded.

The following account by Dr. Leonard Guthrie relates the experience of a credible witness, E. W. M., a distinguished scientist, and F. R. S. In his own words he writes:

"When I lived in Canada the following case occurred: an Englishman and an American clubbed together to try to

reach the Klondyke goldfield by the overland trail, *i. e.*, by going due north from the prairies, instead of following the usual course of crossing by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Vancouver, then taking steamer up the coast to Sitka, and crossing back over the mountains via White Horse Pass. After the pair had passed on their journey what the American judged to be the outposts of civilization he shot the Englishman while he lay asleep, tried to destroy the body by burning it, rifled his baggage, taking everything of value, and returned. When he was questioned as to what had become of his companion, he replied that he (the American) had become discouraged and had given up the expedition, but that the Englishman had pushed on. But there was an encampment of Indians close to the spot where the crime had been committed. The old chief saw two men come north and encamp in the night, he heard a shot and saw one man go south. He went to the camp, saw the body, and informed the nearest post of Northwest Mounted Police. They trailed the murderer, and arrested him before he could escape across the United States border. He was brought to Regina. Meanwhile the brother of the murdered man, in England, had a dream in which he saw his absent brother lying dead and bloody on the ground. He came down next morning very depressed, told his dream, and announced his intention of going straight out to Canada to see if anything had happened to his brother. He arrived out as the trial of the murderer was progressing. He identified several articles in possession of the murderer as the property of his late brother. The murderer was hanged at Regina."

Such instances are comparatively common, and if they do not convince the skeptic they at least afford sufficient ground for scientific investigation. There must be some cause for these phenomena, and if they are not due to telepathy then it is just as necessary to explain in some other way the psychology of such mental aberrations.

In a series of seances arranged by the Society for Psychical Research, with Mrs. Piper as medium, the investigators sought to obtain an account of a certain conversation which took place between Mrs. Sidgwick and Mr. Crookley H.

Myers, some time before his death. This conversation was known to none except to the two participants. In her trance Mrs. Piper claimed to have access to "Myers," and an attempt was made to induce the spirit of "Myers" to reproduce the conversation through Mrs. Piper. As long as Mrs. Sidgwick was absent and did not come into contact with Mrs. Piper, the medium failed to reproduce the conversation. When, however, Mrs. Sidgwick came into contact with Mrs. Piper, there was a remarkable, though not perfectly accurate, account given of the conversation. That is to say, it was the proximity of Mrs. Sidgwick, who *knew the conversation*, that made the difference. Mrs. Sidgwick therefore concludes, and rightly so in my opinion, that the medium became possessed of the information, not from the spirit of "Myers," but by mental transference from Mrs. Sidgwick herself. In other words, though it did not prove communication with the spirit world it did afford important evidence of telepathy.

The subject needs patient and thorough investigation. Are we to assume that there is a psychic ether pervading space in the same way as that material ether which the scientist assumes to be omnipresent; or are we to believe in the theory of "brain waves," by which the activity of one brain is transferred to another brain, as the air conveys waves of sound from one man's voice to the ear of another man; or, as a third possibility, is the mind altogether free from the limitations of time and space, and does it thus possess the power of presenting itself to two persons at once, possibly at remote parts of the earth?

On the one hand, experiments in telepathy, *e. g.*, those conducted at Brighton, and quoted by Podmore in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, have shown that more successes are obtained when the person giving and the person receiving the message are in the same room, which suggests that distance does have an influence on the transmission of thought. On the other hand, the fact that messages have been transferred from one hemisphere to another, from Canada to England, suggests that the process of transference is independent of space and time and that it is concerned, therefore,

with mind itself. It is difficult to conceive how brain waves, the very name of which suggests a material medium, can overcome the obstacle of continents and penetrate a brain in the uttermost parts of the earth, and to do so with sufficient force to rise into consciousness.

Whatever the explanation, however, it is safe to say that in telepathy we have an indication that the mind is much less circumscribed by the limitations of the material body than is ordinarily supposed.—*From "Immortality." Published by the Macmillan Company.*

### COMPENSATION.

The wings of Time are black and white,  
Pied with morning and with night.  
Mountain tall and ocean deep  
Trembling balance duly keep.  
In changing moon and tidal wave  
Glow the feud of Want and Have.  
Gauge of more and less through space,  
Electric star or pencil plays,  
The lonely Earth amid the balls  
That hurry through the eternal halls,  
A makeward flying to the void,  
Supplemental asteroid,  
Or compensatory spark,  
Shoots across the neutral Dark.

Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine;  
Stanch and strong the tendrils twine:  
Though the frail ringlets thee deceive,  
None from its stock that vine can reave.  
Fear not, then, thou child infirm,  
There's no god dare wrong a worm;  
Laurel crowns cleave to deserts,  
And power to him who power exerts.  
Hast not thy share? On winged feet,  
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;  
And all that Nature made thy own,  
Floating in air or pent in stone,  
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,  
And like thy shadow, follow thee.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

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

—*Kiratarjuniam.*

Things visible are but the shadow and  
delineation of things that we can not  
see.—*Gregory of Nazianzen*

## SUDDEN LIGHT.

I have been here before,  
But when or how I can not tell:  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet keen smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights around  
the shore.

You have been mine before,—  
How long ago I may not know:  
But just when at the swallow's soar  
Your neck turned so,  
Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of  
yore.

Has this been thus before?  
And shall not thus time's eddying  
flight  
Still with our lives our love restore.  
In death's despite,  
And day and night yield one delight once  
more?—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

## 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.

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.

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.

The silent worship of abstract or noumenal Nature, the only divine manifestation, is the one ennobling religion of humanity.

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 constel-

lations, whether separately or in combination with other signs, has an Occult influence either for good or for evil.

The wise men who . . . invented a method to make the incomprehensible assume a tangible form, could only do so by resorting to numbers and geometrical figures.

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.

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.

The Future, like the past, is ever alive in the present.

It is well known that sand, when placed on a metal plate in vibration, assumes a series of regular figures of various descriptions. Can Science give a *complete* explanation of this fact?

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.

Since no single item 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 into the consciousness of the forms of life nearest us?

The historical investigation of the development of the earth has proved that *now* and *then* rest upon the same base; that the present has been developed in the same manner as the present rolls on; and that the forces which were in action ever remained the same.—*Burmeister.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## MIRACLES.

The problem of miracles seems to be an ever-present one to the theological mind. A clergyman has just written a large and erudite volume in order to prove that miracles belonged exclusively to New Testament days, that they never occurred before, and that they have never occurred since. One would think that the author might have been better employed, but there seems to be something in the orthodox theology that inevitably conduces to a certain mental childishness, a magnification of the unimportant, a concentration upon the trivial. A time when the whole world is at war, and when printing paper is so expensive, seems hardly appropriate to profound disquisitions upon tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee and the differences between them. And then we wonder that the churches should have fallen upon a season of unpopularity.

Actually there is here no problem that need cause such a fluttering in the clerical dovescotes. Miracles prove nothing except that their performer possessed a larger knowledge of natural law than other men. The powers of the modern scientist would seem miraculous to the savage. A knowledge of spiritual laws enables its possessor to produce phenomena that are beyond the reach of those who know only of material things.

Every so-called miracle is outmatched in its wonder by the normal processes of

nature that fail to arrest our attention because they are so commonplace. The turning of water into wine is not nearly so wonderful as the process that turns a piece of bread and butter into muscle, bone, blood, sinew, and tissue. We must perforce believe in the greater miracle. Why then refuse to believe in the lesser? Nature is performing the transmutation of metals every day. She is transforming everything. She has transformed a world of primordial mud into the bewildering panorama of variety and beauty that we see around us. Why should we find it so hard to believe that water was transformed into wine? Why should we deny or wish to deny that spirituality can confer a wisdom and a vision that enables its possessor to look deep into the processes of nature and imitate them in a phenomenal way? Why should not the individual saint be able to do the things that nature is doing at every instant? So far from finding it difficult to believe in miracles, the real difficulty is to believe in anything else. We can not exclude miracles from a universe that is miraculous in its every part, where we see the ineffable miracle of a leaf falling to the ground, presently to be snatched up and welded into some other form, an endless cycle of transformation and recreation. When this rather foolish clergyman tries to persuade us that the production of miracles was confined to some ten years in the life history of the human race we must respectfully reply



that we are not able to see the forest for the trees, and that not even the commonplace can hide the universal magic and mystery. —

### ELEMENTALS.

A correspondent asks the meaning of the statement that "elementals have no individuality until they have acquired it by incarnation in the higher animals or the bodies of men." It would appear from this, he says, that there must be human bodies animated, as it were, by elementals. In such a case, he asks, what becomes of the soul that should inhabit that body? And how may such a phenomenon be identified?

Our correspondent seems to have made the mistake of regarding elementals as apart from the host of monadic lives, as beings *sui generis* so to speak. But the only form of embodied consciousness is the monadic. Wherever there is a manifestation of consciousness it is due to the presence of a monad. Elementals are monads. So are the souls of men. So are gods. The monad is always the underlying basis of reality throughout nature, the consciousness underlying phenomena. Elementals are monads at a particular stage of their evolution. When they pass that stage they are no longer called elementals, but the difference is mainly one of nomenclature and of classification.

A monad in the mineral kingdom has no individuality. It is consciousness at its lowest point, or rather consciousness manifesting under the maximum of material disability. Remember that all consciousness is essentially the same. It is the density of its vehicles that varies, just as the sunlight that filters through a dusty pane of glass is identical with the sunlight outside. The difference is in the medium and not in the sunlight.

When the mound reaches the vegetable kingdom it is still without individuality, but it now has a more transparent vehicle and therefore shines more brightly. The vegetable monad, because it has mineral experience, now collects mineral elementals around it as a sort of base upon which to stand. As a matter of fact the vegetable always contains a large amount of mineral matter.

The process is repeated in the animal kingdom. The monad now stands on a

platform of vegetable and mineral monads or elementals. It has become an animal elemental, or a monad in the animal kingdom, but its body is made up of mineral and vegetable elementals or lives that represent the stages of its evolution that it has passed and left behind. It may be said to be the apex of a pyramid of which the base is mineral and vegetable. But there is no essential difference between all these forms of lives. The difference is in the material media through which they shine. But the monad has no individuality yet. It has a group consciousness. It is not capable of the "I am I."

But the individuality begins here. It shows itself slightly in the higher animal forms, and with particular emphasis in domesticated animals whose evolution is thus hastened by their contact with man, and perhaps this is the karmic reward or compensation for the sufferings usually entailed by human association.

It is only in the human form that individuality becomes distinct. The human soul is a monad that has come upward through all the lower forms of mineral, vegetable, and animal. It is the same monad or elemental, but now we no longer call it an elemental, but once more the difference is one of classification and convenience. The human monad now stands on a triple platform. It is once more the apex of a triangle, and the bases of that triangle are composed of mineral, vegetable, and animal elementals that represent the phases of its evolutionary experiences. These lower elementals constitute the human body, and they exercise a downward attractive tendency and become the forces of the lower or passional nature. You will now see what is meant by the statement that elementals have no individuality until they have acquired it by incarnation in the higher animals or the bodies of men. The human consciousness is itself an elemental, although it is no longer so called. Also the elementals that make up the lower nature derive a certain amount of individuality by their association with the more developed consciousness that has become fully human. Savages are the monads that have most recently emerged from the animal to the human stage.

Let us use an analogy. The captain

of a ship has under him the many grades into which the crew is divided—officers, engineers, boatswains, able seamen, etc. But they are all alike men. The differences between them are the differences in education, experience and skill. But the captain has the education, experience, and skill of all of them. They all represent grades through which he has passed on the way to his command. He himself was once an able seaman, a boatswain, and an officer. The captain is the human monad. All the lower grades of the crew are also monads, but they are monads in the elemental grades. They have all human potentialities, but these are undeveloped. They must wait for the necessary experience. But there are no essential differences between them. The differences are found in the varying densities of the media that surround them, and those media become more transparent with experience and effort. Just as every member of the crew is a man, from the captain downward, so all consciousnesses are monads, from the human consciousness down to the dim consciousness of the mineral. Evolution is universally governed by experience, and experience regulates the density of the material media that veil consciousness. The life wave to the uttermost confines of nature is monadic. Up to a certain point the monads are called elemental. After that point they become human, and then divine.

### TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

(From the Vedas.)

In the beginning, there arose the Golden Child,  
As soon as born, he alone was the lord  
of all that is,  
He established the earth and this  
heaven:—

Who is the God to whom we shall  
offer sacrifice?

He who gives breath, he who gives  
strength,

Whose commands all the bright gods  
revere,

Whose shadow is immortality, whose  
shadow is death:—

Who is the God to whom we shall  
offer sacrifice?

He who through his might became

The sole king of the breathing and  
twinkling world,

Who governs all this, man and beast;—

Who is the God to whom we shall  
offer sacrifice?

He through whose might these snowy  
mountains are,

And the sea, they say, with the distant  
river;

He of whom these regions are indeed the  
two arms;—

Who is the God to whom we shall  
offer sacrifice?

He through whom the awful heavens and  
the earth were made fast,

He through whom the ether was estab-  
lished and the firmament;

He who measured the air in the sky;—

Who is the God to whom we shall  
offer sacrifice?

He to whom heaven and earth, standing  
firm by his will,

Look up, trembling in their mind:

He over whom the risen sun shines  
forth;—

Who is the God to whom we shall  
offer sacrifice?

When the great waters went everywhere,  
Holding the germ and generating light,  
Then there arose from them the breath  
of the gods;—

Who is the God to whom we shall  
offer sacrifice?

He who by his might looked even over  
the waters

Which held power and generated the sac-  
rifice,

He alone is God above all gods;—

Who is the God to whom we shall  
offer sacrifice?

May he not hurt us, he who is the be-  
gotten of the earth,

Or he, the righteous, who begat the  
heaven;

He who also begat the bright and  
mighty waters;—

Who is the God to whom we shall  
offer sacrifice?

That each, who seems a separate whole,  
Should move his rounds, and, fusing  
all

The skirts of self again, should fall  
Remerging in the general Soul.

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:

Eternal form shall still divide

The eternal soul from all beside,

And I shall know him when we meet.

## FROM THE ILIAD.

The gods, the only great and wise,  
 Are moved by offerings, vows, and sacrifice;  
 Offending man, their high compassion wins,  
 And daily prayers atone for daily sins.  
 Prayers are Jove's daughters of celestial race,  
 Lame are their feet and wrinkled is their face;  
 With humble mien and with dejected eyes,  
 Constant they follow where Injustice flies;  
 Injustice swift, erect and unconfined,  
 Sweeps the wide earth and tramples o'er mankind,  
 While Prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind,  
 Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,  
 For him they mediate to the throne above;  
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,  
 The sire revenges for the daughters' sake,  
 From Jove commissioned, fierce Injustice then  
 Descends to punish unrelenting men.

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 DOGMATISM.

To nationalize or otherwise localize the universal God is to make *spiritual intolerance*—the most anti-human of all moods, for it poisons the very head-springs of brotherly love—a lofty virtue and a solemn duty. Among the Gentiles, whose gods, as I have said, were in the main frankly local, tolerance of the creeds of others was quite compatible with devotion to one's own. But the nation or the institution that believes itself to be in exclusive possession of the oracles of God, must needs regard it as its duty to communicate to the rest of mankind the truth that has been committed to it; and, that being so, we can not wonder if, when other nations refuse to respond to its teaching, it tries to spread the knowledge of God by fire and sword. There are two great religions whose history has been indelibly stained by wars and persecutions—Christianity and Mohammedanism; and it is a significant fact that each of these claims to have been supernaturally revealed to man by

the one and only God, and that both are offshoots from the parent stem of Judaism. And though Israel himself, in his dealings with other nations, has been doomed to suffer rather than inflict persecution, the passive and essentially selfish intolerance which has always made him shrink from contact with the Gentiles, as one shrinks from the touch of an unclean thing, is not less odious than the active intolerance (born of evangelizing zeal) of the Christian or the Moslem. The truth is that intolerance, whether active or passive, is of the very essence of dogmatism, and that dogmatism is one of the fatal legacies that Israel bequeathed to mankind.

Another and a not less fatal legacy is *materialism*—the externalization of the inward life, the substitution of mechanical for vital action. The war that Israel, as the champion of the dogmatic principle, waged, or was ready to wage, against freedom of thought, was the outcome and counterpart of a war which he waged in his own inner life. The reason why the average man does not wish other persons to think freely is that he does not wish to think freely himself, the effort and the responsibility of doing so being too great for him. It was reluctance to use his own freedom that made Israel first banish from Nature, and then localize (within the limits of Nature), the universal God; and his vision of God reacted on and intensified the feeling that gave birth to it. For it is by means of a special revelation from beyond the limits of Nature that the universal God is localized in Nature; and a special revelation, involving as it does an authoritative declaration of what man is to believe and to do, is obviously incompatible with freedom, whether of thought or of action. Now, the difference between freedom and necessity (in the sphere of human life) is the difference between spiritual and material compulsion, between compulsion from within and compulsion from without. When Israel decided to forego his freedom he decided to place himself under the control of external and quasi-material forces; in other words, he decided to externalize his own inner life and to materialize or quasi-materialize the Power or Powers which he recognized as supreme. The freedom of man is entirely compatible with the paramount and all-

pervading control of God, so long as God is conceived of as (under one of His manifestations) the spirit that dwells in man's heart: for in the light of that conception, constraint by the Divine Will is seen to be equivalent to constraint by one's own higher and better self; and to be self-constrained is, obviously, to be free. The presence of God in the inner life and the pressure of God on the soul are realized by him who experiences them, not as irresistible and quasi-physical compulsion, but as spontaneous spiritual energy—in other words, as free-will and free-thought. But the tremendous demands upon one's mental and spiritual resources which this theory of God and man involves is one to which Israel was unwilling to respond. The price that he had to pay for evading the burdensome prerogative of freedom—the materialization of himself and of God—was a heavy one, but he paid it with fanatical joy. His weakness, as he yielded to it, became a sacred principle, and his loss of faith, a solemn creed; both creed and principle being worked out by him with characteristic thoroughness into their last and most fatal consequences. That nothing might be left to his own initiative he conceived of himself as clay in the hands of the Potter; and that he might complete the circle of his materialism he fashioned the Potter in the image of himself.

Thus there were at least two main directions in which Israel's conception of a God who was at once universal and local was predestined to develop. The first was that of dogmatic intolerance, which is the negation of brotherly love. The second was that of materialism, which is the negation of spiritual life. The confluence of these two streams of tendency gives us Pharisaism. This fact is the full and final condemnation of the philosophy of Israel. If a tree is to be judged by its fruits, then it must have been an evil tree which bore, when fully developed, so poisonous a fruit as the Pharisaic scheme of life. We have seen that Christ, whose heart overflowed with love, and who looked on moral transgression with pity rather than anger, hated Pharisaism with a stern and unswerving hatred; and we can now understand why he did so. He hated it, not because of the vices that it deliberately fostered or the immorality that it indi-

rectly countenanced, but because it was the elaboration in theory and the embodiment in practice of a corrupt principle; because it was the natural and inevitable outcome of a radically false conception of God, of Nature, and of Man. —From *"The Creed of Christ."* Published by the John Lane Company.

### RESPONSIBILITY.

The King said, "Reverend Nagasena, what is re-born?" The elder replied, "Mind and body, O King, are re-born." "Is it just this mind and body that is re-born?" "Not just this mind and body, O King, but with this mind and body a man does deeds (karma), either good or evil, and through these deeds another mind and body is re-born." "If, reverend sir, it is not just this mind and body that is re-born, surely he will be liberated from his evil deeds?" The elder replied, "If he were not re-born, he would be liberated from his evil deeds, but just because he is re-born he is not liberated from his ill-deeds."

"Give me an example." "Just as if, O King, a man were to steal a mango from another man, and the owner of the mango were to take him and bring him before the king, saying, 'Your majesty, my mangoes have been stolen by this man'; and the thief were to reply, 'Your Majesty, I did not take his mangoes. The mangoes he planted are not the same as those I stole. I am not liable to punishment.' Now would the man, O King, be liable to punishment?" "Yes, reverend sir, he would." "Why?" "Whatever he might say, he could not deny the first mango, and he would be liable to punishment for the last." "Even so, O King, through this mind and body a man does good or evil deeds, and through these deeds another mind and body is re-born. Hence he is not liberated from his evil deeds."

"Give me a further example." "Just as if, O King, a man were to buy a pot of milk from a cowherd, and were to leave it in his charge and go away, saying, 'I will come and take it tomorrow'; and he were to come the next day, when it had turned to curds, and say, 'Give me my pot of milk,' and he should give him the curds, and the other were to say, 'I did not buy curds from you; give me my pot of milk.' The other would reply,

'Without your knowing it, the milk has turned to curds.' If they came disputing before you, in whose favor would you decide?" "In favor of the cowherd, reverend sir." "Why?" "Because, whatever he might say, nevertheless it is just from the milk that the curds are derived." "Even so, O King, through this mind and body a man does good or evil deeds, and through these deeds another mind and body is re-born. Hence he is not liberated from his evil deeds." "You are a clever man, Nagasena."—From "*Buddhist Scriptures*," translated by E. J. Thomas, M. A., in *Wisdom of the East Series*.

[The mind here referred to seems to be lower Manas, a ray from the permanent and spiritual above it, and therefore emanated at each reincarnation.—Ed.]

### THE NEGATIVE CONFESSION.

(From "The Egyptian Book of the Dead.")

In the Hall of the Goddesses Isis and Nephthys, who symbolize Right and Truth, are seated or standing forty-two gods, to each of whom the deceased must address a prescribed negative statement as follows:

"I have not done iniquity. I have not robbed with violence. I have not done violence to any man. I have not committed theft. I have not slain man or woman. I have not made light the bushel. I have not acted deceitfully. I have not purloined the things which belong unto God. I have not uttered falsehood. I have not carried away food. I have not uttered evil words. I have attacked no man. I have not killed the beasts (which are the property of God). I have not acted deceitfully. I have not laid waste the lands which have been plowed. I have never pried into matters to make mischief. I have not set my mouth in motion against any man. I have not given way to wrath concerning myself without cause. I have not committed any sin against purity. I have not struck fear into any man. I have not encroached upon sacred times and seasons. I have not been a man of anger. I have not made myself deaf to the words of right and truth. I have not stirred up strife. I have made no man to weep. I have not eaten my heart (lost my temper and become

angry). I have abused no man. I have not acted with violence. I have not judged hastily. I have not taken vengeance upon the god. I have not multiplied my speech overmuch. I have not acted with deceit and I have not worked wickedness. I have not uttered curses. I have not fouled water. I have not made haughty my voice. I have not cursed the god. I have not behaved with insolence. I have not sought for distinctions. I have not increased my wealth except such things that are justly mine own possessions. I have not thought with scorn of the god who is in my city.

### EDWIN BOOTH AS A WRITER.

Had Edwin Booth not been a great actor he might have made his mark in literature (according to an article recently written for the *Century Magazine* by David Belasco). His letters in which he speaks of the death of his wife are as beautiful as, if not more beautiful than, any letter penned by Keats. His description of a presentiment of his wife's death might have been written by Poe. He wrote:

"I was in New York in bed; it was about 2 in the morning. I was awake; I felt a strange puff of air strike my right cheek twice; it startled me so that I was thoroughly aroused. I turned in bed, when I felt the same on the left cheek—two puffs of wind, ghost kisses. I lay awake, wondering what it could mean, when I distinctly heard these words: 'Come to me, darling. I am almost frozen,' as plainly as I hear this pen scratching over the paper."

He reached home to find his wife cold in death in her coffin, and the rest is the beautiful letter of a lover who feels that he can never love life again because he has lost all. He longed to end his career, to join her. "I am in such haste to reach that beginning, or that end of all," he writes, "that I am breathless with my own impatience."

The Monad has to pass through its mineral, vegetable, and animal forms, before the Light of the Logos is awakened in the animal man. Therefore, till then, the latter can not be referred to as "man," but has to be regarded as a Monad imprisoned in ever-changing forms.—H. P. Blavatsky.

## 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."*  
*Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.*

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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.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

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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.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

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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.*

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Have these three things always present to your mind: what you were, what you are, and what you will be.—*S. Bernard.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## GEORGE W. RUSSELL.

Even the despised mystic may, it seems, sometimes be of material usefulness to the world, and perhaps this may have happened more often than we usually suppose. Certainly Mr. George W. Russell, better known as "Æ," has not only delighted the world with his poetry, a gain to be viewed dubiously by utilitarianism, but he has the more substantial credentials of an expertism on political economy. On one occasion we are told that he was invited to address the members of an intellectual society in Dublin, and amazed them by discoursing on the subject of fertilizers and creameries, and made absolutely no reference to Karma or Nirvana.

This we are told by Mr. Ernest A. Boyd in his "Appreciations and Depreciations," just published by the John Lane Company. But Mr. Boyd is rather more interested in Russell the poet and mystic than in Russell the economist:

The evolution of George W. Russell, the economist, from "Æ," the mystic poet, has been gradual. The one has so slowly merged into the other that it is now difficult to dissociate them. In the beginning, "Æ" came forward primarily as an exponent of mysticism, though in such an early pamphlet as *Priest or Hero?* one can discern the later polemicist on behalf of intellectual freedom. With "John Eglinton," Charles Johnston, W. R. Yeats, and Charles Weekes, he was one of a group of young men who met together in Dublin, some twenty to twenty-five years ago, for the discussion and reading of the Vedas and Upanishads. These young enthusiasts created in time a regular centre of intellectual

activity, which was translated in part into some of the most interesting literature of the Irish Revival. Their journals, the *Irish Theosophist*, the *Internationalist*, and the *International Theosophist*, contained a great deal of matter which has since taken a high place in modern Anglo-Irish literature. It was in the pages of those reviews that the first poems of "Æ" were published, and to them we owe a number of essays afterwards collected by "John Eglinton" under the title, *Pebbles from a Brook*. Of all who contributed to that intellectual awakening few remain, in the Hermetic Society, as it is now called. But "Æ" is still the mystic teacher, the ardent seer, whose visions and eloquence continue to influence those about him. One no longer enjoys the spectacle described by Standish O'Grady, of the youthful "Æ," his hair flying in the wind, perched on the hillside preaching pantheism to the idle crowd. His friends Johnston and Weekes are elsewhere; the heroic days of intellectual and spiritual revolt have passed; but "Æ" may yet be seen, in less romantic surroundings, constantly preaching the gospel of freedom and idealism.

The first volume published by Russell was "Homeward," a collection of songs intended to be a narrative of his spiritual adventures, the record of those ecstasies which mark the search of the soul for the Infinite. As he says in one of his essays, "the 'quick rhythmic trick' is a mnemonic by which the poet records, though it be but an errant and faltering tune, the inner music of life":

His songs have, therefore, a sensuous, un-  
earthly note; they do not speak of man's ex-  
periences in his normal unexalted state, but  
of those rare moments of divine vision and  
intuition when his being is dissolved in ec-  
static communion with the Eternal. It is  
then "Æ" feels that he is one with the in-



visible, immortal Powers, and obtains that glimpse of Reality which, as Schopenhauer has said, is seen only by the artist in the travail of creation. Shaking himself free of the illusions of this world, where our representations obscure the Real, the seer beholds Deity, and knows himself to be a god. "In the moment he has attained to spiritual vision and ecstasy he has come to his true home, to his true self, to that which shall exist when the light of the sun shall be dark, and the flocks of stars withdrawn from the fields of heaven."

Russell obtains his inspiration largely from nature, if that much-abused word may be allowed in this connection:

When twilight flutters the mountain over,  
The faery lights from the earth unfold:  
And over the caves enchanted hover  
The giant heroes and gods of old.

When twilight over the mountains fluttered,  
And night with its starry millions came,  
I too had dreams: the songs I have uttered  
Come from this heart that was touched by  
the flame.

But Russell always sees in a landscape so much more than others. For him they are peopled with phantom figures or with flaming beings. The veil falls and he witnesses the realities:

Death, for him, has none of the mysterious terror which has inspired so much of fine poetry. To "Æ." the immortality of man is assured, for is he not of the same divine substance as the Great Source of all being? Death is the consummation of the greatest desire, permanent absorption into the Universal Spirit. He sees it as the homecoming of the soul, and it is with a sense of infinite peace and joy that he anticipates the passage "beyond the Gateways of the Day," when he will rest "in the high Ancestral Self."

But here Mr. Boyd is a little in error, and it seems that he must have known it. Mr. Russell does not believe that death means permanent absorption into the Universal Spirit. Mr. Russell does not believe in any permanent state or condition unless he has radically changed his views since the writer knew him years ago. He believed then, and presumably believes now, in reincarnation, but perhaps Mr. Boyd wishes to censor away a "superstition":

It is almost as hopeless to try to sum up the teaching of "Æ." as to attempt an adequate description of the author. In the man himself, as in his work, one is constantly obtaining glimpses of an extraordinarily beautiful soul. There is nothing he has touched without investing it with the glamour of idealism. His conversation is at its best a great, rhythmic torrent, which carries away

the hearer, who in most cases is reduced to rapt attention. With a wealth of imagery, with subtlety of mind, with astonishing breadth of knowledge, "Æ." will speak of every question that presents itself to the intelligent man of today—or of all time, should the theme be metaphysical. The conversation ranges over a comprehensive expanse of human experience; the Sanscrit Books are invoked at one moment, only to make way the next for a citation from the latest work on agricultural credit, or a scathing scientifico-metaphysical indictment of the pretensions of the biologists. All his discourse is fired by the same splendid energy, the same enthusiasm for what is noble and exalting in mankind. Few young men can have known "Æ." without being stirred mentally, spiritually, and emotionally, and as long as the younger generation comes under his influence there is hope for the destinies of new Ireland.

There are other essays equally good, in this volume.

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What philosopher has not at one time or another cut the queerest figure imaginable, between the affirmations of a reasonable and firmly convinced eye-witness, and the inner resistance of insurmountable doubt? Shall he wholly deny the truth of all the apparitions they tell about? What reasons can he quote to disprove them? Shall he, on the other hand, admit even one of these stories? How important would be such an avowal, and what astonishing consequences we should see before us, if we could suppose even one such occurrence to be proved! A third way out, perhaps, is possible, namely, not to trouble one's self with such impertinent or idle questions, and to hold on to the *useful*. But because this plan is reasonable, therefore profound scholars have at all times, by a majority of votes, rejected it! Since it is just as much a silly prejudice to believe without reason *nothing* of the many things that are told with an appearance of truth, as to believe without examination *everything* that common report says, the author of this book has been led away partly by the latter prejudice, in trying to escape the former.—*Kant*: "*Dreams of a Spirit-Seer.*"

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The spiritual life is of necessity a growth, and all growth represents a renunciation as well as an achievement.—*Elizabeth Underhill*.

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What I call God,  
And fools call Nature.—*Browning*.

## SOME TESTIMONY.

Mr. J. Arthur Hill's new book entitled "Man Is a Spirit," just published by the George H. Doran Company (\$1.50), is described as a collection of spontaneous cases of dream, vision, and ecstasy. A few examples are appended, but the book as a whole may be accepted as a collection of valuable evidence:

Some years ago I became acquainted with a stalwart ex-soldier of our Civil War. He was an artilleryman, and was sitting on the ammunition chest of his gun when it was hit by a shell from the enemy's gun and exploded. The man was thrown into the air and his body fell to the ground. He said that he was up in the air, looking down at his own body which lay upon the ground at some distance from him. He seemed to be yet connected with the body by a slender cord of a clear silvery appearance, and, while he looked on, two surgeons came by, and after looking at the body remarked that he was dead. One of the medicos took hold of an arm and turned the body on its side, and remarked that he was dead; and they both passed on and left him. Soon after the stretcher-bearers came along and found there was life in the corpse, and carried him to the rear.

After the turning of the body, he said, "I came down that silver cord and returned to the old body and reanimated it, although my body was blind as a bat and my right arm was torn from my shoulder"; and he showed me on his face and chest forty-eight scars caused by the bursting shell. This man was living at St. Petersburg, Flo., and I think is yet living. G. B. CRABBE.

I want also to tell you of my one and only psychical experience. Years ago, when only seventeen, I was, in Calcutta, put under chloroform to have a number of teeth out. I presently felt I, myself, was in space above my body, round which were the doctors, dentists, and my mother, and I remember wondering why I was not being judged, since I was obviously dead. I had been brought up as a strict Roman Catholic and taught that individual judgment followed death. I had never read any psychical books or experiences. I was afterwards told that my condition caused alarm, as I would not come back to consciousness. I've never forgotten that dream (?) and, when put under chloroform in September for my very serious operation, was anxious to see if anything of the same sort happened again. But it did not. I had no dream, and this time took the chloroform well. So it does look as if the soul had lifted from the body that long-ago time. I have no personal particular wish to survive after death. One gets so tired in this life! But whether one *does* or does not is the matter of greatest interest, especially so when those one loves have crossed over.

(Miss) BERYL HINTON.

I shall be pleased for you to use my queer out-of-the-body experience in your collection,

and am glad I mentioned it, since it has proved of interest. I do feel it to be remarkable, because I was a young girl with thoughts more on this world than the next. I knew nothing of psychical matters, and, having been brought up in the Catholic faith, one would imagine, had it been a dream, it would have been colored by the accepted orthodox idea of what the after-death condition would be. But nothing of the sort. There was I, above my body, around which were gathered the people present. I could not talk to them, and I remember so distinctly wondering, "If I am dead, how is it I am not being judged?" That I was out of the body I do not doubt. I am told they had some difficulty in restoring me to consciousness. In the long years that have passed since that experience, when doubts as to the future have assailed me, it has gone farther in my own mind to prove survival than all the books on faith I had read. It has remained a vivid memory, and when, after an interval of thirty years, I was again to be given chloroform last September, I was tremendously interested to see if this "dream" or "experience" would repeat itself: but this time the anæsthetic was very carefully given, and no sort of experience did I have.

BERYL HINTON.

About five years ago I woke from sleep to find "myself" clean out of the body, as the kernel of a nut comes out of its shell. I was conscious in two places—in a feeble degree, in the body which was lying in bed on its left side; and to a far greater degree, away from the body (far away, it seemed), surrounded by white opaque light, and in a state of absolute happiness and *security* (a curious expression, but one which best conveys the feeling).

The whole of my personality lay "out there," even to the replica of the body—which, like the body, lay also on its left side. I was not conscious of leaving the body, but woke up out of it. It was not a dream, for the consciousness was an enhanced one, as superior to the ordinary waking state as that is to the dream state. Indeed, I thought to myself, "This can not be a dream," so I willed "out there" (there was no volition in the body), and as my spirit self moved so the body moved in bed.

I did not continue this movement. I was far too happy to risk shortening the experience. After lying in this healing and blessed light I became conscious of what, for want of a better term, I must call music: gentle and sweet it was as the tinkling of dropping water in a rocky pool, and it seemed to be all about me. I saw no figure, nor wished to; the contentment was supreme. The effect of these sounds was unutterably sweet, and I said to myself, "This must be the Voice of God." I could not endure the happiness, but lost consciousness there, and returned unconscious to the body, and woke next morning as though nothing had happened.

I had been passing through a period of mental and spiritual stress at the time, but had not been indulging in psychism, had never attended a seance or similar phenomenon, had not, as I remember, been reading anything to act by way of suggestion. I am in

no doubt whatever—so vivid was the happening—that had the feeble thread between soul and body been severed “I” should have remained intact, the grosser body being sloughed off for a finer and one fitted for a lighter and happier consciousness, for “life more abundant,” in fact.

I am afraid my letter is a very long one, and perhaps the experience is not a very wonderful one after all. Doubtless you are acquainted with many similar and more remarkable.

I feel, however, I would like to make it known in such times as these; and, apart from its scientific aspect, if it conveys any personal comfort the trouble is repaid indeed.

JOHN HUNTLEY.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 29th ult. to hand.

I agree that such experiences are helpful and should be known—especially at such a time as this. I am quite willing for you to include my account in your collection if you think the account is suitable for publication; it was written in a somewhat casual style, and not with the idea of appearing in print. However, I leave that to you.

I procured your book, “Religion and Modern Psychology,” and find it interesting and informing. I think, though—I hope you won’t mind my saying this—the distinction between the supernormal consciousness (including nature mysticism, various forms of “cosmic” consciousness and “enlargement” generally) and the pure flame of Mysticism proper, the relation between Soul and Source in its highest degree, might be more emphasized. I feel that supernormal happenings fall within these categories, and the second is vastly greater than the first group and distinct enough for the distinction to be made, since many (?all) experience the first under the influence of “love,” music, religious emotion, nature, and even wine and drugs. Sankaracharya, the Indian Monist Philosopher of the eighth century, speaks of the gross veil or impediment of the self (the body), and the psychic veil of the self (lifted in the first group of experience), and, beyond, the Spiritual Veil or impediment of the Self, beyond which is the Self in its state of ecstasy (lifted for or by all Mystics—I’m jealous of that word—the Mystics of all Religions).

Plotinus says much the same in the third century. From certain personal happenings (I’m sorry to sound the personal note) I incline to think this is the truth. Even the account I sent is withered before a downrush of the “Uncreated Light”—an ecstasy beyond description, love in a white stream that went through and through the body, wave after wave, not in any spiritual state as in “The Vision,” but in the ordinary waking state, lying upon my bed, and repeated within a month. So overpowering was this, so unutterably “holy,” that I scarcely like to refer to it, it seems too sacred. This was assuredly the rending of the Spiritual Veil, the Vision of Paul, Plotinus, and others, and revealed as well to an (otherwise) quite ordinary, commonplace person.

Thinking along these lines, I think the Dualist Philosophy is right, the worshipping of God external to the devotee, both in this

life and the next—the Heaven, the Paradise of different Religions—so long as the Psychic Veil is undrawn, and he is a distinct personality. With the clue before us, we may say that the Monist is right when, in this or the next life (although not of necessity even in the next life), the ultimate Veil is withdrawn and Soul and God are mingled together in ecstasy beyond belief—consciousness remaining, however.

I don’t know if I have worried you with this long letter; the subject has run away with me, and one seldom gets an opportunity to enter into these matters, of absorbing interest though they are. If I have, please excuse my selfish infliction.

I may add that I am not a “Spiritualist,” or Theosophist, or Occultist forer of these conditions, but a member of the Society of Friends, and one of liberal views in matters of Religious Belief.

I hope your health will soon be reestablished.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN F. HUNTLEY.

## IN DEFENSE OF H. P. B.

April 5, 1918.

EDITOR PEARSON’S MAGAZINE, 34 Union Square, New York City—*Gentlemen*: The article on Annie Besant in your March number contains the following statement:

Mrs. Besant never turned her dreams into money, as her teacher, Mme. Blavatsky, did.

Surely your Mr. Frank Harris, the writer of the article in question, should be too much a man of honor and knowledge to have permitted such a baseless and cruel calumny on Mme. Blavatsky to have sullied his writing.

H. P. Blavatsky lived for fifteen years in the white-hot light of a pitiless publicity, more fiercely assailed than any woman who ever lived because of the ethical, moral, and spiritual issues she raised in the arena of mankind. It was easier far for her opponents to attack and vilify her reputation and character than to meet the great questions she placed before the race; and this was the course invariably pursued by those who felt their interests menaced by what she taught. Abundant and various as were the slanders circulated in regard to her, we have to inform you that the one in question, that she “turned her dreams into money,” was not one of them ever raised during her lifetime from any responsible quarter. The charge would have been too bluntly such a matter of fact that an action for libel would have held; there would have been there no question of the mysterious or the “oc-

cult." Her assailants were too prudent and too wary to commit themselves to any actionable charges, capable of proof or disproof before a court of law.

We assume that you will gladly make such amends to your own sense of justice and honor, to the memory of a woman and a teacher whose life was devoted to the welfare and the uplift of humanity, and to the unnumbered thousands of living men and women who owe to Mme. Blavatsky all that makes life worth living or death worth dying, by such a statement in the pages of your magazine as shall, as far as it is humanly possible to do so, correct the gross wrong perpetrated whether wittingly or unwittingly by Mr. Harris' statement.

H. P. Blavatsky published two great works, namely, "Isis Unveiled," two volumes, 1877, and the "Secret Doctrine," two volumes, 1888. Of the first named some ten thousand sets were sold during her lifetime. The writing of the book entailed three years of arduous labor on her part. Her entire revenue from its sale was less than one thousand dollars. (Report of the Theosophical Society, American Section, Second Annual Convention.)

Of the "Secret Doctrine" three thousand sets were disposed of during her lifetime, and the writing of the work occupied her for four years. She never received one cent from its issue. It and her other books, aside from "Isis Unveiled," were published by the Theosophical Publishing Company, Ltd., London, the stock of which was owned by Archibald and Bertram Keightley, and the entire proceeds of the "Secret Doctrine" and her other books were used by them for Theosophical purposes.

She established the *Theosophist* at Bombay, India, in 1879 and continued with Colonel H. S. Olcott in ownership and control of that magazine until her death in 1891. The magazine was originally established out of her and Colonel Olcott's personal resources and upon it and their propaganda work in India there was a loss incurred and paid by them during the early years of publication of 32,000 rupees. Afterward the magazine yielded a small revenue—a revenue so small that Colonel Olcott recites in his "Old Diary Leaves" that when H. P. Blavatsky went to Europe under a doc-

tor's care in 1885 she was without means other than what he sent her; that he sent her \$100 per month for two years and then ceased sending her money as he had none to send after meeting expenses.

*Lucifer*, which she started in London in 1888 and edited till her death, always ran at a heavy loss and its deficits were met by herself, the two Keightleys, and others. When she died, May 8, 1891, she left absolutely nothing but a few personal effects, of no money value.

Throughout the period of her public life, from 1875 to 1891, she wrote and worked incessantly for the great ideas in which she believed. She never charged and never received one solitary cent for any article she ever wrote on Theosophy, for any instructions she ever gave, for any help she ever afforded, for any letters she ever wrote, for any lecture she ever delivered. On the contrary, she gave all that she had, money, time, effort, energy, life itself, to the cause she held dear and to its beneficiaries in every land, known and unknown to her personally.

When she came to New York in 1874 she made her own living with her own hands until she received funds from her relatives in Russia. She was of princely family and one known and noted in Russia for two centuries. She gave up family, fortune, friends, and country for her work. On her father's death she received her share of his estate and it was this money that sustained her and her work in New York and later in India. When it was exhausted she earned her own living by her pen through the writing of articles of travel, adventure, and description for various Russian periodicals.

These facts are, or should be, well known to any ordinarily informed man, for they are easily accessible from the lips of men still living as well as from innumerable printed sources. And it ought as well to be known that she never made any public exhibition of her occult powers, never sought to use them in any way whether for money, fame, or self-advertisement, but on the contrary masked and hid them from public knowledge and the phenomena she performed were in all cases done in private, for the instruction of her students or for the elucidation of laws and principles she

was endeavoring to make clear to those interested.

No person living knows the facts above recited any better than do Mrs. Annie Besant and Mr. Herbert Burrows, both of whom should be known by reputation, if not personally, by Mr. Harris. At the time of H. P. Blavatsky's death a public statement was issued, signed by Mrs. Besant and Herbert Burrows amongst others, a quotation from which is germane to the very subject we are writing you about. The quotation is as follows:

We, the undersigned, who have known intimately the late H. P. Blavatsky, have read with surprise and disgust the extraordinary and baseless falsehoods concerning her life and moral character circulated by a portion of the press.

We do not propose to attempt any answer in detail to libels as monstrous as they are vile, libels which deal, moreover, with supposed events laid in distant quarters of the world, without any evidence being adduced to substantiate the allegations. Is it right, even for the sake of soiling a dead woman's memory, to ignore the ordinary rule of law that the onus of proof lies on the accuser? What character can be safe if any unsupported slander is to be taken for proved fact? We content ourselves with staking our honor and reputation on the statement that her character was of an exceptionally pure and lofty type, that her life was unsullied and her integrity spotless. It is because we know this that we were and are proud to follow her guidance, and we desire to place on public record the fact that we owe to her the noblest inspirations of our lives.—*H. P. B.; In Memoriam; by Some of Her Pupils.*

The undersigned know something of H. P. Blavatsky by virtue of thirty-five years' study of her life and works, and they know that they speak for other thousands of grateful men and women besides themselves in asking that you give this correction of Mr. Harris' article as full a place in your magazine as you gave to the article itself of which we complain.

Respectfully,

EDITORS THEOSOPHY.

That portion of Manas which follows the two higher principles is the ancestral soul, indeed, the bright, immortal thread of the higher Ego, to which clings the spiritual aroma of all the lives or births.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

The Angels aspire to become Men; for the perfect Man, the Man-God, is above even Angels.—*Elihu Levi.*

## MAGIC AND ART.

(By Millicent Wadham.)

We have a good deal of information of one kind and another regarding magic, and much is written and talked about its operations, and the occult powers of color, sound, rhythm, and so on, but about its precise nature not much is said. To some it appears in the light of an exact science, to others as a form of art, and to others perhaps as a combination of both. But what is its exact nature? Is it a science or an art, or science *and* art, or is it again none of these? It seems very important that we should decide what its nature is, if our progress is to be anything but superficial and uncertain, for the methods we shall employ to understand its workings and to develop its possibilities will of necessity depend upon the nature of the things with which we are dealing. The matter becomes more urgent when we realize that we are already dealing with magic in an increasing degree, through rituals of various kinds, and in various movements, and in our attempts to create definite atmospheres by the use of certain colors, and so on.

The following suggestion as to the exact nature of magic is made for what it is worth, and carries with it no authority other than any inherent reasonableness or illumination it may possess. Briefly it is this, that magic is neither science nor art, nor a combination of the two, but is the "pair" to art, the opposite pole to it, and that together with art it constitutes the eternal duality of that mysterious ray of life which expresses itself in combinations of color, sound, form, rhythm, etc., in the physical world. This seems evident when we consider that whatever else art may or may not be, it is a *downward* or outward thrust of Spirit through mind and emotion into the physical world, expressing itself there in terms of color, sound, rhythm, etc., as aforesaid; while magic, whatever else it may or may not be, is an *upward* or inward thrust from the same physical basis through emotion and mind, to Spirit. One is a manifestation, the other an evocation, of Spirit.

Various important consequences follow from this conception of magic; for instance, if it be indeed the "pair" to art,

then its range and possibilities are equally great; it, too, will contain the heights of genius, the depths of insanity, with all the shades of good, bad, and indifferent in between. It is no longer a science of fixed operations and fixed results, though science enters into it, just as it enters into art, for the artist who does not know the possibilities and limitations of his material, the laws that govern his technic, can never be a master or produce great work; and similarly—if this theory be true—the magician is subject to the same conditions. If he have not the necessary knowledge of the laws governing his materials, and of the possibilities which lie within them, he, too, can never produce great magic, but *this knowledge alone will never create it*, any more than it will create great art. All the theoretical knowledge in the world with regard to color will not result in the work of a Titian, or of form in the work of a Pheidias. And so with magic: the perfect evocation of Spirit through magic requires as great creative ability, as great understanding, as great capacity for vision, feeling, mentality, as the perfect manifestation of Spirit through art; all that art demands magic demands—and no less.

This is not an easy doctrine, not nearly so easy as the conception of the magician as a kind of super-electrician, who by making and breaking circuits automatically produces fixed results—so much blue, so much pink, such a sound, such a gesture, and *hey presto*, Spirit is evoked! This last is a much more "comfortable doctrine," but it is hardly an inspiring one, and it tends to produce complacency and over-satisfaction at indifferent results.

But judge magic by the standard of art, demanding equally great work, and for the magician an organism as sensitive and perceptive as the artist's, and how different a horizon stretches before us! Infinitely greater and more exacting, but infinitely more inspiring. Judged by that standard, we are beginners indeed, with almost everything to learn; if we go to any theatre or music hall today that specializes in spectacle, we shall see there the masterly use of color—magical use of color—for it evokes, as was intended, desire and emotion. Compare it with our efforts and where are we? Surely the magic

which is to evoke not merely desire, but Spirit, must be at least as beautiful as this, if not infinitely more so? And as with color, so with sound, form, rhythm, gesture, and all the kindred materials of art and magic.

There is no need for us to be disheartened or ashamed of the crudity of our attempts if we recognize that we are just beginners, with a great ideal to work for, and a great goal to reach; but when we are complacent, when we speak as if we had "got there" and knew all about it, when some of us talk knowingly about the occult power of color and sound who would not cross the street to look at an old master, or spend a shilling on a concert, . . . then there is room for a blush, and we are hardly likely to impress the world with the wonder, beauty, and magnificence of the thing toward which we are reaching our hands. Whatever magic may or may not be, let us dream so splendidly, reach so far agonize and wrestle so earnestly for perfection, that such things become impossible, and we succeed at least in conveying to others that however feeble our endeavors, we have a great and holy thing before us, and recognize our insufficiency.

One last word: art and magic are means whereby Spirit manifests and is evoked—well or ill, perfectly or imperfectly, according to the power of the artist or the magician, but the Spirit is not limited by its servants, and if every artist died from the face of the earth its beauty would still shine out unabated in sun and stars, wind and rain—for nature, God's artistry, is unsurpassed by any human achievement—and if all magic, every ritual, faded from the memory of man, God, "nearer than hands or feet," would be with us still, to be evoked and touched by every seeking soul, then or now, then and now.—*From the Vahan.*

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The Atlantean Races were many, and their evolution lasted for millions of years. All of them were not bad, but became so towards the end of their cycle, as we, the Fifth Race, are now fast becoming.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

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Why should we fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life.—*Charles Frohman.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED  
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

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# Theosophical Outlook

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT  
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. III. No. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, May 25, 1918.

Price Five Cents

## FALSE THEOSOPHY.

The Theosophical Society has met and weathered many storms since first it saw the light in 1875. It encountered the bitter hostility of materialistic science, and slowly and surely overcame it. It incurred the unrelenting hatred of theological orthodoxy, and worsted it. Opposition from without and dissensions from within were its daily diet. None the less it thrived amazingly, and not only established the outlines of its philosophy in the popular mind, but it threw open the door and made safe the road to a dozen dilutions and imitations. Some of them were harmless, and may even have been beneficent. Others were perversions, and used the theosophical dress to disguise their poisons. All this was to be expected. It was a part of the price. It was a procedure to which history could find a hundred precedents.

The real danger to Theosophy was to be found in none of these. Not through such agencies is the real attack ever to be expected. It comes persuasively and insidiously, and it makes its appeal to friendship, to comradeship, and to loyalty. It poses as a growth, a development, and an advance. And it offers the bribe of wisdom, power, and immunity.

The latest warning of mischief comes to us from a pamphlet entitled "Theosophy and Pseudo-Theosophy," issued by a member of the Adyar Society. We have long had our suspicions that the Adyar

Society was rapidly divesting itself of the last traces of theosophical philosophy and was plunging into the quagmire of superstition and pretense, but we were not aware that things were quite so bad as this pamphlet would portray. Certainly they could hardly be worse. If the writer of the pamphlet in question is well informed, and he seems to be, his closing words are well justified. He says, "It is high time that Theosophists, even at the cost of sacrifice of devotion to their leaders, should wake to the fact that the devil, when he can not make use of the snares of the world and the flesh, can not tempt with personal ambition, still has many a tool for turning the disciple from the Path, and I am convinced this whole movement, backed though it is by Adyar, is one of them. It is one of the most subtle devices of 'Satan the Counsellor.'"

These are strong words, but they seem to be justified. And so we may ask, who is "Bishop" Leadbeater? Who is "Bishop" Wedgwood? Are these persons Theosophists, and if so whence did they get their ridiculous titles? Since when have there been "bishops" in the Theosophical Society? Who created them, and what are their functions?

A lingering hope that this disgusting nonsense is no more than an exhibition of childish vanities, a mere prancing about of infantile conceits, is rudely dispelled by examination into the claims of these bishops. The writer of the pamph-



let in question aids us substantially, and we may express our gratitude for a vigor of language that we can admire, but that we can not emulate. Speaking of one of "Bishop" Wedgewood's lectures he says, "I myself heard him describe the process of spiritual rain-making, in which a 'properly' ordained priest, who has been spiritually vaccinated by some other priest—he assured us that this was necessary, but that the private character of the man was a minor consideration—can, by clothing himself in certain vestments adorned with brass fringes and ornaments for 'conducting the current,' and by repeating certain prescribed formulas, produce a rain of spiritual power which would 'affect people for nine miles around,' including those engaged in secular pursuits at the time. I have always heard that God sends his rain on the just and on the unjust, but this is the first time I have heard it seriously claimed by one pretending to be a Theosophist that he does so at the instigation of a man in livery."

There is no need to comment upon this disgusting tomfoolery. Indeed there are no adequate words in which to do so. It belongs, it seems, to a ritual which has the effect of gathering power from some unknown source, the power then of being converted to some astral centre, from which it descends through the priest, flowing along the brass fringe on his left sleeve, and pours out of the brass ornament on the back of his gown. "This, according to these neo-Voodooists, is Theosophy; this is the divinely appointed way by which the Lord blesses those who happen to be somewhere 'miles around,' instead of the old way of entering into one's closet and seeking him." But there is one point on which we are still in doubt. We are not informed of the price that may appropriately be charged for these spiritual influences. Are they measured by metre? Is it a matter of voltage? Do you pay on delivery, or may you run a monthly bill?

A last hope that the writer of the pamphlet in question may have indulged in caricature is dispelled by "Bishop" Leadbeater himself. He says, "We who are students have often heard of the great reservoir of force which is constantly being filled by the Spiritual Hierarchy in order that its contents may be utilized by members of the Adept

Hierarchy and Their Pupils for the helping of the evolution of mankind. The arrangement made by the Christ with regard to His religion was that a kind of special compartment of that reservoir should be reserved for its use, and that a certain set of officials should be empowered by the use of certain special ceremonies, certain words and signs of power, to draw upon it for the spiritual benefit of their people. The scheme adopted for passing on the power is called ordination." Once more we should like to have a schedule of prices by the ampere. Or perhaps the bishops could oblige with a flat rate, or by faucet.

It is unfortunate that it should be necessary to notice the gibberings of these Theosophical *bandar log*. But how can it be avoided? Thousands of people read this revolting nonsense and believe it to be Theosophy. It is their only source of information concerning Theosophy. Naturally they are repelled and disgusted by a superstition without a parallel, an impudence almost incredible, a spiritual arrogance blighting alike to mind and soul.

Theosophy teaches none of these things. They are the antithesis of Theosophy and those who originate them are the enemies of Theosophy, and in our opinion its conscious enemies. Theosophy is a body of archaic teachings put forward as evidence of human brotherhood, and for no other purpose. Theosophy teaches the divinity of men, and therefore the unity of men. The practice of Theosophy is comprised in the word unselfishness, and it admits the possibility of growth and evolution in no other way. Progress along the path of spiritual development is to be obtained by self-induced and self-devised effort, and no through the mediation of mountebank bishops with brass ornaments, nor ceremonies, nor rituals, nor initiations, nor ordinations, which are snares and deceptions, traps baited by knaves for fools. And lest this should be considered unduly severe let us cite the words of a real Master of Theosophy who said, "He who does not practice altruism, he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself, he who hears another slandered and does not undertake his defense as he would undertake his own, is no Theosophist."

## A STORY FROM THE DEAD.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane, writing in one of the Hearst newspapers on the death of James Gordon Bennett, has some interesting speculations to make. He suggests that the great editor could now tell a wonderful story if only he were in a position to do so. What, he asks, would be the circulation of the *Herald* tomorrow if the following announcement were made in the *Herald* today: "James Gordon Bennett, editor of this newspaper, died Tuesday. Tomorrow he will tell very simply, without exaggeration, just exactly what happens when what you call *yourself* leaves your body and goes somewhere else."

We are not at all sure that the circulation of the *Herald* would benefit very substantially, or that its late editor would have half so good a story to tell as some of those other stories that he told while he was alive. We are inclined to think that his story would be rather a dull one, and that its readers would throw it on one side with a pish of discontent and incredulity. After all, we have had many stories of this kind and some of them have seemed to come from editors quite as distinguished as James Gordon Bennett. Mr. Stead, for example. Mr. Stead is supposed to have communicated a great many times since his death, but he never had anything to say that was worth saying, or that was in any way comparable in value with what he said while he was still on earth. It is to be feared that a communication from Mr. Bennett would be equally disappointing, and that the *Herald* would fail to profit from a "scoop" that might add to our mournful hilarities, but that would certainly not conduce to wisdom nor edification.

For why should a dead man know more than a living one? Why should we assume that the consciousness is bathed in a great flood of knowledge because it is no longer in a material body?

Sleep and death are so nearly alike as to be almost indistinguishable. We may reasonably believe that during sleep "what you call yourself leaves your body and goes somewhere else." But unfortunately we do not bring back any noticeable amount of wisdom or knowledge from the sleep states. Suppose we somewhat readjust the problem sug-

gested by Mr. Brisbane. Let him announce in his own newspaper that tomorrow he will relate without exaggeration just exactly what happened to him when he went to sleep. We can not promise him a largely increased circulation, but perhaps he will have something better, a dawning recognition of the meaning of death and the states of consciousness that follow dissolution.

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## THE MAKING OF SPRING.

Upon a day in April

There came a sudden hush—  
The silence of the forest,  
Expectant of a thrush.

Hardly an aspen quivered,  
Until a breeze and rill  
Were startled by the rumor  
Of daisies on the hill.

Sudden—a gust of passion  
Developed in the air,  
As tho the Little People  
Were thronging everywhere.

And lo! the spell that deepened  
On larch and pine and fir,  
Was broken. In the maple  
The sap began to stir.

Softly the doors of silence  
Were opened; and set free  
Were voices full of wilding,  
Prophetic mystery.

Had some world been discovered?  
Or had Pan misbehaved?  
Or was it but a nation  
That needed to be saved?

The thrush came with a question,  
Adventurous to find  
Some remnants of the wonder  
That God had left behind.

—William Griffith.

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Let it be plainly understood that we can not return to God unless we enter first into ourselves. God is everywhere, but not everywhere to us. There is but one point in the universe where God communicates with us, and that is the centre of our own soul. There He waits for us; there He meets us; there He speaks to us. To seek Him, therefore, we must enter into our own interior.—  
*Archbishop Ullathorne.*

## CROSSING.

"Traveler, where do you go?"  
 "I go to bathe in the sea in the redd'ning dawn, along the tree-bordered path."  
 "Traveler, where is that sea?"  
 "There where this river ends its course, where the dawn opens into morning, where the day droops to the dusk."  
 "Traveler, how many are they who come with you?"  
 "I know not how to count them. They are traveling all night with their lamps lit, they are singing all day through land and water."  
 "Traveler, how far is the sea?"  
 "How far is it we all ask?  
 The rolling roar of its water swells to the sky when we hush our talk. It ever seems near yet far."  
 "Traveler, the sun is waxing strong."  
 "Yes, our journey is long and grievous. Sing who are weary in spirit, sing who are timid of heart."  
 "Traveler, what if the night overtakes you?"  
 "We shall lie down to sleep till the new morning dawns with its songs, and the call of the sea floats in the air."  
 —*Rabindranath Tagore.*

## THE NEW DEATH.

Winifred Kirkland, writing on "The New Death" in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, says that the war has shocked us into a novel realization of the importance of death. In other days the individual knew little of death beyond an occasional bereavement. But now the numbers of the splendid dead compel our thoughts:

The New Death, now entering history as an influence, is so far mainly an immense yearning receptivity, an unprecedented humility of both brain and heart toward all the implications of survival. It is a great intuition entering into the lives of the simple, the sort of people who have made the past and will make the future. It does not matter in the least whether or not the intellectuals share this intuition, and it does not matter whether or not the intuition is true, or whether future generations, returned to the lassitude of peace, shall again deny the present perceptions; what does matter is the effect upon emergent public life and private of the fact that everyday men and women are believing that the dead live.

We do not believe that the war has caused everyday men and women to believe that the dead live. They have always believed it. A new realization may

have come, but it was not the everyday people who were misled by a scientific materialism. The scientist was never their teacher. He was never the "unquestioned arbiter" that the author seems to think:

Throughout this testing by tragedy, however, we still pay science this much of respect: we continue to practice its methods, while we no longer give blind acquiescence to its conclusions. In the immense desolations of grief today, each person must find his own answer to the supreme enigma. For this intellectual initiative the common man is far better prepared than he knew. Widespread education, widespread communication, have equipped the popular mind for mental achievement which materialism had diverted to grosser directions than it deserved. Transcendent sorrow has now cleared a path for true progress. Science, permeating the commonest education, has given to each one of us a manner of practical approach to any subject that will always safeguard and secure all our advances into wisdom; but no longer can science convince us that we have not a soul when we feel it suffer so. It is impossible for ordinary people any longer to deny that spiritual facts require the exercise of spiritual faculties for their interpretation.

There is much to learn, says the author, from the trenches. If self-preservation exists for the survival of something, may not self-immolation exist for the survival of something?

One approaches in reverence the revelations of trench autobiography, which, whether expressed in loftiest poetry or in homeliest slang, comprise the symposium of the sacrificed. The bulk of war autobiography increases daily, making quotation overwhelming, but the uniformity of its revelations is a truth no reader can escape. While his actions are supported by an immense comradeship, the thoughts of the soldier move in a great loneliness; therefore one must give full credit to the singular harmony of utterance, to the strange identity of faith, that so many diverse voices speak. Neither must one ever forget the surroundings in which these records were written; if these writers can succeed in believing the spirit superior to the body, surely, of all men who ever loved, their creed is the most triumphant. We ourselves have shrunk at the mere footfall of the undertaker, at the waxen stateliness of a face once ruddy, at the thud of earth upon a seemly coffin; these circumstances have been enough to make our sensitiveness accept the finality of dissolution. None of us have seen a human body in actual decay, but merely because we know it does decay, we have been overwhelmed and have denied the soul's immortality. The boys upon the battlefields have seen the forms of their comrades rot before their eyes for months. What cowardice our facile doubt seems, compared with the faith of those at the front! And cowardice even more craven seems our love of life, our reluctance to leave earth's treasures, when we perceive the passion of yearning that these men feel for the life they

renounce. Was ever the poignancy of parenthood more touchingly expressed than in Harold Chapin's letters to his baby son? And did ever homesickness become so divine a thing as on the battle lines of Europe? Tortured with the sights and cries and odors of carnage, and yearning in every fibre for the earth they relinquished, the boys of the world have marched unflinching to their destruction, rebuking in their every gesture our easy despair, and leaving behind them words of confidence coercing us to conviction.

What are the ideals of the men in the trenches? What is the force that commanded them to die, and, being dead, where are they now?

Both the bereaved and the young men dead view survival under several different aspects. Created out of a yearning for the physical privileges that are so abruptly denied, there is apparent in the writings of both a wistful half-belief in an actual return to earthly scenes. Have we noticed, in self-examination, that the world-wide devastation of today has already destroyed our old instinctive shudder at the supernatural? What living man can do to living man has proved so much more horrible than what ghost or devil might do, that gruesomeness has been transferred from the supernatural to the physical. Both in literature and in life the supernatural as such fails to frighten us. How could we be sorry to have them return to us—the vivid, beautiful boys we loved? Would not any occult assurance of their possible presence be welcome? We have, of course, no sure confidence that they thus return, but at least we have no physical shrinking from the possibility. New Death conceives an interrelated universe in which spirits still in the flesh and spirits freed from it may both be associated in some mystic effort toward the future. Certainly the idea of their comradeship is today familiar to every soldier, as powerful as it is inarticulate.

The religion of the soldier is a denial of all the old materialism and the effect upon those that survive must be the same:

After decades of materialism a new mysticism is being born. All of us today perceive some great force let loose upon us—for our destruction or our regeneration? A Power is certainly at work—is it God or devil, for no one dares longer to call it chance? Every instinct answers, God. God and immortality have become facts for our everyday life, while before they were only words, and words avoided. The new thing about faith today is that it is voluntarily intuitive, and that its mysticism is not contemplative, but active. This mysticism is conscious. The scientific, the materialistic attitude was a stage of growth ordained for our adolescence, but it did not indicate the maturity that we thought it did. Our intuitions of God today are more to be relied upon than those of earlier periods that were unaware of pitfalls. The evidence of our mature wisdom is that, having experienced the pitfalls, we have voluntarily returned to a childlike trust. We do not argue

about God: we accept Him. We do not argue about survival: we accept it. Universal destruction has swept from us every other dependence. It is frankly an experiment, this new spirituality, this new adjustment, this New Death. For the first time in the world, millions of people are making the adventure of faith, engrossed in the effect of immortality, the effect of God, not as a dogma of the next world, but as a practice for this one. There is nothing new about immortality, there is nothing new about God; there is everything new in the fact that we are at last willing to live as if we believed in both. This is the religion of the New Death.

War, says the author, is taking from us our fear of death. The dead are so many that they can not be hidden:

The New Death is the perception of our mortal end as the mere portal of an eternal progression, and the immediate result is the consecration of all living. As we step into the future we test our ground now for its spiritual foundations. If our faith is to lead us where our dead boys have gone, it must be a faith built, like theirs, of spirit-values. On the mere guess that death is a portal is founded the resilience of the hell-rocked world today. It is a new illumination, a New Death, when dying can be the greatest inspiration of our everyday energy, the strongest impulse toward daily joy. If only the beauty of the vision the tragedy has revealed can be retained a little while! For this little while has death come into its own as the great enhancer and enricher of life.

## IRISH RELIGION.

(Among the "Anglo-Irish Essays" of John Eglinton a chapter is devoted to the "Irish Mythological Cycle," and particularly to the work on that subject by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville. Mr. Eglinton says.)

The ordinary reader will care less to hear from M. d'Arbois how comparative mythology "equates" Tethra with Kronos, or Ith with Prometheus, than to learn quite generally with what views of man and nature the great race of ancient Celts looked forth on the spectacle of life and destiny. What vital perception of truth was theirs, or what were their errors? First of all, the Celts appear to have been always a race of implicit believers. There is no trace of such "philosophic doubt" as appears in the ancient writings of the Hebrews, the Greeks, or the Anglo-Saxons. Where, as with the Hebrews, the belief in another life, for example, arises as an explanation of the injustices and imperfections of this, a fundamental doubt as to the whole matter is evident, and the reward of the righteous becomes an object of prayer and hope. This is a philo-

## ALL SOULS.

sophic faith, or a truth conceived by inference. But what distinguished the Celt was the vision—for it was nothing less—of another world interpenetrating this, seen at times with the bodily eyes and even journeyed unto with the bodily feet. It might be said that such articles of belief as the repayment of debts after death, or that the dead warrior will use the weapons buried with him, are but the crudities of savage minds; but this belief in the present reality of another world has remained with the Celts up to times when no one can say they were savages. Christianity did not come in Ireland as an answer to men's doubts about the soul or about immortality. "I would treat them as fools," says Valerius Maximus, in a passage quoted by M. d'Arbois, "if these wearers of breeches did not hold the same belief in the immortality of the soul as Pythagoras professed in his philosopher's mantle." And with various other writers of the Roman world Celtic beliefs are alluded to with more respect than are those of the Jews. Christianity in Ireland would hardly have found itself, in the seventh and eighth centuries, endowed with a missionary vocation, had the Celt not originally been prepared by temperament and habit of mind to accept it. Yet it was not as a rule of life, such as Christianity appears to us now preëminently to be, that it was so completely accepted in Ireland, but as an authentic account of that other world, in which the Celt never doubted. A religion, in the sense of an explanation of life, the Celts did not require, for they had that explanation already in a belief which was implicit with them.—*From "Anglo-Irish Essays," by John Eglinton. Published by the John Lane Company (\$1.25).*

Whatever we do is perfect in proportion to the self-possession with which we do it, and that self-possession is proportioned to patience. Nothing, however trifling, can be done well without good judgment. There are fifty ways of doing anything, but only one perfect way. Nature is always inclined to hurry, to run before judgment, but grace is deliberate. To work fruitfully is to work with a patient will; fretful haste damages both the work and the workman.—*Archbishop Ullathorne.*

It is said that on the eve of All Souls unquiet spirits are loosed from their graves for an hour after sunset. This, says the author of "Tales from a Famished Land," is true. He has met those sad spirits. He was driving from Brussels to Antwerp when he became aware of a vague shape that seemed to float beside the car and he urged his chauffeur to drive more quickly:

We seemed to have lost the shadow-thing, until suddenly I discovered that there were others with it, swinging rigid through the fog-like trees uprooted in a cyclone. My eyes were smarting with cold tears: it was like swimming with one's eyes open in a stiff current. And all the time I watched the shadow-shapes gathering closer. Faintly luminous pale yellow blots seemed to grow in the dingy black of the racing forms. They were phosphorescent, as I think of them now. Something brushed my hair. A clicking sound like castanets came from the empty tonneau behind me, and then a whistling, like the speech of a man with no palate.

"Sssss—Feld—Feld—Feldwebel war ich, aus Bayern—sechs—sechszwanzigsten—infanterie Regiment."

I turned my head with an involuntary sob. There was absolutely nothing in the car. Pierre put on brakes violently.

"Do you see anything?" I demanded.

"Nothing, monsieur."

"Do you hear or smell anything?"

We listened and sniffed. "Nothing, monsieur," Pierre said, quivering and crossing himself. The noise of the motor died, and we sat motionless in gruesome darkness listening to the hollow dripping of fog-water on the fallen leaves in the roadway. We were swallowed, lost in mist, with only a square yard of paved road visible before us. "Go on, Pierre," I said softly.

Then gradually I saw the ghosts more plainly. A woman, bent like an old hinge, flung along beside the flying motor-car, and a naked frightened child ran fearfully before her. "Ask him, Grutje, ask him about home!" a thin child-voice sobbed. A younger woman whose head had been hacked from her shoulders floated along with them, fondling the severed member and wailing, "*De Duitschers*—the Germans!" A group of mangled bodies of Belgian artillerymen hung like a swarm of bees together, mouthing curses as they flew, and a gigantic peasant, with clotted beard and arms stretched rigid in the form of a cross, stared with a face stabbed through and through like honey-comb.

"*Feldwebel Stoner. König, Kaiser, Vaterland, sie leben hoch!*" whispered a voice.

The swarming spirits grew till they darkened the mist. We flew through the empty corridors of Malines, and on to Waelhem—first of the Antwerp forts to fall—up the ridge to Waerloos and Contich, toward Oude God and the inner forts. Still the swarms grew, crowding closer and closer. The eyes of the dead peered like cats' eyes in the yellow dark, and my soul chilled to ice. The

odor of dead clay was so strong I nearly fainted, and bony fingers seemed to press against my back and shoulders as if heavy wires were freezing into the flesh. "Light the dash-light, for God's sake, Pierre!" I cried, hoping the new electric blur would banish the phantoms, but their sulphurous eyes glowed only the more in its feeble ray.

And the hissing, clicking, and rattling grew. "*Feldwebel Stoner, aus Bayern, tot, Eppenheim, Septemder dreizehn . . . König, Kaiser, und Vaterland—hoch!*" a voice shrilled; "*De Deutschers; de Deutschers!*" sobbed an echo after it. And then, with a sudden access of horror, I remembered the saying of the peasants: I knew what had wakened those unquiet spirits; knew that they wished to question me; knew that I must answer their questions in the brief hour of their release; all of them I must answer!

"*. . . leben hoch!*" screamed the German voice. "Are we in Paris?"

"No!" I shouted.

"*. . . suis Français. Vive la France!*"

"Have we reached the Rhine?"

"No!"

"*. . . Belge. Is Belgium free?*"

"No!"

"*. . . honor, the honor of my country, honor—honor?"*

"No!"

"*. . . Sozialdemokrat—for world-peace I fought, that the world might have peace. Is there peace?"*

"No!"

"*. . . curé of Weerloo dead for my church and my flock. Are we victorious?"*

"No!"

"Ask, Grutje, ask!" trilled a child's voice, and a sad shriek answered it: "Home—the little farm on the road to Elewyt beside Kasteel Weerde—is it safe?"

I knew that farm, a blackened ruin like the castle beside it, with two lath crosses leaning crazily over sunken graves in the dooryard. "No!"

TALES FROM A FAMISHED LAND. By Edward Eyre Hunt. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

## WISDOM FROM THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

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.

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.

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.

Occultists . . . having the most perfect faith in their own exact records, astronomical and mathematical, calculate the age of humanity and assert that men (as separate sexes) have existed in this Round just 18,618,727 years, as the Brahminical teachings and even some Hindu calendars declare.

A monad . . . is not of this world or plane, and may only be compared to an indestructible star of divine light and fire, thrown down on to our Earth, as a plank of salvation for the Personalities in which it indwells. It is for the latter to cling to it; and thus partaking of its divine nature, obtain immortality.

Atma neither progresses, forgets, nor remembers. It does not belong to this plane; it is but the Ray of Light eternal which shines upon, and through, the darkness of matter—when the latter is willing.

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 perception, because it is outside the range of the laws known to those who reject Occultism.

The whole Kosmos is guided, controlled, 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 Dhyān Chohans or Angels—are "Messengers" in the sense only that they are the agents of Karmic and Cosmic Laws.

Overcome evil by good.—Buddha.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 WARNING.

It was inevitable that some readers should be annoyed by our adverse comments on the pseudo-Theosophy that is now exciting the contempt and derision of the world. None the less we are so far impenitent that we intend to continue a policy of protest wherever it shall seem necessary to defend Theosophy against pretense, vanity, and imposture.

Theosophy was given to the world as an elaborate and comprehensive argument for human brotherhood, and for its practice as the beginning and the end of all human attainments. For this we have the reiterated assertions of the Founders of the Society and we do not admit that their authority has been in any way delegated, transmitted, or inherited. They stand unapproached and unapproachable. There is no one with authority to change their policy, to add to it, or to take from it. And all claims to the contrary are the result of ignorance, or conceit, or both, and sometimes with the addition of conscious imposture.

Theosophy does not encourage psychism. On the contrary it believes it to be dangerous and misleading.

Theosophy has nothing to say about "invisible helpers." It will usually be found that the "invisible helper" is particularly careful to abstain from any visible help to any living being. It will also be found that the "invisible helper" is

usually saturated with conceit and spiritual pride. The dead can not be helped except by a careful performance of duty to the living, and while there is perfect liberty of opinion upon this and all other matters we have no right to label our indolent superstitions as Theosophy any more than we have a right to call them Darwinism.

Theosophy does not admit any sort of spiritual authority, or the right of any one to promulgate "teachings." There is only one credential to membership in the Society and that is a willingness to preach and practice human brotherhood.

Theosophy has nothing to say about a "coming Christ." Any member has a right to believe what he pleases in this respect or to waste his time in idle speculation. There is no one now visible who knows anything about it, and those who profess to have knowledge have thereby proved that they have none. And it may be said that all those who claim to be leaders, or teachers, or to be illuminated, or initiated, or ordained, or to be wiser than others, or to have access to knowledge that is denied to others, are blind leaders of the blind, misled by their own vanities and by their own superstitions. Spiritual knowledge is always humble, unobtrusive, and diffident.

Theosophy does not teach that either health or wealth are to be obtained by spiritual means, or that the desires of the lower nature are to be gratified.

Doubtless we have now given cause



for further offense to those who are unable to think without the authority of some other human being, and who are always eager to do obeisance to some personality. But we have no cause of quarrel with them. They were lamentably born under karmic law without that first theosophical requisite, a mental backbone. An inscrutable Nemesis has cast them into theosophical circles, whereas they should have belonged to some church with its theological pastors and masters, where an intellectual independence is unnecessary and where pre-digested opinions may always be obtained in tabloid form. But at least one thing is certain. So long as they are willing to be duped they will always find "clairvoyants" and "seers" who are willing to oblige them in the name of Theosophy. All we can do is to wish them a safe deliverance from imposture, and to point them out as a warning against the ever-watchful forces of vanity, greed, and ambition.

Time is, and all the detail of the world confounds

The plastic mind. With multitude of shapes and sounds

Do the swift elements of thought contend

To form a whole which life may comprehend.

Only to those of high intent

Is life revealed, and quick dreams sent—  
Half glimpsèd truths omnipotent.

Out of the silence of an unborn space

A spirit moves, and thought comes face to face

With the immutable, and time is past,  
And the spent soul, alone, meets truth at last.

Chance, fate, occasion, circumstance,

In interfused radiance

Are lost. Past, present, future, all combined

In one sure instantaneous grasp of mind,  
And all infinity unrolls at our command,  
And beast and man and God unite, as worlds expand.

—Ormeida Curtis Harrison.

The Occult powers of plants, animals, and minerals magically sympathize with the "superior natures," and the Divine Soul of man is in perfect intelligence with these "inferior" ones.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

## PAST BIRTHS.

*A great many people profess to have a knowledge of the past incarnations of themselves and others. How do you account for this?*

Sometimes vanity, sometimes fancy. Those who really remember, never say so. Those who actually know always keep silent. Always distrust self-assertion, no matter from whom it comes. The wise prefer to seem ignorant lest they arouse pride in themselves and envy in others.

This does not apply, of course, to those vague and fugitive reminiscences that we may identify with past incarnations. They come to nearly all of us at some time or another, and they are fit subjects for interesting speculation. But they may be due to quite other causes than a memory of former lives. They may be derived from the thought of others. They may be due to thought forms that impinge upon our consciousness, and that then seem to belong to it. They may be pictures in the astral plane of which we get momentary glimpses. As we understand the occult philosophy more and more deeply, so at the same time we acquire greater caution in accepting this, that, or the other theory of the phenomena that arrest our attention.

The theosophical field is peculiarly rich in those who seek to acquire influence and deference by the pretension to occult powers, and nowhere are such efforts so well rewarded by the credulous and gullible. Be on your guard against them. Distrust all those who claim to know more than others. Such claims are never made by the wise. Remember that even the most remarkable display of learning is no assurance of spiritual progress. Any one with a good memory can acquire learning of this sort, and intellectual power is no guarantee of moral worth. Probably black adepts remember their past incarnations, and clairvoyance may be obtained by the most abominable means. Do not accept leadership from those who offer it. Seek the leadership of your own Higher Nature, for only in such ways can help come, and then it will come in such a manner that you can not mistake it. Read and study all things with an open and a cautious mind, and learn to stand alone without even an inner wish for ex-

ternal guidance. And accept nothing from any source whatsoever unless it seems to you to be true. The mistakes that arise from self-reliance do not matter.

### THE SOUL'S IMMORTAL SEARCH.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mold

The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,

Because at first she doth the earth behold,

And only this material world she views.

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,

And doth embrace the world and worldly things;

She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,

And mounts not up with her celestial wings.

Yet under heaven she can not light on aught

That with her heavenly nature doth agree;

She can not rest, she can not fix her thought,

She can not in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honor, wealth,  
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?

Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health,

Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,

Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay,

She lights on this, and that, and tasteth all,

But pleased with none, doth rise and soar away.

So, when the soul finds here no true content,

And like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,

She doth return from whence she first was sent,

And flies to him who first her wings did make.

Doubtless all souls have a surviving thought,

Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;

But if we think of being turned to naught,

A trembling horror in our souls we find.

—*John Davies* (1595).

### IRRESPONSIBILITY.

There is a certain poisonous theory of human irresponsibility that proceeds apace, thanks to a popular welcome easy to understand, and to a scientific charlatanism difficult to understand. Thus we find Dr. Echols Ardman of Paris intervening in a now notorious French murder case with the assurance that the homicidal impulse is caused by a small bone abnormally pressing on a certain part of the brain. Remove the offending bone and original sin will disappear with it. The surgical knife plus the surgical fee becomes an admirable substitute for penitence and grace.

A similar report comes from Chicago. A psychopathic laboratory has been established in order that criminals may be surgically examined—that is to say vivisected—in order to determine their responsibility. In this way the vivisector secures the human victims for which he has been hungering; a reluctant benevolence is mesmerized by the pretense of humanitarian motives; and the gospel of irresponsibility is preached afresh from the housetops. Let us hope that the new laboratory will give due weight also to eugenic considerations in order to complete the tale of chicane and knavery. The malefactor accused of murder or Sabbath-breaking ought not to have to plead in vain that his grandmother had a cast in her left eye or that his maternal aunt married a Democrat and that he was therefore unaccountable for his acts.

Not the perversities of others, not their sins of commission or omission, but his own misdeeds and negligences should a sage take notice of.—*Dhammapada*.

Manas is respectively under the Sun and Moon, for as Shankaracharya says: "The Moon is the mind, and the sun the understanding."—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

Biologists are absolutely forced by science to believe with absolute confidence in a directive power.—*Lord Kelvin*.

## THEOSOPHY AND THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The teaching of Theosophy may be summed up in this saying of Jesus, "First the blade, then the ear, then the full-grown corn in the ear," which gives the stages of natural spiritual unfoldment. The full-grown corn in the ear is the stage of the completed self-evolution of man; he has attained his full spiritual stature; he has reached the goal of evolution which is—liberation—from matter; and he has no further need of re-incarnation, although he may remain in the body, his physical sheath, for a long period of time, as did Gautama Buddha after his liberation, until his eightieth year.

As the Ego unfolds and begins to know that *it* is not the body, that *it* is unattached, that it is no part of the body, it still lives *in* the body as its outer sheath and lowest instrument; it lives in this stage for some time, it may be for years, before it comes into consciousness of its own Higher Self. When this consciousness begins to dawn, and the personal self or Ego comes into a closer union with its *real* Self, then it begins to loosen its attachment to the personal self and in a way seems to crawl out of it, while still living in it as one of the inner sheaths which it has opened by its enlarged consciousness and which it is all the time transmuting into its real Self, and as spiritual growth proceeds it loses in a degree that consciousness of the physical body although still living in it and using it as its instrument; the transmutation goes on as the Ego of consciousness comes into closer union with its own higher consciousness or Higher Self. It seems all the time to be creeping out of and looking back to its personal self to what it was at such and such a time, it is always making comparison with its former self, and in that way it becomes a witness of its own spiritual growth, as an adult might look back to his former self at the age of seven, fourteen, and twenty-one. To an observer the spiritual growth is just as marked as is the physical, or intellectual growth, and much more intensified; or the individual feels a continual *becoming*, his consciousness is enlarging and expanding as he comes into closer union with his greater Self; this experience may extend

over a considerable length of time and even when the full consummation of conscious union has arrived there may be times of a relapse, a falling back, as the Ego is not strong enough to bear the continuous strain, it has to become accustomed to the higher rate of vibration; you have to lessen the tension, as it were, after the Ego has functioned on the next higher sheath; it is what we call a reaction—action and reaction—after consciousness on the higher sheath, reaction is necessary to restore equilibrium of the ether, of which the individual aura is composed. We are often impatient of the reaction, what we may call the ebb and flow, as there are many hidden causes to delay the setting of the needle, or equilibrium, before the Ego is again prepared to come into the higher vibration and function on the higher sheath; or, in other words, to come into soul-consciousness and translate the higher vibration into human language, which process must take place every time the Higher Self manifests itself on the physical plane. As Jesus said, "If you keep my commandments, My Father will love you, and *we* will manifest ourselves unto *you*." Translated into theosophic language, it would mean that Manas, our real Ego, in union with Buddhi, and Atma the Father, is able to manifest itself through spiritual consciousness to the personal consciousness of the individual; and this is the highest spiritual manifestation.

After the Ego or self has passed through all the seven portals, or in other words, the seven sheaths, "the seventh swallows all other sounds, they die, and then are heard no more." That is, the seven manners of the *inner hearing* are transmuted into *inner consciousness*; the *sound* is heard no more. The *Voice of the Silence* has ceased, and soul-consciousness has taken its place. This I confirm from my own experience and for Theosophists quote the same confirmation from "The Voice of the Silence." "When the six" (the six principles: meaning when the lower personality is destroyed and the inner individuality is merged into and lost in the Seventh or Spirit) "are slain and at the Master's feet" (the Higher Self "are laid, then is the pupil (personal self) merged into the One (or Self) becomes that One and

lives therein"; and this is the goal of self-evolution, or, in other words—Liberation.

As I have said before, when one reaches this stage—union with their own Higher Self—one has almost lost the consciousness of their personal self. They still perform actions, but the individual is conscious that the motive comes from the conjunction of the lower and Higher Self, that they are no longer separate, but One. As Jesus said, "Of myself I can do nothing," meaning of his personal self alone he could do nothing. The individual is conscious of living in the One, in the Eternal; he neither lives in the past, nor in the future; he concerns himself very little in the future, as he does in the past, after death, or his past lives.

This little sketch gives an idea of what Theosophy is, that it is the evolution of the soul, the path of attainment through becoming; that one consciously enters the Path and follows it until he reaches the goal—liberation, and conscious immortality; if he does not attain it in *this* life he knows that he will attain it in some future incarnation, therefore, he has something to strive for—the goal set before him.

Does it seem possible that one who has a knowledge of Theosophy could prostitute that knowledge to the teaching of the Old Catholic Church which is composed of traditions, superstitions, dogmas, rituals, and ceremonies, all administered through the ordained priest, whose ordination makes him a Divine being able to forgive sins, and absolve a whole congregation, through faith in the priest, that is, that the priest has the power? Therefore, it is a religion of *faith*, nothing is said in regard to any change in the individual, any spiritual growth.

Herein I would point out the Incompatibility of the teaching of Theosophy, and that of the Old Catholic Church: That no individual can be a *real* theosophist, and, at the same time, a member of the Old Catholic Church, or the Anglican Church, called the Episcopal Church in America, and if he is *honest with his own soul* he will have to admit it to his own soul, whether he admits it to others or not.—Published by *Celestia Root Lang*, editor of "*Divine Life Magazine*," 614 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago.

## REINCARNATION.

The reluctance of so-called New Thought writers to include reincarnation among their other plunder from the theological storehouses is doubtless due to their desire to conciliate orthodoxy as well as to preserve their own credit for originality. Reincarnation obviously belongs to the ages, and he who teaches it can hardly claim the laurels of the pioneer, whereas it is always easy to ring the changes upon "thought force," and "power," and "imagination," and "will," and still to pose as a discoverer.

But at last we have a volume on New Thought that ventures upon a direct assertion of Reincarnation. Mr. Floyd B. Wilson in his "*The Man of Tomorrow*," published by R. F. Fenno & Co., boldly avows that his conclusions on the nature of the human soul are the result of his experiences in past incarnations. It may be so, and doubtless Mr. Wilson thinks that it is so. Personally we are inclined to think that they are the result of reading the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, but then we all have a right to our own theories.

Those who accept "my conclusions," says Mr. Wilson, will find themselves in good company. Socrates is quoted as saying, "Our souls existed before they were in human form, separate from bodies, and possessed intelligence." Schopenhauer wrote: "We find the doctrine of metempsychosis springing from the earliest and noblest ages of the human race, and always spread abroad in the earth as the belief of the great majority of mankind." Hume declared, "Metempsychosis is the only system of immortality that philosophy can hearken to." Emerson followed and added his testimony by saying: "We can not describe the natural history of the soul, but we know that it is divine. I can not tell if these wonderful qualities which house today in this mortal frame shall ever re-assemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have before had a natural history like that of this body you see before you; but this one thing I know, that these qualities did not begin to exist, can not be sick with any sickness, nor buried in my grave; but that they circulate through the universe; before the world was, they were. Nothing can bar them out; or shut them in, they

penetrate the ocean and land, space and time, form and essence, and hold the key to universal nature."

Now this is all very nice and Mr. Wilson has a perfect right to adduce the evidence of the ages in support of reincarnation, although probably he would never have heard of reincarnation or of any single theory of which he writes but for Theosophy. But when Mr. Wilson goes on to talk of rounds and races with the same placid complacency of the discoverer it seems time to call a halt and to ask him if he thinks it honest to compile a book almost exclusively from fragments of theosophical thought diluted with his own rather feeble speculations and to claim credit for originality and research. It might further be suggested to Mr. Wilson that when he quotes from the great world writers as well as from the smaller writers of today he might at least spell their names correctly.

#### KWANNON.

Kwannon, the Japanese goddess of mercy, is represented with many hands, typifying generosity and kindness. In one of these hands she is supposed to hold an axe, wherewith she severs the threads of human lives.

I am the ancient one, the many-handed,  
The merciful am I.

Here where the black pine bends above  
the sea

They bring their gifts to me—

Spoil of the foreshore where the corals  
lie,

Fishes of ivory, and amber stranded,

And carven beads

Green as the fretted fringes of the weeds.

Age after age, I watch the long sails  
pass.

Age after age, I see them come once  
more

Home, as the gray-winged pigeon to the  
grass,

The white crane to the shore.

Goddess am I of heaven and this small  
town

Above the beaches brown.

And here the children bring me cakes,  
and flowers,

And all the strange sea-treasures that  
they find,

For "She," they say, "the Merciful, is  
ours,

And she," they say, "is kind."

Camphor and wave-worn sandalwood for  
burning

They bring to me alone,  
Shells that are veined like irises, and  
those

Curved like the clear bright petals of a  
rose.

Wherefore an hundredfold again re-  
turning

I render them their own—

Full-freighted nets that flash among the  
foam,

Laughter and love, and gentle eyes at  
home,

Cool of the night, and the soft air that  
swells

My silver temple bells.

Winds of the spring, the little flowers  
that shine

Where the young barley slopes to meet  
the pine,

Gold of the charlock, guerdon of the rain.  
I give to them again.

Yet though the fishing-boats return full-  
laden

Out of the broad blue east,

Under the brown roofs pain is their  
handmaiden,

And mourning is their feast.

Yea, though my many hands are raised  
to bless,

I am not strong to give them happiness.

Sorrow comes swiftly as the swallow  
flying,

O, little lives, that are so quickly done!  
Peace is my raiment, mercy is my

breath,

I am the gentle one.

When they are tired of sorrow and of  
sighing

I give them death.

—From "*The Lamp of Poor Souls*," by  
Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. Pub-  
lished by the John Lane Company.

The whole order of Nature evinces a  
progressive march towards a higher life.  
There is design in the action of the  
seemingly blindest forces.

In comforting others shalt thou be  
comforted; in strengthening others shalt  
thou find strength; in loving shalt thou  
be loved.—*Amiel*.

Let a man be true to his intentions,  
and the point is gained, whether he suc-  
ceed or not.—*Carlyle*.

## MATERIALISM.

(By Francis Grierson.)

The difference between materialism of the state and materialism of the individual is not difficult to define.

The cry of "Deutschland ueber Alles" meant that the Prussians believed they were able to dominate the world by imposing their mode of materialism on all other nations, while the materialism of the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the American is based on individualism. Both modes are illusions.

The instinct of worship is inherent in all humanity. Men must reverence something, and when they cease to reverence what the Church stands for they naturally fix on something else. They become hero worshippers or Kultur worshippers, or worshippers at the shrine of their own ego.

In Russia it was the Czar who typified the Church, in Germany the Kaiser typifies Kultur, in other countries the wealth of individuals typifies money power. In Prussia people adore the state, elsewhere they adore money.

"What is it," asks the *London Times*, "in the German attitude towards life which makes it intolerable to us? Why is it that we feel the cause of the Allies is the cause of humanity?"

"What is intolerable in Germany, what outweighs the many excellencies of its learning is that it contains something which stamps what it touches with death."

Materialistic culture organizes men, but does not inspire them; cultivates them, but does not free them; creates a powerful state, but defies democracy and the Church.

Materialism, carried to the limit which we have seen during recent years, breeds callous ignorance and a profound contempt for all that is lovable in human nature. What makes the Prussian spirit so dangerous is that it is "horribly congenial to so much in the modern world."

Materialism in the individual is in no way superior to the Kultur of the state, but on the contrary more ignoble, because less disinterested than that of the state. As the writer in the *Times* presents the case: "It is more slyly corrupt, and, for the great mass of mankind, almost as tyrannical."

What, after all, is the difference between the worship of self and the worship of kings and kaisers? A man who lives for himself lives for nothing. Idealism is all-embracing. A man can not live for himself and have any ideals. And horrible as the moloch of materialistic statecraft is, it is surpassed by that of the individual.

The millions of deluded people who pinned their faith to Czar and Kaiser still believed there were individuals better than themselves and worthy of all reverence. They could still say, when the hour for the downfall of their idols arrived, that in all honesty they believed their idols to be God's chosen instruments on earth. But it is not so with the individual. The materialist, believing only in the power of the individual unit, is stripped of everything in the crucial hour. Within himself he has nothing, while outside of himself all is void.

And so, for the first time in history, two forces of Mammon are at grips for the control of the world. One of the two must be destroyed. And then what? It is not conceivable that Prussia, headed by the junkers and the military caste, can ever dominate several hundred millions with wealth and science to support them.

But what if German materialism disappears and leaves the world in control of industrial materialism?

In that case the new order would be no better than the old.—*From "Illusions and Realities of the War."* Published by the John Lane Company (\$1.25).

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And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,

That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.

Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught:

It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:

Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:

And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

—Browning.

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In Devachan the higher element of the Manas is needed to make it a state of perception and consciousness for the disembodied Monad.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## CREEDS.

Why, asks a kindly correspondent, do you denounce creeds while Theosophy itself is full of creeds? Every statement in the "Secret Doctrine," for example, is a creed for the faithful and a dogma for the devout, and many of them seem quite as incredible as those offered for our acceptance by the orthodoxy of the churches. Why should we be charged with superstition for accepting the dogma of transubstantiation and at the same time credited with wisdom for believing in the septenary chain of worlds or the historical reality of Lemuria? What is the difference? There is all the difference in the world. Orthodoxy demands that we accept upon faith certain unverifiable assertions, and threatens us with pains and penalties if we do not accept them. Many of those assertions are not only unverifiable, but also incredible, and it would sometimes seem that the merit of belief is in the same ratio with their incredibility. Theosophy demands no belief whatever except in human brotherhood. It makes no threats. Your future will be unaffected by your belief or disbelief in the septenary chain of worlds, or Lemuria, or the existence of Adepts, or the First Logos, or anything else. Nothing matters except your thoughts and your deeds. Your beliefs are of no importance except in so far as they influence conduct.

Let us suppose that you ask a pro-

fessor of chemistry to solve for you some chemical problem. He will doubtless do so. He will furnish you with the information that you need. But his reply does not constitute a creed. It does not become a dogma, no matter how readily you may accept it, or how implicitly you may believe it. The information that he gives you is the result of his own study and research and his knowledge is attainable by any human being who will comply with the necessary conditions. Indeed the mission of the professor is to aid and encourage others to acquire the same knowledge that he himself possesses. He is willing to place his acquisitions at the service of those whose inclinations or capacities may lie in other directions, but he is willing to teach his methods to all who wish to learn. He offers his knowledge to those to whom it may be useful, but his chief wish is that they shall acquire it for themselves. He imparts facts to those who may need them, but he prefers to impart the way to knowledge. The mathematician who tells us the distance from the earth to the sun will even more readily explain and teach the methods of calculation by which he attains his results. And we shall accept the figures that he gives us, not as a creed or a dogma, but because we believe in the science of mathematics and in his mastery of it, even though we may not have the inclination to master it for ourselves. The science itself is open to every one. It



may be acquired by every one. It is not a monopoly. It needs no revelation. Comply with the rules of acquisition and it is yours.

So is it with the so-called "teachings" of Theosophy. They are not put forward as the gift of gods, or revelations from heaven. If they include information with regard, let us say, to Lemuria, they are offered as the results of certain methods of attainment, and those methods are not secret nor exclusive. They are not monopolies. Those who offer them say in effect "here are some of the fruits of a knowledge that is attainable by every one who will comply with the necessary conditions. You may accept them if they seem good to you. Or you may reject them if that seems good to you. Or you may study the science of which they are the result and prove or disprove them for yourselves. They are offered for your use, but we prefer that you acquire the knowledge at first hand, and we will show you the road to that knowledge and aid you along the path. Indeed the knowledge is offered, not that you may accept it as a creed, but that its reasonableness and coherence may stimulate you to make it your own." Their attitude, in other words, is precisely that of the mathematician, who will willingly tell you the distance from the earth to the sun, but who will still more willingly impart the science by which he has made his calculations.

All this bears no resemblance to the creeds of orthodoxy. They are confessedly unverifiable. They can be believed, but they can not be known by the devotee. They must be received without the possibility of an appeal to reason. Those who advance them for our consideration do not themselves know them to be true. They do not profess to. They received them as an act of faith and they so transmit them. They even proclaim that reason and faith are enemies. The more incredible the creed the more merits in its acceptance. Faith, said the precocious schoolboy, is the power to believe a thing when you know it to be untrue. In many cases this is actually the standpoint of the dogmatist.

But there is another point upon which it may be well to touch. The information—which is a much better word than teaching—that is conveyed in the "Secret Doctrine" and other writings of a

like kind and authorship is not offered for the sake of adding to our intellectual acquisitions, although it may do this. Nor is it assumed that we shall necessarily be better from our intellectual acceptance of it. Beliefs may have an effect upon conduct, but they do not inevitably do so. Some of the vilest human beings upon earth—the Thugs of India, for example—would unhesitatingly accept all the cardinal principles of what is now known as the science of Theosophy. The current beliefs of India, the popular religions of India, contain all these cardinal principles. The "Gita" is the text-book of Hinduism. The Upanishads are read extensively throughout the Orient. But these facts have not saved India from an almost incredible depth of superstition and sloth. Thanks to the inconsistencies and superstitions of the human mind they have been found consistent with the priestcraft of the Brahmins and with such hideous evils as Suttee and child marriage. Intellectual belief has no bearing upon conduct unless it is inexorably, intelligently, and inflexibly applied. We give our intellectual adhesion to the Sermon on the Mount, but it seems to have had little or no practical bearing upon human behavior. No man is necessarily advantaged by a belief in reincarnation. Probably the Thugs of India believe implicitly in reincarnation, but they go on thugging. And it seems that there are innumerable Theosophists who are saturated with the principles of their philosophy, with the ideals of an ethical freedom, and who are ready to grovel in the dust and to kiss the feet of the first impudent dogmatism that is offered to them. Of what value has been their Theosophy? Intellectually they may know it from A to Z, but it has made not the slightest dent upon their credulities, their superstitions, and their follies.

None the less it is only through the intelligence that we can hope to mitigate the asperities of human behavior or persuade humanity into the paths of fraternity. But do not let us mistake the means for the end, the road for the goal. The mission of Theosophy is not to impart intellectual facts, but to change the motives of action, and to this end the intellectual facts may conduce. But they will not necessarily do so. Certainly they will not do so without em-

## THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

(From the Path, August, 1889.)

*I have seen pictures and symbols of wonderful beauty in the Astral Light. A beautiful face surrounded with light . . . a head with wings which soon seemed to sink into my brain. Were these seen through the action of manas and buddhi?*

I do not think so. These beautiful things belong to a lower plane and are seen by several senses and departments of senses. Many different causes might have produced them. Today you might see the face of a woman or a child whom you will not meet for the next ten years and have never yet seen; or a long-forgotten and slightly-noticed object in the past of the present life may be suddenly opened to clairvoyant sight; again, there may be deeply laid in your nature mental deposits from long past lives, and these may tinge your visions. I can not answer individual cases; such is the work of a vulgar fortune-teller. Each one must with patience study his own experience through many years, carefully noting and verifying and eliminating as time goes on. Each person who has clairvoyance has his or her own special phase—and there are millions of phases; hence five separate clairvoyants may see five different pictures or symbols, all produced by one and the same cause; or four of them may see four different pictures, while the fifth sees the result of a combination of his own with the other four phases.

The world is so old that man's acts and thoughts for many millions of years have stamped the Astral Light full of pictures. But the Astral Light itself has cycles, tides, and changes, so those must be allowed for; it is useless to try to explain this, but in the changing of the cycles the symbols sometimes are mixed and interblended. When a class of elementals is fully developed and ready to run its appointed course from the beginning of an Age, there is a symbol for it that can be used until the complete decadence or extinction of that class, but at the change of certain cycles the symbol ceases to have power because that to which it once applied has altered and we know not the new symbol. You ask to know more about these symbols? It is not useful or necessary.

phasis and insistence. The mission of Theosophy is to inculcate human brotherhood, and the facts that are furnished by Theosophy—such facts as reincarnation—are no more than reasons for human brotherhood. If we accept the facts and fail to apply them then we might just as well never have heard of Theosophy at all. There is not one single fact among the thousands advanced by Theosophy that has any other underlying motive than to sustain and demonstrate the law of fraternity. To accept the fact and to ignore its application is an ethical dishonesty or incapacity.

## ALL MEANS TO AN END.

Once, perhaps in a parable, the plain man traveling met another traveler. And the plain man demanded of the traveler:

"Where are you going to?"

The traveler replied:

"Now I come to think of it, I don't know."

The plain man was ruffled by this insensate answer. He said:

"But you are traveling?"

The traveler replied:

"Yes."

The plain man, beginning to be annoyed, said:

"Have you never asked yourself where you are going to?"

"I have not."

"But do you mean to tell me," protested the plain man, now irritated, "that you are putting yourself to all this trouble, peril, and expense of trains and steamers, without having asked yourself where you are going to?"

"It never occurred to me," the traveler admitted. "I just had to start and I started."

Whereupon the plain man was, as too often with us plain men, staggered and deeply affronted by the illogical absurdity of human nature. "Was it conceivable," he thought, "that this traveler, presumably in his senses," etc. (You are familiar with the tone and the style, being a plain man yourself.) And he gave way to moral indignation.—*Arnold Bennett.*

The majority of souls depart from their terrestrial forms without the body of Christ, but being connected therewith only by a small thread.—*Boehme.*

## WHAT IS MAN?

(By Mr. Wilton Hack of Australia.)

What man really is, not what he seems to be, is of the greatest moment; for on a right understanding of this problem all spiritual relationships depend. Man is an animal. He stands at the apex of the animal kingdom; the King and Ruler of the earth and of all the organisms that lie beneath him on the physical plane. When making a close examination of the constitution of Man, we find him displaying all the qualities that belong to the animals of whom he is the head. In order to live he has to eat and drink, sleep and procreate. In this aspect, which peculiarly is the condition of his physical body, he differs but little from the animals of the lower order. Indeed in many instances the animal compares unfavorably with the brute creation. In drunkenness no animal can be so degraded and base as a drunken man. In gluttony the human glutton is worse than almost all the lower animals.

Then we have numerous characteristics which are just the same as are to be found in the animal kingdom. Love physical, hatred, passion, anger, covetness, greed, selfishness, acquisitiveness and love of domination. All these are to be found in the various branches of the animal kingdom, besides others not here enumerated. And though it is unpleasant for some people particularly to regard animals as so nearly akin to ourselves, Justice and Truth demand that we should squarely acknowledge the relationship and try and discover the truths connected with that similarity. When we come to examine the physical construction of man and do the same with the internal organization of an animal, the similarity in some instances is identical. The internal organs, say of a pig laid side by side with those of a man are so identical that only an expert eye and knowledge could tell one from the other.

The position honestly confronted leaves us no alternative but to acknowledge that in every truth we are animals. And yet we are perfectly aware that between ourselves and the animal kingdom a gulf exists. We are animals, it is true; but we are something more. In Genesis we are told that at some period of the earth's existence "God breathed

into his nostrils the breath of life and *man became* a living soul." This implies that there are souls, *not living ones*, and that *man* before this breath was breathed into him was only a superior *animal*. In all animals there is something, *not* tangible, not visible to ordinary sight; and that something is the *mind*. This mind is that portion of the animal that stores up the knowledge gained by experience in its ordinary life producing character. Let this not be overlooked. Animals have a character and this has grown little by little, having its initial rise in the dawn of consciousness in nature. Amongst the lowest types of animal life certain experiences continually repeated had the result of forming definite *habits* of thought and action. These habits are called in the East *samskaras*. In one class of animal it would be *fear*, in another *anger*, in another *cunning*, in another gentleness, and so on. When the body of an animal dies, whilst all that was physical disintegrated and perished, the mental element with its acquired character passed out uninjured, and later on would be reborn in the body of another. And for a great while such minds would return to the class of animal which has been the cause of the building up of the mind up to the point it had reached where its former house or physical home has been destroyed. When all the experiences are gathered to a focus in the mind of an animal of any particular class there under the *Divine Guidance* the mind would incarnate into a class of animal higher in the scale of being than had previously occupied. Thus by slow degrees does this animal mind crawl upward until that stage is reached which is called the *human*. And this old animal mind would be the animating quality of the lowest of the savage tribes of Earth. But again under Providence of God when the animal mind reaches this stage it no longer comes in above. I regard this as the stage when the breath of God or the Christ element, the Divine ray also enters the physical form that has been prepared for it, and the crucifixion of the Christ takes place. This bird of the golden plumage takes its place with the lower minds, and the task of building up and redeeming the soul begins. It is not this stage in man's evolution that the soul of man becomes *immortal*.

A Living soul. And not till that soul educated, refined, purified and sanctified does the crucifixion of the Christ end. Truly at each death of the body the Christ comes down from the cross and is with the soul in Paradise; but even as the animals had to reincarnate time after time in order that development might properly transpire so the soul of man has to reincarnate in suitable bodies made ready for occupancy in order that the multitude of experiences necessary may be acquired. If you will look on this calmly you will see the definite purpose of the Divine in building up a soul from the initial start in the lowest organisms, and conducting it ultimately to the greatest heights. And if you have grasped this thought fully *you* will at once see *what* it is that is demanded of us by the Divine. That we should do all in our power to hasten the release of the Divine Spark, the crucified Christ within. And this can only be done by building up within ourselves these habits of good which make for the betterment of the soul; and by destroying or transmuting all evil habits into their opposites of good. In doing this, in making our thoughts focus on this, in devoting all our energies in this direction, we are manifestly doing *all* we can and all we should do in order to reach the goal ready awaiting our arrival.

If you read carefully the "Human Soul" by me, and the articles on Samskaras, you will see in these additional reasons and arguments relating to what is expected of and from us.

Man, then, is a complex being. There is, ever since the arrival of the Christ in Man, first, that Divine Spark, in whom is all Knowledge, all Wisdom, all Love, who acts as Light, Guide, and helper to the immortal soul within. For this mind in man which has grown up from the beginning of the animal consciousness, after its advent with the Christ elements as the Light and Guide divides itself into a Higher and Lower. The highest is that mental consciousness that is more immediately under the influence of the Christ, and the lower is under the influence of the world out of which it sprung. This separation would indeed be very gradual at *first*; but later on the line of demarcation becomes more distinct and the progress of the higher

is much more rapid. Thus we have the three in one.

I must here direct your attention to my little book, "The Three in One," where you will find this aspect of man more fully explained than is done here. Even as the Christ in us acts as the Saviour owing to his light and influence on the immortal soul, which is the higher aspect of the human mind, so should the immortal soul act as the Saviour and Guide to the Lower self, the real animal section of the soul that is in every man. And I am persuaded that even as the real soul has been lifted out of the degrading condition of animality by the Power of the Divine Light, so this lowest mentality can also be redeemed, and it is our task to do this. Every effort we make in this direction is a distinct gain, not merely to the animal soul we have taken in hand, but to ourselves as well. We can not really bless others, without being blessed ourselves. Consequently the more strenuously we apply to the suppression of evil in the lowest self and induce it to acquire good habits, the more we are strengthened spiritually by the very act of such effort; but also, as the lowest self becomes purer and nobler, so there is less effort needed to keep it in order and the less of struggle. This is surely a great gain and worthy of much effort to reach it. The lowest mind, the objective, is the one that contacts the world, and the experiences pleasurable, a happy or otherwise, derived from actions performed, pass on to the soul and become part of its property. The soul enlightened by the Divine Spark, becomes conscious of what is for its own ultimate good, and what is for its injury and brings pressure to bear upon the objective mind, so that only those experiences shall come through which are for its lasting good. Manifestly, then, the soul *grows*. It is not a fixed quantity nor of a fixed quality at any time; and its development and purification is of the greatest importance.

The Divine light never changes, nor can it do so, and as the veil of illusion becomes thinner owing to the purifying process which is ever going on so more of that God Light reaches the soul and its effect is more strongly felt. Thus the latter stages of the soul's progress is more rapid than are the earlier.

Think of yourself therefore always in

this triune aspect. That which contacts the world is your lower self. That which contacts the Christ within is your soul-Subjective Mind. Your soul is always better than the lowest self. The subjective mind is always nobler and more advanced than the objective. We are all far nobler and better in reality than we are in the appearance of our personality. All that we are, all that we can ever hope to be, we *owe to the Christ within*. For did not the Light Divine shine? Then indeed should we be of all men the most miserable and there would be no divine urge pushing us on to higher levels and greater efforts. To Him be all the Glory and the Thanksgiving. Think over *what* you are and what is demanded of you.—*From a paper read before the Sankhya-Yoga Society, Madras.*

### VOICES IN THE AIR.

Occasionally operators at wireless stations report that they have heard sounds of voices, music, tramping of crowds, and explosions of sound for which they can not account. It is supposed that in some as yet not understood way the vibrations of the wireless pick up these sounds. The operators say that the air does not suffer from "attenuation" as wires do, and that they believe that the wireless station will eventually be able to pick up sounds at any distance. If this be true, we may indeed be on the eve of an electric miracle (says the *Los Angeles Times*). It may be possible that in the future the voices of the past will be brought back to us on the waves of the air. Here is the theory:

Vibrations of all sounds are thrown into the air and remain there for some time. This is shown by the length of time required for the echo to return to its starting point, by the length of time which elapses between the sending and the receiving of a wireless call, and by the fact that sound travels to us, as is indicated by the little pause which can be perceived before we hear what we have already seen. The air envelope around the earth, however, is only fifteen miles deep. Outside of that radius vibrations can not carry. This has been demonstrated by the kites which the Weather Bureau has used for a number of years to help in the prediction of temperatures. Now, from all this evidence,

we have the deduction: The earth is a ball whirling around in space with an envelope of air fifteen miles thick, an envelope which must have absorbed all the sounds that have been made since the world began.

The question is, where are those sounds? They must be somewhere. They must be within the radius of fifteen miles, unless their vibrations have died out, and recent experiments have shown, it is contended, the probability that vibration is the real perpetual movement. The range of the wireless is something over 3000 miles; so that, even at this comparatively early day in electrical science, it may be that we are beginning to pick up these vibrations. Wireless operators are always complaining of "breaks" in their transmissions, queer, odd sounds, which seem almost articulate, and which can not be accounted for on any other ground than that of some phenomena connected with the lingering vibrations of other days.

### BLACK AND WHITE MAGICIANS.

(From the Path, August, 1889.)

*How is one to recognize a black magician, and how to treat such an one?*

It has been well said by H. P. Blavatsky that "each one has a potential black magician within." The black magician is the fruit and perfection of selfishness; selfishness is the triumph of the lower nature. The black magician is the opposite pole in human development to the white Adept, and the latter is the fruit and perfection of the highest qualities in man conjoined with entire communion with spirit; this is the triumph of all that is best in the human being; it is the conscious union with the divine. The black magician stands for self alone, and therefore for discord, separation, and destruction: the white one is the embodiment of union, harmony, and love. In the words of *Bhagavad-Gita* the white adept "is the perfection of spiritual cultivation," and it must follow that the black one is the perfection of material cultivation. In this question, "black" represents self and "white" the spiritual whole.

The query then arises, "Why are there now only white magicians and merely embryo black ones?" We think there are but few black adepts existing today, but of the white school there are many. The

age and the cycle have not yet come to that point where the black magician has blossomed, and it is easy to understand why there are perfect white ones. The question is answered in *Bhagavad-Gita*, where it says, "At the night of Brahma the Jivanmuktas are not absorbed nor destroyed, but all others are; and at the coming forth of the new creation those Jivanmuktas (white adepts) come forth intact and conscious." This means that at the preceding pralaya—or dissolution—all the black adepts were destroyed; and as now but the first 5000 years of Kali Yuga have elapsed, there has not yet been time to evolve enough full black magicians to make a sensible impression upon us. The first part of the question, therefore—"How are we to know a black magician"—is premature.

Each one of us may become a black magician if we let selfishness have its course, and hence we should ask ourselves, "How may we prevent the possibility of our becoming black magicians in some future age?"

As to the latter part of the question regarding the treatment to be accorded to these as yet mythical beings, it also is very far ahead of time. If such an adept were to appear to you now, he would laugh your threats to scorn. But the sole and sovereign protection against such things and persons is a pure heart and right motive.

HADJI ERINN.

### WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

We produce *Causes*, and there awaken these corresponding powers of the Sideral World, which are magnetically and irresistibly attracted to—and react upon—those who produce such causes; whether such persons are practically the evil-doers or simply "thinkers" who brood mischief.

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.

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.

"As it is above, so below" is the fundamental axiom of Occult Philosophy.

Between man and the animal—whose Monads, or Jivas, are fundamentally identical—there is the impassable abyss of Mentality and Self-consciousness. What is human mind in its highest aspect, whence comes it, if it be not a portion of the essence—and, in some rare cases of reincarnation, the *very essence* of a higher Being; one from a higher and divine plane?

Mysticism does not stand beside the other phenomena of Nature, unconnected with them, but forms the last connection between all phenomena. So far from it being an obsolete view, much rather obsolete are those, though modern, conceptions in which it has no place. So far is Mysticism from belonging only to the surmounted past, but much rather will it attain its full significance in the future.—*Du Prel*.

Some in the church most certainly have a knowledge of things to come. Some have visions, others utter prophecies and heal the sick by laying on of hands; and others still speak in many tongues, bringing to light the secret things of men and expounding the mysteries of God.—*Ignatius*.

Within us lurks a world whose form we but imperfectly apprehend, and whose working—when in particular phases it comes under our observation—surprises us with foreshadowings of unknown depths in our own being.—*Latze*.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## SUBCONSCIOUSNESS.

The modern psychologist ought to enlarge his vocabulary. He ought also to attempt something in the way of classification and subdivision.

What can he mean, for example, by the subconsciousness and the subliminal? Obviously he means some sort of mind, since he is dealing with psychology and not with physiology. But surely mind implies consciousness. A mind that is unconscious can not be a mind at all. One may almost say that mind and consciousness are convertible terms. There may be a consciousness that is not mind, but certainly there can be no mind that is not consciousness. How, then, can there be a mind that is *sub*, or under, consciousness? It is hard to imagine a more clumsy or meaningless term. There may be a consciousness of which we are not *aware*, but certainly there can be no consciousness that is not conscious. We may not be aware of our dream states, but they can not be unconsciousness, or they would not be dreams. We may not be aware of a preceding state of delirium or of insanity, but assuredly they were not states of unconsciousness. Indeed it would be well to dismiss the term unconsciousness altogether as applied to the mind. The mind may pass from one state of consciousness to another, and be oblivious of all save one. But the mind can never be unconscious.

But if the psychologist is determined

to retain a barbarous term, he ought at least to subdivide it. It means too much. It is too inclusive. If one speaks of the animal kingdom we wish to know if a microbe or a mastodon is referred to, a quadruped, a biped or a reptile, a fish or a mammal. Generic terms may do well enough for general purposes, but for careful study we need specification and classification.

Is the subconscious superior or inferior to the normal mind, higher or lower, better or worse? Of what value is it in the scheme of things? What are its functions? Where did it come from, and what will happen to it at death? Is it a god or a devil, useful or mischievous?

Here we look in vain to the psychologist for light or leading. The subconsciousness has become a term to be applied indiscriminately to every state of consciousness that happens to be abnormal. Saintship and sin are equally due to the subconsciousness. Sometimes it functions as a god, and sometimes as a mischievous and irresponsible ape. It hoards up forgotten experiences as a magpie hoards pebbles, and does not know what to do with them. Genius is due to the subconsciousness, and so is degeneracy. It is a vast warehouse that treasures dust and diamonds with an equal solicitude. It furnishes the ecstasy of the saint and the ravings of the maniac. It will solve your problems for you while you sleep, and present you, as



though on a platter, with any capacity that you desire. It will commit a crime with the unconcern of a monkey, or it will whisper heavenly secrets. It is superhumanly wise and subhumanly silly, inconceivably busy over small things, and negligent over great. It is a rebel and a slave. It is all things to all men. So, at least, we gather from the literature of the psychologist.

Why, then, does the psychologist treat this prodigious portent as though it were a simple and homogeneous entity, a sort of universal solvent of all perplexities? Why does he pretend to understand the subconsciousness when actually it is no more than a name for something that he does not in the least understand, a label for his ignorances? Does he actually believe that he has explained something when he murmurs the blessed word subconsciousness? Do we the better comprehend genius when we are sapiently told that it is an up-rush from the subconsciousness? Are we helped in our study of insanity or irresponsible crime when precisely the same interpretation is offered to us? One almost hesitates to open the door of the subconsciousness unless we may know what lurks on the other side—angel or demon. But is there only one door? And when that door is opened, do we find on the other side only one vast chamber filled with gems and rubbish, heaped in unclassified confusion? Is the subconsciousness a sort of "lucky bag" into which we must plunge unguided hands hoping to seize a pearl and not a snake? Can psychology give us no aid? Or has it been mesmerized by a word of its own coining? Has it become a victim of its own subconsciousness?

When the psychologist can extricate himself from this web of his own spinning we may find that he has something important to communicate. At present he comes perilously close to absurdity. To give the same name to that area of consciousness from which comes criminal insanity as to that other area of consciousness from which come the inspirations of saintship is ludicrous. If a tree may be known by its fruits then we have here, not one tree, but two trees, and they can hardly be said even to grow in the same garden.

That there are vast areas of consciousness of which now we are unaware is a

theosophical truism, and so far we need extend no thanks to the psychical researcher. The mind of man, like the coffin of Mahomet, oscillates between heaven and hell. Above it are the unimagined heights of the spiritual consciousness, and below it are the unfathomed depths of the animal and the evil. We may get glimpses of either. We may even learn to ascend and to descend at will. But to identify the two, to give the same name to the two, is about as intelligent as to identify the North and the South Poles.

## THE JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD

The dead man stood before the shadowy throne

Wherefrom the judgment of the dead is given,

And waited sentence calmly, unafraid,  
Guiltless of evil deed in earthly life.

When lo! from out of the judgment book  
was read

The doom of him who wasted, robbed,  
and slew!

"Nay, Lord," cried he bewildered, "where  
did I

These evil things whereof I am accused;  
Sore, sore have I been tempted, but with-  
stood.

From spoliation I withheld my hand,  
And slew not, though my heart was hot  
with hate.

Riches have passed, and all that men de-  
sire

I have put from me for a blameless life;  
And empty hands and broken heart attest  
That I have passed through life without  
its gains."

Then spake in sorrow He who rules the  
dead:

"The spirit judge I; not the flesh of man  
Which is subservient to the lord of life  
And of the earth, in whom I have no  
part.

Lo! to the spirit what is its desire

It makes thereby its own! Wherefore I  
say,

Thou, who hast had so much in thy de-  
sire,

And in desire hast done so many ills,  
Work out the punishment I mete to thee  
So that these things shall tempt thee not  
again."

—From "*The Grass in the Pavement*,"  
by M. E. Buhler. Published by  
James T. White & Co.

## TREASON.

The following passage is extracted from an article entitled "Woman Enthroned," by Agnes Repplier, appearing in the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*:

Agitators, we are told, are always sure of their market; but sometimes they have to go far afield to seek it. When Mrs. Pankhurst found her occupation gone in Great Britain, where women have become constructive patriots and part of "England's Effort" she braved the sea, and from Australia came a plaintive cry that she was buzzing in the streets of Adelaide, within the prohibited area. At the same time a moan from India betrayed the presence of Mrs. Annie Besant, who was offering her especial blend of theosophy and treason to the scandalized natives of Madras. In vain the Madras government explained to her that she was welcome to preach theosophy until the skies fell, but that she must leave out the treason. The unaccommodating lady refused the concession, saying that her theosophic campaign and her political campaign were necessarily interchangeable. In vain the authorities murmured polite requests that she would "move on." In vain the authorities of Adelaide made the same pathetic appeal to Mrs. Pankhurst. In the end Mrs. Pankhurst was arrested, and—familiar words—"resisted arrest"; and Mrs. Besant was expelled from Madras, as she had formerly been expelled from Bombay. Great India and great Australia strove to be tolerant to their unwelcome guests; but the old song, "The landlord then aloud did say as how he wished they would go away," adequately expressed the situation.

With Mrs. Besant's treasonable utterances we have no concern except to express our detestation of them. But with Mrs. Besant's identification of her treasonable utterances with Theosophy we have much concern. Let it then be said that Theosophists, as such, have no interest whatsoever in the politics of India, nor are they more concerned with the people of India than with the people of any other country. Mrs. Besant's Theosophy which she thus identifies with treason is a Theosophy of her own invention. It bears hardly the slightest resemblance to the true Theosophy. For a long time past it has seemed to be a mixture of autocracy, superstition, credulity, and priestcraft. It appears that treason must now be added to the brew. That it should be necessary to say this is a matter of deep regret, but it is impossible to remain silent while Theosophy is thus impudently identified with the powers of hell.

## THE PROMISE OF AIR.

An occult novel by Algernon Blackwood always gives the impression of an intended and deliberated message. And the message, somehow, is always different and distinctive. "Julius Le Vallon" struck a note of its own. So did "The Wave." And now we have "The Promise of Air," with its sketch of a new age where new powers shall bring a realization of a human fraternity that shall be born amid the wreck of systems and of worlds.

The hero is Joseph Wimble, a book agent who is brought to a recognition of inner possibilities by the genius of his little daughter Joan, who seems to be already a denizen of the new Aquarian Cycle, or the Cycle of Air. Joan loves Space, because, as she says, you can go through Space in so many directions, whereas Time has only one:

"Space," he mentioned, as soon as he had recovered breath, and drawing upon his inexhaustible reserve of Primers, "has three dimensions—height, breadth, and length. But Time has only one—length. In Time you go forwards only, never back, or to the left or right. Time is a line. Don't pinch—it hurts!" he cried, for in her excitement she leaned forward and seized his coat sleeve, taking up the flesh. "So, possibly, at death," he continued as soon as she released him, "a person——"

"Goes off sideways," she laughed, clapping her hands; "disappears off sideways——"  
 "In a new direction," he suggested.  
 "That's what I said long ago—another category, where a body isn't necessary."  
 "It's not a full stop, anyhow," she cried; "it's a flight."

Wimble's education proceeds apace. Intuition must take the place of intellect. There must be no waiting nor hesitation. That means losing one's chance. It was disobedience to the instantaneous mind. And then Wimble begins to dream:

He did not sleep very soundly. Too many ideas were rustling in his brain. "Rise out of rigid ideas," a voice kept whispering. "Hold ideas loosely in the mind. Cultivate agility of thought. Re-fresh, re-make your thought. Destroy the hard walls that keep God from you. He is so close to you always. Shatter your idols and get free! Rise out of the network of fixed ideas! Watch life without sinking into your own personality. That is, share every point of view and think in every corner of your body. Grow alive all over. Don't think things out in your head; *just see them!* Embrace all possibilities! Get into the air! Melt down that absurdity, the scientific materialist, and show him LIFE!"

The desire for continual movement is

a characteristic of the present race, and yet movement is so clumsy. But power must somehow be commensurate with the impulse, with the desire:

Then he paused. "But it's not merely that," flashed through him, "far, far more. It's the expression of a strange and deep belief: the belief that we ought to be, and should be, *can* be everywhere at once. This power lies in us somewhere, only as yet we haven't discovered how to use it. . . . But it's coming, and air and flight, wings and speed are already its beckoning symbols. We're being mysteriously quickened. We ought to be able to know everything, and to be everywhere, at once, in touch with all the universe, able to draw on all its powers. We have the right. This longing so to know and be, this uneasy yearning in us, what is it but an affirmation, a conviction that we can be so? Our wings go fluttering in our tiny cages. Wherever I am I go—and I *am* wherever my thought and desire are."

Wimble and his daughter are attracted to a meeting of the Aquarian Society. The speaker is a retired railroad conductor, ungrammatical and with an uncertain use of his aspirates. He explains to his audience that the Sun entered the Sign of Aquarius in 1881 and that a New Age is beginning. He speaks of the Zodiac and of its divisions:

"This orbit is called the Zodiac," continued the other, "and it is divided into twelve signs." He mentioned them, beginning with Aries and Taurus, and ending with Aquarius and Pisces. "Now, you asked what is an Age, didn't you?" He paused a second. "Well, our solar system takes a bit over 2000 years to pass through each of these Signs, and this time is the measurement of an Age. And with each Age certain new things 'appen."

He made this announcement with certain mysterious significance.

"Certain things 'appen to the planet and to us as lives on it. Certain changes come. They're sure as summer and winter is sure—that is, you can count on them. Those who know can count on them—prophets and people with inner vision. There you get prophecy and the meaning of prophecy. Vision! And without a vision the people perish—miss their chances, that is. The seers, the mystics, always know and see ahead, and this end of the Age—and of the world as it's sometimes called stupidly—has been prophesied by many."

Air, says the speaker, has a spiritual significance, and the Aquarian Age will be spiritual. But how is spirituality to be shown in human life?

"It means this—to put it quite plainly, simply: It means living lightly, carelessly, spontaneously, as a bird does, so to speak, 'oose 'ome is air and 'oo works 'ard without taking too much thought. It means living by faith and that means"—he uttered the next

words with great emphasis—"living by the subconsciousness—by intuition."

"A bird's heart," he cried, "lies in the centre of its body. *We* must live from the centre, too."

"That's the secret, and that's the first sign that you're getting it. There you get the first 'int of this new Aquarian Age, and from the moment we entered it—not so long ago, forty years or so—this idea of the Subconsciousness 'as showed itself as the key-word of the day. It's everywhere already. Even the scientific men 'as got it. Bergson began with 'is intuition, and professors like Frood of Vienna and Young of Zurich caught on like lightning. William James, too, and a 'undred others. Why, it's got down into our poetry and novels, and even the pore old dying pulpits 'ave a smack at it and try and keep their heads above water.

"To live by our subconscious knowledge, instead of by your slow old calculating reason, means a new, airy way of living. And it's spiritual, I say, because it stands for the beginning of a new knowledge and understanding, and therefore a new sympathy with each other. With everybody! All sorts of powers lie in our subconsciousness, powers of the 'ole race, powers forgotten and powers to come, and it's in touch with greater powers still that so far 'ave been beyond us as a race. All knowledge 'ides there—God.

"And if you rely upon it, it will guide you—and guide you quickly, surely in a flash. Nor you won't go wrong either, for in your subconsciousness you touch everybody else; we all join on down there—within—and that's where the Kingdom of 'eaven lies—and if you rely upon the Kingdom of 'eaven it will guide you right. We all touch 'ands if you go deep enough, and that means brotherhood, don't it? For it means sympathy, understanding, love. The 'ottentot's your neighbor."

There is nothing stationary about the air, reiterates the speaker. It is eternally moving and everything in it. And the natural inhabitant of the air, the bird, has its heart in the centre of its body. That physiological fact is much emphasized:

"The subconscious powers, the subconscious life—yes, that's the secret. To rely upon it, live and act by it, means to act with the 'ole world at once and know the 'appiness of brother'ood and love. It means to lose yourself—your little conscious, surface, limited self—in the bigger ocean of the air. 'Ither—to it's been called living by faith and prayer. That's all right enough, but it aint enough. That means touching the subconscious at moments only. We want to touch it always and every minute. In this new Aquarian Age it will be at our fingers' end, so to speak. The 'sub' will disappear. The subconscious will become the conscious. We shall know everything, and everything at once; we shall be everywhere, and everywhere at once." He raised his voice. "We shall be ONE, and know that we are ONE. We shall 'ave spiritual consciousness."

And then comes the warning of the

convulsions by which the birth of the New Age will be attended:

"I want to warn you all, to give you this little word of warning. For I'm led to believe—in fact, I may say it's been given to me—that a dying Age—don't die without an effort. An expiring Age, so to say, seeks to prolong its life. With the result that, just before it passes, its characteristics is first intensified. The Powers that have ruled over us for 2000 years make themselves felt with extra strength; and these Powers, seeing that their time is past, are no longer right. They're no longer what we need. Good and right in their time, they now seem wrong, and out of place. They're evil. We see them as evil, any'ow, though they make for good in another way. I don't know if you follow me. Wot I mean is that, when an old Age is passing and a new Age coming to birth—there's conflict. . . .

"Conflict means trouble," continued the speaker amid a solemn hush, "and nothing big ever comes to birth without labor and travail and pain. We must expect this pain and travail and be ready for it. A new heaven and a new earth will come, but they won't come easily. They will be preceded by a mighty effort of the old ones to keep going a bit longer first. A 'uge up'eaval, physically and spiritually, will take place first—on the earth, that is, as well as in our 'earts—before we all get caught up to meet the Lord in the air."

His sentences grew slower and more emphatic, more charged with conviction and with warning. He made privileged communications. There were pauses between his utterances.

"I warn you, I prepare you, so that when it comes you will be ready and prepared—not for yourselves, mind, but so as you may 'elp others, wot won't quite realize quite wot it all means.

"For there'll be *sacrifice* as well.

"There's always a sacrifice when a New Age catches 'old of our old earth, and our old earth will shake and tremble in the re-making, and some of us will shake and tremble, too. You'll feel, maybe, that shudder in advance and know what it means. Signs and wonders, men's 'earts failing them for fear, and the instability of all solid things.

"There will be *death*.

"Death takes its 'undreds, its thousands at a time like that, and many—the best and finest usually—go out before their time, as it seems. But—mark this—they go out—to 'elp!

"There comes in the sacrifice.

"They'll be taken off to 'elp, taken into the air, but taken away from those they leave be'ind."

His tone grew lower, and a deeper hush passed over the little crowd before him. There was dull fire in his eyes. An atmosphere of the prophet clothed him.

"It's just there," he emphasized, "that we—we who know—can 'elp."

"For we know that death is nothing more nor less than slipping back into your own consciousness, and so becoming greater and finer and more active—more useful, too, with greater powers—than we ever 'ad in our limited, imperfect bodies. And we know that

this separate life, ended at death, is nothing but an episode in our universal life which death can never put an end to because it is imperishable. We are part of the universe, not of this little planet alone.

"There'll be mourning, but we can 'elp dry their tears; there'll be terror, but we can take their fear away; there'll be loneliness, but we can show them—show 'em by the way we live—that there'll be reunion better than before. We all meet in the subconsciousness, and know each other face to face. For it means reunion in the air, which is everywhere at once and universal, and stands for that denial of space and time—that spiritual affirmation—we Aquarians call NOW."

This is not the most interesting of Mr. Blackwood's stories as stories are conventionally judged, but we are not sure that it may not be the most important. At least it bears the marks of a certain emergency of intention that commends it to the serious reader.

THE PROMISE OF AIR. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

## THE TWO VOICES.

For how should I for certain hold  
Because my memory is so cold,  
That I *first* was in human mold?

It may be that no life is found  
Which only to one engine bound  
Falls off, but cycles always round.

But, if I lapsed from nobler place,  
Some legend of a fallen race  
Alone might hint of my disgrace.

Or, if through lower lives I came—  
Tho' all experience past became  
Consolidate in mind and frame—

I might forget my weaker lot;  
For is not our first year forgot?  
The haunts of memory echo not.

Some draughts of Lethe doth await,  
As old mythologies relate,  
The slipping through from state to state.

Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

Of something felt, like something here;  
Of something done, I know not where;  
Such as no language may declare.

—Tennyson.

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*.

## DEITY.

In incense before gods He rises,  
In the blue smoke of the cigarettes He curls.  
He dwells in the eyelids of the Buddha;  
He is in the lotus.

The delicate tree-tops He sways.  
Over the roofs of houses He stalks.  
He is in the moon mirrored in a pool;  
He is in the sky.

In the tails of peacocks He is a jewel;  
In the garden of sunflowers He is a rose.  
He hangs above an adoration of candles.  
He is on a cross. —*Louis Gilmore.*

## KARMA.

(From the "Secret Doctrine.")

Compare this blind faith (of theology) with the philosophical belief, based on every reasonable evidence and on life-experience, in Karma-Nemesis, or the Law of Retribution. This Law—whether Conscious or Unconscious—predestines nothing and no one. It exists from and in Eternity, truly, for it is Eternity itself; and as such, since no act can be co-equal with Eternity, it can not be said to act, for it is Action itself. It is not the wave which drowns a man, but the *personal* action of the wretch who goes deliberately and places himself under the *impersonal* action of the law that governs the ocean's motion. Karma creates nothing, nor does it design. It is man who plans and creates causes, and Karmic Law adjusts the effects, which adjustment is not an act, but universal harmony, tending ever to resume its original position, like a bough, which, bent down too forcibly, rebounds with corresponding vigor. If it happen to dislocate the arm that tried to bend it out of its natural position, shall we say that it is the bough which broke our arm, or that our own folly has brought us to grief? Karma has never sought to destroy intellectual and individual freedom, like the God invented by the Monotheists. It has not involved its decrees in darkness purposely to perplex man; nor shall it punish him who dares to scrutinize its mysteries. On the contrary he who through study and meditation unveils its intricate paths, and throws light on those dark ways, in the winding of which so many men perish owing to their igno-

rance of the labyrinth of life—is working for the good of his fellow-men. Karma is an Absolute and Eternal Law in the World of Manifestation; and as there can only be one Absolute, as One eternal ever-present Cause, believers in Karma can not be regarded as Atheists, or Materialists—still less as Fatalists, for Karma is one with the Unknowable, of which it is an aspect, in its effects in the phenomenal world.

Intimately, or rather indissolubly, connected with Karma, then, is the Law of Rebirth, or of the reincarnation of the same spiritual Individuality in a long, almost interminable, series of Personalities. The latter are like the various characters played by the same actor, with each of which that actor identifies himself and is identified by the public, for the space of a few hours. The *inner*, or real Man, who personates those characters, knows the whole time that he is Hamlet only for the brief space of a few acts, which, however, on the plane of illusion, represent the whole life of Hamlet. He knows also that he was, the night before, King Lear, the transformation in his turn of the Othello of a still earlier preceding night. And though the outer, visible character is supposed to be ignorant of the fact, and in actual life that ignorance is, unfortunately, but too real, nevertheless, the *permanent* Individuality is fully aware of it, and it is through the atrophy of the "spiritual" Eye in the physical body that that knowledge is unable to impress itself on the consciousness of the false Personality.

The wise man is free from grief and filled with bliss. He fears nothing from anywhere. Without knowledge of the true self there is no other path open to those desirous of liberation for removing the bondage of conditioned life.—*Shankara.*

When all the differences created by illusion have been rejected there remains a self-illuminated something which is eternal, fixed, without stain, immeasurable without form, unmanifested, without name, indestructible.—*Shankara.*

If the mind would fain ascend to the height of science, let its first and principle study be to know itself.—*St. Victor*

## RELIGIONS PAST AND PRESENT.

Most of us were brought up with a very definite idea of the difference between Christian and heathen. Between our own religion and every other a great gulf was fixed, the gulf between truth and falsehood, between darkness and light. Church, Sunday-school, and the missionary collection conspired to keep our consciousness of this gulf alive and keen. Of late we have begun to hear less about the heathen. The conviction that religious truth and good have come to earth solely through Palestinian channels is no longer so positively held by all Christians. There has grown up a magnificent science called Comparative Religion (or some similar name) and the realization that ethnic faiths like Buddhism and Mohammedanism are real religions, capable of being compared not only with each other, but with Christianity itself, has meant a wholly new outlook.

There was indeed in the last century, when some knowledge of these religions and their scriptures first began to reach the average reader in our Western world, a period of artless and uncritical idealization, when what was non-Christian and unfamiliar was for that very reason given a value and status often quite unrelated to its actual content. Translations were too often transmutations, with little or no critical sense of the original setting and background. Poems, essays, and sermons sprouted highly mystical and ethical quotations from "Eastern Scriptures" that Confucius, Buddha, or Zoroaster were not known for their own.

But this sentimental period has passed, and the comparative science of religions has come into its own, developing a method as rigidly scientific and critical as any of the other historical sciences. Universities and the more progressive Christian divinity schools have chairs devoted to this science. The University of Pennsylvania has a notable department of the history of religions, including such internationally eminent scholars as Morris Jastrow and James A. Montgomery. Eleven members of this department united last winter to give a course of public lectures on "Religions of the Past and Present," fourteen in all, presenting the most important faiths in human history, from the religion of primi-

tive man down to mediæval Christianity. The treatment of each religion was assigned to a man who was a specialist in its study, and Dr. Montgomery, who gives the fine exposition of the Hebrew religion, has edited the whole. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.) Outstanding are the lectures of Dr. Jastrow on the religion of Babylonia and Assyria and on Mohammedanism, which alone would give marked distinction to the volume. But the others are not unworthy to accompany these, and the collection is admirably balanced. There are two lectures on Christianity, one on early Christianity by Professor Newbold, which in some ways is less satisfactory than the others, and one on mediæval Christianity by Professor Arthur Howland. These come at the end of the volume and do not in any way look down with the ancient scorn upon their ethnic rivals. Rather here is perfect fellowship, and impartial scientific exposition throughout. The English reader who wishes to know the salient elements of the religions which have swayed the great nations of history, will find this volume most serviceable, most reliable, most interesting.—*Reedy's Mirror*.

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O could I tell ye surely would believe it!

O could I only say what I have seen!  
How should I tell or how can ye receive it,

How, till he bringeth you where I have been?  
—*Myers*.

---

Mysticism claims to be able to know the Unknowable without help from dialectics, and is persuaded that by means of love and will it reaches a point to which thought, unaided, can not attain.  
—*Recejac*.

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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*.

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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.

---

Plato says that Time had its original from an intelligence.—*Plutarch*.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 NEW DEATH.

Winifred Kirkland, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, tells us with no uncertain voice that if our soldiers in Europe know how to die we ought at least to know how to live:

If in the fire and the mud "out there" men can discover things to give them joy and faith, surely we at home can emulate a little of their serenity. As we read the records of their hearts, as we meet corresponding experience in our own, we know that no holocaust can unself the soul, and that the deathless privileges of friendship and of kinship and of the beauty of nature can be interrupted, but never destroyed.

The soldier, says the author, seems to have no doubt about survival. He has that utter inner confidence that gives courage and derides wounds and death:

There is, however, in the fourfold sense of survival to be studied in soldier records—comradeship of idealism, expectation of glad adventure, the reassurance from the vitality of nature, the consciousness of something eternal at the centre of the soul—little that is definitely personal, just as there is little that suggests the old conventional doctrines either of science or of theology. In contrast there flashes before us the warm personal hope of Donald Hankey, in his last recorded words: "If wounded, Blighty. If killed, the Resurrection!"

The war has brought no new revelation, says Miss Kirkland, but it has brought to those who survive a new attitude toward death:

After decades of materialism, a new mysticism is being born. All of us today perceive some great force let loose upon us—for our

destruction or our regeneration? . . . The new thing about faith today is that it is voluntarily intuitive, and that its mysticism is not contemplative, but active. This mysticism is conscious. The scientific, the materialistic attitude was a stage of growth ordained for our adolescence, but it did not indicate the maturity that we thought it did. . . . We do not argue about survival: we accept it. Universal destruction has swept from us every other dependence. It is frankly an experiment, this new spirituality, this new adjustment, this New Death. For the first time in the world, millions of people are making the adventure of faith, engrossed in the effect of immortality, the effect of God, not as a dogma of the next world, but as a practice for this one. There is nothing new about immortality, there is nothing new about God, there is everything new in the fact that we are at last willing to live as if we believed in both. This is the religion of the New Death.

We do not know quite what Miss Kirkland means when she says that materialism was "ordained" for us except as all diseases are "ordained." Materialism was a moral and mental leprosy and like all moral and mental maladies it was certain to find physical expression. To describe it as a stage of evolution may be gratifying to our vanities, but it does not commend itself to wisdom. We allowed science to search for the soul with pick and shovel, and we credulously applauded its verdict that the soul did not exist. Believing that we had no souls we believed also that rapine was the law of life. Why not? Materialism on its higher planes took the form of legalized and insensate greeds. On its



lower planes it became crime, lust, and a callous luxury. Then it degenerated into war. It was Haeckel who made war a certainty, and if we shall show ourselves willing to worship again at that shrine, then something even worse may befall us. Materialism was not an aberration, a deviation, an error. It was a deliberate crime against the Holy Ghost.

## PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

We know of no more valuable researches into the physical concomitants of psychic phenomena than those undertaken by Dr. W. J. Crawford, D. Sc., and recorded in his book, "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. And here it may be said that Dr. Crawford's experiments were not carried out under what are usually called test conditions. That is to say he did not assume that his medium was, or could be, a fraud. She belonged to a family well known to him and of unquestionable character. She gave her services freely and without reward, direct or indirect. None the less the experiments were of such a nature as to exclude fraud. His book is therefore intended, not to convince incredulity, but to furnish knowledge as to the nature of accepted phenomena, and this it does to a surprising extent.

Dr. Crawford's experiments were of the most inclusive kind. He used many kinds of scientific instruments in order to measure the nature of the force displayed, its origin, its direction, its fluctuations, and the conditions under which it manifested. He used weighing machines, and machines to measure pressures, resistances, attractions, and repulsions. His circle consisted of seven persons, practically members of the same family and all of them mediums, although in different degrees.

The book is a record of careful and accurate observation extended over a long period. For this reason it should be read in its entirety. It is neither a plea nor an argument, but a statement of facts that will of course be ignored by conventional science because the medium was treated neither as a criminal nor an imbecile. None the less the book is not one to be overlooked by the student, and to this end some few excerpts from Dr. Crawford's conclusions may properly be

added. He believes that all the physical phenomena are caused by flexible rod-like projections from the body of the medium, whether these phenomena are levitations, movements of the table, rappings, or touchings:

It is capable of being pushed straight out from the body of the medium and being pulled straight into the body of the medium. It has not an indefinite limit of extension, but at its end can reach, under favorable conditions, to a distance of about five feet from her body, and can then act on the table and move it about. Whether the rod gets thinner as it is pushed out from her body I am not able to say, although I should think it likely. The medium's end of the rod, as it is pulled back into her body, is absorbed in her; perhaps the rod is ultimately made up of great bundles of thread-like projections, and the whole rod is anchored to her like the roots of a tree.

The rod is capable of to-and-fro motion horizontally over a considerable arc, and can thus move bodies about within the circle formed by the sitters; it has also a limited motion in a vertical plane.

The rod, while capable of in-and-out movement from the medium's body, can be fixed or locked at any required position within its limits of extension, so that in such position it becomes a cantilever.

The rod can transmit pulling and pushing forces.

The free end of the rod is capable (at least sometimes) of gripping bodies by adhesion.

All the motions of the rod are worked from within the body of the medium.

The author says that he has frequently felt something that appears to be matter below the under surface of the table. It has a cold, clammy, reptilian feeling, and he reminds us that Dr. Schrenck-Notzing had similar experiences during his experiments in materializations. Dr. Schrenck-Notzing observed this matter coming from the mouth of the medium, but Dr. Crawford believes that it is essentially the same as that felt by himself, although perhaps the latter was of a more rudimentary quality. The matter that he felt under the table was quite still, but when he moved his hand to and fro amongst it the table ceased to levitate:

The main point, however, is that near the medium, indeed quite close to her body, the same quality of matter is present during rapping phenomena as is present under the levitated table; and not only so, but in the former case it is in motion in the direction from body of medium outwards, as can easily be observed by the spore-like sensation as of soft particles moving gently against the hand. During levitation of the table I have never actually interrupted the line of stress from medium to table with my hand, but I have placed a delicate pressure-recording apparatus

in that line, with the result that it was shown there was mechanical pressure close to the body of the medium (although the conditions of the experiment allow of its being a pressure of very small magnitude) acting outwards from her to the levitated table; and furthermore, the placing of the apparatus in the stress-line caused the table to drop. Also the place of origin of the stress-line in the body of the medium appeared to be near the lower part of the trunk. It seems likely, therefore, that the pressure against the testing apparatus was due to a flow of particles of the same kind of matter as can be felt under the levitated table and such as issues from the ankles of the medium during rapping near her feet.

These extracts will suffice to show the calibre of the work under review. It will be read with interest by those alert to the confirmation of occult theory by experimental research.

### THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

Students of the results of polar exploration need no reminder (says *Current Opinion*) that the first rumors of coal beds in the antarctic continent have been fully confirmed by the official reports of all experts who went with Scott and other pioneers to this remote field. Nor is coal the only important item in the list of the natural resources of the Antarctic. There are vast mineral deposits. The evidence of these riches has not received attention from the general public owing to a belief that the continent to the south of us is inaccessible to man. This impression, however, is now seen to be erroneous in view of the bearing of the facts revealed by antarctic research upon the problems of the ice age. The similarity of the succession of geological climates in polar latitudes with those of other latitudes is very striking. The history of man's appearance in the north temperate zone after the glacial epoch must be repeated in the Antarctic.

The researches leading to this startling conclusion, declares Professor Marsden Manson in *Science*, have been prosecuted to the utmost limit of courage, devotion to duty, and endurance by the explorers whose names are already household words even if the tremendous import of their work is as yet inadequately realized. The data secured by these explorers are alone sufficient to establish certain premises leading to the conclusion indicated. Thus, antarctic ice, although covering areas several times larger than

all other ice, is slowly decreasing in extent and depth. Again, the same succession of geological climates has prevailed in antarctic as in other latitudes. These evidences of the retreat of the antarctic ice are of vital significance to humanity. All these evidences, and many others into which it is unnecessary to enter, lead up to the same fact, namely, that the glaciation characterizing the Antarctic is temporary and fleeting. The ice is everywhere in retreat. The high-level morains decrease in height above the present surface of the ice, the débris being two thousand feet up near the coast and only two hundred feet above near the plateau. The observations cover an ice area of many thousands of square miles. A vast mass of facts carefully verified by scientists accompanying the polar expeditions of recent years has just become available in verified reports:

This impressive and conclusive evidence is corroborated by the greater and still more impressive evidences of the comparatively recent uncovering of temperate land areas, and the progressive retreat of the snow line to higher elevations in temperate and tropical latitudes and towards the poles at sea level, being far greater in arctic than in antarctic regions. We are therefore confronted with the conclusions:

1. That the disappearance of the Ice Age is an active present process and must be accounted for by activities and energies now at work, and that the use of assumptions and hypotheses is not permissible;

2. That the rates and lines of retreat are and have been determined by exposure to solar energy and the temperatures established thereby; and by the difference in the specific heat of the land and water hemispheres.

What Professor Manson terms a "vital conclusion" is that "the same energies which have but recently converted the glacial lake beds of Canada into the most productive grain fields of the world will in time convert the tundras of today into the grain fields of tomorrow." He says further:

The bearing of this conclusion upon the ultimate development of the human race is so far-reaching in its consequences that the great sacrifice of life attendant upon the prosecution of these researches stands forever as a memorial in the correction of the erroneous and widespread conception that the earth is in a period of refrigeration, desiccation, and decay; and establishes the conclusion that it is in the springtime of a new climatic control during which the areas fitted for man's uses are being extended and that the moss of polar wastes will be replaced by rye and wheat.

## THUS SAID NIETZSCHE.

Whoever earnestly desires to be free will therewith and without any compulsion lose all inclination for faults and vices; he will also be more rarely overcome by anger and vexation.

You find your burden of life too heavy? Then you must increase the burden of your life.

A strange thing this punishment of ours. It does not purify the criminal; it is not a form of expiation; but, on the contrary, it is even more defiling than the crime itself.

Have you experienced history within yourselves, commotions, earthquakes, long and profound sadness, and sudden flashes of happiness? Have you acted foolishly with great and little fools? Have you really undergone the delusions and woe of the good people? and also the woe and the peculiar happiness of the most evil? Then you may speak to me of morality, but not otherwise.

Ye have made your way from the worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal.

Distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful.

Everything goeth, everything returneth; eternally rolleth the wheel of existence. Everything dieth, everything blossometh forth again; eternally runneth on the year of existence.

My doctrine is: Live so that thou mayest desire to live again—that is thy duty—for in any case thou wilt live again.

The desire for distinction is the desire to subject one's neighbor.

Ye fancy that ye will have a long rest ere your second birth takes place—but do not deceive yourselves. Twixt your last moment of consciousness and the first

ray of the dawn of your new life no time will elapse—as a flash of lightning will the space go by, even though living creatures think it is millions of years.

You wish to bid farewell to your passion? Very well, but do so without hatred against it. Otherwise you have a second passion.

## THE LOGOS.

(Extracted from an article by Charles Johnston in "The Constructive Quarterly.")

In what is probably his earliest treatise, on the account of the Creation of the World, as given by Moses—that is, on the early chapters of Genesis—Philo tells us that Moses, who had early reached the very summits of philosophy, and who had learned from the oracles of God the most numerous and important principles of nature, was well aware that it is indispensable that in all existing things there must be an active cause, and a passive subject; and that the active cause is the Intellect (Nous) of the universe, thoroughly unadulterated and thoroughly unmingled, superior to virtue and superior to science, superior even to abstract good or abstract beauty, while the passive subject is something inanimate and incapable of motion by any intrinsic power of its own, but having been set in motion, and fashioned, and endowed with life by the Intellect (Nous), was then transformed into that most perfect work, the world. For God, apprehending beforehand that there could not exist a good imitation without a good model, and that of the things perceptible to the external senses nothing could be faultless which was not fashioned with reference to some archetypal idea conceived by the Intellect, when He had determined to create this visible world, previously formed that one which is perceptible only by the intellect, in order that so using an incorporeal model, He might then make this corporeal world a younger likeness of the elder creation.

Philo then uses his famous illustration of the *fiat* city, laid out, at the command of a king, by a "wise master-builder." We may think that he had in mind his own Alexandria, admirably laid out, at the command of Alexander the Great, by the architect Dinocrates, who

had gained fame by rebuilding the temple of Diana at Ephesus. Up to this point Philo calls the divine Mind *Nous*; in the passage that follows he changes to *Logos*: As, therefore, the city, when previously shadowed out in the mind of the man of architectural skill, had no external place, but was stamped solely in the mind of the workman, so, in the same manner, neither can the world which existed in ideas have had any other local position except the divine Logos which made them.

He brings out more completely his conception of the creative Logos in the passages which follow: In any one were to desire to use more undisguised terms, he would not call the world which is perceptible only to the intellect anything else but the Logos of God, already occupied in the creation of the world; for neither is a city, while only perceptible to the intellect, anything else but the logos of the architect, who is already designing to build one perceptible to the external senses, on the model of that which is so only to the intellect. . . . It is manifest also that the archetypal seal, which we call that world which is perceptible only to the intellect, must itself be the archetypal model, the idea of ideas, the Logos of God. Philo tells us that "In the beginning" means "first in order," not "first in time," since Time can only come with the heavenly bodies whose motions mark time, for "Time is the interval of the motion of the heavens." This may very well stand as a commentary on the opening words of the fourth gospel.

The passages so far quoted illustrate the first six sentences of John—the first two groups, as Loisy arranges them; the keynotes of these first two groups being: The Logos was with God; and, All things were made through Him. The keynote of the third group of sentences is, in like manner: In Him was life and the life was the light of men. From the same treatise on the Creation we may illustrate this. Philo writes that he calls the invisible divine Logos, perceptible only by the intellect, the image of God. And the image of this image is that Light, perceptible only by the intellect, which is the image of the divine Logos . . . and if one were to call it universal Light, he would not be very far

wrong; since it is from it that the sun and moon, and all the other planets and fixed stars derive their due light, in proportion as each has power given it. The Logos is that Light, perceptible only to the intellect, which existed before the sun.

We may, then, parallel the opening verses of the fourth gospel by these sentences of Philo's:

The most universal of all things is God  
And in the second place the Logos of God

The incorporeal world was already completed  
Having its seat in the divine Logos  
The world perceptible by the senses  
Was made on the model of it

The Logos is that light  
Perceptibly only by the intellect  
Which existed before the sun

Object of horror or of adoration, men have for the serpent an implacable hatred, or prostrate themselves before its genius. Lie calls it, Prudence claims it, Envy carries it in its heart, and Eloquence on its Caduceus. In hell it arms the whip of the furies, in Heaven eternity makes of it its symbol.—*De Chateaubriand*.

Nature is triune: there is a visible, objective nature; an invisible, indwelling, energizing nature, the exact model of the other, and its vital principle; and above these two, *spirit*, source of all forces, alone eternal and indestructible; the lower two constantly change; the higher third does not.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

The efflux from the divine soul is imparted to the human spirit in unreserved abundance, accomplishing for the soul a union with the divine, and enabling it while in the body to be partaker of the life which is not in the body.—*Porphyry*.

I had thought of all the sins though without committing them and these thoughts seemed to my mind to be realities, because I felt that my heart was occupied by created things.—*Mme. Guyon*.

All nature is but art unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction, which thou caust  
not see;  
All discord, harmony, not understood,  
All partial evil, universal good.

## A LAST WORD ON PALLADINO.

(By Hereward Carrington.)

The reported death of Eusapia Palladino in Rome brings up once again for public discussion her mediumship, and in fairness to her memory I feel that I can not let this opportunity pass without a final word regarding her powers. As the man who brought Palladino to this country for investigation, after having had ten seances with her in Naples—for the English Society for Psychical Research—I feel it my duty to lay before the American public once more, and finally, the opposite side of this controversy, so that there may be no misunderstanding as to the position I occupy, and as to the position which I believe she also occupies, in the history of the subject.

The notice in the paper refers to Palladino as a settled case of fraud and trickery—as a medium finally caught in fraud, and now altogether discredited. I do not for a moment doubt that this is the general impression which the American public has of this medium; but in the estimation of all those, both here and in Europe, who have investigated her carefully and conscientiously, it is an altogether false impression. Eusapia did trick; there is no doubt as to that fact. She was caught in precisely the same sort of trickery in Europe a quarter of a century ago; practically every group of investigators has acknowledged that she would trick if permitted to do so. However, this point should be noted—that these same investigators are unanimous in asserting that she had genuine, remarkable powers of a supernormal character, and that genuine phenomena were produced at her seances. That fact has been omitted from the statements published in this country.

The central fact is simply this: Eusapia depended, for the production of her phenomena, upon an energy over which she exercised no control. Sometimes this energy was strong, when we had a so-called "good seance"; and at such times nothing could hold the phenomena back. Holding, tying with ropes, etc., had no effect; and manifestations would be weak. At such times a long period of waiting would result, with no phenomena. Now, if Eusapia had been

a wise and sensible woman, she would have said: "I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen, I can get nothing tonight: we will try tomorrow." But she would not do this. An illiterate woman at basis—she could neither read nor write—she had acquired a veneer and polish through moving in scientific and aristocratic circles for some years in Europe, and had become thoroughly spoiled and vain. La Palladino must not fail! So, rather than fail, she would resort to trickery in an endeavor to produce phenomena which failed to appear; and then she would get caught doing so, and the result would be fatal. This is precisely what happened here; what happened in Cambridge in 1895, and elsewhere. But her serious investigators were uninfluenced nevertheless, because they had seen both sets of seances and not one only. And, I may add, the American "investigation," so called, did not influence the European investigators.

Scientific questions are settled eventually by scientific investigation, and not by sneers, falsehoods, or prejudiced and insufficient investigations. The "poem" which Professor Jastrow inserted at the conclusion of his article hardly disposes of a case which had been studied carefully and cautiously by the aid of scientific instruments, by the highest and brainiest men in Europe, for a quarter of a century. Browning wrote the same sort of thing about the medium, D. D. Home, his poem being "Dr. Sludge." Yet Browning had to acknowledge that he had never seen Home, knew nothing of him, and had no justification for his attitude. The extremely prejudiced and partially false report of Professor Münsterberg can, perhaps, better be estimated now than when he wrote it—since his German scheming and plotting on behalf of the Kaiser have come to light. The *à priori* German materialistic attitude toward this question assumed by a host of "professors of psychology" will not serve to do away with one single fact of a genuine nature which may have been observed; and many such facts are on record for those who care to consult the original records. I may perhaps refer the interested reader to my books, "Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena," "Personal Experiences in Spiritualism," and the report in the proceed-

ings of the Society for Psychical Research for full details.

One or two words should, I think, be said to clear away certain inaccuracies which appeared in the statement connected with the announcement of her death:

1. Eusapia did not refuse to give the seance in the *Times* tower because conjurers were present. On the contrary, she accepted this condition. She only stipulated that some of her own friends should accompany her to the seance, to see that she had fair play and that no harm befell her when she was in trance. These friends were to remain altogether outside the circle, away from the table, and under guard by members of the circle. This was not agreed to by the investigators, and the seance fell through on that account.

2. It was never proved that Palladino lifted the table with her toe, "by detectives introduced into the room." In many cases the legs of the table were incased in hollow wooden tubes reaching the floor, and completely preventing her from touching the legs of the table. Levitations occurred, nevertheless!

3. Eusapia did not come to America in 1908, but in 1909, and remained until 1910. Further sittings in Naples, after her return, were inconclusive.

I have now finished with Palladino. *Requiescat in pace!* I think it only right, however, that these final words should be said by me after her death, as I regard her one of the most interesting cases in the whole history of psychical research; one of the most remarkable physical mediums the world has ever known (in spite of her petty trickery), and one of the most interesting and magnetic women it has ever been my lot to encounter.—*New York Times*.

The wise know that as the supreme truth which is absolute consciousness, in which are united the knower and the knowledge, infinite and unchangeable.—*Shankara*.

The wrold is an infinite sphere, whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere.—*Hermes*.

Science should have neither desires nor prejudices. Truth should be her sole aim.—*Sir William Groves*.

## A VISION.

(By William Butler Yeats.)

Many years ago I saw, between sleeping and waking, a woman of incredible beauty shooting an arrow into the sky, and from the moment when I made my first guess at her meaning I have thought much of the difference between the winding movement of nature and the straight line, which is called in Balzac's "Sera-phita" the "Mark of Man," but comes closer to my meaning as the mark of saint or sage. I think that we who are poets and artists, not being permitted to shoot beyond the tangible, must go from desire to weariness and so to desire again, and live but for the moment when vision comes to our weariness like terrible lightning, in the humility of the brutes. I do not doubt those heaving circles, those winding arcs, whether in one man's life or that of an age, are mathematical, and that some in the world, or beyond the world, have fore-known the event and pricked upon the calendar the life-span of a Christ, a Buddha, a Napoleon: that every movement, in feeling or in thought, prepares in the dark by its own increasing clarity and confidence its own executioner. We seek reality with the slow toil of our weakness and are smitten from the boundless and the unforeseen. Only when we are saint or sage, and renounce Experience itself, can we, in the language of the Christian Cabala, leave the sudden lightning and the path of the serpent and become the bowman who aims his arrow at the centre of the sun.—*From "Per Amica Silentia Lunæ." Published by the Macmillan Company.*

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*.

There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial. . . . There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon.—*I Cor., xv., 40.*

Our soul having lost its heavenly mansion came down into the earthly body as into a strange place.—*Philo*.

The gods themselves can not annihilate the action which is done.—*Pindar*.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## Theosophical Outlook

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. III No. 26. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, June 29, 1918. Price Five Cents

## PALLADINO.

The obituary notice of Eusapia Palladino, reprinted from the *London Times*, which appears elsewhere in this issue, is just summary of the career of a remarkable medium. Its writer, being a man of discernment, sees nothing incongruous in the facts that Mme. Palladino produced genuine phenomena and also that she was addicted to trickery and fraud. Mediumship, in the majority of instances, is a disease, and it produces mental and moral irresponsibility. The medium is not in control of her own forces—otherwise she would not be a medium—and when she finds herself unable to produce the phenomena that she has been paid to produce we may confidently expect a resort to trickery. This is one of the conditions that we have to face. Mme. Palladino was a poor woman and she frankly sold her curious capacities to the psychic investigator when opportunity offered. *Caveat Empiror.*

## PRAYERS.

It is not easy to understand why it should be considered necessary or even desirable to publish volumes of prayers unless on the supposition that the author of the prayers is in need of the money that will accrue to him from the sale of the book. The need that must be expressed for us by another, of which we must be reminded by another, can not be of a very insistent or emergent kind, and

we may even find something grotesque in the idea of a supplication that is read from the printed page.

But that, at the moment, is not the question. In front of us is a little volume of prayers, the work of an eminent divine, and published for the use of those who are weary of "endless argument." We note that the volume is copyrighted, and that "all rights are reserved." These prayers are therefore the legal property of their author, and we are unable to quote from them—even if we should wish to do so—without incurring the penalties of the law.

But it is the preface with which we are more particularly concerned, and from this we may permit ourselves a single excerpt:

Preparation for prayer is almost more important than prayer itself. That preparation ought to include some effort to compose the mind by bringing it to silence. This need not be of any great duration, but it ought to be attained before one goes any further. Some people find this very difficult to accomplish; the modern mind can do anything but be still. They are not helped by the advice of pseudo-mysticism, which recommends concentration without providing anything on which to concentrate. But it offers what is sound enough advice when it recommends certain devices such as mental listening to the ticking of a clock for a few seconds, or counting one's breathing, though there is nothing mysterious or mystic about such practices; they simply suffice to engage the attention of certain areas of mental activity and thus leave others free for their higher functions.

How typical of the clerical mind.



which first disparages and then purloins. We are not aware of any system of mysticism, pseudo or otherwise, which recommends concentration without providing anything on which to concentrate. Nor is the author. There are certain systems of mental control and development which advocate the acquisition of the power of concentration which may then be employed to any desirable end, just as we may legitimately recommend the development of the muscles of the arm without necessarily indicating the precise way in which the arm is then to be employed. But where did the author get his tantrika ideas from? Is it possible that he has been studying the yogis and now parades a little of their wisdom as his own, while characteristically sneering at its source? It is quite certain that he never heard of such devices as these from any other quarter.

And how careful he is to tell us that there is nothing mysterious about such practices. We had supposed them to be replete with mystery. The whole psycho-scientific world supposes them to be replete with mystery. And now it seems that their true nature is well understood by a clergyman who writes copyrighted prayers, and who in the most tantalizing way hints at his surprising knowledge, and at the same time refrains from divulging it. Can he not be persuaded into an exposition? He might copyright that also, and with a somewhat greater temptation to infringement. Will he not tell us precisely what happens, and why it happens, when the lower mind is lulled into quiescence by the establishment of monotonous rhythms? Please!

#### PATIENCE WORTH.

The *New York Times*—one of the highest literary authorities of the country—gives unstinted praise to a novel written through the agency of the ouija board. Twenty-five years ago the *Times* would have passed over the portent in silent contempt and quite irrespective of its literary values. Moreover, Mrs. Curran and all her aids and coadjutors would probably have been confined in a lunatic asylum for venturing to assert the reality of the facts that were known to them. Times change.

Mrs. Curran could not have written this story herself, using the word "self"

in its ordinary meaning. We doubt if any one human being—once more with the aforesaid reservation—could have written "Hope Trueblood" and "A Sorry Tale." Mrs. Curran has no literary abilities. Her friends describe her as of average capacities. But she produces two novels that are distinctive from the literary standpoint and that would demand a ripe scholarship along certain lines on the part of the modern author. What is the meaning of it?

To explain these phenomena by any of the current formulas is merely to be foolish. To babble about the subconscious or elementals does not "fill the bill." To ignore these books is futile and stultifying. But what are we to say?

#### THE NEW REVELATION.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle supplies us with a reminder that there are limitations even to the most brilliant intelligence, and that a marked capacity in one direction is no guarantee that we shall find that same capacity in another. And it may be said incidentally that among our common human failings is a disposition to identify a specialized ability with a general omniscience.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has written a book about spiritualism. He calls it "The New Revelation," and we must assume that it has some definite object and intention. But we can not discover what it is. If it is intended as a plea for the reality of psychic phenomena it may be said that no such plea is needed at a time when these phenomena are engaging the attention of a large part of the scientific world. If it is designed to prove that these phenomena are caused by the spirits of the dead, then we can only marvel at the weakness of the evidence. And we must marvel still more at the placid and bland assumption that the establishment of the phenomena themselves is equivalent in some mysterious way to a justification of the particular interpretation that it pleases Sir Arthur to adopt.

For example, we find reference to the feat attributed to the well-known medium, D. D. Home, who is said to have floated out of one window and into another at a height of seventy feet from the ground. Probably the story is a true one. It seems to be well authenticated.

But it proves nothing whatever except that there are some natural laws that we do not now understand. We may, if we wish, say that the phenomenon was produced through the agency of spirits. We may say that it was the work of the devil, as many good people certainly would say. But there is absolutely no visible thread of connection between the fact and the theory. It may have been the work of spirits. It may have been the work of the devil. It is a matter of faith. But certainly we have no right to say that spirit communion is established because D. D. Home floated out of a window. We might as well say that spirit communion is established by the fact that oxygen and hydrogen have certain affinities, a fact, by the way, quite as mysterious as the levitations of Mr. Home. Once more, there is no relation whatsoever between the fact and the theory. Moreover, we can not see why the spirits of the living should not be able to do whatever can be done by the spirits of the dead.

The book is so curiously full of non sequiturs as to bewilder. We are told, for example, that during sleep we commune with our dead friends, who may give us information of value. Sir Arthur himself had a curious dream connected with the name "Piave," a name that he had never before heard. Six months later the Italian army fell back to the Piave River, and Sir Arthur hopes that the dream may have a further significance and that the Allies may win some crowning victory there. We all hope so. But why should the spirit of a dead man be aware of some future event? Why should not the spirit of a living man be equally aware of it? Why must we postulate a spirit communication? Is it not more reasonable to believe in a potential clairvoyance that may become actual during sleep? Once more we are asked to believe that a theory is true because some wholly unrelated fact is true, and this without even an effort to establish a connection between them. Sir Arthur's interesting experience has no more bearing upon spirit communion than it has upon the law of gravitation, and the amazing thing is that he does not seem to see this. He dreamed a prophetic dream; *therefore* it came from spirits. Could anything be more inconsequential?

Sir Arthur shows a similar laxity all the way through his book. For example, he quotes from Jaccoliot's investigation into the occultism of India. Jaccoliot says that the Hindus explained their phenomena on the ground "that they were done by the Pitris or spirits," and Sir Arthur at once jumps to the conclusion that the Pitris are the spirits of dead men and that the Indian phenomena are due to mediumship. If he had made a little inquiry he would have learned that the Pitris are not the spirits of dead men, and that the Indian adepts hold in abhorrence every species of mediumship.

In many other respects the author shows a curious inability to estimate the value of evidence. For example, he says:

One other incident of the early war days stands out in my memory. A lady in whom I was interested had died in a provincial town. She was a chronic invalid and morphia was found by her bedside. There was an inquest with an open verdict. Eight days later I went to have a sitting with Mr. Vout Peters. After giving me a good deal which was vague and irrelevant, he suddenly said: "There is a lady here. She is leaning upon an older woman. She keeps saying 'Morphia.' Three times she has said it. Her mind was clouded. She did not mean it. Morphia." Those were almost his exact words. Telepathy was out of the question, for I had entirely other thoughts in my mind at the time and was expecting no such message.

Surely Sir Arthur must be aware that a scene in which he had so recently participated, a scene of such gravity as a deathbed, must be impressed vividly on the psychic atmosphere surrounding him and might easily be read by any fourth-rate medium. Elsewhere we are gravely informed of a message received through a medium immediately after the sinking of the *Lusitania*: "It is terrible, terrible—and will have a strong influence on the war." But surely he did not need a message from a dead man to tell him that. Any street urchin might have done as much. And surely a dead man would have found something more worth uttering than such a banality.

One other example of an almost incredible mental confusion may be noted. The marvels recorded in the New Testament are attributed to spirit communion, not as though this were a conceivable theory, but as though it were an obvious fact. Our attention, we are told, is arrested by such a saying as: "Here he

worked no wonders because the people were lacking in faith." We are asked triumphantly if this was not in accordance with psychic law. Of course it is, but what has that to do with spirit communion? And again, we are reminded that Christ said of the sick woman, "Who has touched me? Much virtue has passed out of me." This, says Sir Arthur, is what a healing medium would say now. No doubt. But what has that to do with spirit communion? Or indeed with anything else? We almost shiver when we remember that these amazing inconsequences are by the author of Sherlock Holmes. But perhaps Sherlock Holmes was a "spirit guide" or a "control."

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### EUSAPIA PALLADINO.

The death is announced from Naples of the famous medium, Eusapia Palladino.

About this remarkable woman a vast literature exists, and no name is better known in the records of psychical research, on the Continent, in England, and in America. Though it is proved that she practiced fraud at times, the supernatural character of certain physical phenomena which occurred in her presence has never been explained. She was a complete puzzle to the scientific world, though, for more than twenty years, she had been examined on many occasions by impartial and skeptical investigators.

She was born on January 21, 1854, in a village of La Pouille; her mother died in giving her birth; her father was assassinated by brigands when she was about eight years old. Her circumstances were humble, and she began life as a kitchenmaid in Naples, where she happened to be asked by the family whom she served to join in a seance. The experiment was successful, for she learned, after she had recovered from her trance, that the table had risen from the floor, books untouched by anybody had moved about, and a decanter had risen in the air.

The records of her career relate of many such "levitations" witnessed and attested by the most scrupulous observers. She attracted the attention of the scientific world in 1888, and in 1891 Lombroso, with others, went to Naples to investigate the phenomena; many other in-

vestigations by other committees followed in Naples, Rome, Warsaw, Cambridge, Paris, New York, and elsewhere; those who took part in them included Schiaparelli, Richet, Sir Oliver Lodge, F. W. H. Myers, M. and Mme. Curie; indeed many of the finest scientific intelligences of the age were attracted to and baffled by her. Lombroso, who has left behind a minute account of her physical peculiarities, confessed to a regret that he had previously "combated with so much persistence the possibilities of the facts called spiritualistic." The phenomena observed in her presence included constant levitations of furniture, touches, raps, graspings by livid hands, moving chairs, plates and food moved without hands, water poured out, the playing of a music-box, and apparitions of the dead. In twenty seconds she lost seventeen pounds weight; a cold breeze is said to have blown from a small scar on her forehead; a tambourine jumped three feet from the floor; clay impressions could be taken of apparitional hands and faces.

Eusapia generally exhibited her powers in the dark, but not always. She was apparently not a woman of great intelligence, nor one who understood very well the phenomena which she provoked. If the attention which she attracted and the volumes which were written about her are the test of greatness, she was, perhaps, the greatest of her kind. That she resorted on occasion to deliberate deception is notorious.

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I see God's purpose in quite other proportions as it were. Christianity seems to me something small and local. Behind it, around it—including it—I see the great drama of the world, sweeping on—led by God—from change to change, from act to act. It is not that Christianity is false, but that it is only an imperfect human reflection of a part of truth. Truth has never been, can never be, contained in any one creed or system.  
—Robert Elsmere.

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The ordinary conscious personality is only a feeble portion of the whole psychological personality.—Ribot.

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If there is instruction you must seek for the master.—Clemens Alexandrinus.

## MASTERY.

I would not have a god come in  
To shield me suddenly from sin,  
And set my house of life to rights;  
Nor angels with bright burning wings  
Ordering my earthly thoughts and  
things;

Rather my own frail guttering lights  
Wind blown and nearly beaten out;  
Rather the terror of the nights  
And long, sick groping after doubt;  
Rather be lost than let my soul  
Slip vaguely from my own control—  
Of my own spirit let me be  
In sole though feeble mastery.

—From "*Love Songs*," by Sara Teasdale. Published by the Macmillan Company.

## "HOPE TRUEBLOOD."

(From the New York Times.)

The literary entity, whoever or whatever she may be, known as Patience Worth has given another proof of her versatility and her imaginative fertility. Almost entirely abandoning the archaic dialect in which the early examples of her work were expressed and the rather nondescript phraseology of her long novel of last year, "*A Sorry Tale*," she appears in this new novel in a medium of modern English, telling a story of comparatively modern England. As in all her previous work, the story was "communicated," as the title-page puts it, through Mrs. John H. Curran of St. Louis, by whose fingers it was spelled out on a ouija board. And also as in the previous two volumes, Mr. Caspar S. Yost of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has edited the manuscript and supplied an introduction in which he describes the beginning of this new story by Patience Worth, through Mrs. Curran, only two weeks after they had finished the exceedingly long novel, "*A Sorry Tale*," and discusses briefly some of the characteristics and apparent purposes of the unseen personality in her literary work.

The time of the story is, apparently, one of the earlier decades of the Victorian era and its scene is an English village. There is little, except the references to the costume of the people, by which its date can be guessed, but the clothing of the men and women indicates some time during the first half of the nineteenth century. Two things have

been manifest in all the fiction, whether novels, stories, fragments, or plays, that have been ascribed to Patience Worth—a strong sense of drama and a keen story-telling instinct, and both stand out pre-eminently in this tale. The dramatic situations in it are many and striking, and each one is approached along a road that, after it is traveled, can be seen to lead inevitably to that situation, although it makes no advertisement beforehand of its direction. And the plot is contrived with such skill, deftness, and ingenuity as many a novelist in the flesh might well envy. The story is told in the first person by Hope Trueblood, the daughter of a woman believed by all the village to be unmarried, concerning whose possible father there is much wagging of tongues. That question is the central mystery of the book, but around it are wound other mysteries that envelop wickedness and crimes and deeds of blood and lead to stormy scenes and tragedies. No teller of tales who has studied his craft could read the story without the keenest admiration for the finished technic with which Patience Worth handles this mystery, now giving the reader a little inkling of what to expect, now closing the door again, presently leading him off upon a false scent, and gradually, as she nears the end, clearing up one mystery after another, but always keeping up the suspense, steadily increasing it through all the first half or more of the book, and from that time on whetting the reader's curiosity with glimpses and small disclosures that only lead to denser mysteries. There is skill, too, in the way in which the narrator tells her own story from childhood and deftly weaves its developments into threads out of the past, until the tale becomes as much the revelation of her mother's youth as it is the picture of her own.

No less than in her scenes of life in Jerusalem and Rome in the days of Christ and in pre-Elizabethan England, Patience Worth makes her new story a vivid portrayal of life, intimate, and detailed, that seems plausibly characteristic of its time and place. Nearly all of the characters are lifelike and strongly individualized, although it must be said of them that they do not seem quite so vital, do not give quite so much the impression of being incarnate crea-

tures as did her men and women of an earlier England and of Bethlehem and Jerusalem and Rome. But the book is easier reading than either of the previous ones, because of the modern English in which it is written. But there are still many evidences of an archaically minded Patience Worth who can not give up certain words and phrases and twisted forms of expression.

There is much appreciation of mundane beauty in the book, and it is permeated with spiritual fineness and beauty, with a conception of God as an expression of universal love that has been a characteristic of nearly all of Patience Worth's writing. Indeed, it would almost seem that, if she should happen to be what she says she is, her purpose in trying to establish communication with living humans is mainly to impress upon them that conception of God. But, notwithstanding its serious quality and the many pitifulnesses and tragedies of the story it tells, the book has much humor, of a quaint, demure type, a kind of humor that stands out as a characteristic of all of her work and her personality.

HOPE TRUEBLOOD. By Patience Worth. Communicated through Mrs. John H. Curran. Edited by Caspar S. Yost. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

### IGNORED HIS BODY.

The recent death of Ben Lamb of the Class of '81 in Chicago, brings an end to what was one of the most remarkable instances of a normal intellectual life under adverse conditions that has ever been recorded (remarks the *Yale Alumni Weekly*). A noted college athlete—captain and pitcher of the nine, centre rush on the eleven, an expert in tennis, and in all outdoor sports—a man of powerful frame, he was doomed for years to lie in his bed without power of coördinated motion in his limbs and totally blind. In this condition he constantly received and talked with his friends, and his visitors soon found it difficult to realize that he was not in as full possession of his physical as he was of his intellectual faculties. There was no feeling that he was struggling against adverse conditions, nor did he convey any idea of cheerful resignation. There was nothing of the invalid about him. And in this condi-

tion, shut off to so great an extent from contact with the outside world, he came to live a fuller intellectual life than would probably have been possible to him under normal circumstances.

The daily papers were read to him every morning, as well as magazines and books. He kept up his downtown office, that of a stockbroker, and conferred with his chief clerk each morning about the day's business. He talked daily with many friends over the telephone. He kept up a considerable correspondence, dictating even his signature, for he could not hold a pen. His letters were those of a wholly normal, happy man, in possession of health and strength. He rarely said anything about his condition, and yet he did not seem to be ignoring it. Rather, he continued to live a full, normal, intellectual life, under conditions that would have made this impossible to any one who had not a remarkable character.

He was devoted to Yale and loved to talk about college affairs and college men, about whom he was far better informed than most of those who are able to attend alumni meetings and reunions. At his last class reunion, in 1916, the table at which his classmates sat for the class dinner was connected by special wire with his bedside in Chicago, and they talked with him and sang the old songs to him as if he had been present.

So let the soul that is not unworthy of that vision contemplate the Great Soul; freed from deceit and witchery and collected into calm. Calmed be the body for her in that hour, and the tumult of the flesh; ay, all that is about her calm; calm be the earth, the sea, the air, and let Heaven itself be still. Then let her feel how into that silent Heaven the Great Soul floweth in. . . . And so may man's soul be sure of vision, when suddenly she is filled with light; for this light is from Him, and is He; and then surely shall we know His presence, when, like a god of old time, He enters into the house of one that calleth Him, and maketh it full of light. And how may this thing be for us? Let all else go.—*Plotinus*.

A stone becomes a plant; a plant, a beast; a beast, a man; a man, a spirit; and the spirit, a God.—*Kabbala*.

## FRAGMENTS.

From the dawn of organized Paganism in the Eastern world to the final establishment of Christianity in the West, the cross was undoubtedly one of the commonest and most sacred of symbolical monuments. . . . Of the several varieties of the cross still in vogue . . . there is not one amongst them the existence of which may not be traced to the remotest antiquity. They were the common property of the Eastern nations.—*Bishop Colenso.* \_\_\_\_\_

It appears that the sign of the cross was in use as an emblem, having certain religious and mystic meaning attached to it, long before the Christian era.—*Chambers' Encyclopedia.* \_\_\_\_\_

We actually find among all the ancient nations that had astronomical systems . . . the cross as one of their most cherished and precious symbols.—*Dr. Lundy.* \_\_\_\_\_

It (the cross) was traced on the forehead of the neophyte with water or oil, as now in Catholic baptism and confirmation; it was brodered on the sacred vestments, and carried in the hand of the officiating hierophant, as may be seen in all the Egyptian religious tablets. This symbolism has been adopted by and incorporated into the Christian theosophy, not, however, through a tradition merely imitative, but because the Crucifixion is an essential element in the career of Christ.—*The Perfect Way.* \_\_\_\_\_

It is curious that a cruciform device, having divers significations, should have occupied a prominent position among so many sacred and mystic figures and symbols connected with the mythologies of heathen antiquity.—*Encyclopedia Britannica.* \_\_\_\_\_

The catholic-minded man regards all religions as embodying the same truths—the narrow-minded man observes only their differences.—*From the Chinese.* \_\_\_\_\_

There exists not a people, whether Greek or barbarian, or any other race of men, by whatsoever appellation or manners they may be disguised, however ignorant of arts or agriculture, whether they dwell in tents or wander about in

crowded wagons, among whom prayers are not offered up, in the name of a crucified savior, to the father and creator of all things.—*Justin Martyr.* \_\_\_\_\_

What is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian.—*Saint Augustine.* \_\_\_\_\_

What a divine religion there might be if love were the principle of it, instead of belief.—*Shelley.* \_\_\_\_\_

We little fishes, according to our Ixthus, Jesus Christ, are born in water; nor have we safety in any other way than by permanently remaining in water.—*Tertullian.* \_\_\_\_\_

The religion of the future will be the fulfillment of all the religions of the past—the true religion of humanity, that which, in the struggle of history, remains as the indestructible portion of all the so-called false religions of mankind.—*Max Muller.* \_\_\_\_\_

Altar flowers are of many species, but all worship is one; systems of faith are different, but God is one.—*From the Hindu.* \_\_\_\_\_

He who is beloved of God honors every form of religious faith.—*From the Buddhist.* \_\_\_\_\_

One Life through all the immense creation runs,

One Spirit is the moon's, the sea's, the sun's;

All forms in the air that fly, on the earth that creep,

And the unknown nameless monsters of the deep—

Each breathing thing obeys one Mind's control,

And in all substance is a single soul.

—*Virgil.*

Doing that which is right, and hating that which is wrong, I was bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, a refuge to him that was in want; that which I did to him, the great God hath done to me.—*From the Egyptian.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## SAVING THE WORLD.

What a number of people there are who want to save the world, who entertain no doubts of their ability to do so, and who write books of advice to that end and with their own indistinguished portraits upon the title-page. At a time when the world is face to face with the greatest crisis in her history, and when the wisest statesmen stand impotent before the disaster, there are so many little minds that are ready, willing, and eager, to state the problem in a hundred pages and to solve it in fifty.

Clergymen, of course, come first, alike in the number of books they write and in the confidence of their tone. With no sense of existing failure, with no realization that they and their creeds have been tried in the balances and found wanting, they assume tranquilly that the world will turn to them once more for solace and direction, and that the coming policies of "the churches" is therefore a matter of profound import. Church unity, it seems, must be affected at all costs, and it can be done by an adjustment of the old dogmas. Chip a little from this creed, shave a fragment from that, and perhaps they will meet, and then all will be well. And if even then they should fail to meet perhaps we can agree to say nothing much about them, to describe them as non-essentials, and that will come to the same thing. If only the churches can be united, the world will

then be saved, and war will become forever an impossibility. Also the revenues and emoluments will be saved, and it must be admitted that at the moment they seem to be in perilous state.

There is another kind of clergyman who says that the churches must undertake social reform, and that salvation can be found through politics. The churches must no longer stand aside from the great "movements" of the day. But what kind of social reform? The question is easily answered by the elaboration of a programme that happens to constitute the particular faith of the author. The churches, we are told, must welcome the feminist movement. They must teach sex hygiene and eugenics. They must advocate labor unionism, or prohibition, or playgrounds. But suppose there are good Christians who do not like the feminist movement, who think that sex hygiene should be kept at home, and who do not approve of labor unionism, at least not at church? But why stop here? Why should not the churches become an advocate of, let us say, Asiatic immigration, free silver, or a protective tariff? But these good clergymen need not trouble themselves. They will not be called upon to save the world, at least not very audibly. No one is interested in their creeds. They have had two thousand years in which to change the hearts of men, and we see now the exact measure of their success. They have not had the smallest influence



upon the hearts of men, except perhaps to harden them. And even now they seem not to have learned that the sole function of religion is to inculcate self-sacrifice and that nothing else matters or can ever matter.

### IMMORTALITY.

Among the many war-inspired writings on immortality a high place must be given to a new volume by James H. Snowden, D. D., LL. D., who entitles his work "Can We Believe in Immortality?" Dr. Snowden says truly that it is the urgent question of the hour, and perhaps it is even more urgent than he suspects. If the world is to be reconstructed upon right lines there can be no toleration of a materialism that destroys the soul and makes a mock of virtue. If life is to be extinguished there can be no successful plea for its regulation.

Dr. Snowden dismisses the scientific objections to immortality with something almost like contempt. Science, he seems to say, knows nothing about it. It is not its *métier*. So far as physical evidences go they are all on the side of immortality:

As life advances, the body loses its strength and suppleness, its responsiveness to the demands of the soul, and becomes stiff and refractory, inefficient and impotent. It degenerates into a worn-out machine, a blunted or broken tool. This crippled condition of the body is an adequate explanation of impaired mental powers in old age. May not a tool become broken or worn-out and be laid aside without impairing the skill of the worker? When a telegraph instrument stops working the operator does not stop thinking. The first cable laid under the Atlantic after operating a few weeks suddenly ceased to transmit messages. The operators in America did not conclude that the operators in Europe had ceased to exist when the wire stopped working; they only concluded that something was wrong with the wire. So we are not to conclude that the soul has ceased to exist when it ceases to communicate through the body; the body may be simply worn out or broken, and the soul may be using some other vehicle of expression. As we know that the telegraph instrument can not come into being apart from the operator, but that the operator can exist apart from the instrument, so we know the brain can not begin to exist apart from the mind, but we may infer that the mind can exist apart from the brain.

The soul is less and less dependent on the body as it develops its own inner resources. It starts in utter bondage to the body, literally sunk in the flesh. But as it develops it outstrips the body, and the soul rises above sense,

and the spirit above flesh. More and more, as life advances, the soul becomes self-dependent and dominant, loosed from servitude to the body and endowed with internal resources. In some instances, when the body has shrunk and withered almost to the vanishing point, the soul flames out in the greatest intensity and power. It looks as though the soul were gradually outgrowing the body and letting go of this crutch, while it is developing wings on which to soar into a wider and freer life.

The author is somewhat hopeful that psychic research may yet throw light on the problem of immortality, but he advocates an extreme caution in accepting the evidence that is offered. He says:

The charge that all such alleged communications consist of trickeries and trivialities calls for discrimination. This charge does not lie against commercialism. The whole business of mercenary mediums is a mass and mess of fraud and frivolous intentions, and every one should be warned against their wiles. Much harm has been done, especially to people of nervous temperament, by these imposters. But the investigations and results of the psychical researchers are of a different stamp. They are conducted with honest intentions and rigorous methods and are worthy of respect. Even the charge that all these alleged communications are trivialities does not hold, for some of them are remarkable and impressive and do not seem unworthy. There are many false miracles, but these do not annul the genuine ones; and the fraud connected with mercenary spiritualism does not invalidate any truth that may be in these psychical phenomena.

As to the nature of the future life the author can do no more than speculate, but at least he speculates well, although he carefully avoids all reference to re-incarnation. The dead, he says, are not necessarily disembodied, even though they have thrown off the coarser vehicle of the flesh:

In the evolution of life the body keeps pace with the development and needs of the soul, and therefore the heavenly body will correspond with the glorified soul. It will be a spiritual body, adapted to the spiritual world of heaven, raised in incorruption, power, and glory. It may be endowed with new senses through which life will pour in upon us in new streams of knowledge and beauty. Our senses are so many windows opening out upon the world, and our present bodies are transparent at only five points; but the spiritual body may be transparent through and through, clear as crystal, through which we can look out upon every aspect of the world. It may also be armed with unknown powers of communication by which it can hold converse with distant places and persons and of transmission by which it can pass with incredible swiftness from point to point and even from world to world. We do not know what we shall be, but we may well believe that as the seed is to the full-blown flower and as the caterpillar is to the swift-winged insect, so is

this present body to that glorified body with which we shall be clothed upon.

The book contains, of course, very much that is incomplete and unsatisfying. It must be so where the problem of reincarnation is excluded from consideration. A hundred questions must be left unanswered, a hundred doubts unsolved. None the less it is an important contribution to a subject that will henceforth present itself ever more forcibly to the human mind.

CAN WE BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY? By James H. Snowden, D. D., LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

### CATHOLICITY.

In the recognition of the truth that there are many religious but one religion, we open our eyes to the folly and the crime of the present attitude of Christendom to the other great religions of earth; the folly and the crime which effectually neutralize the heroic efforts of our foreign missionary work. The East India treaty of 1813 contained the following paragraph, known as "The Missionaries Charter." It reads thus: "Whereas it is the duty of this country (England) to promote the interest and happiness of the native inhabitants of the British dominions, and such measures ought to be adopted as may tend to the introduction among them of useful knowledge and of religion and of moral improvement." The "introduction of religion!" There had been, then, no religion in the land that had produced little else but religions! There were, then, no plants in the heavenly Father's planting in the soil of India, no life of God in the soul of the Hindu, no feeling after God by his children in Bengal and the Punjab, no graces of the spirit grown in the lives of the children of Madras and Bombay, no virtues blossoming forth in the saints meditating by the shores of the Indus and the Jumna!

We still go to India to introduce religion, and then wonder that we get no warmer welcome and achieve no greater results. Could we but go thither to recognize the reality of the religion growing there in such rank fertility; to say after Paul: "Ye men of Benares, we perceive that in all things ye are very religious"; to confess the truths held and the life lived there as of God; humbly to learn from the seers of India

what they have to teach us; and then, finding them thus made ready to receive from us what we have to teach them, to bring to them the story of the Divine Man whose truth and life we hold in trust for the world, bidding them find in Him what they need of truth, what they lack of life—how different our foreign missionary work would be! The first step to a successful foreign missionary work is honestly to face the truth of the topic now before us, religion and religions—one religion under many religions.

There came a letter a while ago from a young minister who had been engaged for two or three years in foreign missionary work in the East. It was a frank and manly letter, breathing throughout the surprise and consternation of an honest soul who had gone upon his work believing that Christianity held a monopoly of true religion, and that he was to displace the false religions of the East by introducing religion; the confession of an honest soul who, in the face of the real religiousness of India, of the truths held there and the life lived there, had awakened with a start to realize that "in every land he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him"; that "that was the true light which lighteth every man coming into the world"; and that we who have seen the "great sheet let down from heaven are thenceforth to call nothing common or unclean."

He was coming back, so he wrote, to take up the study of Sanskrit, that he might master the sources of Hinduism at first hand, and thus prepare himself, humbly and wisely, to go back with a living message to the living children of the living God.—From "*Catholicity*," by Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons (\$1.50.).

To him who on these pinions has risen and soared away to the throne of the Highest, all religions are alike: Christians, Moslems, Guebers, Jews—all adore Him in their several way and form.—From the *Persian*.

That which shows God within me fortifies me. That which shows him without me makes me a wart and a wen.—Emerson.

## FROM THE DELPHIC ORACLE.

Pure spirit—once man—pure spirits now  
Greet thee rejoicing, and of these art  
thou;

Not vainly was thy whole soul alway  
bent,

With one same battle and one same in-  
tent,

Through eddying cloud and earth's be-  
wildering roar,

To win her bright way to that stainless  
shore.

Ay, mid the salt spume of this troublous  
sea,

This death in life, this sick perplexity,  
Oft on thy struggle through the obscure  
unrest

A revelation opened from the Blest—  
Showed close at hand the goal thy hope  
would win,

Heaven's kingdom round thee and thy  
God within.

So sure a help the eternal Guardians  
gave,

From life's confusion so were strong to  
save,

Upheld thy wandering steps that sought  
the day

And set them steadfast on the heavenly  
way.

Nor quite even here on thy broad brows  
was shed

The sleep which shrouds the living, who  
are dead;

Once by God's grace was from thine  
eyes unfurled

This veil that screens the immense and  
whirling world.

Once, while the spheres round these in  
music ran,

Was very Beauty manifest to man;

Ah, once to have seen her, once to have  
known her there.

For speech to sweet, for earth too heav-  
enly fair!

But now the tomb where once thy soul  
had lain

Bursts, and thy tabernacle is rent in  
twain;

Now from about thee, in thy new home  
above,

Has perished all but life, and all but  
love,

And on all lives and on all loves out-  
poured

Free grace and full, a Spirit from the  
Lord,

High in that heaven whose windless  
vaults enfold

Just men made perfect, and an age all  
gold.

Thine own Pythagoras is with thee  
there,

And sacred Plato in that sacred air,  
And whose followed, and all high hearts  
that knew

In death's despite what deathless Love  
can do.

To God's right hand they have scaled  
the starry way—

Pure spirits these, thy spirit pure as  
they.

Ah, saint! how many and many an  
anguish past,

To how fair haven art thou come at last!  
On thy meek head what Powers their  
blessings pour,

Filled full with life, and rich for ever-  
more!

---

LORD BUDDHA.

Lord Buddha on thy Lotus throne

With praying eyes and hands elate  
What mystic rapture dost thou own  
Immutable and ultimate?

What peace unravished by 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 web 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 the Lotus-throne?

—Sarajini Naidu.

## THE QUEST OF THE FAITH.

All men, says Stephen Graham in his new book, are looking for the ideal face. We search for it instinctively, sometimes hopefully and sometimes desperately. And sometimes we look for it within ourselves. Each has his separate vision and perhaps each learns at last that it is made up of the beauty in all human faces and that we may find in the aggregate what we fail to discover in the individual.

It is a curious book, a book of types drawn largely from the Russian, but its most important chapter is on "The Face of Christ." It has been pictured so often and so differently as to confuse all efforts to visualize, unless one has the wisdom of the author and so learns to look within upon the face of an ideal. And here the author gives us some autobiography:

I suppose that if another were seeking Christ, as I do now, in the chance passer-by, and I passed by, he might discern behind my ordinary features those other shadowy and more beautiful lineaments which I for my part desecrate as I now look upon the man in the crowd. The mysterious better face of humanity stands behind me also. And it is the face of a person. I know that person—it is my *alter ego*. From lower nature, from the animal side of me of which the ego is instinctively ashamed, there is always another being growing invisibly. Something of Him is half-visible in my eyes. Yes, that is He. I should be a disgusting creature but for Him. In all this sordidness called life He just makes the difference between worth while and not worth while.

"Hullo, little boy, you've been beaten," came His first whisper when He soothed me, and comforted me, and dried my cheeks, and brightened my eyes, and bade me forget the shame and live as if it had not been. I forgot what I had been crying about, and forgot also the comforting and soothing other self till another occasion arose, and yet another. I became conscious of Him again upon long walks, when my mind did not think, but was placidly set upon something unknown, unrealized. He was with me—or rather I was with Him. . . .

The *alter ego*, however, was never touched by the world unless I felt shamed or hurt. And then He would come to the rescue and take me apart, and console me, and breathe secret life and power into me.

So it was in the after years of first working for a living. The ideal personality obtained more sway in me and I began to live in daily consciousness that I, the true ego of me, was a celestial being, one higher than any one dreamed of or that I could openly assume. I grew in spiritual nature and watched myself changing. I marveled at the new life. My direct centre of consciousness began to move from the lower towards the

higher ego, and as it did so I became vocal and wrote poetry, read poetry, lived in poetry. I walked with feet on the earth and head in the sky. From then till now I have been conscious of a spiritual truth, in the atmosphere of which I have lived, so that all the negative values of earth-living have become positive values of absolute-living. And I have grown to identify myself with the ideal personality within. Not that it is quite possible. There clings somewhat of the lower, and as for the higher there remains an infinite which I have not reached. Indeed as I live from day to day, my *alter ego*, this Christ in me, seems to grow also, and projects beyond me like a flower which the earth nurtures and loves. I am lured on further from day to day into a new spiritual plane where the flower is growing and budding. I call it a seeking, but it is in truth a becoming.

The author discusses with Dushan as to what is to be done to bring the Kingdom of Heaven to earth. There are some things that must be abolished because they are "old-fashioned" and these are:

Hate.

Punishment.

Readiness to condemn: intolerance.

Mechanical control of individuals.

The servility of the masses.

The consequent vulgarity.

Man not living according to his true dignity.

The feeling of being responsible for one's self alone and not in any way responsible for what others do.

Socialism, says Dushan, will not do. The Socialists are in full cry to save the world by a system of social justice, but that will visibly fail. "The world can only be saved by social *sacrifice*." And then the author reverts to his search for the face:

"But where in all this is Christ? Where is the face I seek?"

"Christ sees," he replies.

"I am losing sight of Christ. He is becoming too theoretical," say I.

"He is not theoretical," says Dushan. "He is the ideal side of our personality, of all men's personality. And that is the greatest reality of our life."

"It is real," say I. "But is that ideal side of you and me the same which sees the last judgment forever going? Is he the Argus-eyed of whom you spoke?"

"The same."

"Who then was Jesus Christ who walked in Palestine, the actual historical figure?"

"He was the ideal side of our personality."

"If so, we have made a historical reality into an abstraction."

"Not in the least. All humanity is one physically, we are all out of Adam and Eve. All humanity, though less obviously, is also spiritually one. In all of us the physical side

predominates and the spiritual is hidden. But Jesus Christ was the redeeming case. In Him the hidden side of our common spirituality was focused. As a historical figure He was at the centre of the racial process, He was at the heart of corporate humanity, and in Him we see reflected our ideal personality. He reflects the ideal personality of all mankind visibly on the earth. From all points of the hidden and mysterious background of mankind lines were drawn to one point and the resultant came through to our material plane in Him. In Him the whole of our spiritual side blossomed and took feature and form. No, no theory, I assure you: actual fact. That is how it was possible to say that as in Adam all die, so in Christ should all be made alive; when He appears we shall be like Him; I am the Vine, ye are the branches. . . . I am the Door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved.

"Though Christ is the way to the spiritual unity which is at the background of us all. When you realize that, then if you will you can exchange bodies and become me, or your neighbor in the street, or any one at will. You can exchange personality and being at will, and go in and out among humanity."

"The dead as well as the living?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And those who will be born?"

"They are already alive in us. You can go backward or forward in time. So you become one with Christ and have the Face you seek for, you become the changing one yourself and the redeemer. Whenever you understand a fellow-man you redeem him. And you can not understand him fully without understanding all."

This is mysticism of the highest order and its terminology conceals no sectarianism nor creed. Mr. Graham is writing of the things that he knows and has experienced, which is so much better than to write of what others have told us or of what we have read in books.

THE QUEST OF THE FACE. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

Have the religions of mankind no common ground? Is there not everywhere the same enrapturing beauty beaming forth from many thousand hidden places? Broad, indeed, is the carpet God has spread, and beautiful the colors He has given it. . . . There is but one lamp in this house, in the rays of which, wherever I look, a bright assembly meets me. . . . O God, whatever road I take joins the highway that leads to Thee.—*From the Persian.*

The true tragedy is a conflict of right with right, not of right with wrong.—*Hegel.*

## THE KINGS.

A man said unto his Angel:

"My spirits are fallen low,  
And I can not carry this battle:  
O, brother, where might I go?"

"The terrible kings are on me  
With spears that are deadly bright;  
Against me so from the cradle  
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:

"Thou wavering, witless soul,  
Back to the ranks! What matter  
To win or to lose the whole,—

"As judged by the little judges  
Who hearken not well nor see?  
Not thus, by the outer issue,  
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure  
And only event of things:  
The puniest heart, defying,  
Were stronger than all these kings.

"Though out of the past they gather  
Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain  
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit  
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners  
And ringleted Vain Desires,  
And Vice, with the spoils upon him  
Of these, and thy beaten sires.—

"While Kings of eternal evil  
Yet darken the hills about,  
Thy part is with broken sabre  
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,  
Nor covet the game at all,  
But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
Die, driven against the wall."

—*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

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.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

Through asceticism, fervent yearning after God and patience in suffering, man becomes God or acquires divine nature.—*Horten.*

## IN NO STRANGE LAND.

O world invisible, we view thee,  
 O world intangible, we touch thee,  
 O world unknowable, we know thee,  
 Inapprehensible, 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 rumour 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 estrangèd faces,  
 That miss the many-splendoured 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 walking on the water  
 Not of Genesareth, but Thames.

—Francis Thompson.

## MARK TWAIN'S SPIRIT.

Harper & Brothers, through Charles T. Lark, have instituted suit against the publisher of a novel entitled "Jap Herron," purporting to have been dictated over the ouija board by the spirit of the late Mark Twain. The papers on file also name, as one of the defendants, a Mrs. Hutchins of St. Louis, whom the preface to the book represents to have been in charge of the ouija board which is alleged to have spelled out the complete novel so published.

When asked about the matter, Mr. Lark stated that a number of new and novel points were raised by the litigation so instituted, although the principles which control the situation are well established.

"There have been a number of alleged spirit communications for publication purposes from Mark Twain within the past year, and the time has arrived when Harper & Brothers had to take steps to prevent any further trespassing along this line. The novel so published was

further camouflaged by a drawing portraying the well-known features of Mark Twain, and obviously neither the Clemens estate nor Harper & Brothers can permit any unauthorized use of the name and picture of America's best-known and best-loved literary genius, whose literary reputation is also entitled to the same protection as any other form of property.

"We think the result of this litigation will be such as to serve notice on all students of the occult, who have a literary trend of mind, that they will have to select some life-preserver other than 'Mark Twain' for the purpose of floating or attempting to float their productions. The novel itself, thus published as having been dictated by Mark Twain from the spirit world and sent to the earth with his compliments as claimed in the preface thereto, concerns the career of a lad in the Middle West. Those who know Mr. Twain's writing best have pronounced it to be mediocre and wholly foreign to his style of thought or expression as set forth in his many well-known volumes, consequently damages are asked for the injury thus occasioned, as well as injunctive relief in the premises. To permit the present publication to pass unchallenged would be but to invite some ouija board to spell out a Mark Twain joke book, which, of course, would be intolerable."

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 the past sensations and incidents.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

I was true and just without malice, placing God in my heart and quick in discerning his will. I have come to the city of those who dwell in eternity. I have done good upon earth. . . . I am a Sahu who took pleasure in righteousness, conformably with the laws of the tribunal of the twofold Right.—*From the Egyptian.*

We must ourselves learn the ways of Right and Wrong, and having learned we must choose.—*Mario Corelli.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 SUBCONSCIOUS.

The battle of the subconscious goes on apace and with the usual disregard of fact, or rather with the usual selection of favorable fact and rejection of unfavorable. Among the latest contributors is Dr. Gustave A. Feingold, who writes in the *Monist* and draws attention to the views of Morton Prince. Says Dr. Feingold

Instances of the conservation of forgotten experiences abound both in normal and pathological life. They are such as lapses of memory, forgotten acts, failure to recognize; or in abnormal cases they become manifest in automatic writing and speech, in post-hypnotic suggestion, and so forth. After examining the facts in great detail, Prince comes to the conclusion that it does not matter at what period of life or in what state experiences have occurred, "or how long a time has intervened since their occurrence, they may still be conserved. They become dormant, but under favorable conditions they may be awakened and may enter conscious life." Naturally these experiences must be conserved in some form; and whatever the nature of this form may be it is obvious that the experiences themselves must have "a very specific and independent existence, somewhere and somehow, outside of the awareness of consciousness."

Now in order to account for normal memory we must posit that ideas which have passed through the mind have been conserved through some residuum left by the original experience. This residuum must be either psychological or physiological. Suppose we consider the former alternative first. We shall have to assume that sensations, perceptions, emotions, and even complex systems of ideas are capable of pursuing "autonomous and contemporaneous activity outside of the

various systems of ideas that make up the personal consciousness." This is an untenable view, for it would necessitate the storing up of millions of ideas and infinite forms of associations. Let us, therefore, consider the other alternative, namely, conservation as physical residua. This view is based on the assumption that whenever we have a mental experience of any sort some change of trace is left in the neurones of the brain.

When a number of neurones have once been associated in an act they develop a tendency to re-associate, and the stimulation of one is likely to result in the stimulation of all, and consequently in an act of memory:

The neurones in retaining the residua of the original process have become organized into a functioning system corresponding to the system of the mental states—whether ideas, perceptions, or emotions—which accompanied that original experience and are now capable of reproducing it. Hence when we reproduce the original ideas in the form of memory it is because there is a refuncting of the physiological neural process. On hypnotizing a person, therefore, and asking him to recall a forgotten event, we simply start that process by introducing what may be called a catalytic agent *i. e.*, we stir one neurone or one brain cell, or one part of the system, and that sets the entire system working precisely as it did on the original occasion. This physiological functioning now reaches consciousness or motor expression, because all other mental processes are arrested for the time being, thus facilitating a greater discharge of nerve energy in this one direction.

We do not quite like the theory that ideas are conserved "through some residuum left by the original experience." Why residuum? A man who commits



his experiences to a card index can hardly be said to have left a residuum of those experiences. It would be better to say that he has recorded them.

Now if the analogy of the card index may be permitted it will be evident that the card index is in no sense a part of the man. But as soon as the desired card is found he will at once recover memory of the experience recorded there. May we not similarly assume that experiences are impressed upon a sort of individualized and yet universal atmosphere, the "tablets of memory," and that consciousness seeks for the desired impression and then re-acquires it, so to speak, by the new assemblage of the neurones?

The citation of hypnotism is a little unfortunate. There is not necessarily the introduction of a catalytic agent nor the stirring of a simple neurone. The subconscious memory may become prolifically active without any interference from outside.

## THE DRAGON OF GUATEMALA.

Lord Kelvin had an idea (says *Current Opinion*) that one of the greatest of the sciences must have perished, got lost, in the period of the Arab invasion of Europe. Just as there are lost arts, so there are lost sciences. One of these has to do with the building of the pyramids. Another relates to shipbuilding. The only works dealing with the mysteries were in the Alexandrian library and they all perished. Yet there is a mystery infinitely greater than even these—the mystery of the dragon of Quirigua, in Guatemala. What kind of engineering could it have been that achieved such great triumphs over nature? The technical history of the great stone in Central America begins with its removal from the quarry and its transportation to the present site. It is quite impossible to say whether the removal was by land or by water. If by land, a road had to be constructed over ground now rough, now yielding and unstable, and a great force of men with rollers and ropes would be required. If by water, a broad and deep canal had to be dug, and a raft of great proportions constructed and launched to sustain the immense weight.

The designing and carving of the mon-

ument, says Professor W. H. Holmes (of the Department of Anthropology at the National Museum, in a report to the Smithsonian Institution), the methods and means employed in creating the great dragon, are matters of great scientific interest on which we have but meager light. It was not a task within the capacity of an uncultured people. The complicated conception had to be clearly in mind, the design had to be worked out in minute detail, and the application of the drawings to the irregular rounded surface of the stone was a matter of no little difficulty. As a preliminary step the shape of the stone had to be modified to suit the purpose, the surface smoothed before the outlines could be applied in pigment, and the many features adjusted to their several places preparatory to the beginning of the sculptor's work:

The execution of the work is a deep mystery and its successful completion a great marvel. A lump of coarse sandstone—according to Maudslay "a breccia composed of feldspar, mica, and quartz, very absorbent, and weighing about 130 pounds to the cubic foot"—had to be attacked with tools the nature of which remains today a matter of conjecture. It is generally believed that these people were without hard metal tools, and although stone tools were probably equal to the task, few traces of such tools applicable to the purpose have been found. We thus pause before a second mystery, for hard stone tools been used in the arduous and prolonged task of crumbling with pick and hammer and smoothing by abraders, they would still exist and ought to be found frequently in the work of clearing and excavation, for it seems highly probable that the carving of the various monuments was carried on not only on the spot where they now stand, but after final placement upon their foundations. If bronze were used, it may have disappeared by decay. However, there are no traces of the use of this metal in any form and no documentary testimony supporting the hypothesis of its use by the Mayan peoples.

The design is adjusted perfectly to the shape of the stone, and there is no suggestion of incompetence on the part of the sculptor and no indication of the lack of effectiveness on the part of the implements used. The forms, shallow or deep, simple or complex, are all carved with equal directness and vigor. The chisel may not have accomplished all that the conception required, for ideals may rise entirely above the capacity of material embodiment, but there is no suggestion of hesitation or inefficiency in the completed work.

I am at home in mosque or synagogue, in temple or in church.—*From the Persian.*

## FOLLY.

The determination with which the materialistic scientist puts the cart before the horse is nothing less than astonishing. Of this we have a recent example in Dr. M. G. Schlapp, who writes in the *Medical Record* on the physiology of folly. Emotional instability, for example, is explained in this way:

Many individuals suffer with emotional instability (a disturbance of the affective side of the mind) because the threshold of functional activity of many of the neurones of this group has been lowered to such an extent that it is on the "hair trigger." The emotional make-up of such individuals is temporarily (or permanently) in a state of chaos; under the influence of appropriate stimuli, which are insignificant to the normal person, they will cry out, fly into a fit of temper, commit unprovoked assault, and, although intellectually conscious of the folly of their acts, are totally unable to control these psychic discharges.

On the other hand many persons are almost entirely devoid of emotion; they display no love, pity, grief, or joy. The thresholds of these specific neurone systems are so high in these individuals that they can not be emotionally aroused—the whole mentality is occupied by the ego.

But would it not be more correct to say that functional activity of the neurones has been lowered because of the emotional instability? Does a man blush because he is embarrassed, or is he embarrassed because he blushes? Is not the embarrassment the cause, and the blush the effect? Is an accelerated heart-beat the cause of fear, or is fear the cause of the accelerated heart-beat? Surely the state of consciousness comes first and the functional change after.

## HITTITE TABLETS.

That our boasted progress in the matter of giving women equal franchise with men is not entirely a modern idea seems to be proved by the translation of certain tablets in the University of Pennsylvania Museum by Dr. A. H. Sayce of Oxford University, seeing that in them is set forth the fact that there were women "mayors" between 4000 and 5000 years ago.

There are a great number of Hittite or Cappadocian tablets among the treasures of the university, but this is the first time that they have been translated for the reason that there was no one, until

Dr. Sayce appeared, who could decipher them. Thus it is through his efforts that it has been learned that the Hittites were a powerful nation of eastern Asia Minor extending from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea and to the headwaters of the Euphrates, and at times into what is now Persia.

Dr. Sayce copied the university museum tablets when he was in Philadelphia two years ago and has just finished the translation of them in Egypt. All of them, it appears, are dated about 1500 B. C., at a time when the Hittites, like the Assyrians, were dependencies of Babylonia. Most of the documents are legal and commercial, such as mortgages, contracts for buying and selling goods, and some are bank checks much as are in use today.

There was an excellent system of highways all over the country connecting with the main lines of Babylon and along these the mails were carried regularly by postal officials. There were only five days in the week. There were silver, copper, and lead mines among the Hittites in the land which is now called Cappadocia and that name is used for its early history, although unknown to the natives. There were many walled cities occupied by Babylonian mercenaries which were the headquarters of merchants who seemed to have traded all over the then known world. Each province was under a royal prince and each city or section under a prefect or mayor.

The remarkable discovery is that in almost every instance the prefectress is mentioned along with the prefect and seems to have had coördinate power with him and perhaps special powers of her own, although it is not known what they were. One of the letters is addressed by a ruling prince to a mayoress and another woman who seems to indicate that these had official status independent of the mayor. The tablets are unfortunately much broken, so that only a portion of the text of most of them is decipherable.

One of them, thus incomplete, would seem to indicate that a scribe—the prototype of the newspaper man of today—got into some trouble and was arrested. The conclusion of the tablet is legible, and shows that this newspaper man had

been given some wine by the mayor, had the attention of a physician and was out under bail. It concludes with the words, "the Scribe is content in heart."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

### SUGGESTION.

Dr. Alan Raleigh, writing in the London *National Review*, gives a description of the "suggestion" ward in a large military hospital. By all means let this and all other trees be judged by their fruits, but at least the picture is a weird one. Dr. Raleigh says:

The beds on which the inmates recline are screened like those in the cooling-room of a Turkish bath. The officers and orderlies when they converse speak in whispers, and the light that filters through the crimson-shaded blinds is like the aftermath of a tropical sunset. The silence and the color create an atmosphere of perfect restfulness that is a part of the plan of treatment. At times, however, the silence is gently broken by the sound of men walking slowly on slippers. These men are patients, and the remarkable thing about them is that they are *fast asleep*. They are undergoing "suggestion" treatment, and they have been hypnotized into this condition of sleep by my colleague. Speak to them and they will not answer; shout in their ears, even shake them violently, and they still remain obstinately silent and asleep. No power of yours can awaken them without my colleague's permission, for they are under the supreme control of his brain. Thrust a needle through their arms and they will experience no sensation of pain whatever. Yet what is even more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that at one single word from the physician a limb will become as rigid as a bar of steel, so rigid that no physical effort of yours can bend it. But at another word from the physician it falls limp and flaccid to the side. The chain that binds physician and patient so that they form one being, though composed of a subtle, intangible, imperceptible force, is complete and unbreakable.

Dr. Raleigh then goes on to explain what hypnotism is, but succeeds only in multiplying words without a meaning:

Every one must be aware of the fact that he is continually influenced in his thought and action by others, and that some men possess a greater influence over him than others. We call that power "personality," and men who possess it in high degree are said to have a magnetic personality. Napoleon, for instance, possessed it in a supreme degree; so did Gordon and Mohammed and a score of others. We endeavor to explain personality by suggesting that around each individual there exists an invisible shadow or *aura* that has the power of influencing others, either by attracting or repelling them. Nevertheless, this influence is never complete or absolute, from the simple

fact that it is a case of one mind dealing with another, which may be in direct opposition to it. It is a case of one active brain against another. Let us suppose a case, however, in which the brain of one person could be put out of action so completely that the brain of another had no opposition and could work its will unchecked. That, shortly, is what happens in hypnotism, which is the art by which the brain of one overcomes and dominates the brain of another.

When Dr. Raleigh says brain he means mind. For how can one brain influence another? It is the mind behind the brain that exercises the force. Moreover, Dr. Raleigh must be well aware that hypnotism may be self-induced, but doubtless "anything goes" with the dear public.

Psychologists, we are told, are now aware that in each person there are actually two brains, that is to say two minds, and it is this fact that makes hypnotism and suggestion possible:

"How *two* brains?" you may well ask. Well, there are not two *material* brains, certainly, but there are two brains all the same, distinct and independent of each other. I would like the reader to reflect a little over this fact, and try and answer the following questions: How do dreams arise when our waking brain is asleep? How do ideas and thoughts suddenly present themselves to us when we have made no conscious effort to summon them up?—nor could we do so if we tried. Where do they come from? How is it that we are sometimes possessed with a sudden impulse which comes from something beyond our conscious self—for instance, an uncontrollable impulse to knock a man down or kiss a pretty woman? Where does an original melody spring from; or an inspired thought; or a dazzling flash of wit? How is it that, think as hard as we like, we can not summon the memory of a forgotten name, but later it comes unbidden when we are thinking of something else? If you attempt to answer these questions you will perceive that it is *not* the brain of our reason or our intellect that is responsible for them. It is something different.

Dr. Raleigh asks many questions and then blandly replies to them all with that blessed word, the "subconscious." All these impulses and inspirations come from the subconscious that thus seems to have a greater responsibility than the household cat. But he does not tell us where the subconsciousness procures them, or how it procures them. The subconsciousness, it seems, is a silly sort of thing. It does whatever it is told to do. Sometimes it is a sinner and sometimes it is a saint. Under its influence we knock a man down or compose a

sonata. It is a sort of department store—crime on the first floor, inspiration on the fourth, and so on. And you never know what you will get until you get it. No control over the elevator. And then Dr. Raleigh gives us a pleasing example of sorcery. He says:

Finally, I would call the attention of the reader to certain experiments fully reported in the press which happened at a naval hospital at Chatham recently. In this instance a blister on a sailor's arm was produced by "suggestion," and—perhaps more remarkable still—a blister which should have appeared (for a hot iron had been drawn across the skin) was hindered from appearing owing to the same cause. This means that the process of inflammation can be altered or controlled by "suggestion." The vista that this possibility opens out is an alluring one. Are we in the presence of some force which may be just as revolutionary as the X-ray or wireless telegraphy? Time alone can tell.

Jolly for the sailors! One would have thought that sailors had enough to face just now from the Germans without having blisters "suggested" on them by their medical advisers, or hot irons drawn across their skin in order that the usual blister might be suggested away. But great is science, especially medical science.

### THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

Having for some time observed the flirtation going on between the Old Catholic Church and the Theosophical Society, I am reminded of nothing so much as of Æsop's fable of the Ass in the Lion's Skin. The camouflage was tolerably effective until the ass attempted to roar. The ass is a very respectable animal and as churches go the Old Catholic Church is a very respectable church. I have not the least desire to reflect on the ass by the comparison, nor on the church. But when the Old Catholic Church dresses itself in the theosophical lion's skin—it is but skin, for there is none of the lion inside of it—and parades before theosophists, those who know what the true theosophical roar is, those who know the voice of the Master, are not likely to be deceived when it opens its mouth and emits—the Mass.

The reason that it is possible to delude so many members of the Theosophical Society into thinking that the animal inside the skin is really a theosophical lion is due to a variety of causes. Membership in the Society has

been increased largely by sensational methods of propaganda. Its public lectures and propaganda literature appeal largely to those who are interested in the psychic and in the invisible world, and who are ready to accept as truth the so-called revelations of any clairvoyant, especially when endorsed by Adyar. What the clairvoyant-in-chief says goes, without the least regard to sense, or to its consistency with the fundamental principles taught by the Masters, or laid down by the founders of the Society. If it disagrees with those principles, so much the worse for the principles—they are simply ignored, and a shout goes up for a new teacher. Another reason is the craving for devotional excitement, natural enough, and quite justifiable when it is controlled by reason and by a true understanding of the meaning of devotion, by a real effort to realize that devotion means service, that it means sacrifice, not sacrament, but which is quite likely, especially among women, to run off into all sorts of vagaries. The instinct for devotion has its own justification, but between devotion to a Hindu boy instigated by a clairvoyant, and devotion to a pet poodle, dictated by the heart, the latter is decidedly to be preferred and is not likely to lead to misconceptions.—*Extracted from O. E. Library Critic.*

By the term "Christian" I mean that quality of conscience and sympathy which suffers not a man to rest short of some altar, however rude, on which he offers his life, in the common service, the social good.—*Professor Herron.*

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.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

In the beginning was the Will of the King, prior to any other existence. . . . It sketched the form of all things that had been concealed, but now came into view.—*Zohar.*

Life is not antagonistic to the inanimate forces, but it governs and rules their action by its laws.—*De Quatrefages.*

## ANCIENT DIVINATION.

(By J. H. Davies.)

In Genesis, Chapter XLIX, reference is made to a silver cup, the property of Joseph, by which he was able to divine, and he himself declared that he was possessed of that faculty or gift—Divination or auto-hypnotization by steadily gazing into a mirror, crystal, or dark liquid. That is a very old method, and in India the magician fakirs will cause a boy who is under their control to see in a drop of ink things which are happening at a distance and are related to the questioner who is in rapport with him.

Then we have references to an ephod, as a method of divining. The high priest of the tribes of Israel had an ephod, or breast plate, of the finest gold and set with precious stones. It was four squares, a span long and a span wide, double or with a folding cover.

In the first row were a sardonyx, topaz, emerald;

In the second a carbuncle, sapphire, diamond;

In the third, opal, turquoise, amethyst;

In the fourth, chrysolite, onyx, jasper.

As these stones were highly polished they could be used as crystals to observe what the lights and shadows would show. Each stone was engraved with the name of one of the tribes. It was also the birthstone of each month, and would thus furnish data for the question for which answer was desired. But the High Priest only consulted the ephod on matters of national import. In Judges, Chapter XVII and XVIII, it is related how Micah made an ephod and teraphim of unholy things (terapha) and an image, and became a diviner ex cathedra.

In Genesis, XV, 8-18th, Abram practiced a method of divination, by newly slain animals. It is related that Mohammed did a similar thing wrapped in the hide of a newly killed camel, on a lonely mountain top, and there received his revelation.

Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lady of the Lake," refers to a similar practice among the highlanders of Scotland called the Taghairm. In Genesis, XXVII, we find Jacob had wandered into one of the holy places or Gilgals and received a wonder-

ful vision there. There are hundreds of these old Gilgals still remaining in Palestine. A Gilgal was a circle temple of twelve stones, with the Bethel or Rocking Stone in the centre. The Lord is often referred to as the Rock, Petros, on which the church was founded. Church or Kirk is derived from circus or circle, the ancient form of temple. Astronomical observations were made by these temple stones, and future events calculated from these data. In Amos, IV, 4, the prophet denounces the practice of seeking information through Bethel and Gilgal.

Reference is made to divination by Urim and Thummim in Samuel I, Chapter XXVIII, 6. The knowledge of what the Urim was is rather hazy.

In Genesis XV, 7, reference is made to Ur of the Chaldees. In the Hebrew the affixed syllable "im" implies plurality or a people; thus Jehoudim, Jews; Mizraim, Egyptians; Chittim, Kita, or people from Cathay, China-Hittite. The Urim, therefore, would mean the magic of the Chaldees, people of Ur who were astrologers and diviners seeking replies from the intelligences above the plane of humanity, by dreams, visions, and invocations to the celestial gods. Thummim were the methods of Thum, Thaum, or Thaumaturgists, who invoked the powers below the human plane, who were necromancers, and were also versed in the use of drugs which caused hallucinations. Saul failed to get replies from the methods of the Chaldees, sortilege, or by dreams and impressions, mental vision, so he applied to the methods of the Thaum by going to the Witch of Endor when he received his reply. In Samuel XXX, 7-8, we find David consulting the ephod and getting satisfactory replies. Saul asked counsel of the Lord, but the Lord answered him not by means of dreams, or by means of the Urim, nor by means of the prophets. The high priest himself, or some person gifted with the power of crystal gazing, was the seer who saw and was able to relate what the vision foretold.

Sortilege, or casting the twigs, was performed by throwing into the air a number of small sticks, like toothpicks, made of apple-tree wood, and divining from them if they formed certain letters of the Runic characters. For instance.

when Hengist made a truce with the Britons, the Druids cast the twigs to decide if it was safe to join the Saxons in a banquet. The answer was "He will leave his place." To the suspicious Britons, Hengist proposed that the British and Saxons should be seated alternately next to each other at the board unarmed. The British left their battleaxes, spears, and swords outside. But the Saxons concealed long knives in their sleeves and when they were all drinking health to each other, Hengist cried, "Draw your seaxes," long knives, which was done, each Saxon stabbing the Briton next to him—Huns of that day.

The ideal of the Ur magic is explained in "Zanoni" by Lytton. Zanoni was a Chaldean, who had acquired the secret of perpetual youth, and who by his prayers and invocations was able to be in communion with the Adon Ahi, Lord of the Celestial Zenith (otherwise Mithra). It also tells of a neophyte who was being initiated into the fraternity, but fell from grace and by his invocations called up the mistress of the Infernal Nadir, the Woman of the Cup. The Chaldeans were the people of the Alpha, A, or Aryan Race, who had traveled south from the Hyperborean Regions as they were forced by climatic changes to travel south (Genesis III, 8-24, Genesis IV, 16). The Aryans held that they were the Sons of God and superior to the other autochthonous races, that they came in contact with (Genesis VI, 2-3-4). After the great cataclysm, when the fragments of the shattered planet that was between the Earth and Mars left their orbit and collided with this planet, throwing it out of plumb and displacing the true magnetic pole over twenty-three degrees out of position, the earth had changes of season, summer and winter. These Aryans who had survived pressed southward and eastward, bringing their highly organized civilization to the countries where they settled (Genesis XI, 1 to 6), and taught their sciences and magical lore. (See book of Enoch 4.) They were the children of the A Wen or Awen, the divine inspiration and afflatus, which was only acquired by a pure life, abstemiousness, and holy aspirations. This arterial stream flowed southward, spreading knowledge and improving the lives of those whom they

came in contact with, returning northward and westward as a venous, corrupted mass of superstition. The Zend Avesta relates how these Aryans ever pressing forward made war on the Turanians, or daeva worshippers of Persia and India. From this alpha idea the duality of gods were evolved, the symbol for the Agathadaemon being A and his antitype was A-HU-RA, Ahriman, Achriman, and the cacodaemon.

The Hu or I (from Hu or Hea we have Helios, the Greek Apollo) was the first syllable of the Divine Ineffable Word of the Aryan Races. The Turonian race think of, but do not speak the sacred word, A U M or Om, the omega as differentiated from the alpha. Om is the creative Force, the promise of things to be, the Beginning as in Omen, Omphalos, Womb, Ovum, etc.

The Hebrews, being an adaptive race, assimilated many of the ideas of the magic dealing with superhuman things, as well as the magic of subhuman forces, and made it part of the Kabbala. Thus while all the blessing and kosher things were invoked upon one mountain, all the curses were placed upon the other, Mount Ebal, Mount Gerizim. The celestial influences evoked by the methods of Thum, Thaum, told him, "Tomorrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me." Samuel XXVIII, 19.—*From the Word, 25 West 45th Street, New York.*

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In Jacob Boehme the disciple says to the master, "How may I attain suprasensuous life, so that I may see God and hear him speak?" The master says, "When you can lift yourself for one moment into that realm where no creature dwelleth, you will hear what God speaks." The disciple says, "Is that near or far?" The master says, "It is in yourself."—*Silberer.*

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If then desire is turned to one only eternal thing, then, since the nature of men takes its character from his leading or chief desire, to the whole man is gradually converted to, or, as some think, transmuted into that one thing.—*H. A. on Alchemy.*

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Separate thyself and withdraw from thy animal sensuous life, it is too coarse. I can not appear till that is completely lost and finished.—*Leade.*

# 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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## Theosophical Outlook

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GIFT  
JUL 29 1918

# Theosophical Outlook

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT  
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. III. No. 29.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, July 20, 1918.

Price Five Cents

## UPTON SINCLAIR SPEAKS.

In the August issue of *Upton Sinclair's*, published at Pasadena, we find a portion of a treatise on "The Profits of Religion," which is presently to be published in volume form and that should make good reading, unless its character is belied by the present sample. Here in America, says Mr. Sinclair, we have a population of "a hundred million half-educated people, materially prosperous, but spiritually starving." What a commentary upon the churches, who have had a freer hand in America than anywhere else upon earth, and whose newest conception of their neglected duty is a still more energetic interference with politics, a still more vigorous adoption of the "reform" quackeries that spring up like mushrooms in the night. Small wonder that fake religions should be created by the score and that those who invent them should profit exceedingly:

Anybody can do it with any doctrines from anywhere, Persia or Patagonia, Peking or Pompeii. I would be willing to wage that if I cared to come out and announce that I had had a visit from God last night, and to devote such literary and emotional power as I possess to communicating a new revelation, I could have a temple, a university, and a million dollars within five years at the outside. And if at the end of the five years I were to announce that I had played a joke on the world, some of my followers would convince the faithful that I had been an agent of God without knowing it, and that the leadership had now been turned over to him.

That, of course, is absolutely true.

The public is not only tolerant of fraud. It will accept nothing else. It will believe everything on the single condition that it be untrue. The new religion needs nothing more than an outfit of gorgeous impudence and a clamorous call for cash.

But Mr. Sinclair does not deal only with frauds. He knows how to admire, and he does admire. The Babist religion, he thinks, is "the purest and most dignified religion in existence." Then, he says, there are the Theosophists, who "compel us to sift over their mountains of chaff for one grain of truth that will bear fruit in future"? But how does Mr. Sinclair know what is the chaff and what is the grain of truth? It is to be feared that he applies the usual test. Whatever science endorses is the truth. All else is chaff. But then science endorsed none of it a few years ago. It is endorsing more and more of it every day. If Mr. Sinclair had lived a hundred years or so ago he would presumably have followed science into a denial of mesmerism, meteors, electricity, and the power of steam. Then he would have slowly conceded point after point, but with the assumption that each point was finality. This is what he says:

While we Western races have been exploring the natural world and perfecting the mechanical arts, the Hindu students have been exploring the subconscious and its strange powers. What Myers and Lodge and Janet and Charcot and Freud and Jung are telling us today they had hints of a long time ago:



and doubtless they have hints of other things, upon which our scientists have not yet come. I have friends, perfectly sane and competent people, who tell me that they can see auras, and use this ability as a means of judging character. Shall I say that there are no auras, simply because I do not happen to have this gift of seeing them? In the same way, having read Gurney's "Phantasms of the Living," I am not ready to ridicule the claim of the Yogi adepts that they are able to project some kind of astral body, and to communicate with one another from distant places. But granting such occult powers in a world of economic strife, what follows? Simply new floods of charlatanism, elaborate and complicated systems of ritual and metaphysics for the deluding and plundering of the credulous.

Mr. Sinclair needs to amend his views upon many points, although he is not to be blamed for errors into which he has been led by charlatan Theosophists who have no real conception of the philosophy they claim to teach. Theosophy does not consist in projecting astral bodies nor in seeing auras. These are mere insignificant landmarks on the road to the attainment of divinity, and divinity, in its turn, is to be attained by altruism. The economic strife of which Mr. Sinclair so rightly complains is not the cause of anything, but it is the effect of something. It is the effect of unbrotherliness, and Theosophy has absolutely no other aim than the cure of unbrotherliness. Economic strife can not be cured by economic means. It must be cured by moral means. The science of Theosophy is intended to supply scientific reasons for leading the fraternal life by a demonstration of spiritual law. Mr. Sinclair should put out of his mind all nonsense about astral projection and auras. The folly of some Theosophists should not be allowed to bemire Theosophy. How would he like it if Socialism were identified with pro-Germanism on the ground that many Socialists—a very great many—are pro-Germans? Or if Socialism were identified with free love, for the same reason? Or with criminality? But Mr. Sinclair is quite right when he says that the general bestowal of occult powers would be a curse so long as greed and avarice are rampant. But he may make his mind easy upon that point. They will not be bestowed. They must be won, and they will not be won until the student has so far destroyed the selfish personality that misuse of those powers has become im-

possible. In the meantime we may suggest to Mr. Sinclair that he read the *Bhagavad Gita* rather than listen to delirium about auras.

Mr. Sinclair has something quite worth saying about mental healing, Christian Scientific or otherwise. For example:

Suffice it here to say that if you will lay your hands upon a sick person, forming a vivid mental picture of the bodily changes you desire, and concentrating the power of your will upon them, you may be surprised by the results, especially if you possess anything in the way of psychic gifts. You do not have to adopt any theories, you do not have to do it in the name of any divinity, ancient or modern; the only bearing of such ideas is that they serve to persuade people to make the experiment, and to make it with persistence and intensity. So it has come about that "miracles" of healing are associated with "faith"; and so it comes about that scientists are apt to flout the subject. But read of the work of Janet and Charcot and their followers of the *Salpetriere*; they have proven that all kinds of seeming organic ailments may be entirely hysterical in nature, and may be cured by the simplest forms of suggestion. Understanding this, you may find it more easy to credit the fact that cripples do sometimes throw away their crutches in the grotto of Lourdes. For my part, I can believe that Jesus performed all the miracles of healing attributed to him—including the raising up of people pronounced to be dead by the ignorance of that time. I am convinced that in the new science of psycho-analysis we have a universe as vast as the universe of the atom or of the stars.

We may pass over Mr. Sinclair's patronage of Jesus, who unfortunately did not live late enough to receive the imprimatur of Janet and Charcot or the advantages of a scientific training. But does Mr. Sinclair know what is "suggestion"? Has he the faintest idea? Or is he merely talking, merely using a term that means nothing? Did Janet and Charcot have any idea, or were they merely giving a name to an accidentally discovered force? Will Mr. Sinclair explain precisely what he means by the subconscious? Of course he can not. He has not the dimmest conception. Is he quite sure that the Yogis have stumbled upon "hints" only? Is he quite sure that the science of today represents the high-water mark of human knowledge? Can he tell us why the sick man gets well when he forms a "vivid mental picture" of the desired change? What is the mechanism of it? He really seems to think that he has explained something because he has stated a fact. And because he finds that he himself can do

something in the way of healing he immediately proceeds to patronize Jesus. Perhaps Mr. Sinclair may one day find that he can walk upon the water, and then he will patronize Jesus some more. Perhaps the dead that were raised by Jesus were really dead, after all. There is nothing actually more incredible in raising the dead than in healing the sick. But our Janets and Charcots have not yet raised the dead. Therefore Jesus could not possibly have done so. We would suggest a little more humility to Mr. Sinclair.

We need not follow Mr. Sinclair into his disquisitions on the various religious eccentricities of today. He says they are saturated with fraud. Of course they are. So are the various brands of political reform. Saturated with treason, too. We are beginning to associate extreme kinds of radicalism with pro-Germanism, and yet those radicalisms may in themselves be good. Mr. Sinclair describes his article as "A Study of Supernaturalism as a Source of Income and a Shield to Privilege." We could write a similar article on "A Study of Reform," etc., and we have the goods to do it with, too. But we should hardly be so foolish as to attack the Internation—Mr. Sinclair's pet hobby—on the ground that Lenine and Trotzky in the name of Internation have sold their own country. Mr. Sinclair lacks logic. But then he always did. The eccentricities and the frauds of the "supernaturalists" are not nearly so bad nor nearly so mischievous as the eccentricities and frauds of the radicals. We have yet to hear of "supernaturalists" who have sold their own people into a foreign slavery. They do not even throw bombs or burn wheat-fields. But for these things we do not blame the "cause." We blame its misguided followers and their dupes.

Mr. Sinclair says that spiritual quackeries will go on "until there is order in the material affairs of the race," that is to say until his own particular and peculiar political nostrums have been adopted. But what has this to do with what he calls "supernaturalism"? Of course he means superhumanism, since there can be nothing outside of nature, but let that pass. Does he labor under the impression that it is the poor and disinherited who become the dupes of the

spiritual charlatans? He is much mistaken. These people draw their support almost entirely from the well-to-do middle class. It is they who crowd the parlors of the medium and worship the strange gods of the spiritualist.

#### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a review of a book entitled *Experiments in Psychical Research at Leland Stanford Junior University*. The review is copied from the *New York Evening Post* and the matter has therefore a double significance. It is significant that a modern university should establish a chair in Psychical Research, and it is significant that such a newspaper as the *New York Evening Post* should give a column or so of its very cultured space to a report of its proceedings. Evidently the world does move in spite of some very definite opinions to the contrary.

One of the objects of the Theosophical Society as formulated by its Founders was "To investigate unexplained laws of nature and the psychic powers latent in man." This object was subsequently changed, and the word "spiritual" was substituted for "psychic"—by whose authority we do not know. A glance at the earlier numbers of *Lucifer*, when it was under the editorship of H. P. Blavatsky, will show the attention that it paid to the subject of psychic research, and the illuminating zest with which its editor interpreted the phenomena which were then beginning to force themselves upon the attention of the public. It is easy to imagine the interest which she would display toward the great extensions of our knowledge of which later years have been the witness.

We may believe that the methods of the modern Researcher are much open to criticism. Doubtless he thinks that our methods are similarly vulnerable. But it is not so much with the methods of the modern scientist that we are concerned. Nor are we greatly interested in his conclusions, which are always based upon inadequate facts, and which usually show an excessive deference to materialism. But we are greatly interested in his *facts*. Here at least we have something that refuses to be cramped by theories or to be annexed by creeds. It

may be true enough that the facts within his reach are those that pertain only to the physical. But what of that? There can be no single physical fact that is not eloquent of spiritual law. The occultist searches for wisdom in every phenomenon of the material world, regarding every such phenomena as a link in the chain that leads forever upward and downward. He calls nothing common or unclean and for him every revealed truth is an "open door to the shut palace of the king."

The student is therefore strongly recommended to make himself acquainted with every ascertained fact of psychical research, and indeed with all other facts that can throw a light upon his search. A neglect of intellectual effort has hitherto been his chief failing, a certain unwillingness to engage in forceful thinking, to use what may be called a mental compulsion toward the great mysteries that are never very far to seek. A wistful devotion will never carry us very far. It so easily merges into indolence and apathy. And in this connection we may remember the wise aphorisms of an older student who said, "Knowledge alone is power; Silence is strength; Will reigneth omnipotent; and Love lieth at the foundation."

#### A SERMON OF MUHAMMAD.

Oh ye children of the Mighty One, do ye take me to be true or false? If ye consider me to be true, will ye hearken unto what I shall say? A huge army (the forces of mortality) is behind this mountain (this physical existence) awaiting its chance to attack you. If ye believe this, then beware, for no word I speak is false.

The caravan of our life will one day surely depart hence. Beware then of the time when death shall attack.

God is alone worthy of praise. His name is worthy of repetition. His thought is worthy of contemplation, His command is worthy of obedience, and His majesty is worthy of service.

When ye think, think only of Him, when ye bow, bow only before Him, trust Him alone, love Him alone, fear Him alone, and serve Him alone.

No one lives outside of Him, none can be compared with Him. The wise and the foolish are both speechless before

Him. The sun and the moon are motionless in His presence. Mighty kings are submissive before His exalted majesty. The righteous and the pious are abashed in His presence. Neither the hermit nor the orthodox has any power in His kingdom. Neither the mystic nor the ascetic has a voice in His court. Therefore count not on a mediator between you and your God.

Raise me not beyond my due. Honor me not so that later ye may have to abase me. Every soul in God's sight is equal and free. I am also as one among you all. Never make of my tomb an idol for your worship. Never bow before my grave in humility, for ye are no less than I am, being God's creatures, and in human helplessness we are all alike. If I have any special privilege it is that I, His servant, one like you all, am His Message Bearer.

All in their turn will leave you, whether it be your relations or belongings. If there be any bliss remaining with you it is the good which ye have done in your life.

All seekers of earth are far removed from Divine Mercy, save those who have a constant thought of God. Those who are in search of knowledge will inherit the earth and be blessed with the Kingdom of Heaven.

Virtuous are those who are kind to the neighbor and who constantly try to succour their fellow-men. Those who wish good for themselves in life should wish the same for another.

God does not show mercy to those who have no sympathy in their hearts. If ye will be kind to the inhabitants of the earth, God from the Heavens will send His mercy upon you.

He who in his life had bitterness in his heart and kept it there until his death is not with us, neither are we for him: even his love, which may have been the cause of his bitterness against another, has no reward from God, for such love makes one blind and deaf.

Righteousness is better than piety, the pious can not even be compared with the righteous.

Labor for your daily bread, that ye may provide for yourself and others, and not have to beg from any one. If here ye are independent, there also ye shall beam like the full moon.

Those among you who are possessed of

riches must generously help humanity. Do not undertake any enterprise without consultation, do not give yourself unto a risk without consideration.

### INAYAT KHAN'S VISIT TO LEEDS.

Inayat Khan, representative in the West of the Sufi Order, has recently visited Leeds, England, on the invitation of the Theosophical Society. Every evening he addressed a crowded and appreciative audience, and in the afternoons he was at home to all who wished to see him.

On the day of his arrival he addressed the Lotus Group of Children, saying: "It is just as necessary for children to learn the music of life as it is for them to learn how to sing. Every child must try to realize how musical he can be in his thought, speech, and action. To have beautiful thoughts is like playing a beautiful melody on the piano; to speak a kind and good word is like singing a sweet little song; to have refinement in all our actions is like a graceful dance. All this music of life can be learned by developing a loving nature; to be loving and obedient to our parents, most gratefully remembering what troubles they have borne for us, and to be respectful to our elders, relatives, and friends, all of which is the outcome of a loving heart."

A little boy from among the group of children rose from his seat and asked, "How can we love the Germans?" Inayat Khan was taken aback at the wit and spirit of the child, a thing so rarely met with in the East. He answered: "You should not love those actions which seem to you unjust and cruel, but you must show your love in wishing that God may guide those who are astray. In this way you do not hate anybody, and at the same time you fulfill the words of Jesus Christ, who said, 'Love your enemies.'"

In the afternoon many questions were asked by the visitors, and were answered by Inayat Khan. Some of the people asked how they should address him, what title they should use suitable to his revered position? He answered, "No title should be used, for I have not come among you as a teacher of supernatural claims, but as one among you, your brother, and just as you would address

your brother in your home, so you should address me by my name."

A lady asked him if every soul had a particular note, and if so, could he tell her what was her note? He answered. "It is true that every soul has a particular note, but I will not tell you what is the note of your soul, because I have not come here to excite your curiosity in superstitions; if I had told people their auras, colors, notes, characters, and fortunes I should have made out of it a very profitable business, but the Message I bear is Divine Wisdom only: it is to tell you why you are here, what is your origin, where is your abode, how you can journey toward it, and how you can reach your eternal goal."

A venerable clergyman asked Inayat Khan how missionaries were regarded in India. He replied: "The inhabitants of India are chiefly Hindus and Mussulmans, among whom the Mussulmans are first Christians and then Mussulmans, for they regard the Christ with as much reverence as would a true Christian, and Hindus are usually respectful to every religious soul. Personally I have greeted with respect and reverence and with the air of friendship every servant of God, whatever religion he may profess, as long as his motive was true. Humanity today needs servants of God, faithful workers, but the pity of it is there is so few to be found."

Inayat Khan was then asked by the same clergyman if he possessed occult and psychic powers. He answered: "If I possess such powers they are not to be spoken of in order to attract attention and gain publicity and thereby to satisfy vanity; if I do not possess such powers the loss is not great to a God-loving heart and a truth-seeking soul."

Some one from among the inquirers remarked: "We hear a great deal about the wonder-workers and the wisdom-teachers in the East, but when we go there we do not see any." Inayat Khan smiled and answered: "You expect to find them under a signboard, and thus it is impossible for you to discover them. If you happen to find any in this way they are generally imposters. The true wonder-worker never works a wonder, considering such to be child's play; in the same way all other affairs in life to which we give such importance are to

them as nothing. Sometimes a wonder might manifest from them accidentally, but never to attract others or to gain publicity. The teachers of wisdom are those who, instead of showing themselves super-wise, act as simply as an innocent child. The doubting mind which seeks to test them is blind and will never be able to recognize them, for it is the eye of trust which can alone behold their blessed vision."

A member of the Society asked in what way Sufism differed from Theosophy. Inayat Khan answered: "In the first place difference is the very thing from which a Sufi wants to be free, and how can he possibly differ from the wisdom which is his own? The word Theosophy has its origin in the Oriental word 'Thosouph,' which is the correct name for Sufism, from the latter part of which word the name Sufi is derived. In the East we never call it Sufism, but Thosouph. He was asked if Sufis believed in karma and reincarnation, on which two doctrines the whole of Theosophy is based. He answered: "The Sufi is free from the restrictions of beliefs and disbeliefs, his work is to purify the intelligence that it may become a magnifying glass so that every problem focused under it should disclose clearly its secret. Free thinkers should therefore free themselves from the restrictions of belief before they teach to others freedom of thought. Beliefs and disbeliefs have divided man into so many sects, blinding his eyes from the vision of the singleness of the whole of existence." The final question asked was: "Do you expect the coming of a world teacher?" He replied: "For a Sufi the self within, the self without, the kingdom of the earth, the kingdom of Heaven, the whole being is his teacher and his every moment is engaged in acquiring knowledge. For some the teacher has already come and gone, for others the teacher may still come, but for a Sufi the teacher has always been and will remain with him forever."—*From Sufi.*

John the Baptist simply adopted and practiced the universal custom of sacred bathing for the remission of sins. Christ sanctioned it; the church inherited it from his example.—*Dr. Lundy.*

## PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

It is a common complaint among those interested in what, for want of a better term, may be called spiritualism, that, while there has been no lack of interest in the subject among scientific men as individuals, science, as represented by institutions of learning, has steadily refused to recognize it as worthy of serious attention. Only the other day this complaint was voiced by Mr. Hewat McKenzie, who further indulged in the most sanguine prophecy of the golden results to be expected when the present state of affairs is remedied. "When," he says, "schools and colleges are established for the training of students in this science astonishing results will be achieved, and that time may be advanced by the sympathetic help and attention of men and women of leisure and means who have profited from the science and realize how greatly humanity, as a whole, would benefit if its truths were more generally known." In this he is merely echoing feelings previously formulated by many others. Thus Northcote W. Thomas, writing in 1905, said: "Psychology has, up to the present, shown no disposition to make its own the problems of psychical research; yet probably no one will be found to deny their importance." Again, in 1912, Knight Dunlap wrote, in his "A System of Psychology": "Psychical research is at present in disrepute among scholars, largely because psychical researchers do not take a logical psychological attitude toward the phenomena they investigate. . . . The investigation of phenomena which are alleged to be not in accordance with the accepted views of natural law is a perfectly legitimate activity."

These and others who sympathize with their point of view will be agreeably surprised to learn that their aspirations in this regard have already been in a measure fulfilled by the action of Leland Stanford Junior University in tentatively establishing a division of psychical research as part of the department of psychology. We have before us the first psychical research monograph issued by the newly created division, written by the professor in charge, with a foreword by David Starr Jordan, chancellor emeritus of the university, and an introduction by Professor Frank Angell, head of

the department of psychology. We owe the establishment of the division primarily to the generosity of Mr. Thomas Welton Stanford, a brother of the founder of the university, who contributed \$10,000 for the foundation of the fellowship; acknowledgement is also due to the university authorities, who, not without careful consideration, finally decided to make the new departure at the risk of unpopularity and ridicule.

The monograph forms a portly tome of 600-odd pages, much of it rather alarmingly technical, and again much of it suitable for the consumption of the layman. The author, representing his department, holds no brief for or against the general phenomena. "The research," he says, "is undertaken with a zeal for truth, and is projected and controlled with an anxiety for the strength of the bridge it is building, which must bear the strain of the passage of men of learning, men of influence, men of science, from the shore of accepted knowledge to the island of the not-yet-recognized. Safety forbids bias or precipitancy. This laboratory report completes the first stage of construction." In pursuance of this ideal the volume consists, in the main, of "(1) a statistical method of experiment in psychical research, which it is believed, will be acceptable to science and will prove adequate for resolving doubt and controversy concerning the alleged super-normal acquisition of knowledge (telepathy, lucidity or clairvoyance, or communication from discarnate intelligences capable of apprehending facts in our world); and (2) the results of the first applications of this method."

The practical work performed by the division during the period under review, and here made matter of record, includes among other things, experiments in thought-transference, with special reference to the hypothesis of telepathy as an alternative to that of spirit communication; experiments in subliminal impression and in sound assimilation; experiments and investigations, conducted by Professor Lilien J. Martin, on visual and auditory hallucinations and certain other phenomena of the subconscious, and an elaborate inquiry into the influence of mental habit upon judgment. In an appendix we have an account of experi-

ments in long-distance thought-transference; an investigation of a "trumpet medium," coöperatively undertaken by the Division of Psychical Research and the California Psychical Research Society, together with Dr. Coover's report, in his official capacity as experimenter for the investigation committee, on (1) the relation of the "voices" to the physiological processes, (2) the relation of the "psychical phenomena" to the psychic's body, and (3) the relation of the "séance personalities" to the psychic's mind.

The book is admirably made with excellent typography, and well deserves a place on the shelves of persons interested in the occult, who will naturally be anxious to follow the fortunes of so bold a departure.

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AT  
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY. By  
John Edgar Coover. Published by the Uni-  
versity; \$3.50 net.

—*New York Evening Post.*

### A SIKH HYMN.

Where, Lord, is appointed my refuge?

I come but to Thee,

And whom hast Thou given me for  
Guru?

The wind blowing free.

Who are my father and mother:

From whom is my birth?

My father the widespreading water,

My mother the earth.

The day with its light and its gladness,

The dark night unfurled,

Are the two kindly nurses who fondle

And watch o'er the world.

—*J. D. W., in Sufi.*

So serene would the light appear if all that is illumined, *i. e.*, space, earth, did not exist, such is the isolated state of the seer, of the pure self, when the threefold world, you and I, in brief, all that is visible, is gone. As the state of a mirror is, in which no reflection falls, neither of statues nor of anything else—only representing in itself the being of the mirror, such is the isolation of the seer, who remains without seeing, after the jumble of phenomena, I, you, the world, etc., has vanished.—*The Sankhya.*

Every pious and righteous man is a spiritual alchemist.—*Clarvis Philosophic.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## ANCESTRAL MEMORIES.

There are signs of a certain perplexity in the new views of immortality that are being put forward by their clerical exponents. Less and less do we find a reliance upon authority, while the appeal to reason grows stronger and stronger. No longer are we told that immortality is a fact in nature because the Bible says so, nor are we threatened with pains and penalties for our incredulity. The churches have discovered to their cost that humanity will accept nothing upon faith that does not appeal also to reason, and that theology must be ready with its evidences or suffer judgment by default.

But the search for evidence brings its own difficulties with it, for the evidence is inconveniently large. So many new facts are disclosed for which theology has not provided, and the new facts inconsiderately refuse to adapt themselves to the old creeds. Religion asks of science that it furnish proof of a life after death, and science replies not only with proof that we shall live after our death, but also that we have lived before our birth. Religion is a little consternated by what seems to be rank Paganism and at once adopts some other convenient theory that shall preserve a semblance of orthodoxy no matter at what cost to logic.

Take, for example, the new book, *Can We Believe in Immortality?* by James H. Snowden, D. D., LL. D., just pub-

lished by the Macmillan Company. Dr. Snowden is faced by the facts that have been grouped under the name of the sub-conscious and of course he turns to the theory of ancestral or racial memory. Anything is better than reincarnation, although reincarnation is the only theory that will in the least explain the facts. Dr. Snowden says:-

Our human instincts have their roots and springs down in our subconsciousness. All our associations, habits, instincts are stored and preserved in this hidden chamber. There is reason to think that this subconscious region is large compared with our conscious life, as seven-eighths of an iceberg is submerged beneath the surface of the sea. Not only our individual experiences, but our whole accumulated heredity is deposited in this deep. We are vastly greater and more ancient than we know or dream. Our heredity runs back through all the generations to the cave man and on back through geological ages to primal cells. Our souls are stratified structures, full of fossils, like the rocky strata in the crust of the earth. There are deeply buried in us ancient submerged continents and extinct constellations of racial experience, and at times these continents push their peaks up as islands and these constellations fitfully blaze up as faint stars in our consciousness. Abnormal "multiple personalities" are also sometimes buried in these mysterious depths. This is the underground world and night life the soul, full of shadows and ghosts and stars.

It would perhaps be better if Dr. Snowden had said that this ancestral memory is no more than a theory that has been tentatively advanced. To speak of it as though it had been definitely accepted or proved is a little mis-



leading. It is simply a suggestion, and rather an untenable one.

Why should we suppose that what seems to be a memory of—for example—"ancient submerged continents" is not actually a memory of our own? Why should we assume, how indeed can we believe, that the experiences of our ancestors have been in some inexplicable way inherited by us in the form of memory? We do not remember the experiences of our immediate parents if they were acquired before we were born. We have not the least inkling of them unless they were communicated to us in normal ways, by speech or writing. How, then, can it be believed that the experiences of our ancestors who lived a million years ago can suddenly reach us in the form of memory by any conceivable processes of heredity? If we seem to remember "ancient submerged continents" the explanation surely stares us in the face. Why resort to these fantastic gymnastics in order to explain a self-evident fact. We seem to remember because *we do remember*. It is not more remarkable that we should remember "ancient submerged continents" than that we should remember the kindergarten of our youth.

Memory is surely a function of consciousness. It can not exist without consciousness. It is the only proof of continuing identity. We know that we are veritably the same persons that went to school and college forty years ago because we have memory to prove that fact. But Dr. Snowden would have us believe in some impossible memory that does not accompany consciousness, and that can be passed on from one person to another. We can believe in a Cheshire cat and we can believe in its grin, but assuredly we can not believe in the grin without the cat.

Is it not strange that so able a writer as Dr. Snowden should take so much trouble to prove that we shall go on living forever and yet fail to perceive that his whole argument is equally conclusive of the fact that we have lived forever? For how can we have immortality in one direction only? And we venture to suggest very respectfully that this would be quite apparent to a writer so intellectual and so sincere but for the theological preconceptions that he per-

mits to cloud alike his vision and his logic.

## AN OCCULT NOVEL.

We are getting so used to distinguished names on the title-pages of books about occultism that we are hardly surprised to find that Mr. H. Rider Haggard is among the latest to lend his pen to this particular *motif*. But the chronicler of Allan Quartermain has forsaken the field of African adventure—not, we hope, permanently—and addresses himself to the modern life of civilization and to the days immediately preceding the war in Europe.

Mr. Haggard does not leave us long in doubt as to the spirit that is to pervade his new novel, for here are his opening lines:

More than thirty years ago two atoms of the eternal Energy sped forth from the heart of it which we call God, and incarnated themselves in the human shapes that were destined to hold them for a while, as vases hold perfumes, or goblets wine, or as sparks of everlasting radium inhabit the bowels of the rocks. Perhaps these two atoms, or essences, or monads indestructible, did but repeat an adventure, or many, many adventures. Perhaps again and again they had proceeded from that Home august and imperishable on certain mornings of the days of Time, to return thither at noon or nightfall, laden with the fruits of gained experience. So at least one of them seemed to tell the other before all was done and that other came to believe. If so, over what fields did they roam throughout the æons, they who, having no end, could have no beginning? Not those of this world only, we may be sure. It is so small and there are so many others, millions upon millions of them, and such an infinite variety of knowledge is needed to shape the soul of man, even though it remain as yet imperfect and but a shadow of what it shall be.

The two "atoms" are Godfrey Knight, son of a country clergyman, and Isobel Blake, daughter of a commercial magnate. The young people are drawn together by a certain community of mental tastes, although Godfrey is a born mystic, while Isobel is a scientific materialist. One day Godfrey explains some of his ideas to the rather unsympathetic Isobel:

"I don't know," he answered. "Sometimes"—here his voice became dreamy as it had a way of doing—"I think that we pass on, all of us, from star to star. At least I know I often feel as if I had done so."

"You mean from planet to planet, Godfrey; stars are hot places you know. You should not swallow all that theosophical bosh which is based on nothing."

"There's the Bible," went on Godfrey,

"which tells us the same thing, that we live eternally——"

"Then we must always have lived, since eternity is a circle."

"Why not, Isobel? That is what I was trying to say. Well, if we live eternally, we must live somewhere, perhaps in those planets, or others, which it would be a waste to keep empty."

"I dare say—though Nature does not mind waste, or what seems to be waste. But why should you think of living eternally at all? Many people live a great deal too long as it is, and it is horrible to believe that they go on forever."

"You see they might grow to something splendid in the end, Isobel. You must not judge them by what they are now."

"Oh! I know, the caterpillar and the butterfly, and all the rest of it."

Godfrey is eventually sent to school in Switzerland. On his journey he is befriended by an elderly lady, a Miss Ogilvy, who becomes interested in the boy and draws him out. He tells her that he has curious dreams, and in response to her questions he tells her something of their nature:

"Well, I seem to be among a great many people whom I have never met. Yet I know them and they know me, and talk to me about all sorts of things. For instance, if I am puzzling over anything they will explain it quite clearly, but afterwards I always forget the explanation, and am no wiser than I was before. A hand holding a cloth seems to wipe it out of my mind, just as one cleans a slate."

"Is that all?"

"Not quite. Occasionally I meet the people afterwards. For instance, Thomas Sims, the cabman, was one of them, and," he added coloring, "forgive me for saying so, but you are another. I knew it at once, the moment I saw you, and that is what made me feel so friendly."

"How very odd!" she exclaimed, "and how delightful. Because, you see—well never mind——"

He looked at her expectantly, but as she said no more, went on.

"Then now and again I see places before I really do see them. For example, I think that presently we shall pass along a hillside with great mountain slopes above and below us covered with dark trees. Opposite to us also, running up to three peaks with a patch of snow on the centre peak, but not quite at the top." He closed his eyes, and added, "Yes, and there is a village at the bottom of the valley by a swift-running stream, and in it a small white church with a spire and a gilt weathercock with a bird on it. Then," he continued rapidly, "I can see the house where I am going to live, with the Pasture Boiset, an old white house with woods above and all about it, and the beautiful lake beneath, and beyond a great mountain. There is a tree in the garden opposite the front door, like a big cherry tree, only the fruit looks larger than cherries," he added with confidence.

"I suppose that no one showed you a photo-

graph of the place?" she asked doubtfully, "for as it happens I know it. It is only about two miles from Lucerne by the short way through the woods. What is more, there is a tree with a delicious fruit, either a big cherry or a small plum, for I have eaten some of it several years ago."

"No," he answered, "no one. My father only told me that the name of the little village is Kleindorf. He wrote it on the label for my bag."

Just then the line went round a bend. "Look," he said, "there is the place I told you we were coming to, with the dark trees, the three peaks, and the stream, and the white church with the cock on the top of the spire."

She let down the carriage window, and stared at the scene.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "it is just as you described. Oh! at last I have found what I have been seeking for years. Godfrey, I believe that you have the true gift."

"What gift, Miss Ogilvy?"

"Clairvoyance, of course, and perhaps clair-audience as well."

The lad burst out laughing, and said that he wished it were something more useful.

Miss Ogilvy is a spiritualist, and having discovered that Godfrey is clairvoyant she introduces him to her circle, which is led by a Mme. Riennes, who is so absurd a person that we are led to doubt if Mr. Haggard has any real knowledge of what he is writing about. Godfrey has a sort of stone talisman which he found in the tomb of an old crusader in the parish church and Mme. Riennes orders him to take it in his hand and to describe the various persons to whom it belonged. Mme. Riennes has such astonishing powers that one wonders why she does not do it herself:

Then suddenly everything before him faded, and he saw himself standing in a desert by a lump of black rock, at which a brown man clad only in a waist cloth and a kind of peaked straw hat, was striking with an instrument that seemed to be half chisel and half hammer, fashioned apparently from bronze, or perhaps of greenish-colored flint. Presently the brown man, who had a squint in one eye and a hurt toe that was bound round with something, picked up a piece of the black rock that he had knocked off and surveyed it with evident satisfaction. Then the scene vanished.

Godfrey told it with interest to the audience, who were apparently also interested.

"The finding of the stone," said madame, "continue, young monsieur."

Another vision rose before Godfrey's mind. He beheld a low room having a kind of verandah, roofed with reeds, and beyond it a little courtyard enclosed by a wall of gray-colored mud bricks, out of some of which stuck pieces of straw. This courtyard opened onto a narrow street where many oddly-clothed people walked up and down, some of whom wore peaked caps. A little man, old and gray, sat with the fragment of black rock

on a low table before him, which Godfrey knew to be the same stone that he had already seen. By him lay graving tools, and he was engaged in polishing the stone, now covered with figures and writing, by help of a stick, a piece of rough cloth and oil. A young man with a curly beard walked into the little courtyard, and to him the old fellow delivered the engraved stone with obeisances, receiving payment in some curious currency.

Then followed picture upon picture, in all of which this talisman appeared in the hands of sundry of its owners. Some of these pictures had to do with love, some with religious ceremonies, and some with war. One, too, with its sale, perhaps in a time of siege or scarcity, for a small loaf of black-looking bread, by an aged woman who wept at parting with it.

Mme. Riennes puts Godfrey into a trance on various occasions, but at last he becomes aware that the figure of a young woman materializes itself while he is unconscious, emerging apparently from his own body, and to this he very decidedly objects and as a result he breaks away from Mme. Riennes. Soon after this Miss Ogilvy dies, but first she expresses her sorrow at having drawn Godfrey into the meshes of spiritualism and counsels him to keep away from seances:

Don't let us waste more time on such things, for soon you must go away. Already I see that nurse looking at me from the doorway of the other room, and I have something more to say to you. You will come to think that all this spiritualism, as it is called, is nothing but a dangerous folly. Well, it is dangerous, like climbing the Alps, but one gets a great view from the top. And, oh! from there how small men look and how near the heavens. I mean, my dear boy, that although I have asked you to abjure seances and so forth, I do pray of you to cultivate the spiritual. The physical, of course, is always with us, for that is Nature's law, without which it could not continue. But around and beyond it broods the spirit, as once it did upon the face of the waters, encircling all things: the beginning of all things and the end. Only, as wine can not be poured into a covered cup, so the spirit can not flow into a world-sealed heart, and what is the cup without the wine? Open your heart, Godfrey, and receive the spirit, so that when the mortal perishes the immortal may remain and everlastingly increase. For you know, if we choose death we shall die, and if we choose life we shall live; we, and all that is dear to us.

Into Godfrey's subsequent vicissitudes we need not enter. Nor into Isabel's. But from the occult point of view Mr. Haggard's book is a disappointing one. Apparently he has some smattering of spiritualistic phenomenalism, but he seems to have taken no pains whatever

to be accurate in his descriptions or to equip himself with more than the rudiments of even psychic research. Mme. Riennen is his chief occult figure, and she bears no resemblance to any human being that ever lived. We do not know if Mr. Haggard wrote this book with any serious intent or whether he is merely exploiting a new field of fiction. But whether the one or the other it must be pronounced as loosely conceived and carelessly executed.

LOVE ETERNAL. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50.

### FROM PROFESSOR SHALER.

The only direct evidence that can claim scientific inquiry, which goes to show the persistence of the individual after death, is that afforded by the so-called occult phenomena; by the alleged appearance of spirits, or the communion with what appear to some inquirers to be the minds of the departed. Notwithstanding their urgent disinclination to meddle with or be meddled by the problems of spiritualism, the men of science have a natural interest in the inquiries of the few true observers who are dredging in that turbid sea. Trusting to the evident scientific faithfulness of these hardy explorers, it appears evident that they have brought up from that deep sea certain facts which, though shadowed by doubt, indicate persistence of the individual consciousness after death. It has, moreover, to be confessed that these few, and as yet imperfect, observations are fortified by the fact that through all the ages of his contact with Nature man has firmly held to the notion that the world was peopled with disembodied individualities which could appeal to his own intelligence. Such a conviction is itself worth something, though it be little; supported by any critical evidence it becomes of much value. Thus we may fairly conjecture that we may be on the verge of something like a demonstration that the individual consciousness does survive the death of the body by which it was nurtured.

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.*

## THE PROMISE OF AIR.

(By Newton A. Fuessle.)

If Christopher Morley were the author of Algernon Blackwood's "The Promise of Air," he might have described it on the jacket as being about blue eyes, advertising copy, Cambridge, the Rolls-Royce, Chopin, Schumann, the movies, wireless, airplanes, revolving desk chairs, the Kingdom of Heaven, yellow wag-tails, perfumes and furs, flocks of stars, the winter temperature of robins, and analytical chemists.

Because I once wrote a story about a fellow with an obsession to be cradled in billows of air, this Blackwood book was wished on me to review. E. P. Dutton & Co.'s announcement of "The Promise of Air" had not made me eager to spend a dollar fifty for the book. Neither had earlier reviewers' appraisal of it delivered what the kids around Gross Park, Chicago, used to call the "cardy blow" in their Hamilton school days. The reviewers had declared with mild and reserved literary caution that one might like the book very much, or not so very much. It simmered down to a fifty-fifty case of plus and minus.

I began reading "The Promise of Air" in the Hudson tubes. The air, as usual, was thick, vitiated, unsanitary, and unlovely. The pack of commuters from points on the Lackawanna who hemmed me in were chewing Life Savers, gnawing chicle, and gasping for green fields and sunny air. For once I was among, but in nowise of them. I had made a great discovery. The Blackwood book acted as the perfect antidote to the toxins of commuting. The Duttons should pile dunes of it at every station in tube and subway. It should be advertised in every packed and humid street-car, elevated, and suburban train.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood has put a pulmotor between book covers. It is deep breathing transmuted into print. It is a rhapsody on air, achieved, happily, with British restraint. It is the story of Joseph Wimble, and Joan, his wife, and Joan, his daughter. This odd Wimble individual has peculiar eyes, peculiar hunches, peculiar longings. He objects to his bones, his flesh, to his being on the ground. He regards gravity as the devil because it keeps him from soaring into the sun. At times he feels his heart

flutter; he feels wings in it. He learns at school in "a flashing, darting, sudden way, like the way of a bird." He feels that life is much too rigid.

The narrative moves rapidly forward with gusts of sentences, billows of paragraphs, swinging chapters. The whimsical theme is developed with emotional brilliance and elasticity. It swoops, and soars, and glides. It is a buoyant emotional statement of the restlessness of the race. It is ornithology without Latin. It's flying without a reference to aces, Caproni triplanes, or horsepower. At times you don't know what Mr. Blackwood is talking about, but that does not matter. You get the impression of lift and surge, which is what you want if you commute.

"Fly at everything you're afraid of. That paralyzes it. It can't happen then," you discover. You also discover that "societies are cages. You're caught and you can't fly on." Here is Blackwood occultism hitting the earth with a bounce and shooting away on new slants. You are glad Mr. Blackwood has eschewed for the moment things like "Day and Night Stories" and "Julius La Vallon."

You know what he means when he says: "A new language is floating into the world from the air—a new way, a bird way of communicating." And again: "A new language is wanted—a flying language with a rapid air vocabulary, condensed, intense." Whereupon he turns around and knocks the wind out of his lament by writing sentences like this: "January sparkled, dropped like a broken icicle, and was gone." An English writer who can carve a sentence like that out of the English language has no business to complain. He can have some of my money every time he chooses to write another book.—*Reedy's St. Louis Mirror.*

No sooner do we try to get rid of the idea of Immortality—than Pessimism raises its head. . . . Human griefs seem little worth assuaging; human happiness too paltry (at its best) to be worth increasing. The whole moral world is reduced to a point. Good and evil, right and wrong, become infinitesimal, ephemeral matters. The affections die away—die of their own conscious feebleness and uselessness. A moral paralysis creeps over us.—*Emerson.*

## SUFİ INITIATION.

(Reprinted from "Sufi" for April.)

Bayat, the initiation, in the Sufi Order, is understood to have three meanings:

1. The initiate, from the hour of initiation, is understood as being, firstly, the brother of all in the Sufi Order; secondly, the brother of all other Sufis outside our organization; thirdly, the brother of all knowers of truth, whether they call themselves Sufi or not; fourthly, the brother of every human being, without distinction of caste, creed, race, nation, or religion.

2. From the hour of initiation he is understood as being brought into connection with the illuminated souls of the Sufis living on earth and those who have passed to the other side of life, his soul by initiation linked with the chain of the Murshids and Prophets, enables him to receive the light running through this current through the chain of the Masters.

3. From the hour of initiation the initiate is taken into the confidence of the Murshid and of the Order, and he takes a vow to make use of all he receives from the Sufi teachings and practices to the best of his ability, not using any parts for selfish purposes. A strict oath is taken that these teachings, which have been kept secret for thousands of years, shall not go out of the Order unless the mureed were authorized by Pir-o-Murshid to impart them to others.

## WHEN SHOULD ONE BECOME AN INITIATE?

1. When you feel inclined to know something different from the knowledge that is taught in the world.

When your heart begins to become more sympathetic than ever before.

When from within you feel a seeking for something which you do not know.

When your sense of justice begins to judge yourself before judging others.

When all opposites, such as good and evil, right and wrong, friend and foe, seem to you drawing nearer.

That is the time when you should look for a guide to guide you through the paths unknown.

2. When you feel from within that your soul is a Sufi. When you feel at one with the circle of Sufis. When your soul feels drawn to the Spirit of the

Teacher from whose hand you desire to take initiation.

3. When you have read the teaching and objects of the Order, and the literature, or have heard lectures of the authorized Sufis, or have discussed with any teachers in the Order, and have been convinced by any of these experiences of the genuineness of the message.

## WHO WOULD RATHER NOT BECOME AN INITIATE.

1. He who does not thoroughly agree with the teachings and objects of the Sufi Order.

2. He who distinguishes among the great Masters of humanity who were but the one embodiment of the divine Spirit, and attaches importance to the differences of the principles of the world's various faiths.

3. He who belongs to some secret order of a religious or mystical kind, for it would be as dangerous as taking the prescription from two doctors at the same time, or traveling in two boats, one leg in one and the other in the other. The result would be that when each boat will go its own way, although in the end they meet at the same goal, yet the traveler will sink in the sea. When a disciple seeks guidance under two teachers it is either from his lack of patience with the first or the lack of confidence in the next that he still clings to the first one.

4. He who has advanced himself to a certain extent in some spiritual ideals and set before himself certain unmovable principles, will perhaps find that the foundation, and the building to be erected upon it, do not correspond. Or, such, some will go from one teacher to another, from one method to the other and will never be able to gain that which can only be obtained by steadfastness. Those who have a desire to teach while coming to learn should not pose as disciples, they must come as teachers.

5. He should not try to be initiated who merely for the sake of curiosity wants to peep into the secret Order to see what is going on there, for he must be sure that he will not be able to see what he wishes to. It is the eye of sincerity which alone can see, not the eye of curiosity, which has the cataract of doubt and is blind already. And some

who take the bayat with a view to steal a method to make use of it in their own occupation or to add a secret Society to which they belong may do so, for the Sufi never loses anything by it, but surely they will not be benefited by it. It is not a scientist's process, or an engineer's invention, that could be stolen. It is revelation, which has at every moment a new offspring, which can never be stolen by a thief. The only process for gaining it is righteousness, and when its light is covered under a bushel, even the JAM of mystery stolen from JAMASHYD will serve no better than an earthen bowl.

#### WITH WHAT OBJECTS SHOULD ONE TAKE INITIATION?

1. To realize the self within and without.
2. To know and communicate with God whom the world worships.
3. To kindle the fire of Divine Love, which alone is worth while.
4. To be able to read nature's manuscript and to be able to see into the world unseen.
5. To learn how to control one's self.
6. To light the torch of the soul and to kindle the fire of the heart.
7. To journey through the positive existence and arrive in this life at the goal at which every soul in the end is bound to arrive, the difference being that between the arrival in the light and transportation through the dark. "Who is blind here will be blind in the hereafter."

#### MORALS NECESSARY TO BE OBSERVED DURING DISCIPLESHIP.

1. Discipline is as necessary in the path of discipleship as it is during the war on the battlefield, and one who lacks this will not, at least, be an ideal mureed, for self-denial is the chief religion, which can only be learnt by discipline. In the absence of it, one holds fast the same thing which he wants to crush by taking an initiation. "Mastery is in service, and it is the servant who only can be master."

2. A most respectful attitude is shown by the mureed to his Murshid. It is not to raise the honor of the teacher in his own eyes, or in the eyes of others, because, according to the moral view, to the Murshid complacency is poison under the cover of nectar, but it is to learn

the respectful attitude, first by having it towards one who deserves it, that the mureed may be able to develop in his nature the same for all, as a little girl by playing with the doll learns the lesson of motherhood. To respect another means to deduct that much vanity from ourselves, the vanity which only is the veil between man and God.

3. During the period of mureedship, sobriety, an equable mind, a serious habit, regularity in all things, diligence, a desire for solitude, a reserved demeanor, an unassuming manner, a pure life, uninterrupted every day's spiritual meditations, are desirable.

#### WHAT SHOULD BE AVOIDED DURING THE TIME OF DISCIPLESHIP.

1. Wonder working, claiming to know or possess something not common to one's fellow-men.
2. Casting out of devils.
3. Showing over wise in conversation with others of spiritual things, and looking to others for approbation.
4. Communicating with spirits.
5. Telling people's character.
6. Fortune telling.
7. Sanctimoniousness, over-righteousness, and teaching and advising others, before having learnt one's own self, which is as dangerous as giving the same medicine to another that the doctor has prescribed to one's self.

The above-said thoughts are worth considering before taking a bayat and after becoming a mureed, but when advanced then one's own sense should guide one, and one is at liberty to think, speak, and act as he chooses for himself as best.

The day in which the belief in an after life shall vanish from the earth will witness a terrific moral and spiritual decadence. Some of us perhaps might do without it, provided only that others hold it fast. But there is no lever capable of raising an entire people if once they have lost their faith in the immortality of the soul.—*Ernest Renan*.

Doing that which is right and hating that which is wrong, I was bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, a refuge to him that was in want; that which I did to him, the great God hath done to me.—*Book of the Dead*.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 CHURCH.

What is a man to do who feels himself impelled toward the religious life, but who can find no association, no organization, that corresponds with his impulses? This is the question propounded by Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, D. Sc., F. R. S., in his new book, "A Not Impossible Religion." The title is a clumsy one, but perhaps it is intended to emphasize the fact that most of the religions of today *are* impossible. They are impossible because they violate reason. They are impossible because they rest upon tradition and not upon knowledge. They are impossible because they are trivial. They are impossible because they are incredible.

What religion, then, is open to such an one? asks Professor Thompson. Is there no place for him? Must he remain forever outside, alone, a solitary seeker after truth? Or will the future produce some religion that shall not be impossible for the man who will accept nothing but knowledge, and who repudiates the sort of "faith" that outrages reason?

These questions must remain unanswered until they shall be answered by the future. But in the meantime we may wonder if a religion, in the sense of an organization or of a church, is in any way necessary. Certainly there seems to be nothing in the past history of churches that would persuade us now to create a new one. There is no guaranty

that such a church would confine itself to the simple functions of association and fellowship that would be its only justification for existence. And unless it did so confine itself it would go the way of all others. It would become a mediator and a medium. It would stand as gate warden to the kingdom of heaven and a keeper of the keys. It would loose and bind, bless and ban. It would have its creeds, its orthodoxies, its heresies, and its persecutions. This is what churches have always done and what they will always do so long as theology shall maintain what it calls its basic principles.

There is only one way in which churches can be denatured, deodorized, and disinfected. When we understand that God and Man do not stand on two sides of an abyss that must be bridged, but that they are identical, then we shall be able to establish churches that will be salutary and not harmful. Here we have the supreme illusion that has been industriously nourished by ecclesiasticism in all ages. It has been a profitable illusion for ecclesiasticism. So long as God and Man can be separated, so long as heaven and earth can be kept apart, there is not only room for a bridge, a mediator, but there is the absolute necessity for one, and the churches have always been ready to assume that profitable function. Moreover, they can always maintain that there is only one bridge and that all others are dangerous snares from which the faithful must be excluded from



pains and penalties. It is for this reason that the churches have always denounced universality or pantheism. Destroy the chasm between God and Man and the bridge goes, too. For the same reason the churches have denounced reincarnation. It makes of every man the arbiter of his own fate, and therefore he becomes independent of mediators. If "the kingdom of heaven is within" we can dispense with all kingdoms of heaven that are without, and therefore with the bridges that are supposed to lead to them. Dispense with the principle of mediation and the churches will fall into desuetude.

There is of course no reason why there should not be churches of fellowship, but they will not and can not remain churches of fellowship while the emoluments of the mediator are so enticing. The true church of fellowship can be based only on the principle of the immanence of God.

#### THE MAYAVI RUPA.

(The following incident is related by Mrs. Elgee, 18 Woburn Road, Bedford, and is printed in "Phantasms of the Living," by Edmund Gurney, F. W. H. Myers, and Frank Podmore.)

Owing to an unusual flux of travelers, I, with the young lady under my charge (whom we will call D.) and some other passengers of the outward bound mail to India had to take up our abode in a somewhat unfrequented hotel. The room shared by Miss D. and myself was large, lofty, and gloomy; the furniture of the scantiest, consisting of two small beds, placed nearly in the middle of the room and not touching the walls at all, two or three rush-bottomed chairs, a very small washing-stand, and a large old-fashioned sofa of the settee sort, which was placed against one-half of the large folding-doors which gave entrance to the room. This settee was far too heavy to be removed, unless by two or three people. The other half of the door was used for entrance, and faced the two beds. Feeling rather desolate and strange, and Miss D. being a nervous person, I locked the door, and, taking out the key, put it under my pillow; but on Miss D. remarking that there might be a duplicate which could open the door from the outside, I put a chair against the door, with my traveling bag on it, so arranged that, on any pressure outside, one or both must fall

to the bare floor, and make noise enough to rouse me. We then proceeded to retire to bed, the one I had chosen being near the only window in the room, which opened with two glazed doors, almost to the floor. These doors, on account of the heat, I left open, first assuring myself that no communication from the outside could be obtained. The window led on to a small balcony, which was isolated, and was three stories above the ground.

I suddenly awoke from a sound sleep with the impression that somebody had called me, and, sitting up in bed, to my unbounded astonishment, by the clear light of early dawn coming in, I beheld the figure of an old and very valued friend whom I knew to be in England. He appeared as if most eager to speak to me, and I addressed him with, "Good gracious! How did you come here?" So clear was the figure that I noted every detail of his dress, even to three onyx shirt studs which he always wore. He seemed to come to a step nearer to me, when he suddenly pointed across the room, and on my looking around, I saw Miss D. sitting up in her bed, gazing at the figure with every expression of terror. On looking back, my friend seemed to shake his head, and retreated step by step, slowly, till he seemed to sink through that portion of the door where the settee stood. I never knew what happened to me after this; but my next remembrance is of bright sunshine pouring through the window. Gradually the remembrance of what had happened came back to me, and the question arose in my mind, had I been dreaming, or had I seen a visitant from another world?—the bodily presence of my friend being utterly impossible. Remembering that Miss D. had seemed aware of the presence as well as myself, I determined to allow the test of my dream, or vision, to be whatever she said to me upon the subject, I intending to say nothing to her unless she spoke to me. As she seemed still asleep, I got out of bed, examined the door carefully, and found the chair and my bag untouched, and the key under my pillow; the settee had not been touched, nor had that portion of the door against which it was placed any appearance of being opened for years.

Presently on Miss D. waking up, she

looked about the room, and, noticing the chair and bag, made some remark as to their not having been much use. I said, "What do you mean?" and then she said, "Why that man who was in the room this morning must have got in somehow." She then proceeded to describe to me exactly what I myself had seen. Without giving any satisfactory answer as to what I had seen, I made her rather angry by affecting to treat the matter as a fancy on her part, and showed her the key still under my pillow, and the chair and bag untouched. I then asked her if she was so sure that she had seen somebody in the room did she know who it was? "No," said she, "I have never seen him before, nor any one like him." I said, "Have you ever seen a photograph of him?" She said "No." This lady never was told what I saw, and yet described exactly to a third person what we both had seen.

Of course I was under the impression that my friend was dead. Such, however, was not the case; and I met him some four years later, when, without telling him anything of my experience in Cairo, I asked him, in a joking way, could he remember what he was doing on a certain night in November, 1864. "Well," he said, "you require me to have a good memory," but after a little reflection he replied, "Why that was the time I was so harassed with trying to decide for or against the appointment which was offered me, and I so much wished you could have been with me to talk the matter over. I sat over the fire quite late, trying to think what you would have advised me to do." A little cross-questioning and comparing of dates brought out the curious fact that, allowing for the difference of time between England and Cairo, his meditations over the fire and my experience were simultaneous. Having told me the circumstances above narrated, I asked him had he been aware of any peculiar or unusual sensation. He said none, only that he had wanted to see me very much.

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Let them be more considerate builders,  
more skilled in spiritual architecture,  
when great reformation is expected.—  
*Milton.*

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Alchemy is the separation of the impure from a purer substance.—*Ruland.*

## THE HIGHEST GOD.

(By Max Müllen.)

In exploring together the ancient archives of languages we found that the highest god had received the same name in the ancient mythology of India, Greece, Italy, and Germany, and had retained that name whether worshipped on the Himalayan Mountains, or among the oaks of Dodona, on the Capitoli, or in the forests of Germany. I pointed out that his name was *Dyaus* in Sanskrit, *Zeus* in Greek, *Jovis* in Latin, *Tiu* in German; but I hardly dealt with sufficient strength on the startling nature of this discovery. These names are not mere names; they are historical facts, aye, facts more immediate, more trustworthy, than many facts of mediæval history. These words are not mere words, but they bring before us, with all the vividness of an event which we witnessed ourselves but yesterday, the ancestors of the whole Aryan race, thousands of years it may be before Homer and the Veda, worshipping an unseen Being, under the self-same name, the best, the most exalted name, they could find in their vocabulary—under the name of Light and Sky.

And let us not turn away, and say that this was after all but nature-worship and idolatry. No, it was not meant for that, although it may have been degraded into that in later times; *Dyaus* did not mean the blue sky, nor was it simply the sky personified—it was meant for something else. We have in the Veda the invocation *Dyaus pitar*, the Greek *Zeus pater*, the Latin *Jupiter*; and that means in all the three languages what it meant before these three languages were torn asunder—it means Heaven-Father. These two words are not mere words; they are to my mind the oldest poem, the oldest prayer of mankind, or at least of that pure branch of it to which we belong—and I am as firmly convinced that this prayer was uttered, that this name was given to the Unknown God before Sanskrit was Sanskrit and Greek was Greek, as, when I see the Lord's Prayer in the language of Polynesia and Melanesia, I feel certain that it was first uttered in the language of Jerusalem. . . .

Thousands of years have passed since the Aryan nations separated to travel to the North and the South, the West and

the East; they have each formed their languages, they have each founded empires and philosophies, they have each built temples and razed them to the ground; they have all grown older, and it may be wiser and better; but when they search for a name for what is most exalted and yet most dear to every one of us, when they wish to express both awe and love, the infinite and the finite, they can but do what their old fathers did when gazing up to the eternal sky, and feeling the presence of a Being as far as far, and as near as near can be; they can but combine the self-same words, and utter once more the primeval Aryan prayer, Heaven-Father in that form which will endure forever, "Our Father which art in Heaven."—From *"The Science of Religion."*

### THE ZUNI INDIANS.

It has long been known that the Zuni Indians possess a spiritual civilization of a high order. Their name means "the silent people" and they associate with no other tribes, preserving their own seclusion and dignity and winning the respect not only of other Indians, but of the few white men who have been attracted by their character and learning. Among these is Mr. Carlos Troyer of San Francisco, whose "Indian Music Lecture," published by Theo. Presser Company of Philadelphia, is rich in information about a remarkable people for whose wisdom it seems hard to account.

The Zunis, says Mr. Troyer, have a certain commiseration for the white races that have hundreds of religions and that are always at war. "Why not," they say, "join our sacred order of brotherhood and live at peace?" Sometimes a Zuni chief will say, "Your rulers and politicians are a pack of traitors, natural born liars and thieves. They are as cunning as the fox, and as ravenous as the wolf."

But it is with the occult knowledge of the Zuni that we are most concerned and upon this point it is not easy to get definite information. The Zuni child, we are told, is specially taught to recognize colors:

The most impressive and direct method of memorizing colors is to see them in motion or vibration. For this purpose various devices are brought into play, such as revolving a circular disk with the five colors painted

on it; turning painted wheels, swinging painted rattles, or flying colored ribbons, etc. In this respect vibrations of color bear a similar relation to vibrations of sound, as in music. Both impress themselves readily on our memories because of motion. Upon following these color studies to a later stage, when the mental faculties are more fully awakened, a new procedure is applied, which reveals a secret, almost wholly unknown to our civilized people—the development of psychic vision or aura-sight by impressions given through transparent colors, painted on glazed selenite, which represents our pane glass. A curious practice obtains in placing a painted pane of a given color before the eyes, looking toward the sun. In a little while the eyes absorb the color, and, when fully experienced, the eyes should be closed; then a number of other plates, painted each a different color, should be held before the closed eyes only a second or two, and alternated with an occasional passing of the first color applied. In most cases the closed eyes will detect the color first and longest held before the opened eyes, and this practice, if diligently pursued, will invariably result in sensitizing the aura of objects, both animate and inanimate, and so disclose their inherent characteristics.

It will be found that by continuous application of color-impressions, as shown by these experiments, a primary basis is formed for developing mental concentration and the power to perceive colors at will, while the eyes are closed. This may be seriously doubted only by those who have never made the proper test by careful and repeated efforts. The fact remains patent, and it can be fully attested, that even in these primitive children, psychic vision can be, and has been developed to a remarkable degree. Some of our materialistic friends may decry this as magic, optical delusion, or hypnosis, but greater things than these are yet in store for us, and wonderful powers of mental development will be known ere long, as we advance on the path of progressive and scientific education.

Aural vision finds its master degree of attainment in clairvoyants, psychics, and adepts. Nor is this gift alone bestowed upon sensitives, since it can be developed to the highest power by any one pursuing the proper methods in mental concentration, meditation, and secluded study.

A knowledge and perception of colors, says the author, is the basis of the Zuni training in occultism. It is the key that underlies the mysteries of thought-transference: light and sound waves; mental healing; power of concentration, and the powers of levitation. He speaks of a young squaw who proved her own powers by describing the articles that he held in his tightly-closed hands:

It was the opportunity of a lifetime to learn from this young person how she trained, guided, and inspired the children selected from the psychic circles to exercise and perform acts of levitation and kinetic power, through patient and persistent mental concentration, which faculties are known and pos-

sessed only by the highest and most gifted sages and seers of the tribe. The moving of wooden balls of their own accord to meet, or strike together, though some distance apart; the lifting of objects from the ground, without any contact, or the employment of physical force, other than the volitional power; and many other remarkable feats; and yet the most divine gifts of all, that of healing the sick, are all developed by psychic training. Compared with the Oriental Hindoos, and the mysterious Yogis of India, our seclusive aboriginal sages are by no means behind in mental development and natural magic, and are, moreover, in advance on original methods not employed by the former, especially in the direction of *rhythmic* and *retentive* breathing.

The author is, of course, mistaken in supposing that breath retention and regulation are not practiced by Eastern yogis as the most cursory examination of their literature would show, but it is interesting to note that the Zunis are in possession of similar knowledge.

The Zunis, it seems, have considerable powers of prediction and this forms the subject of an interesting disquisition on the faculty of sensing various vibrations, a faculty that must be laboriously acquired by the student. Upon this point we are given some useful hints:

A practical method of acquiring and developing a *conscious* (sentient) perception in any of the five senses can only be accomplished by *memorizing* the acts and impressions experienced by each of the senses. This can be done solely through sincere, patient, close observation. If persisted in long enough, this will assuredly result in the happiest success and most gratifying attainments.

Be sure that you proceed patiently, slowly, and with a determined *will* to succeed. Let no failure in your first attempts restrain you from further efforts. Remember what an infinite amount of patience, kindness, and persuasion it requires to arouse wild animals to consciousness and successfully train them to perform most astonishing acts and tricks. Your subconscious mind is the soul and inner life of your being. It is young and needs to be taught as you teach a child. Its impressions given constantly and repeatedly will often remain throughout life if not remoulded; in which case good or bad impressions, or good or bad deeds, will govern the forming of your character. Let us take up the subject and study of developing *sentient feeling* or *clair-sentience*—a simple and fascinating study to begin with. Choose that of "guessing" the time of night, after retiring and the noises of the street have ceased and you are in the silence and in a dark room where there is no striking clock, nor any indications to suggest the hour of night, either by the position of the stars or the moon. Have a candle and a match near your bed. At any time now, when you may awake, "guess" as near as you can by feeling what is the true or nearest true time of the hour. Repeat this process once or twice every night

if you can, and in the course of a few days you will be surprised how accurately you can tell (feel) the time of night. The electromagnetic currents, rising and falling at night, as in the daytime will also aid you silently and secretly to a conscious realization of nature's action.

These exercises have been tried by numerous friends often, with unfailling success, and by them have later on been extended by "guessing" what objects another person may hold concealed in his closed hands. There are also various other tests such as that of guessing the pain and location suffered by another person by touching their hands with the tip of their fingers.

We may be grateful to Mr. Troyer for the glimpses that he gives us of Zuni mysticism. Of course they are only glimpses and no more, but they serve to increase our respect for a tribe of Indians whose primitive habits are quite consistent with a lofty philosophy that puts our civilization to shame.

### A HUNCH.

Some men seem to possess senses that other men do not have. A. B. Taylor, city claim agent, who died Sunday, was one of these men. In the city hall he was known as "the man with hunches," and unquestionably he would have been one of the leading detectives of the country had he devoted his attention to that work.

Mr. Taylor was a railroad man. Years ago he was a brakeman on a passenger train over the mountains. One night he suddenly arose from his seat and pulled the cord to stop the train. The conductor came to him and said: "Why on earth did you pull this train up?" "I don't know," Mr. Taylor answered, "but I am going to get off and see."

He got off, and a half-mile in front of the train he found a slide over the track that would have thrown the train into the river. A half-hour before the track walker had passed this place, and the track was clear. So far as known no living person knew the slide was on the track. The conductor of that train broke down and wept. The episode was written up in the magazines, and old railroaders in the Northwest know all about it.

What made Mr. Taylor pull that cord? He could never explain it. He called it a "hunch." He could give instances innumerable of the workings of his "hunch." He was an honest, quiet man,

and every word he said was to be implicitly believed.

When ill-health forced Mr. Taylor to give up railroading he became first a railroad claim agent, and nine years ago was named city claim agent. In the city hall one case that he settled is well remembered. There was a certain woman in Tacoma suing for the death of her husband. She claimed that he had slipped on a bridge and had fallen through an opening, made by a railing being broken, to the ground fifty feet below. When the claim was filed Mr. Taylor worried about it a good deal. He said to others in the city hall that something told him the claim was not just. Finally one day as he sat at his desk his "hunch" said to him plainly, "Go down to Pacific Avenue and take such and such a car." He took the car and rode until the "hunch" told him to get off. He was directed up a path to a house. He knocked at the door, and a woman answered it.

"What do you know about the man who was killed falling from the bridge over there?" Mr. Taylor asked her. The woman told him then how her daughter had seen the man climb to the railing of the bridge, throw his hat to the bottom of the gulch, and deliberately jump after it to his death.

The case was cleared up, and the city was saved at least \$10,000. Before that time it seemed certain that Tacoma would be held for heavy damages.

The episodes had plenty of witnesses. Many more like them could be told. Mr. Taylor said that he believed all men have "hunches," but that they are developed in some men more than in others.

What is this mysterious sixth sense that some men have?

Is it natural or supernatural?

Is there still a great realm marked off as the Unknown that man will gradually penetrate as his mind becomes further developed, and are men like Mr. Taylor the pioneers in exploring the fringes of this field?—*Tacoma Ledger*.

It is a strange coincidence that when first discovered America was found to bear among some native tribes the name of Atlanta.—*H. P. B.*

## A WARNING.

(The following case of warning premonition is related in "Phantasms of the Living," by Edmund Gurney, F. W. H. Myers, and Frank Podmore. The story is told by a Yorkshire vicar, whose name, says the author, "I may mention, but not print.")

In the autumn of the year 1858 I was staying at Invercargill, the most southern part of New Zealand. There was only one hotel there in those days, kept by a Dane. There was no village of any kind; the place was as wild as could be. When I had been about two days at this inn, I heard myself addressed by name, and found that the speaker was one of the sailors who had worked the vessel in which I had sailed from England to New Zealand. He was a man I knew well, because he was on one occasion put in irons for mutinous language, on our passage, and I had often spoken with him both before and since that event. When the ship reached the Heads, as the entrance to Port Chalmers is called, this man, with five or six others of the crew, deserted, taking the ship's whale-boat in the darkness of the night, and leaving it on the beach.

In the evening I went into the large kitchen of the hotel, where this man and several others were sitting round the fire, smoking and drinking. The landlord was there, and we were all very friendly together. I found that three or four of the men were also some of the men who had deserted, though I did not remember them at first. They told me they were going in the morning to the island of Ruapuke, where there was a missionary, as one of the party wished to be married, and there was no minister on the mainland in that neighborhood. I said I should rather like to see the mission station, and they said they meant to stay there a day or two before returning, as there were a great many wild boars on the island, and would have some hunting, sleeping in their boat at night. They told me they had plenty of provisions—meat, fish, bread, and so on, besides beer and spirits, and one or two bottles of champagne for the wedding breakfast. They said it would be necessary to start about 4, as it was high water on the bar about 5, and the bar was a very shallow one at the point they desired to cross it. They were all most eager for me to join them, and I had thoroughly entered into the spirit of the

thing, and promised to go if they would call me. I remember rising up to go to bed, and saying, "Well, as I shall have to be up before 4 I won't sit up any longer." It was then about 11. They said they were all going to "turn in" directly, and would rouse me up, never fear; "Don't be afraid, we won't go without you," or words to that effect.

I left them with the fullest intention of going with them I ever had of doing anything in my life. The thing was settled. That was why I was going to bed, otherwise I should have stayed another hour at least. I had no candle on the way, but usually struck a match when I reached the bedroom, and lit the candle in the room. When I left the kitchen I walked through a good-sized room, or second kitchen, and into the front part of the inn, and came to the staircase. I had got up about four or five stairs, when some one or something said, "*Don't go with those men.*" There was certainly no one on the stairs, and I stood still and said, "Why not?" The voice, which seemed as though some other person spoke audibly inside my chest (not to the ear), said in a low tone, but with commanding emphasis, "You are *not* to go." "But," said I, "I have promised to go." The answer came again, rather I should say the warning, "You are *not* to go." "How can I help it?" I expostulated, "they will call me up." Then most distinctly and emphatically the same internal voice, which was no part of my consciousness, said, "You must bolt your door." Ali this time I had stood still on the staircase. I did not even remember there was a bolt to the door, for I recollect just for a moment thinking I must and *would* go, and then such a strange feeling of mysterious peril that I wondered how I should secure the door in case there was no lock or bolt. On reaching the room I lit the candle, and felt very queer, as if some supernatural presence was very near me. There was a strong common iron bolt to the door, I discovered on examination. As a proof that there had been no mere revulsion of feeling I may mention that even now I hesitated whether to secure the door or not, so anxious was I to go, and so accustomed in those days (I was only nineteen years old) to do my own will at all hazards. At the very last moment (it

was quite a "toss up" which it should be) I bolted the door and got into bed. A great calm succeeded the past agitation, and I soon fell asleep.

The next thing I heard was about 3 in the morning (I suppose) a hammering at the door, as I had expected. I was wide awake, but gave no reply. Then I heard voices and the door violently shaken and kicked at. I did not speak, for I knew I should have been over-persuaded if I had called out. I did not mean to go. At last, after a thundering noise, I heard them cursing and swearing, as well as shouting. But I lay still as a mouse. So at last they gave it up and went away. I lay awake some little time wondering whether, after all, I had not been foolish, and then fell into a sound sleep.

About 9 o'clock I went down into the breakfast room, where a military gentleman, a captain or a colonel, was at his breakfast. As I entered the room he said, "Have you heard what has happened?" "No," said I, "I am just down." "Why," he said, "it seems that a party left this hotel this morning for Ruapuke, and their boat has been capsizeed on the bar and they are *every one of them drowned.*" I said, "Why, I was to have gone with them, and very nearly did." "Then," said he, "you've had a lucky escape." I told him I had had a sort of warning not to go, and had bolted my door, etc., but I did not tell him all the details. Two or three of the men's bodies were washed up on the beach that day, and the rest in a few days more. Not one of them was saved, and if I had been with them I must have perished without a doubt.

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Wherefore my counsel is that we hold fast to the heavenly way and follow after justice and virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil. Thus shall we live dear to one another and to the gods, both while remaining here and when, like conquerors in the games who go around to gather gifts, we receive our reward. And it shall be well with us both in this life and in the pilgrimage of a thousand years which we have been reciting.—*Plato.*

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The gods themselves can not annihilate the action which is done.—*Rindar*

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 Five Cents

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The *Nation* is the most important literary newspaper in America. To be noticed by the *Nation*, even to be scolded by the *Nation*, may almost be taken as evidential of literary importance or of intellectual value.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a reprint of critical reviews of three books that have just appeared in the *Nation*. They relate to what is now known as psychical research, and to that particular part of psychical research that is concerned with immortality and with "spirit intercourse." It is unfortunate that our vocabulary does not permit of a greater precision of definition. Why, for instance, should the word "psychic" apply only to the abnormal and the phenomenal? Why must we infer that "spirit intercourse" relates only to the dead? A casual request for a match is quite as much "spirit intercourse" as the most weird communication through a "medium." If we are spirits after death we are certainly spirits before death. We are grievously in need of some linguistic extension that shall enable us to say what we mean and to say it accurately.

Perhaps the most significant fact about these three reviews is that they should appear in the *Nation*, the *ne plus ultra* of literary and intellectual orthodoxy. It could hardly have happened forty years ago, when psychic phenomena were still

in the domain of the sneer and the jibe. The psychic phenomena have not changed. It is the embarrassing habit of facts not to change. It is our attitude toward the facts that changes, and here we may learn a salutary lesson in the actual value of the scientific dictum, no matter how positive or how contemptuous. If Sir William Barrett had written his book forty years ago, if the editor of the *Nation* had reviewed that book, those two distinguished men might have found themselves in the lunatic asylum with "none so poor as to do them reverence." But the facts recorded and approved by Sir William Barrett were facts forty years ago. They have always been facts. Occurrences of the kind are not more numerous today than they have always been. It is the human mind, contemplating those occurrences, that passes through its many cycles of stupidity, indifference, negation, and final acceptance. Are there other facts, still to be revealed, and in their turn to be confronted with the old round of follies, blindnesses, denials?

But there is another fact, still more significant, in regard to these books. They are in substantial agreement as to the facts, but they are in no way in agreement as to the interpretation of those facts, and the more eminent is the writer the greater is his caution. Sir William Barrett, arguing strictly from the evidence and with a warning hand held out against fancy and speculation,



believes that there are planes of nature crowded with invisible and non-human lives with facilities both above and below our own. Quite so. We will refrain from calling them "elementals," for that, of course, would be superstitious. Doubtless science will invent an appropriate name for them in due season and with a claim to their discovery. How would "inanimate lives" do? Or "non-existent entities"? After "subconscious minds" we feel that we can stand almost anything in the way of idiotic nomenclature.

But Sir William Barrett is not quite sure that there have been any communications with the dead. There have been "ocasional communications" with what have seemed to be partial personalities. Moreover, there have been no messages "that will stand critical inquiry from the greatest or saintliest men and women who once lived on earth." Once more, quite so. As before we will refrain from speaking of "elementaries" and will await an orthodox designation for the astral shells that may be stirred into a semblance of life by the usual methods.

And so the good work goes on. Sir William Barrett has broadly outlined for us the theosophical position. His frontier lines are theosophically correct. Presently he will advance a little further inland, but he will not discover any fact that is either new or that is at variance with the ancient philosophy.

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Let the earth desert God, nor let there  
never henceforth be mention'd the  
name of God!

Let there be no God!

Let there be money, business, imports,  
exports, custom, authority, precedents,  
pallor, dyspepsia, smut, ignorance,  
unbelief! —Whitman.

---

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.—H. P. B.

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The will creates; for the will in motion is *force*, and force reproduces *matter*.—H. P. B.

## A REINCARNATION PLAY.

Algernon Blackwood and Violet Pearn have collaborated in the production of a play with reincarnation for a motive. It is divided into a prologue and epilogue of the present day and three acts describing the incarnation of a couple, first in Egypt, 2000 B. C.; second in Greece, 325 B. C., and third in Italy of the fifteenth century. The same idea pervades them all. The legitimate ambitions of the husband are thwarted by the selfishness of the wife until at last there comes a flood of memory and the wife by an act of self-sacrifice redeems the past.

In the prologue we find the wife, Mrs. Lattin, compelling her husband to resign an important official position in Egypt because she dreads that country. Mrs. Lattin is ill and in bed when her husband tells her that he has given up his work in deference to her wishes. She feels the qualms of self-reproach and then comes a sort of fleeting memory of other lives when she has done the same thing to her husband's detriment:

MRS. LATTIN.

Phillip, dearest—something strange comes over me. I see a lifting of this heavy English sky. I have been through this before—I have done this very thing before—long, long ago—injured you somehow. Oh, Phillip, can it be that we have lived before—pre-existence—is it true? (*Sinks back.*) I think . . . I think I must be near to . . . death!

PHILLIP.

Hush, hush, my darling. These are sick fancies only. Your brain is tired. We must not talk like this. . . .

MRS. LATTIN.

(*Spiritually tortured and perplexed.*) I want your real forgiveness—before I go. I have been suffering deeply, deeply. Curtains have been rising. I almost see. Something seems growing clearer to me. I've done wrong somewhere. Why have I pulled against you all these years—against your work? It can not be my love that is at fault. You're wholly mine—and yet I want your forgiveness somehow.

Dr. Ogilvie is announced. It is his first visit, and he proceeds to give his patient, not the medical attention that she expected, but spiritual advice and counsel:

MRS. LATTIN.

I feel something wonderful in you. Your words bring life again . . . I . . . There seems something I remember—remember almost—very dim and far away . . . (*Her eyes fall upon the Egyptian picture. She*

gazes fascinated at it.) The stars . . . the river . . . are rising, surely . . .

DOCTOR.

You remember—life. And life shall teach you this.

MRS. LATTIN.

Life! My life! Oh, what is it rising in me? A curtain lifts. I see . . . myself. Ah, now it goes again. . . . The pain . . . the pain is awful! It all has been before somewhere, I know. . . . Have I done this before, then? If only I could see, I might understand.

DOCTOR.

You shall see. Understanding shall bring recovery.

*(As he speaks he retires slowly backwards towards the open door. Her eyes remain fixed upon the picture.)*

MRS. LATTIN.

Recovery! I half remember. . . . I begin to . . . understand . . . !

DOCTOR.

The soul reaps ever its own harvest, for the soul is linked to all its past.

MRS. LATTIN.

*(Faintly.)* The past! My past . . . ! Our past together. . . .

DOCTOR.

Your pain and prayer may lift for once the curtain. Remembering, you shall understand. And, understanding, you shall learn to—forgive yourself.

*(A light falls on his face and figure by the door. Just before he disappears she tears her gaze away from the picture, and turns to him with outstretched hands. He raises his hands as though he were lifting a curtain and holding it up.)*

MRS. LATTIN.

It lifts, it lifts! I hear wind amongst the palms, and lapping waters. A voice is whispering . . . "Little Child" . . . yet in another tongue. . . .

*(From beyond the door his last words reach her with a distant, half-chanting sound.)*

DOCTOR.

Egypt! Where you began—with him. Your earliest life. Then other lives as well. See—and understand.

*(She sinks back exhausted. Her face is radiant through her tears. She has just strength enough to touch the pneumatic bell beside the bed.)*

Mrs. Lattin in her trance recovers the memory of her lives in Egypt, Greece, and Italy. In each incarnation she thwarts her husband's ambitions and ruins his life. Then comes the epilogue. Mrs. Lattin recovers consciousness:

MRS. LATTIN.

*(Dreamily.)* Where am I? Florence . . .

Greece . . . Egypt . . . where are they? I am back again. But who am I?

DOCTOR.

You are your past.

MRS. LATTIN.

I slept? But yet I lived in it. I understand at last. I have found life.

DOCTOR.

You can not die, nor can you sleep.

MRS. LATTIN.

But time . . .

DOCTOR.

Is the body's measuring.

*(She looks around the room, and finally into his face. He moves slowly backwards towards the door.)*

MRS. LATTIN.

*(Thinking.)* It was not a dream. I was in Greece with Phocion . . . with Paulo in Italy . . . with . . . Oh, it is too long ago, too far away. It's fading. *(Eagerly.)* Oh, I would not forget!

DOCTOR.

The results lie in you. That is memory.

MRS. LATTIN.

Each time I injured . . . thwarted the highest in him by my selfish love. How small my love! Oh, tell me it is not now too late. . . .

DOCTOR.

*(By door.)* There is no "too late." What he could do without was added to him. You have taught Menophis, Phocion, and Paulo to become . . . Phillip.

*(He begins to fade.)*

MRS. LATTIN.

*(Joyfully.)* I understand at last, and I am healed. I delayed Menophis. I shall inspire Phillip. I shall go with him . . . back to . . . Egypt. Phocion, Paulo, how happy they will be!

DOCTOR.

*(Almost invisible.)* He is coming now. I leave you.

MRS. LATTIN.

But he must see you, too.

DOCTOR.

*(Invisible, only a voice heard.)* He can not.

KARMA: A REINCARNATION PLAY. By Algernon Blackwood and Violet Pearn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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 is it with the mind.—H. P. B.

## BOOKS.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNSEEN. By Sir William F. Barrett. With an introduction by James H. Hyslop. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE: ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE. By J. Hewat McKenzie. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50 net.

IMMORTALITY: AN ESSAY IN DISCOVERY. By Burnett H. Streeter, A. Clutton-Brock, C. W. Emet, J. A. Hadfield, and the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," etc. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25 net.

Of the spiritual questions raised anew by the great war none is attracting more attention than that of the immortality of the soul. The enormous loss of life on the battlefield, the unfulfilled character of the lives thus abruptly ended, the hunger of those left behind for reunion with "the loved and lost," combine to quicken and deepen the perennial interest in the problem of survival after death. Of the various phases of this interest in immortality, none is more striking than the renewal of discussion of spiritualism, psychical research, and kindred matters. The literary exploits of "Patience Worth" have for some time been a subject of popular debate. The *confessio fidei* of Conan Doyle has attracted wide attention. Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond," because of its rare combination of human and speculative interest, has probably gathered more readers than any other book ever written on life after death.

At the opening of his excellent essay in "Immortality," on The Good and Evil in Spiritualism, the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia" states that "it is important to distinguish clearly between scientific investigations such as those undertaken by the Society for Psychical Research . . . and the religious or quasi-religious movement which goes by the name of Spiritualism in England and America and of Spiritism on the Continent." In discussions of so-called spiritualistic phenomena, he continues, "this distinction must be kept in mind."

The first of these books is by Sir William F. Barrett, for thirty-seven years professor of experimental physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland. It was at his suggestion that the Psychical Research Society was founded in 1882; and it is his name, together with those of such distinguished colleagues as Henry Sidgwick, Sir William Crookes,

Alfred Russel Wallace, and Sir Oliver Lodge, which has given this organization a place in the world of science, and its activities an indisputable dignity and importance. Sir William brings to his work the rare combination of a vigorous scientific spirit, equipped with exact knowledge of modern methods and results, and a genuine religious outlook. Huxley and Swedenborg, the biologists of the nineteenth and the mystics of the fourteenth century, find equal place within his heart. Couple with these qualifications a personal study of psychical phenomena extending over more than forty years, and it is not surprising to find Dr. Hislop describing Professor Barrett's book as "the best work of the kind that has ever appeared in English."

In this judgment we concur. The book is valuable as an authoritative summary and interpretation, by one peculiarly competent to speak, of all that has been accomplished through forty years of exhaustive labor in securing evidence of immortality. Some hitherto unpublished episodes of alleged spirit intercourse are gathered from the author's own investigations, but these find inconspicuous place in what is offered primarily as a review of the field. Here are accounts of such physical phenomena as rappings, table-tipping, levitation, materialization, and spirit photography; studies of automatic writing, spirit possession, and the various problems of mediumship; inquiries into clairvoyance, telepathy, and kindred phenomena of the occult. Careful chapters on scientific method, canons of evidence, doctrines of causation, and human personality give a background of reality to the strange and on occasion weird occurrences that come to light. At the end is an excursion into the questions of God and the soul, which lifts the book from the realm of science to that of religion. All is written with admirable lucidity and vigor; and a sweeping faith is nowhere found inconsistent with the utmost tolerance of skepticism and even denial.

That Professor Barrett cherishes absolute belief in the immortality of the soul goes without saying. But he does not allow his conviction to betray him into exaggerating the nature or importance of the conclusions to be drawn

from psychical research, nor is he led a single hair's breadth beyond what he feels the evidence can show. Hence the significance which attaches, by its very moderation, to what he asserts psychical research has demonstrated. First, he says, it has shown that there exists "an unseen world, in which myriads of living creatures exist, some with faculties like our own, and others with faculties beneath or transcending our own; and [that] it is possible that the evolutionary development of [this] world has run on parallel lines to our own." Secondly, he is sure that "occasional communications" have been received "from those who have once lived on earth—not as satisfactory as one could wish, and never a complete revelation of their personality." These facts are insufficient as support of the full Christian faith in immortality; but, united with the evidence of centuries of religious experience, they convince Professor Barrett of the reality of the eternal hope.

Our second book, "Spirit Interchange," represents that spiritualistic approach to the problem of immortality which the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia" insists must be sharply distinguished from that represented by Professor Barrett and the Psychical Research Society. The distinction is made evident to anybody who reads these two books together. If scientific caution is the note of the former volume, credulity is the note of the latter. Whereas Professor Barrett discusses spirit photography only to conclude "that we need much more conclusive evidence on this subject than has yet been obtained," Mr. McKenzie asserts that "at present several psychic photographers can procure spirit forms upon three-fourths of the plates exposed." If Professor Barrett finds the evidence for materializations "inconclusive," and can go no further than to describe Sir William Crookes' experiences with spirit hands and bodies as "absolutely inexplicable," Mr. McKenzie knows materialization as an everyday occurrence and describes the process with as much detail as a chemist might describe a laboratory experiment. Professor Barrett is troubled because "no messages that will stand critical inquiry [have ever been received] from the greatest or saintliest men and women

who once lived on earth"; Mr. McKenzie, on the other hand, knows of frequent communications from these "greatest" and "saintliest," and even attempts a solution of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy by asserting that the dramas, which seem to fit so strangely the humble actor from Stratford, were the "inspired thoughts" of Euripides "in spiritual realms, passed through the medium of Shakespeare, who collaborated with Francis Bacon."

It is impossible to describe the extraordinary "information" imparted in this book. Mr. McKenzie uses freely the names of the leaders of psychical research and quotes from their writings. It is a pity that he seems to know nothing of their methods. It is more than a pity that he should not appreciate the dangers to the novice in this field and be led into the writing of such a chapter as that on First Steps to Spirit Interchange. We can perhaps do no better service than to commend Mr. McKenzie, and any one who may be impressed by his book, to a careful reading of the passage on "the sin of credulity" in *The Good and Evil in Spiritualism*, in the volume "Immortality."

This essay, just referred to, represents a third attitude towards the problem of spirit communication. The author regards with seriousness the work of the Psychical Research Society. In his survey of the fields he asserts that his "own opinion that there is real ground for reverent investigation" of all alleged phenomena of intercourse with the living dead. But as "the conclusion of the whole matter," he finds himself unconvinced. The great work of the Society, he contends, is in revealing the hitherto unsuspected and now unimaginable capacities of the human mind. With Maeterlinck (see "Our Eternity"), he believes that "the hypothesis of telepathy between the living is the more probable explanation of the super-psychical knowledge of mediums," and thinks it unscientific to adopt the farther explanation until the nearer has been proved inadequate. The larger part of this valuable essay is taken up with a statement of "objections to the spiritualist hypothesis." It is doubtful if the case for the negative has ever been more ably stated.

"Immortality" contains nine essays in

all. Besides the one on Spiritualism, there are "Presuppositions and Prejudgments" and "A Dream of Heaven," by A. Clutton-Brock; "The Mind and the Brain," by Dr. J. A. Hadfield; "The Resurrection of the Dead" and "The Life of the World to Come," by B. H. Streeter; "The Bible and Hell," by C. W. Emmett; "Reincarnation, Karma, and Theosophy" and "The Undiscovered Country," by the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia." The book is a work of able scholarship and little spirit. The case for immortality is stated in a way to bring conviction to the conservative mind; and an attempt is made to rescue the ethical content of such conceptions as Resurrection, Heaven, and Hell from the oblivion now threatening an ancient and discredited theology.—*From the Nation.*

### SNEEZING.

In Scotland it has been maintained that idiots are incapable of sneezing, and the power to do so has been deemed evidence of the possession of a certain degree of intelligence.

It was a Flemish belief that a sneeze during a conversation or a bargain proved that what you said was the truth. The Chinese believe that a sneeze on New Year's Eve means bad luck through the coming year. The Japanese hold that one sneeze means that some one is praising you; two, show blame; whereas, if you sneeze three times, you are merely ill.

When an American Indian falls sick and sneezes he believes his illness to be the work of some spiteful spirit. When he gets well he changes his name, so that the demon may not know him again. A pious Brahmin will touch his right ear when he sneezes. Evil spirits are believed to enter the body by the ears, and the object of protecting the ears with the hands was to prevent their gaining admission. Speke and Grant, the African explorers, were unable to discover any trace of religion among the natives of Equatorial Africa, except an ejaculation (apparently a prayer) whenever a person sneezed.

In France, in earlier days, a sneeze was greeted by the removal of the hat; and when the paroxysm was over the sneezer formally returned the salutes of all present. In England also, in the sev-

enteenth century, a sneeze was saluted by the removal of the hat. Joseph Hall Bishop of Exeter in 1627, wrote that man no longer reckoned among his friends those who failed to uncover when he sneezed.

The Siamese have a peculiar idea of their own—that the gods are continually turning over the pages of the Judgment Book, and when they come to the page relating to any particular person that individual invariably sneezes. Their salutation is, "May the Judgment be favorable to you."

Homer, in the Odyssey, mentions a princess who prayed to the gods for the speedy return of her husband. Scarcely was her prayer ended when her son sneezed. This was regarded as a sign from the gods that her prayer was granted.

Once while Zenophon was addressing his soldiers some one sneezed. The great general remarked that Jupiter had been pleased to send him a special sign that their cause was a righteous one.

Sneezing was usually considered unlucky in Wales, but in Europe generally it was deemed lucky unless overdone. If a man sneezed more than three times, for instance, it was a sign of bad luck. The Welsh belief of ill-luck has prevailed, and it is a very general custom among Italians, when a person sneezes to say, "God be with you."

### MAJOR MACFALL'S HOROSCOPE

The great audience of Major Haldane Macfall's book, "Germany at Bay," will be interested in an incident concerning it, an uncanny experience which came to the author years before he thought of such a book. Major Macfall declares that he is not superstitious, he simply relates the following happening:

When he wrote his first novel an extraordinary woman, of position, who was much interested in the occult and in horoscopes, wrote and told him that he would make a mark in what he was doing (art) and in what he was about to do (writing novels), but that his success would be one of fine achievement, not of immediate profit. She continued that when he was well over fifty he would make a great hit in a province he then least foresaw; that vast audiences would listen eagerly to his words, and that they

would be in a realm which he was thoroughly mastering from youth. He was then writing a play for Tree, and in a sort of jocular seriousness suggested that the lady referred to the theatre. But she said the answer baffled her as she "could not get further behind the details and the mysteries." And it is indeed curious that "the profit he should know and bring to all concerned" should be coming from a book on the war, the war which was then but a hazy idea, and that he should have been steadily making the strategic notes while the lady was penning these lines without which the book could not have been written.

### HOW OLD ARE WE?

The following is from an editorial in the *San Francisco Examiner*:

"A perfect fossil skeleton of a human being, found in German East Africa, is another of the many convincing proofs that man, instead of being created six thousand years ago, as was long supposed to be true, existed hundreds of thousands years ago in practically the same form as he exists today.

"The cradle of known civilization is Egypt, and it is quite in harmony with reasonable conjecture that this remarkable fossil should go to show the presence of fully developed men in Africa a thousand centuries before Egypt's records began.

"The universal concurrence of ancient legends makes it probable that an elder civilization was destroyed by a gigantic cataclysm, the Deluge of the Assyrian, Babylonian, and Hebrew religious books. It is quite possible that the earth shifted its axis, or we may conjecture that a tremendous upheaval made continents of the ancient seas and seas of the ancient continents. But as the age of the oceans we know is not less than 50,000,000 years and almost certainly as great as 90,000,000 years, either of the conjectures mentioned would put the cataclysm too far back in the ages to have been handed down by any peoples known to us by their records.

"It seems that we must conjecture the existences of one civilization before another, each passing out of memory, each utterly destroyed by the gnawing tooth of Time, and all their greatness and splendor gone to dwell in sightless night, forgotten and forever lost.

"If such reflections make all our little lives and the lives of nations appear as the lives of ants and mighty monarchs as of no more account than gnats that buzz for an hour, and all the earth but a mote dancing in the shining of the sun, they should be counteracted by the thought that in the universal scheme all things are of like usefulness, and that it is as important that we do the work of our little day as that the huge globes swing, each through its vast orbit.

"In the beautiful Arabian tale the Archangel who was dispatched to summon mighty Solomon to meet God was also directed to stop on his way and succor a mother ant which had fallen with its burden of food into the crevice of a rock on Mount Caucasus, and the Chief of the Almighty's hosts listened to both commands as of equal importance.

"There is a philosophy in this parable which is as cheerful as it is profound."

### EARTHBOUND.

Many fathoms deep I lie  
Under Water, Earth, and Sky;  
I, the firstborn, primal Fire,  
Buried deep by deep desire!

God, who called me from the void,  
Shall I thus be self-destroyed?  
Let me go back whence I came,  
One with elemental flame!

Prisoned in these earthly walls,  
Blinded, bound, my spirit calls.  
What need I of mortal life,  
All my soul with being rife?

What remains for me to learn,  
Who lit Thy blazing suns to burn?  
What remains for me to know,  
Who set Thy circling tides to flow?

Is there aught for me to find  
Who loosened Thine ethereal wind?  
Need have I for mortal birth,  
Who helped to swing thy rounded earth?

Back of all the kalpas I  
Knew the Wherefore and the Why.  
God, who wrought me of desire!  
God, who shaped my soul of fire!

I, the firstborn, wild and free,  
First of all to answer Thee,  
Why should I thus prisoned be?  
—From "*The Grass in the Pavement*,"  
by M. E. Buhler. Published by  
James T. White & Co.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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AUG 22 1918

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Vol. III. No. 33.

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## GHOSTS AND COPYRIGHT.

Harper & Brothers have brought a suit against Mr. Mitchell Kennerley for an infringement of their copyright in the name and works of Mark Twain. They base their action on the publication by Mr. Kennerley of "Jap Herron," a novel that was communicated to Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings on the ouija board and that bears the name of Mark Twain on its title-page.

The issues are many and complicated. In the first place the court will be asked to determine whether this novel was actually and truly written by Mark Twain. If it was not written by Mark Twain then it is evident that Harper & Brothers have a grievance against those who illegitimately use his name. But no suggestion has been made as to the way in which this knotty—and ghostly—problem is to be settled. Our sympathies are with the court.

But there is another question, and one that is even more formidable. When Mark Twain was alive he made a contract with Harper & Brothers to publish nothing except through their house. There was no time limit to that agreement. We may suppose that neither of the parties foresaw the present difficulty, but in the absence of any limiting clause we must assume that the agreement ran through time and eternity. Now if Mark Twain has broken that agreement since his death, whether through inadvertence or otherwise, he has obviously laid him-

self open to action and damages. But how does one bring suit against a ghost? Moreover, is it likely that Mark Twain would so far violate the proprieties as to take unfair advantage of his own death in order to change publishers? But perhaps he forgot. Ghosts do.

Mr. William Marion Reedy of St. Louis knows a good deal about literature and he is also interested in ghosts who write through the ouija board. Mr. Reedy participated in some of the sittings at which "Jap Herron" was produced, and it may be remembered that he is a strong believer in "Patience Worth" of contemporary and ghostly fame. Asked for his opinion of "Jap Herron," Mr. Reedy said: "Parts of it are good, as typical of Mark Twain as I can remember from my early readings, but other parts are sloppy—awfully sloppy and sweet and sentimental; usual best-seller stuff." Harper & Brothers say that "Jap Herron" is far below anything that Mark Twain ever wrote, and they give other evidence of being rank unbelievers. But then that may be prejudice due to their copyright. The unlucky court will have to determine these things.

We are told that while the book was being written the ouija board would sometimes cease its literary labors in order to chaff Mr. Hutchings. On one occasion it—Mark Twain—said:

Smoke up and cool off, old boy. Perhaps I should apologize. The last secretary I had



used to wear an ice-soaked towel. The girls [Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hayes] and old Mark together will make the rifle. Well, we will slow up. In my ambition I have been too eager. It is hard to explain how great a thing is the power to project my mentality through the clouds of oblivion. I have so long sought for an opening. Be patient, please. I am not carping. I get Edwin's [Mr. Hutchings'] position. We will be easy with the new saddle, so the nag won't run away. I heard Edwin's suggestion and it is a good one. We will go straight through the story, beginning where we left off tonight. That was what I intended to do, but that second chapter nipped me.

Yes, this is "sloppy"—very. It does not sound like Mark Twain. It makes a noise like a medium. But we shall await the trial with interest.

### TENNYSON.

Tennyson, says Mr. A. P. Sinnett in the March issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, must not be counted among the professed occultists, although in moments of highest inspiration he seems to have had the poetic power of a direct vision of truth. Thus we find that while his reference to death are usually along the line of ordinary religious feeling, he sometimes allowed a deeper perception to have a fuller sway. For example, we seem to have a direct reference to reincarnation in the following lines:

I can not make this matter plain  
But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,  
A random arrow from the brain.

It may be that no life is found,  
Which only to one engine bound  
Falls off but cycles always round.

As old mythologies relate,  
Some draught of Lethe might await  
The slipping through from state to state.

As here we find in trances men  
Forget the dream that happens then  
Until they fall in trance again.

Mr. Sinnett frankly expresses the belief that help, in the nature of a sort of communicated inspiration, is given to men by the Masters of Wisdom more often than we usually suppose. Speaking of the lofty capacities referred to by Tennyson in "The Mystic," he says:

Those are the characteristics resembling those described in the poem. Those are the characteristics which—with others—belong to the highly evolved "Elder Brethren" of the human race—now generally spoken of as the Masters of Wisdom, of whom—since they themselves have communicated more freely than in former times with the ordinary plane

of life—we have come to know a good deal. That they inspire many modern writers with ideas for them to work up in the progress of literature, art, and science, is now clearly recognized by their pupils in occultism. Conventional thinking has hitherto made at once too much and too little of inspiration. It has been conceived as only of very rare occurrence in connection with writings of a sacred character, its frequency being thus very limited, while its source is thought of as altogether Divine. It is really of constant occurrence and emanates from all levels of the Divine Hierarchy. The extent to which writers and artists (those with some lofty purpose in their work) are "helped" by invisible beings, can hardly be exaggerated.

Flashes of inspiration become more frequent as Tennyson advances in his poetic work. Thus in 1892 we find him writing:

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul  
of a man,

And the man said, "Am I your debtor?"

And the Lord—"Not yet, but make it as clear  
as you can

And then I will let you a better."

This, says Mr. Sinnett, is peculiarly significant. It relates to the evolution of consciousness from body to body:

There is only one kind of consciousness—that of human beings and of the animal creation is the same throughout. Its effective value depends on the vehicle in which it is working. In the body of an animal it is subject to extreme limitations. In the body of a man it has greatly expanded capacities. In the vehicles of consciousness belonging to the higher planes it finds these capacities again expanded to an extent which ordinary humanity, at the average stage reached in this world, can not even grasp in imagination.

The last verse of the poem already quoted is as follows:

I have climbed to the snows of age and I gaze  
at a field in the Past

Where I sank in the body at times in the  
sloughs of a low desire,  
But I hear no yelps of the beast, and Man is  
quiet at last

As he stands on the heights of his life with  
a glimpse of a height that is higher.

But the most occult of all Tennyson's poems is "Tiresias." Here we find the Sage combating the materialistic views of a young companion. The Sage says:

If thou wouldst hear the Nameless and wilt  
dive

Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,  
There, brooding by the central altar, thou  
Mayst haply learn the Nameless hath a voice.  
By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise.

But the youth still asks for proof, and the Sage replies:

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son.  
Thou canst not prove the world thou movest  
in,

Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,  
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit  
alone.

Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in  
one:

Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no.  
Nor yet that thou art mortal—no, my son,  
Thou canst not prove that I who speak with  
thee

Am not thyself in converse with thyself,  
For nothing worthy proving can be proven,  
Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou, be wise,  
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,  
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of life.

Tennyson reveals his own process of seeking inspiration by the adoption of a method which, says Mr. Sinnett, is familiar to occult students. This consists of a self-induced hypnotism brought on by repeating—alone and aloud—one's own name. The repetitions may have to be very numerous, running perhaps into the hundreds, and even then the effort may be futile unless the person making it has some psychic potentialities in his nature. But granting that last condition it is an effective process and one that Tennyson seems to have been almost in the habit of using. His reference to it is as follows:

For more than once when I  
Sat all alone, revolving in myself  
The word that is the symbol of myself,  
The mortal limit of the self was lost  
And passed into the Nameless, as a cloud  
Melts into the Heaven. I touched my limbs,  
the limbs  
Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of  
doubt,  
But utter clearness, and through loss of self  
A gain of such large life as, matched with  
ours  
Were sunk to spark—unshadowable in words,  
Themselves the shadows of a shadow world.

Tennyson's son in the "Memoir" tells us something more of the same nature. He says that:

In some phases of thought and feeling his idealism tended more decidedly to mysticism. He wrote, "A kind of waking trance I have frequently had from boyhood when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me through repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently till all at once as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly hoped beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality—if so it were—seeming not extinction, but the only true life. This might be said to be the state which St. Paul describes 'Whether in the body I can not tell, or whether out of the body I can not tell.'" He continued: "I am ashamed of my feeble de-

scription. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words? But in the moment that I came back to my normal state of 'sanity' I am ready to fight for *mein liebes Ich* and hold that it will last for æons and æons." In the same way he said that there might be a more intimate communion than we could dream of between the living and the dead, at all events for a time.

There are, of course, many other gems of occult thought in Tennyson, but these will suffice as example. The curious may explore for themselves.

## MRS. WILCOX IN PARIS.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, writing from Paris on July 1st, tells us that she went to France chiefly that she might see for herself to what extent an earlier materialism had given place to spirituality as a result of the war. She wished to ascertain the general opinion with regard to "communication with spirits of those who have gone out of the body."

But it is not easy to see in what way an inquiry of this sort can be considered to bear upon spirituality. Even if it were possible to communicate with "those who have gone out of the body" the process is not necessarily more spiritual than the simpler process of communicating with the man across the street. There is nothing spiritual in the mere fact of communication, whether with the dead or the living. Moreover, it is unfortunate that Mrs. Wilcox does not clarify her terminology. What does she mean by "the spirits of those who have gone out of the body"? There is an indication here of three separate existences. First we have the body. Secondly we have "those who have gone out of the body." And thirdly we have something that is called a spirit, and that seems to be the property or appanage of "those who have gone out of the body." Such loose and incoherent terminology serves still further to confuse a subject already sufficiently complex.

Mrs. Wilcox tells us that she found a widespread interest in psychic subjects, and this it is easy to believe among a people whose losses by sudden death have been so overwhelming. But we are hardly inclined to think that any permanent consolation can be found in psychic research. A cruel disappointment is far more probable as an emotional credulity gives place to a cold and critical

analysis. Communications with the dead that must usually be obtained through the writhings and convulsions of a medium are not likely for long to satisfy persons of delicate and refined minds. We can not but think that Mrs. Wilcox might be much better employed in ministering to the living rather than in the encouragement of a horrid sorcery that is as old as humanity and that has been avoided and detested by the real spiritual teachers of the race from time immemorial.

None the less some of Mrs. Wilcox's experiences are of an interesting kind. She tells us that in Dijon she found a notable circle of theosophists with a Miss Leveque at its head. A certain Mme. Soyer was a prominent member, and "Mme. Soyer told me she had received proof of her son's continued life in the astral world and assurances that he was occupied with important work and that he wished her to be happy and at peace regarding him, as he was often near her, and would eventually manifest himself more fully." We should have thought that Mme. Soyer's son, even though he were communicating with her by letter from the other side of the city, would have found something more important than this to announce. But then life in the spirit world has always seemed to be destructive of the intelligence if we may judge from the tiresomely monotonous messages that emanate from that abode of the blessed. Then there was a Miss Chaise, who introduced Mrs. Wilcox to Leon Denis, who has written a book "which deals scientifically with the experiences of the soul in all its lives":

During eight years Mr. Denis had an earnest circle of intellectual people who studied spirit phenomena in his home through a psychic of unusual power. The results of his researches are of great importance to humanity. It is to be my privilege to give some of them to the world by translating his volume mentioned above. While spending an afternoon with Mr. Denis I learned many interesting things. One was that he had received a letter from the minister of public education in Paris asking him to send the *Spiritual Review* (a periodical which gives authentic proofs of the existence of the dead in worlds beyond) to the Soldiers' Library. Mr. Denis felt that this was a notable move toward a large understanding on the part of our educators of spiritual truths. Mr. Denis also showed me letters from Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," expressing interest in his works, and from a professor of Greek in the "Lyceum Voltaire," who has be-

come convinced of the truth of spiritism. Men and women eminent in the sciences and arts and in public life in France are writing Mr. Denis continually on this subject.

Through the remarkable psychic who went on to the world's invisible two years ago Mr. Denis received most detailed accounts of his former incarnations. He has in various eras been a monk, and in others a soldier. Even in this incarnation he has remained a celibate, never marrying and devoting his whole life to religious studies.

It was worth the difficult and dangerous journey to France just to meet this rare soul.

Mr. Denis was born January 1, 1846, in France, and of a family with a fortune. By his ambitions, aspirations, and perseverance, he acquired a thorough education. He traveled all over the Orient and in all parts of Europe. In the war of 1870 he served as a lieutenant. Immediately afterward he became famous throughout France for his oratory. Having deeply studied and profoundly investigated spiritual phenomena and become a reverent believer in the laws of God governing it, he identified himself with this work and was the president of a notable society of 5000 members, which he founded, viz., "Federation of the Algerian and Tunisian Society of Spiritual Research."

It is all very interesting, although we are inclined to utter a certain protest against the misuse of the word spiritual, thus prostituted to mean nothing more than listening to the irresponsible mutterings of mediums.

## CLAIRVOYANCE.

(By Lily Dougall.)

There is another difficulty in accepting as conclusive even some of the most "evidential" of the automatic scripts published by the S. P. R. Those that are nearest to being convincing to my mind are given by Mr. Gerald Balfour in the "Proceedings of the S. P. R.," vol. xxix., No. lxxiii. They are passages from the script of a medium called Mrs. Willett. The communicators purport to be Dr. A. W. Verrall and Professor S. H. Butcher, both dead. The evidence consists in the fact that in several sittings given in 1914-15 a number of apparently disconnected classical allusions are furnished—afterwards found to circle round the "ear of Dionysius"—and the sitting is closed with the words, "Enough for this time. . . . A literary association of ideas pointing to the influence of two discarnate minds." The apparently disconnected allusions were finally found all together in a classical work by an American scholar, a copy of which Dr. Verrall possessed and used

when preparing his lectures. The contents of this book were certainly not known to the medium, and were not consciously known to Mrs. Verrall or the other investigators. As there appears to have been no one concerned in the investigation, or connected with the medium, who had in mind the various classical stories involved or was consciously aware of the one historical incident with which they were all connected, it follows that there is little in these scripts that can be attributed merely to thought transference or to the dramatic dream-consciousness of the medium. The conclusion of Mr. Gerald Balfour and some others is that they were dictated by the discarnate mind of Dr. Verrall; others think that the medium really had the knowledge and had forgotten it. But there is another possible power of the subliminal self which I think need to be taken into account. It is called "second sight," and is the faculty of seeing at a distance or in a closed room, or reading a closed letter or a closed book. We should need to know much more of the nature and limits of this power of "second" or "super-normal" sight before we can rule it out as a possible factor in producing this script, and hence before we could consider the evidence proved the operation of discarnate minds. I have personally known cases in which certain people at certain times appeared to obtain a correct impression of letters or books before they were opened. Thus I have seen a child open a large Bible, apparently at random, and straightway put her finger on a somewhat recondite text that had been asked for, although by any normal method she could only have found it after long search. Any one such case may, of course, be mere coincidence, but there is a body of experience affording evidence of such a faculty, for it is obviously quite as easy to read a closed book or letter as to see water underground or see what is passing in another town. The operation of "dowsers" seems to support this theory, as also do some of Swedenborg's well-attested experiences.

Another evidence of the same faculty can be found in Myers' "Human Personality," vol. i., p. 352, appendix 236A, and p. 370, appendix 415A. Vol. vii of the "Proceedings of the S. P. R." contains

two articles by Mrs. Sidgwick and one by Dr. Alfred Backman, of Kalmar, Sweden, which appear to establish the fact that when the subconscious mind is liberated by the hypnotic trance it evinces some power of seeing what could not be discerned by the agent's physical eyes—*e. g.*, seeing into rooms at a distance. This is called "traveling clairvoyance." It appears to be regarded as proved by Sir O. Lodge.

Whether the subconscious mind of educated people can or can not see into closed books which they do not consciously consult remains to be proved.

My suggestion as to a possible explanation in the case of the Willett script—if it be true that no one concerned had other means of acquiring this knowledge—is that Mrs. Verrall's subconscious mind, excited by an accidental reference in an early script to the "ear of Dionysius," may have been working upon the subject and obtaining by clairvoyance from Dr. Verrall's books around her, evidence which she was able to transfer—also subconsciously—in a patchy way to the mind of Mrs. Willett. Such a description of the way our mental affairs may be conducted is, I confess, fantastic in the extreme, but the evidence of second sight or traveling clairvoyance given in the articles to which I have referred is also extremely fantastic—one would have said incredible, and nothing could appear more incredible than the true story which I have told of Miss A and Mrs. B.—*From "Immortality."* Published by the Macmillan Company.

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.—*Professor Francis Bowen.*

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.—*Philoians.*

Not from birth does one become a slave; not from birth does one become a saint; but by conduct alone.—*Buddha.*

## THE BABI RELIGION.

(From the London Times.)

The historian of the religious movements of the nineteenth century can not fail to recognize how the increased facilities for rapid and easy communication between different parts of the globe, and the deeper interest that was consequently aroused in foreign countries, had as their concomitants a remarkable increase in the number of religious bodies that put forth a claim for universal acceptance. To a renewed expansion of the missionary activity of the Christian churches the East responded with propagandist movements of its own. Vedantists and exponents of other forms of Hindu doctrine, Moslem missionaries, and others set out to claim the allegiance of the Western world, in Europe and America. It was either from India or from Persia that such a challenge came of a universal religion, which was to displace or absorb Christianity; and from the latter country Europe and America received the Baha'i preachers, whose propagandist efforts have met with a larger numerical success than any of their contemporary exponents of Oriental faiths.

The Baha'i doctrines of universal brotherhood, mutual tolerance among rival creeds, patience under persecution, and the cultivation of the quietest virtues are accessible in a large number of publications and cheap manuals published by the faithful or by sympathizers with the movement. But for a scientific account of their theology and their metaphysics, for the various modifications of doctrinal teaching set forth by the different exponents of it, and for a sober recital of the genesis of the movement and the historical development of its various sects, the wise student will turn to the works of Professor Edward G. Browne with a feeling of assurance that in them he will find a lucid and well-documented exposition.

For the last thirty years Professor Browne has been making a profound and patient study of this religious movement; he has been in personal contact with its most authoritative teachers, such as Subh-i-Azal and Baha'u'llah, the heads of the two rival sections into which the original community split, and

with 'Abdu'l-Baha, the son and successor of the latter, and with many other prominent Babis and Baha'is. His own writings and his editions of Babi texts have gained for him the reputation of being the greatest living authority on this subject in Europe; his works are distinguished by sound and painstaking scholarship, and are free from the partisanship which detracts from the merit of several other American and European writings. In the present volume he has collected together a number of documents, hitherto unpublished, which supplement in several important details the sources hitherto available. They range over a period of seventy years, from contemporary documents relating to the judicial examination of the Bab in 1848 and an account of him by a Dr. Cornick—who is the only European who is known to have ever seen and conversed with the Bab—to an account of the latest lucubration by Dr. Khayru'llah, published in 1917. Nearly a fourth of the volume is taken up with the mission of this Dr. Khayru'llah in America and the notable success he has achieved there. The extraordinary receptivity for Oriental theologies and theosophies of various kinds, and the unquestioning acceptance of hard doctrines propounded with insistent authority by such teachers as Swami Vivekananda, Swami Ram Tirath, and the Baha'i mission, are among the most remarkable features of the religious life of America in the present generation, and have excited considerable disquietude among the churches in that country.

It might have been expected that after conducting a mission in America for twenty-five years Dr. Khayru'llah would have imbibed something of the ethical spirit of the American people. But his latest work, "O Christians! Why do ye not believe in Christ?" contains an outspoken defense of polygamy, and apologizes for the assassination of Azalis by Baha'is as "proving the veracity of Baha'ism and Christianity." Such teaching is hardly calculated to confirm the hopes centred on the Baha'i movement by the late Professor Cheyne (in "The Reconciliation of Races and Religions," 1914) and others whose sympathetic interest in this movement was aroused by the visit of 'Abdul-Baha to this country in 1911

and 1913. Such persons have failed to recognize how much the Baha'i teachings have retained of the source from which they sprang. The "manifestation" of the Bab came in response to the millennial expectations of those Shiah who believed in the possibility of there being a follower of the Hidden Imam—a so-called Bab, or "Gate," in direct spiritual communication with the Imam; and Mirza Ali Muhammad in 1844 announced himself as such exactly a thousand years after the last Imam had succeeded in that exalted office. Though cruelly persecuted by the orthodox Shias, the Babis retained many characteristically Shiah doctrines; but the breach with Islam became irremediable, when Baha'u'llah made his appeal to the whole world. The fact that his followers henceforth called themselves Baha'is rather than Babis was no mere change of nomenclature, but marked the transition from Persian sectarianism to the claim of a world-wide mission. But, as Professor Browne with scholarly insight has pointed out, "almost every single doctrine held by the Babis and Baha'is was previously held and elaborated by one or another of the earlier cognate sects grouped together under the general title of *Ghulat*, whereof in Isma'ilis are the most notable representative." For these Ghulat, or extreme Shiah of the Left, our sources of information are not abundant, and we are chiefly dependent for our knowledge of their tenets on writers who were hostile to them. But we know the enthusiasm with which their doctrines were often received and the persecutions which the faithful heroically endured; along with a carefully graduated series of initiation, suited to the capacity of the neophyte, went such an economy of truth as, it appears from the documents Professor Browne publishes, some of the Baha'i teachers still practice; and these modern representatives of the earlier sects make a similar demand for unhesitating acceptance of the dogmatic utterances of their respective theophanies. These parallels are not worked out in detail by Professor Browne in his new volume; but he provides the student with the details for such an investigation, while, on the other hand, he gives a synopsis, from the work of a Persian Shiah, of the Baha'i doctrines which are considered to be

deviations from the orthodox creed of Islam.

Across the historical record set out in immense detail in this volume is drawn a trail of blood. Relentlessly persecuted by the Mahomedan governments under which they have lived, neither Babis nor Baha'is have exemplified that dictum of Cardinal Manning's that the children of martyrs can not be persecutors. The early history of the Babis was marked by a succession of armed risings against the Persian government. They took no pains to conceal their hatred of the Shah and were ready to condemn to death those who rejected the mission of the Bab. Since the death of the Bab, two great schisms have divided the faithful. On each occasion bloodshed has marked the struggle between the rival factions. In this respect the Baha'is are strangely reminiscent of the earliest of the Ghulat who became known to Christian Europe—the Assassins who obeyed the Old Man of the Mountains.

MATERIALS FOR THE STUDY OF THE BABI RELIGION. Compiled by Edward G. Browne. Cambridge University Press; 12s. 6d. net.

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### BLIND.

The Spring blew trumpets of color;  
Her Green sang in my brain.  
I heard a blind man groping  
"Tap-tap" with his cane.

I pitied him in his blindness:  
But can I boast "I see"?  
Perhaps there walks a spirit  
Close by, who pities me,—

A spirit who hears me tapping  
The five-sensed cane of mind  
Amid such unguessed glories  
That I am worse than blind.  
—Harry Kemp.

---

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*.

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We must ourselves learn the ways of Right and Wrong, and having learned we must choose.—*Marie Corelli*.

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Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk with us still.  
—*Beaumont and Fletcher*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## CONAN DOYLE AGAIN.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found some additional reflections upon Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's spiritualism. They are written by Mr. H. M. Nimmo, editor of *Black and White*, and Mr. Nimmo says very truly that Sir Arthur's veracity is not to be impugned, nor the veracity of many other men of equal eminence and who have testified voluminously to the same things.

We may not impugn Sir Arthur's veracity, but we may, and do, impugn his judgment. Spiritualism, it seems, has weaned him from atheism, and he would have all other men weaned from atheism by the same means. Now we may doubt if atheism was ever quite so prevalent as the distinguished author seems to suppose, and to atheism we attach the loose meaning of disbelief in a future life. As a matter of fact the vast majority of our people believe, and have always believed, and will always believe, in a future life. A small coterie of scientists have denied it. So have a few ultra-intellectuals, or those who wish to be thought so. But the average man has never denied it. It may be that he has not been very much interested. With the lack of logic that usually distinguishes him, he has vaguely identified a belief in life after death with the rubbish of ecclesiastical creeds, and he has summarily dismissed the whole cargo from his mind. But he has not actually

rejected a belief in immortality. Indeed he would have avowed such a belief if any avowal at all had been asked of him. The harm done to the average man by materialism is not in the production of a definite incredulity. It consists rather in a slow degradation of his outlook upon life, in the gradual inculcation of a doctrine of irresponsibility, as illustrated in the popular teachings of heredity, and in a general accentuation of his predatory instincts. These are real evils, and of the gravest kind. They have done more to debauch civilization than any other force that has ever come into the world. But they are not due to a definite and intelligent acceptance of the materialistic creed, for it has never been accepted in this way. Materialism, by denying the soul, has denied also the moral law, but the average man has accepted the license that is implied without accepting the creed of negation from which it came.

For this reason the average man will not be benefited by a demonstration of life after death, even supposing that spiritualism can furnish it, which it can not. For he never denied it, never wanted to deny it. He will not amend his life because of a conversation with his dead grandmother. Human conduct has never yet been modified by phenomenalism nor miracles. Moreover, we strongly suspect that the average man will not be so gullible as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle simply because the average



man has never been so materialistic. The convert is usually also a fanatic, and new brooms sweep clean. The materialist has already proved his credulity by being a materialist, for materialism is peculiarly the creed of the scientifically credulous and superstitious. Naturally he carries his credulities with him into spiritualism, and becomes a religious fanatic instead of a scientific. The average man will doubt the identity of his dead grandmother even under "test conditions," which of course are never test conditions at all. He will apply to the phenomena the same horse sense that he uses in his business. He is more likely to laugh than to weep. He will have heard a good deal about telepathy, and he will see in a moment that here is one of the chief keys to the mystery. He will also become aware that there are scientists of eminence, like Sir William Barrett, who have been studying these phenomena for years, and in the most sympathetic way, and who do not believe that they are caused by "spirits," or that they have a human origin. But under no circumstances will he now begin to say his prayers because of anything he has seen in the seance room, nor amend his ways because he has heard about Raymond or Patience Worth. No one of common sense ever did.

The world will never be reformed by mediums, nor by miracles, nor by tipping tables, nor by ouija boards. It will be reformed only by a spiritual philosophy that can answer all the questions of the human heart, and that can offer some scheme that includes all things and in which justice shall predominate. Spiritualism has never even tried to do this. It has nothing to say about the origin of the human soul, the just causes of fate and fortune, the scheme of evolution. If its "guides" touch upon such things at all they are in such hopeless disagreement as to baffle all inquirers. At least half of these "guides," for example, have been teaching reincarnation during the last five years. The other half deny it. Until about five years ago they all denied it. They babble to us about a heaven made of bricks and mortar. They vary fatally in their descriptions, but they all babble. They deal in portentous commonplaces, and they make awful revelations of the moral axioms

that we learned in the nursery. Of course there are exceptions, but they come so very exceptionally. We can not say of them *ex uno disc omnes*.

We intend to avoid the folly of asserting that psychic phenomena can be explained by a few axioms, supposed to be theosophical, but not so. They can be explained only by an exhaustive study of human nature, of the unseen planes and of their lives, and of the finer forces that play through the mind. In other words they can be explained only by the occult philosophy that forms a part of Theosophy, and that has supplied the necessary knowledge at all times in the history of the world and in order that mankind might not be deceived.

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### ANGELS?—WHY NOT?

*Were there angels at Mons?*

Why not?

There are angels everywhere:

An we were fitter to receive

We might more possibly perceive

Them in the way.

Has He not charged them to upbear

Our stumbling footsteps, and with care

To help us when we stray?

Perchance, in that sore strain and stress,  
Men's eyes were opened in the face  
Of Death that they saw God,—and hidden  
things,—

And visions of His angels' wings.

Why not?

God's arm still puissant is to smite:—

Why should it not, once more,

Have flamed, and struck like levin-  
light,

For Freedom, Justice, Truth, and Right,  
As in the days of yore?

—From "*The Vision Splendid*," by John  
Oxenham. Published by the George  
H. Doran Company.

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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.—*Professor Francis Bowen*.

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A man there was, tho' some did count  
him mad.

The more he cast away the more he had.  
—Bunyan.

## DEAD AUTHORS.

Miss Agnes Repplier, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, expresses her consternation at the invasion of the literary world by the spirits of the dead. The competition of the living, she seems to think, is as much as any author ought to be called upon to face. It is true that there have been some few literary hosts in the past, but they were rare and unambitious. They did not seriously needle with the book market. But now we have a spectral army of occupation, and it is storming the citadel of print.

But why, asks Miss Repplier, do they choose such clumsy instruments? The ouija board can by no means be described as deft, but what are we to say to the tilting table as an implement of literary composition? Sir Oliver Lodge admits that the table leaves much to be desired as a substitute for the pen:

The frolicsome moods of the Lodge table must have been disconcerting, even to such a receptive and sympathetic circle. It performed little tricks, like lying down, or holding two feet in the air, apparently for its own simple diversion. One day, in emulation of Esop's affectionate ass, it "seemed to wish to get into Lady Lodge's lap, and made caressing movements to and fro, as if it could not get close enough to her." On another occasion, when the piano was being played in the Marismount drawing-room, the spirit of Raymond came to listen to the music. After applauding "distinctly and decidedly," the table "was determined to edge itself close to the piano, though we said we must pull it back, and did so. But it would go there, and thumped Barbie, who was playing the piano, in time to the music. Alec took one of the black satin cushions, and held it against her as a buffer. The table continued to bang, and made a little hole on the cushion." No wonder that several tables were broken "during the more exuberant period of these domestic sittings, before the power had got under control"; and the family was compelled to provide a strong and heavy article which would stand the "skylarking" (Sir Oliver's word) of supernatural visitors.

Of course this is all very amusing, and we can hardly blame Miss Repplier for dwelling upon its diverting features. At the same time it would be interesting to know what she thinks of the fact that the table did move, and move so energetically. After all, it is only the theories of interpretation that are so amusing. There is nothing amusing—quite the contrary—in the phenomenon itself.

Miss Repplier seems to have no great opinion of Patience Worth, which may

of course be due to literary and feminine jealousy. She says:

All fields of literature are open to Patience Worth, and she disports herself by turns in prose and verse, fiction and philosophy. Other spirits have their specialties. They write, as a rule, letters, didactic essays, *vers libre*, and an occasional story. But Patience writes six-act dramas which, we are assured, could, "with a little alteration," be produced upon the stage, short comedies "rich in humor," country tales, mystical tales, parables, aphorisms, volumes of verse, and historical novels. In three years and a half she dictated to Mrs. Curran, her patient ouija-board amanuensis, 900,000 words. It is my belief that she represents a spirit syndicate, and lends her name to a large coterie of literary wraiths. The most discouraging feature of her performance is the possibility of its indefinite extension. She is what Mr. Yost calls "a continuous phenomenon." Being dead already, she can not die, and the natural and kindly limit which is set to mortal endeavor does not exist for her. "The larger literature is to come," says Mr. Yost ominously; and we fear he speaks the truth.

But, once more, we could wish that Miss Repplier would supply us with her own interpretation of the phenomenon. It is certain that Mrs. Curran could not have composed the works attributed to Patience Worth. Unquestionably they have some literary value, and they are so varied that it is hard to suppose that they could have come from a single brain. Then who did write them?

Then there is the little book called "Letters from Harry and Helen," written down by Mary Blount White, and published by Mitchell Kennerley. The letters are trivial in their nature for most part, and this is naturally emphasized by Miss Repplier, but none the less the fact that they were written at all demands explanation:

Harry, a hardy and boisterous spirit, with a fine contempt for precautions, favors a motor trip across the continent, gallantly assures his family that the project is "perfectly feasible," tells his sister to "shoot some genuine food" at her sick husband, who appears to have been kept on a low diet, and observes with pleasure that his mother is overcoming her aversion to tobacco. "Mamma is learning," he observes patronizingly. "Some day she will arrive at the point where a smoker will fail to arouse a spark of criticism, or even of interest. When that day comes, she will have learned what she is living for this time."

Here was a chance for a ghostly son to get even with the parent who had disparaged the harmless pleasures of his youth. Harry is not the kind of a spirit to miss such an opportunity. He finds a great deal to correct in his family, a great deal to blame in the world, and some things to criticize in the uni-

verse. "I suppose the Creator knows his own business best," he observes grudgingly; "but there have been moments when I felt I could suggest improvements. For instance, had I been running affairs, I should have been a little more open about this reincarnation plan of elevating the individual. Why let a soul boggle along blindly for numberless lives when just a friendly tip would have illuminated the whole situation, and enabled him to plan with far less waste?"

And then Miss Repplier returns to Raymond. She can not understand why he should die so nobly, and talk so foolishly. Evidently she does not believe that it is Raymond who is talking, and here we are with her. She says:

Raymond, though he has been thrust before the public without pity and without reserve, shows no disposition to enter the arena of authorship. Through laborious and grotesque table-rappings, and through mediums controlled by—apparently—feeble-minded spirits, he has prattled to his family about the conditions which surround him: about the brick house he lives in, about the laboratories he visits, where "all sorts of things" are manufactured out of "essences and ethers and gases"—rather like German war products—and about the lectures he attends. The subjects of the lectures are spirituality, concentration, and—alas—"the projection of uplifting and helpful thoughts to those on the earth plane." In the lecture hall are windows of colored glass—red, blue, and orange. If any of the audience need more intellect, they stand in the orange light and absorb intellectuality; if they need to be affectionate, they stand in the "pink colored" light and absorb loving thoughts; if they need "actual spiritual healing," they stand in the blue light and are healed. The simplicity of this labor-saving process is beyond praise, and Raymond's guide assures him that, in the years to come, human beings will study and understand the qualities of different colored lights. Such scraps of wisdom as are vouchsafed him he passes dutifully on to his parents. He tells his mother that on the spiritual plane "Rank doesn't count as a virtue. High rank comes by being virtuous." Also that, "It isn't always the parsons that go highest first," and that, "It isn't what you have professed, it's what you've done." Something of this kind has long been hinted from the plain pulpits of the world.

And so it goes. Some spiritualistic experiences are not humorous at all. On the contrary they are repulsive. As, for example, the seance in which submarine victims are supposed to recount, and to act, the horrors through which they have passed. And this shocking travesty of death, says Miss Repplier, is supposed to bring comfort to the living.

We are told, says Miss Repplier, that when Patience Worth was spelling out the endless pages of "The Sorry Tale"

she came to a sudden stop, then wrote, "This be nuff," and knocked off for the night.

A blessed phrase, and, of a certainty, her finest inspiration. Would that all dead authors would adopt it as their motto; and with ouija boards, and table-legs, and automatic pencils, write as their farewell message to the world those three short, comely words, "This be nuff."

## THEOSOPHY AND POLITICS.

The chief outcome of Mrs. Besant's attempt to use the American theosophists in furthering her plans for home rule in India appears in several articles in the popular magazines attacking her. As might be surmised some of the statements in these articles are grossly unfair and untrue. But what else was to be expected when she placed herself in the position of inducing a set of blindly obedient Americans to start an agitation which could have but one of two results—to create prejudice against Great Britain, or failing in this, to recoil on herself? The charge that she is using the Theosophical Society, or at least the American Section, as a political machine appears unfortunately to be true. It may be unconstitutional for the president of the society to persuade the American section to undertake "officially" what was purely a movement intended to cause American interference in British politics, but to one not versed in Jesuitical casuistry there is no difference whatever between this and sending representatives to America who "unofficially" use the section's mailing list and organ, as well as other agencies centred at Krotana, for circulating literature and calling on all theosophists and theosophical lodges to get busy telling the American public how Great Britain is oppressing India. One may well believe that Mrs. Besant in her enthusiasm for home rule committed an error of judgment and one may, like her, regard political activity as a part of his Theosophy, but for either the section or the president to dodge behind the distinction between "official" and "unofficial" is highly discreditable.

No matter what the pretext it is also discreditable for any American at this juncture to circulate literature tending to reflect on Great Britain's treatment of

India; it is calling her motives and her sincerity in the war into question and fanning the smoldering embers of hatred of England, once so common in America. "Great Britain is little better than Germany," that is the conclusion many people would draw, people who have money which they may—or may not—invest in aiding our common cause.

Nothing could better illustrate than this incident that a considerable portion of American theosophists have ceased to think and that they blindly believe and obey whatever is dictated from Adyar, even to the extent of virtual disloyalty. As compared with Mrs. Besant, the Holy Father at Rome simply isn't in it. —O. E. Library Critic.

### PSYCHOANALYSIS.

Many questions as to the nature and claims of psychoanalysis have been asked and perhaps they can most conveniently be answered, at least along their main lines, by the following quotation from "What Is Psychoanalysis?" by Isador H. Coriat, M. D., lately published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York:

The evolution of psychoanalysis forms an interesting chapter in the history of medicine. It was in 1881 that Freud, in association with Breuer of Vienna, whose name is well known for his researches on the physiology of the semicircular canals, started to treat a young woman who was suffering from hysteria. The usual means were tried in vain, until it was found that the facts offered by the patient in explanation of her condition represented only a part of the history. This was not due to a deliberate attempt on the part of the patient to conceal her medical antecedents, but as it later developed, to an unconscious repression, because the emotional state which was a part of these concealed facts represented painful experiences. Finally by a procedure, which later developed into the refinements of the psycho-analytic method, many hidden experiences of the past with their attached emotions were brought to light, and it was shown that it was these experiences which caused the hysterical condition. These memories, although buried in the unconscious, were active and living forces, and only when they were lived over again did a cure take place. They were not merely forgotten, but repressed, although unconsciously so, and it was only when this repression was overcome that the patient began to improve.

At first hypnosis was employed to revive the forgotten memories, but later it was discovered that hypnosis was not necessary in psychoanalysis, and since then its use has been abandoned. In 1895 Breuer and Freud published their studies on the mechanism of hys-

teria, in which it was shown that the hysterical symptoms arose from reminiscences unknown to and forgotten by the sufferer. They demonstrated that the forgetting was a purposeful act, in the same way that a normal individual conveniently "forgets" the unpleasant experiences of one's life.

In 1900 Freud published his great work on the "Interpretation of Dreams," and there was opened up a new field of investigation of the unconscious in both normal and abnormal conditions. Nervous patients frequently related strange dreams to him and it was found that each dream possessed a profound personal significance for the dreamer, in fact, it was the outgrowth, sometimes symbolic, of the individual's unconscious mental life. It was definitely proven that every dream was the fulfillment of repressed wishes. Dream analysis revealed the mechanism of delusions, morbid fears, hysteria, fixed ideas, and compulsive thinking and at the same time it provided neurology the most potent instrument for the removal of these abnormal symptoms in the form of what became known as the psychoanalytic treatment.

Thus the fundamental and basic idea of Freud's work is that a large number of normal and abnormal mental processes come from hidden sources, unknown and unsuspected by the individual. The gulf between normal thinking and abnormal states has been definitely bridged by psychoanalysis, for instance, when it is stated that the normal "forgetting" of an unpleasant experience is identical, but to a more limited degree, with the repressions of an hysteric.

A word of warning will not, perhaps, be inappropriate. Dr. Freud is a specialist, and his specialty sometimes obscures the horizon. Some of his interpretations are so far fetched as to be almost absurd. We may remember also that certain highly spiritual forces manifest upon this plane under a sexual guise.

Dr. Freud's theory of "forgetting" is highly suggestive. If unpleasant experiences, thus forgotten, may manifest themselves in morbid ways, we may suppose that all experiences must take their place in character, whether for good or ill. Character must be no more than a bundle of experiences, most of them no longer finding a place in the brain memory, but all of them worked into the totality, into the fabric, that we call character. If they are both evil and strong they may manifest as to hysteria, but all of them must manifest in some way. The bearing of such a theory upon reincarnation is obvious enough.

Better keep yourself clean and bright: you are the window through which you must see the world.—Bernard Shaw.

## CONAN DOYLE'S RELIGION.

(By H. M. Nimmo.)

One thing Sherlock Holmes never uncovered for his friend Watson—that Conan Doyle was going to “get religion,” as we say in America. During Sherlock’s marvelous days Doyle was a crass materialist. There was no life after death, he insisted. All Nature was against it. “When the candle burns out the light disappears. When the electric cell is shattered the current stops. When the body dissolves there is an end of the matter.” Why, he asked, should any man amid the teeming population of this earth think it important or likely that his little personality should survive forever?

The story of Doyle’s conversion is the most impressive element of his latest book, “The New Revelation,” for it is spiritism, or spiritualism, as he prefers to call it, that has convinced him of immortality. And immortality to him is “the very essence” of religion, because what he learns of immortality from psychical research teaches him “the continued life of the soul, the nature of that life, and how it is influenced by our conduct here.”

To people who have never gone so far in denial of immortality as Doyle went, or whose faith has been sufficiently strong to sustain their belief in immortality, his testimony and opinion are all the more significant. His conversion, like his materialism, was purely scientific. Nor has it been sudden or spectacular. It is twenty-seven years since he joined the British Society for Psychical Research, and he has been studying psychical phenomena ever since. Once he was persuaded of the operation of mind upon mind through telepathy, an operation that is widely accepted among people who do not go the whole length of spiritism, there was only one conclusion for him.

Thus inspired, Doyle proclaims the establishment of communication with incarnate spirits as “by far the greatest religious event since the death of Christ.” It spells, he believes, a revolution in Christianity. It offers the basis for a reunion of Christendom, and even a religious union with races which are non-Christian.

Christianity, he maintains, has been

weakened by the doctrines it has built up for centuries. The churches are half empty, with women as their chief supporters. “People are alienated because they frankly do not believe the facts as presented to them to be true. Their reason and their sense of justice are equally offended.” The story of Adam and Eve is only an allegory. We now know that we can trace life back to “that shadowy and far-off time when the man-like ape slowly evolved into the ape-like man.” And we know that his course has been one of progress to higher forms. There was no “fall,” as the Bible teaches. And if there was no fall, there was no original sin, or atonement, or redemption.

Christ died “in order to give the people the lesson of an ideal life.” But we have made so much of His death that we have under-emphasized His life work. Doyle sees nothing unusual in a man dying for an idea. “Thousands of our lads are doing it at this instant in France.” It was Christ’s life, and not His death, which is “the true centre of the Christian religion.”

The reason for this failure to emphasize sufficiently the life of Christ, in the opinion of the author, is that “the teaching of Christ was in many most important respects lost by the early church, and has not come down to us.” Miracles, the tongues of fire, the rushing wind, the spiritual gifts—all these phenomena recorded in the scriptures he accepts as evidence that the continuity of life and communication with the dead were known to the early Christians; for in such phenomena he sees the manifestation of the psychic power as it is known today.

“The early Christian church was saturated with spiritualism,” he says. And he deduces the activity of wicked or mischievous spirits in those days, as in these, from the apostolic admonition: “Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God.”

What manner of life does Sir Arthur Conan Doyle expect beyond the grave? From what he tells us of the information he has collected he expects his spirit to fall into a kind of sleep for some hours or days after his death. Thereafter his status will depend on his con-

duct and character on this side. There are grades of society in heaven, so to speak, to correspond with the grossness or the virtue of our souls. And there is a sort of purgatory, or place of purification, in which the punishment of the wicked is "very certain and very serious"; but there is always hope of expiation over there, and it is the business of the more blessed to help those below them in the scale of blessedness. The author quotes the spirit of Julia Ames as saying: "The greatest joy of heaven is emptying hell."

As for hell itself, which no longer frightens as many mortals as it used to, Doyle says that it does not actually exist as "a permanent place." He dismisses the whole theory of hell, as we have been taught it, in language that will shock the orthodox:

This odious conception, so blasphemous in his view of the Creator, arose from the exaggerations of Oriental phrases, and may perhaps have been of service in a coarse age where men were frightened by fires as wild beasts are scared by the travelers.

For the remainder of the life hereafter he invokes "the laws of evidence, which agree that where many independent witnesses give a similar account, that account has no claim to be considered as a true one." And the spirits who have testified agree that in their sphere "like goes to like, that all who love or have interests in common are united, that life is full of interest and occupation, and that they would by no means return."

Whatever we may think of "The New Revelation," we can not dogmatically contradict it without impugning the veracity and intelligence of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle not only, but the veracity and intelligence of many of the most trustworthy minds in England and America. The amazing fact about spiritism is that it persists, and that it wins the support of so many distinguished intellects in spite of all the criticism and doctrine opposed to it.—*From Black and White.*

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.*

## DREAMS.

"The Fabric of Dreams," by Katherine Taylor Craig, which E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published, is a very comprehensive survey of the whole subject of dreams. The author, who is a well-known student of the occult, has omitted nothing of consequence from her review of the attitude of both the learned and the ignorant world toward dreams from the days of antiquity to the scientific theories of today. Among the moderns she makes frequent reference to or quotations from the works of Jung, Freud, Morton Prince, Havelock Ellis, Stanley Hall, Boris Sidis, and many others, using their theories in explanation of dream phenomena, comparing their conclusions and discussing their ideas. Modern mystics, such as Mme. Blavatsky, William Sharp, William Blake, add their quota of interest, and there are extracts from and references to many men and women of note during recent years in literature, science, religion, art, and philosophy. The literature and history of the ancient Greeks and Romans are drawn upon for their various explanations and discussions of dreams and numberless personal happenings and beliefs are recorded. The Hebrews of antiquity, the Hindus, the Gipsies of all times, the civilization of the Middle Ages, are all put under tribute to make complete the story of how man in all times has looked upon his dreams. There are chapters on dreams that have come true, dream analysis and interpretation, drugs and plants that have been used to induce dreams, the mystery of sleep, neurasthenia versus the sixth sense, symbolism in dreams, and the ancient art of geomancy.

All omens point toward the steady continuance of just such labor as has already taught us all we know. Perhaps, indeed, in this complex of interpenetrating spirits our own effort is no individual, no transitory, thing. That which lies at the root of each of us lies at the root of the Cosmos, too. Our struggle is the struggle of the Universe itself; and the very Godhead finds fulfillment through our upward striving souls.—*Myers.*

Not from birth does one become a slave; not from birth does one become a saint; but by conduct alone.—*Buddha.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

THE NEW REVELATION. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: The George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

THE DEAD HAVE NEVER DIED. By Edward C. Randall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50 net.

THE REALITY OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. By W. J. Crawford. New York: Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

If one may judge by superficial indications, the community's faith in a future life has been more stimulated by recent popular "spirit communications" such as Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond" and Elsa Baker's "Letters from a Living Dead Man" than by all that the Society for Psychical Research has been able to accomplish in the past ten years. The reason is not far to seek: what faith in another life demands is not "scientific" identification of departed spirits, but some plausible description of what the next life is like. The greatest stumbling-block in the way of faith is not lack of demonstration, but lack of credible material on which the imagination may work. The Book of Revelation furnished this for most of our ancestors, as "The Gates Ajar" did for many of our fathers. It is interesting to note that a fairly large number of our contemporaries are finding a substitute for these older books in the sort of "spirit communication" to which reference has been made. The list of such communications, of which the five books under review are typical, is constantly receiving reinforcements.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "New Revelation" may add to the persuasion of the already persuaded, but it will hardly persuade any one else. In fairness to Sir Arthur, it should at once be stated that he makes no attempt at persuasion by the introduction of new evidence. He does, however, attempt to present himself as a severe critic of all psychical research, converted only after years of the coldest skepticism; but the reader will draw from this account the conclusion that it was the writer of romances rather than the scientifically trained physician that finally gave his adhesion to the claims of spiritism. The book leaves one with a rather poor opinion of the doctor's critical abilities. As a result of certain experiences and of very wide reading in spiritistic literature, all his critical objections were at last broken down, and he is now ready to accept everything spiritism claims, "from the lowest physical phenomenon of a table-rap up to the most inspired utterance of a prophet," including "the heaving table and the flying tambourine." The chief aim of his book is to show that spiritistic claims constitute a new and important religious revelation. Either many of the best minds of the present generation have gone stark mad or else "there has come to us from divine sources a new revelation." What this revelation is, in its main outlines, the author describes, pointing out the general agreement that is to be found between most of the spirit messages, and



the ways in which the new revelation confirms and modifies certain Christian beliefs. Probably the most interesting part of his book is the description of the conditions and occupations of the next life, as portrayed in the psychic revelations. The book closes with an exhortation to the faithful to increase their faith, especially by the constant perusal of the edifying literature of the subject. "Soak yourself," he exclaims, "soak yourself with this grand truth."

Sir Arthur is himself so well soaked that it is to be feared that his book will be treated with little reverence by those who scoff at his grand truth. Still better material for ridicule is to be found in Mr. Randall's "The Dead Have Never Died." The writer has a pompous, dogmatic, conceited manner, and his asserted mode of communication with the spirit world will hardly appeal as trustworthy to any but the exceedingly credulous.

A very different type of book is Dr. Crawford's "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena." This is the only one of the books under review that deals with the physical side of spiritism, and it is characterized throughout by careful statement and a scientific attitude. The phenomena described recall Eusapia Paladino, and hence at once put the reader properly on his guard; raps of various intensity are recorded, some of them making a din like that produced by a sledgehammer, tables are tipped and raised without contact, etc. The unique element in Dr. Crawford's experiment consists in the series of careful measurements made and recorded. The medium sat upon a weighing machine, and her weight during the different parts of the tipping and levitation processes was carefully noted; and by the use of another weighing machine and a spring balance various interesting facts concerning the table during these same processes were obtained. The results of the experiments indicated (as might have been anticipated) that the medium was the source of the various activities of the table; thus when the table was raised, its weight was added to the weight of the medium with no additional pressure upon the floor immediately beneath it. In many respects the case which Dr. Crawford makes out for the need of a supernormal explanation is much stronger than that which the supporters of Paladino were ever

able to present. Dr. Crawford's medium (Miss Kathleen Goligher) has never been caught in any attempt at fraud and has no pecuniary interest at stake, as she has never received a penny in payment for her work. She and her family (all of whom participate in the sittings) are ardent spiritualists and deeply religious people, to whose integrity Dr. Crawford testifies on the basis of many years' close acquaintance. The illumination of the room, though by red light, was apparently very much better than was used in Paladino's seances. The results achieved, moreover (if we are to believe Dr. Crawford), are such that they could not possibly be produced by the "Eusapian" methods of manipulation by hands and feet. In several instances a table or stool was raised several feet in the air and held there for some time, the space all around it, above, below, and on all sides, being clearly visible. The magnitude of the force operating upon the table was also extraordinary, and the particular kind of fraud used by Paladino seems here to be ruled out; but it does not follow that no fraud of any kind was practiced, even though it is confessedly difficult to suggest what kind of legerdemain might have been used. It should, moreover, be pointed out that Dr. Crawford's experiments were not as rigorously controlled as one could wish. Though the lighting was better than in most "physical" sittings, white light was rigorously excluded. Dr. Crawford was the only investigator present, and while he was watching the table there was no one to watch the medium and her family. In one respect there was less "control" than in the Paladino experiments, where observers were seated on both sides of the medium. No attempt was made to have any outsider hold Miss Goligher's hands or feet; instead of that two members of her family, themselves mediums, sat next her. As usual, no one and no physical body of any sort were allowed to pass between the chief medium and the table. Even if one accept all the results of the various experiments as impeccable and agree with Dr. Crawford that they demand some supernormal explanation, there is not one bit of evidence in his entire book to indicate that "spirits had anything whatever to do with the matter." Dr. Crawford's own hypothesis is that the spirits some-

how draw out from the body of the medium some kind of subtle matter, make rods and fingers out of it, and transmit "psychic force" along it. But if we admit the subtle matter and the psychic force, none of the facts which he reports demands any other "operator" than just the medium herself. Nor need this necessarily impugn Miss Goligher's good faith; for have we not always the "Subliminal" to which to appeal? Dr. Crawford has done a great deal in reopening the case for "psychical phenomena" after its collapse through the exposure of Paladino; it can not be said that he has proved anything further than the need of more investigation of a rigorously critical sort.—*The Nation*.

### ENGLAND AND INDIA.

(The following is extracted from an article on "England and India," contributed by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe to the *New Republic* of August 10th.)

Annie Besant went to live in India something more than a quarter of a century ago. No living woman has had a more singular career. After separating from her husband, an English Episcopal clergyman, she was for years the associate of Charles Bradlaugh, the British Ingersoll, in a campaign of radical atheism, the pair of them making the most formidable platform combination in the country. A little later she placed her wonderful eloquence and vitality at the service of the infant Fabian Society, and finally passed under the dominion of H. P. Blavatsky and the esoteric doctrine of Theosophy. Her day in England was over. She had exchanged the arid secularist negation for a mystic faith which promised fulfillment and spiritual peace, and India, of which she then knew nothing, seemed to offer an unbounded field for her energies. Those who followed her career in the East were led to think that her ambition would have been satisfied if she could have achieved two things: the unchallenged leadership of the International Theosophical Society and the expansion of the Central Hindu College, which she had founded at Benares, into a Hindu university. For this institution Mrs. Besant sought a charter from the government of India, her aim being to make it, in distinction from the secularist government colleges, a centre of specific Hindu culture, colored by the

occult doctrines which, hidden in a cloud of Sanskrit terms, have an attraction for restless inquirers in the West while provoking the orthodox Orientalists to blasphemy.

Mrs. Besant did not attain either ambition. Sectional rebellion has accompanied her direction of the Theosophical Society. She has made excursions into stranger regions even than those commonly explored by occultists, and in particular she risked the unity of her followers by starting a queer messianic cult, the oddities of which have been lost sight of during the war. Consequent upon this hapless adventure Mrs. Besant had to abandon the Benares College, into which she had put twenty years of arduous work, while a series of sensational suits in the law courts of Madras overthrew her authority in the theosophical movement. A position of unquestioned leadership is for Mrs. Besant an essential. Realizing that her place in the theosophical field was imperiled, she turned once more to politics, with her old power as an agitator almost undiminished. She founded the Home Rule League, acquired control of two newspapers, and was rapidly able to show the nationalists of India that there were many things in the way of political propaganda which they might learn from an elderly European woman. So long as Lord Hardinge was Viceroy Mrs. Besant was not interfered with, but soon after the present governor-general, Lord Chelmsford, took over charge, the government came down upon her, thereby making certain her election to the chair of the National Congress. Mrs. Besant was interned in a Madras hill-station for several months. She was released a year ago, on the eve of Mr. Montagu's departure for India to inaugurate the new policy which must form the theme of a second letter.

If the king goes mad and goes about to find the king in his own country, he will never find him, because he is the king himself. It is better that we know we are the king and give up this fool's search after the king.—*Hindu sage*.

We wake and find ourselves on a stair. There are other stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight.—*Emerson*.

## AFTER DEATH.

*Does Theosophy teach that we shall recognize our friends after death?*

This depends a good deal on what you mean by recognition. During earth life we recognize our friends by their bodily appearance, and there can be no such recognition as this where there is no body to be recognized. Even the most orthodox of Christians who believe in the resurrection of the body can hardly realize without consternation what such a belief must imply. A body implies organs, and therefore the use of those organs. It implies change, and all the processes of change. It implies, for example, the use of pocket handkerchiefs. Moreover, if we are to recognize our friends in any bodily way we must ask if they will seem to us to be old or young, sick or well, strong or feeble. There could be no such recognition of friends unless they were in the familiar forms, and the familiar forms are all too often those of disability and pain. Even if the recognition were only mental it would still include imperfections, frailties, and passions, and these things are incompatible with any spiritual state.

Try and understand that the real man is essentially spiritual, although the lower parts of his consciousness are soiled and deluded by contact with matter. If there is to be any period of spiritual repose it is evident that the passions and greeds must first be discarded, since with such a freight there could be no ascent to the spiritual or heaven world. This process is carried out in Kama Loka immediately after the death of the body, and its duration must obviously depend upon the strength of these lower forces and their consequent vitality. The pure and holy man will have done a large part of the work before death, and but little will remain to be done in Kama Loka. The sensualist will have done none of it, and the Kama Loka process of separation will therefore be a long one. As soon as this process of separation is concluded, whether it takes ten minutes or a thousand years, the spiritual nature, or the true man, obeys his natural gravitation upwards, and so enters Devachan or the Heaven World, leaving behind in Kama Loka the dregs or desidium of his lower nature.

Now it is in Devachan that we may be

said to recognize our friends, and not only those that are dead, but those that are still alive. Devachan means the imagined realization of every spiritual ideal, hope, or love. It is the place of supreme and ecstatic accomplishment, the condition in which all spiritual emotion comes to fruition. But there can be nothing in Devachan that is not spiritual, nothing that is imperfect, or soiled with selfishness. Nothing can be recognized that is not of the nature of Devachan. And since everything is governed by its orderly causes, the soul must remain there until the spiritual forces that carried it there are overcome by the Karmic forces that compel it to return to earth. And on its way back to earth it is re-joined by the remains of its former lower nature, called by the Buddhists the Skandhas, so that the struggle between higher and lower may be resumed where it was left off and on the threshold of the new incarnation. But the best description of the whole post-mortem state is probably to be found in the "Key to Theosophy," by H. P. Blavatsky.

## 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 rests photographed on its eternal tablet.

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 insight into the Astral Light and there behold the images of past sensations and incidents.

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.

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.

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### Hiranyagarba, or the Unit Soul.

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That man who has conquered matter sufficiently to receive the direct light from his shining Augoiodes feels truth intuitively; he could not err in judgment notwithstanding all the sophisms suggested by cold reason, for he is *illuminated*.

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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 is it with the mind.

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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."

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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.

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The will creates; for the will in motion is *force*, and force reproduces *matter*.

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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.

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It is a strange coincidence that when first discovered America was found to bear among some natives the name of Atlanta.

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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.

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### SOUL AND MIND.

*What is the difference between the Mind and the Soul?*

There is no essential difference. They are both states or conditions of the one consciousness. This has been said before, but it can not be said too often nor understood too thoroughly by those anxious to understand the first principles of the Divine Science. There is one universal consciousness underlying all the forms of matter and therefore limited or conditioned by those forms of matter. If you immerse a sponge in the ocean the water that is contained in the sponge is identical with the water that is outside. It is still a part of the ocean that shakes the cliffs. But it is now conditioned or modified by the interstices and compartments of the sponge and it may even become so entangled in the sponge as to stagnate. The One Life of the Universe shows itself to our senses only through the forms that embody it, and inasmuch as the forms themselves are different one from another we suppose the life underlying them to be separate. Thus the mind is the One Consciousness showing itself through the particular atomic arrangement that we call the human brain. The Soul is also the One Life showing itself under other and better conditions just as a light shows brilliantly through a transparent medium and dimly through one that is not so transparent. The object of occult development is so to purify the medium through which the light shines that it shall transmit the light instead of obstructing it, and this must be done by the cultivation of impersonal thought and by compelling the mind to think along the lines of its real nature. Try not to think of the Mind and the Soul as being separate entities. Try to think of life itself as a unity rather than of the states and conditions under which that Unity may show itself and realize that what you call the Mind is actually the universal life acting for the moment under the disabilities of the brain and of selfishness.

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A man who disbelieves in his own divinity is an atheist. *Vedanta* 

## DREAMS.

There is no reason why we should not get together while we can and tell each other our dreams.—*Plato*.

For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceived it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings upon the bed, then He openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instructions.—*Elihu*.

I believe men only dream that they may not cease to see. I have fallen asleep in tears, but in my dreams the loveliest figures came to give me comfort and happiness and I awoke the next morning fresh and cheerful.—*Goethe*.

The man who undertakes their interpretation should understand the book of God and remember the words of his Apostle, whose name be perpetually blessed. He should comprehend the Arabic proverbs, the etymology of words, the distinction of men and of their habits and of their conditions, be skilled in interpretation and possess a clean spirit, chaste, moral, and the word of truth.—*Mohammedan writings*.

As I fully believe I am commanded to do this (teach the young) by God, speaking in oracles, and in dreams, and in every way by which the divine voice has ever spoken to man and told him what to do.—*Socrates*.

The good and bad men are least distinguishable when asleep; whence it is a common saying that during one-half of life there is no difference between the happy and the wretched, and this accords with our anticipations; for sleep is an inactivity of the soul in so far as it is demonstrated good or bad except that in some wise some of its movements find their way through the veil and so the good come to have better dreams than ordinary men.—*Aristotle*.

I have sometimes found difficulty in distinguishing dreams from reality.—*Descartes*.

Who knows whether that part of life when people think they are awake is but

another kind of sleep, a trifle different from the first, to which people are aroused when they think they are asleep.—*Pascal*.

Our animal ancestors were not birds and we can not inherit sensations of flying, but they floated and swam for longer than they have had legs; they had a radically different mode of breathing, and why may there not be vestigial traces of this in the soul as there are of gill-slits under our necks? . . . To me sensations of hovering, gliding by an inner impulse rather than limbs, falling and rising, have been from boyhood very real, both sleeping and waking.—*Stanley Hall*.

From all these signs it must be concluded that the soul has in some degree historical strata, the oldest stratum of which would correspond to the unconscious.—*Jung*.

I went upstairs to Mrs. Lincoln's reading-room. Feeling somewhat tired, I lay down upon a couch in the room, directly opposite a bureau upon which was a looking-glass. As I reclined my eye fell upon the glass, and I saw distinctly two images of myself, exactly alike, except that one was a little paler than the other. I arose and lay down again with the same result.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

I can give but an instance or so of what part is done sleeping and what part awake and leave the reader to share what laurels there are, at his own nod between myself and my collaborators, and to do this I will first take a book that a number of persons have been polite enough to read, "The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." I had long been trying to write a story upon this subject, to find body, a vehicle for that strong sense of man's double being which must at times come in upon and overwhelm the mind of every thinking creature. I had written one, "The Traveling Companion," which was returned by an editor on the plea that it was a work of genius and indecent, and which I burned the other day on the ground that it was not a work of genius and that Jekyll had supplanted it. Then came one of those financial fluctuations to which (with an elegant modesty) I have hitherto referred to in the third person. For two days I went about

racking my brains for a plot of any sort; and on the second night I dreamed the scene at the window, a scene afterwards split in two, in which Hyde, pursued for some crime, took the powder and underwent the change in the presence of his creditors. All the rest was made awake, and consciously, though I think I can trace in it much of the manner of my Brownies.—*Stevenson.*

Were my memory as faithful as my reason is fruitful, I would never study but in dreams, and this time I would choose for my religious devotions.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

I have had in my dreams reflections in spite of myself, in which I had no part. I had neither will nor freedom, and yet I combined ideas with sagacity, and even with some genius. . . . Whatever theory you may adopt and whatever futile efforts you may make to prove that your memory rules your brain, and that your brain moves your soul, you are obliged to admit that all of your ideas come to you in sleep, independently of you and in spite of you. Your will has no part in them whatsoever. It is certain then that you may think seven or eight hours consecutively without having the least desire to think, or without even knowing that you do think.—*Voltaire.*

Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace.—*Acts* xvii, 9.

Every night for nearly five years the devil lay on his feet and weighted them with the likeness of a phantom weight so that Romauld could scarcely turn on his couch.—*Taylor.*

For I, too, have my dream, my memory of one whom as a child I called Star-Eyes. . . . I was not more than seven when, one day by a well, near a sea-lock in Argyle, just as I was stooping to drink, my glancing eyes lit on a tall woman standing among a mist of wild hyacinths under three great sycamores. I stood looking as a fawn looks, wild-eyed and unafraid. She did not speak, but she smiled, and because of the love and beauty in her eyes, I ran to her. She

stooped and lifted the blueness out of the flowers, as one might lift foam out of a pool, and I thought she threw it over me. When I was found lying among the hyacinths, dazed, and as was thought, ill, I asked eagerly after the lady in white, and with hair all shiny like buttercups. . . . I was told I was sun-dazed and had been dreaming.—*William Sharp (Fiona Macleod).*

For I am sure that if any man were to wake that night in which he saw no dreams, and put it beside all the other days and nights of his whole life and compare them and say how many of them all were better spent or happier than that one night—I am sure that not the ordinary man alone, but the King of Persia himself, would find them few to count.—*Plato.*

He who would receive true dreams should keep a pure, undisturbed, and imaginative spirit and so compose it that it may be worthy of knowledge and government by the mind, for such a spirit is most fit for prophesying and is a most clear glass for all images which flow everywhere from all things. When, therefore, we are sound in body, are not disturbed in mind, our intellect not made dull by heavy meats and strong drinks, not sad through poverty, not provoked through lust, nor incited by any vice, nor stirred up by wrath and anger, not being irreligiously or profanely inclined, nor given to levity nor lost in drunkenness, but chastely going to bed fall asleep, then our pure and divine soul being free from all the evils above recited and separated from all hurtful thoughts and now freed by dreaming, is endowed with this divine spirit, and doth perceive these beams and representations which are darted down as it were and shine forth from the Divine Mind into itself is a deifying glass.—*From an old dream book.*

For so He giveth unto His beloved in sleep.—*Psalms* cxvii.

A skillful man dreams for his self-knowledge.—*Emerson.*

Man lives plunged in a world of illusion and deceptive forms, which the vulgar take for reality.—*Democritus*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 LABORATORY.

It seems that there are certain Theosophists who wish to start a theosophical laboratory for purposes of experiment and research. They believe that a practical demonstration of abnormal powers would have an influence upon the thought of the world, that it would serve as a basis for philosophy.

We are inclined to think that the promoters of this scheme are either self-deceived as to their own motives or that they have a very inadequate conception of the mission of Theosophy itself. Moreover, the work that they propose to do is already being done, and done very much better than they can do it.

At the present time there are scores, literally scores, of scientific men who are engaged in this work of psychical research. Their methods may leave much to be desired, they may be tainted with materialism, and their conclusions may be narrow and prejudiced. None the less they have collected a vast array of facts, and they are indisputable facts. They cover the whole field of phenomena so far as it is open to them. A theosophical laboratory could do no more than is already being done, and since such a laboratory would necessarily be conducted by minds largely untrained in the work of precise observation and record it would command no special attention and would arouse no special interest. In point of fact it would be absolutely ignored, and rightly so.

There is not a single phenomenon that would come within the scope of such a laboratory that is not already included in the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research. Outside of this Society there are investigators of the highest eminence, entirely unprejudiced, and whose results and conclusions are available to every one. A theosophical laboratory would do no more than duplicate their experiments, while the reports of their proceedings would have none of the weight that is given only to training, and to experience in methods of absolute precision and caution. It would be far better to offer the theosophical explanation of the results already obtained than to enter a field of research that is already so competently occupied.

It might be further suggested that the object of Theosophy—at least the main object—is not to prove the reality of supernormal capacities, but rather to recommend a philosophy that shall make fraternity a living power in the minds of men. All other things are immaterial from the theosophical standpoint. No man is necessarily the better because the reality of clairvoyance, for example, has been demonstrated to him. It has already been demonstrated past all possibility of honest doubt. It has been demonstrated by innumerable independent and credible investigators, and a theosophical laboratory could add nothing to the weight of evidence and proof that has already been collected. Those



who remain still unconvinced are not likely to be moved from their incredulity by more experiments and more demonstrations. And we should be saved from all such fruitless activities if we were more intent upon the spread of a philosophy of fraternity than by the satisfaction of our own curiosities and the gratification of those who are always ready to marvel at some new thing.

### ASCETICISM.

#### *What is asceticism?*

Human consciousness may be compared with the mercury in a thermometer. It passes from level to level, but, unlike the mercury, it does so by a power inherent in itself; in other words by will. Consciousness may reside in the domain of the body and of the senses. Or it may pass upward to the plane of the intellect. Or it may rise still higher until it becomes spiritual.

The consciousness of the average man is in the body and the senses. That is to say he conceives of himself as functioning only through the senses. His conception of happiness is sensuous gratification, although this may be of a relatively high order, as in the pursuit of art and music. His desires all tend to the possession of things. Habitually he regards himself as a body, or as so intimately connected with a body as to be unthinkable apart from it. The consciousness of such a man is on the material plane, although this is quite compatible with a virtuous and moral life. But his consciousness may not be wholly on the material plane. It may oscillate between two or more planes, just as the mercury oscillates in a thermometer. None the less its habitat, its home, will be on the plane of the body.

Asceticism is the effort to free the consciousness from the control of the body, and to dissolve the partnership that has lasted so long. The body may be imagined as consisting of innumerable animal lives that constantly call on consciousness for their support and gratification. The consciousness has gradually accepted the association, and this has finally become a sort of identification. Thus we say that we are hungry or thirsty, whereas it is not we who are hungry or thirsty, since hunger and thirst are purely bodily affairs. And so

with all the affairs of the senses. They would have no power over consciousness but for the fact that consciousness has become merged and entangled in them.

The first step in asceticism is the realization that we are not our bodies nor compelled in any way to obey their behests except in so far as it is our duty to nourish and sustain them. We must learn to sit disinterestedly in judgment upon our bodies unswayed by them except as duty may dictate. The process is necessarily one of discipline and of detachment, but under no circumstances does a true asceticism demand the ill-treatment of the body. This is always the reverse of spirituality. But it does demand a sense of detachment from the body. The body must be the servant, and not the master. It must not be allowed to pose as the partner of consciousness. It must be taught to make its requests as to a superior who shall determine their propriety unmoved by self-concern or the illusion of identity. In other words the body must not be allowed to usurp the place of the "I."

This is ordinarily, but incorrectly, called self-denial. Actually it is the denial, the restraint, the regulation of the body. It is the effort to detach consciousness from the body, to keep the consciousness unruffled, unconcerned, no matter what the vicissitudes of the body. This is always the first stage in a true asceticism.

### UNIVERSAL PROVERBS.

The wolf changes his coat, but not his nature.

What good is soap to a negro, and advice to a fool?

God builds the nest of the blind bird.

The eye is a window which looks into the heart.

He who is far from the eye is far from the heart.

The young of the raven appears to it a nightingale.

The dog barks, but the caravan passes on.

And what could be more divine than the exhalations of the earth which affect the human soul so as to enable her to predict the future? And could the hand of time evaporate such a virtue? Do you suppose you are talking of some kind of wine or salted meat?—*Cicero*.

## THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

"Look within," says Marcus Aurelius. "Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig." True peace is always from within. Heaven is a state of consciousness, and does not necessarily refer to any post-mortem condition:

The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

Learn to control the mind, for "the Mind is the Great Slayer of the Real." It is only then that the soul becomes flooded with the infinite peace of the Spirit, that peace which passeth understanding. Heaven or hell is *here* and *now*. If one can not find true happiness within himself it is needless for him to look elsewhere.

All misery and unhappiness can be traced to one cause. There is, in reality, but one sin, one source of misery, sorrow, and pain. That one sin is Selfishness, the belief which causes us to act in everything from a personal motive, from a desire for personal gain, regardless of the well-being of our fellow-men. A moment's reflection will show that this statement is undeniably true. What causes some rich people to hoard their wealth or spend it lavishly on themselves? Selfishness, lack of sympathy for their suffering fellow-mortals. Why do many people engage in charitable undertakings? Is it always from a true love of humanity? By no means? It is due in many cases to a desire for the approval and approbation of men, or based on a selfish fear of punishment were they to abstain from helping others. This is only an exalted kind of selfishness, and one which, by its very subtlety, is dangerous. And herein we should all test our motive, for it is the motive alone which determines whether an act be good or bad, selfish, or unselfish.

Altruism, then, is the remedy for all sin, sorrow, and unhappiness. Happiness, or heaven, is obtained by a reversal of the selfish process, by changing one's motive for action. The road to happiness is in willing service for others. The sure way to the Divine Life is in forgetfulness of self; by living, suffering, and rejoicing with and for our fellow-men; by following the teaching of the Golden Rule, that is, by trying to put ourselves in the other fellow's place, to

endeavor to sympathize with him so that we shall understand how best to serve him, how best to help him.

Our own numberless sins and shortcomings should make us tolerant of the failings of others. What right have we to judge others? We never know of the many inward struggles and temptations with which our neighbor is beset. "If the wise man of the world who carefully picks holes in the character of others would but expend the same skill on himself, what could prevent him from breaking through the bonds of ignorance?" This from the Upanishads. And again from the same work: "Life is as dear to all beings as it is to one's self; feel compassion for every being, taking thy own self as the measure." Instead of criticizing one another, it is infinitely better to encourage one another in true spiritual effort to bear one another's burdens in the true spirit of brotherhood.

Paul tells us that love, or charity, is the greatest of all virtues. Now charity, as many seem to think, is not money-giving. The act of alms-giving may constitute true charity, and it may not. We all know the story of Sir Launfal, who only found the Holy Grail in sharing with the leper his last crust. He then realized that true charity consists of

Not what we *give*, but what we *share*,  
For the gift without the giver is bare.  
Who gives *himself* with his alms feeds three—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

This message of service is the keynote of the Theosophical teaching. One of the theosophical teachers wrote in this respect: "He who does not practice altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation, or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defense as he would undertake his own—is no Theosophist."

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill  
Our fatal shadows that walk with us still.  
—*Baumont and Fletcher.*

Abstraction is the faculty by which man rules nature.

## RELIGION IN INDIA.

A question recently put at a theosophical meeting may be regarded as representative of a prevalent misconception. Why, it was asked, do Theosophists lay so much stress upon the religions of India, when it would seem that those same religions have done so little for the social and material advantage of their adherents?

Now in the first place it may be said that Theosophists do not lay stress upon the religions of India nor of any other country in particular. Theosophy professes to be that body of truth that underlies all religions and of which all religions are aspects or presentations, more or less imperfect. Wherever variation or antagonism is found to exist between the world faiths there we may suspect the insidious and subtle results of a priestcraft that profits by discord and thrives upon enmities. Banish the creeds, the commentaries, and the interpretations, the Westminster Confessions, the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Catechisms, the whole cargo of clerical futilities and imaginings, and it will be easy to see that the world faiths are related to each other like the many facets of the same diamond. The phraseology and the emphasis may vary, but all of them are obviously renderings of the same philosophy and based upon the same superhuman knowledge.

The misconception, indicated by the question probably arises from the use of a Sanskrit terminology. But there is no significance in this. The Sanskrit language is peculiarly adapted to metaphysical and philosophical uses. It was the creation of the subtle thought of thousands of years of religious speculation and psychical analysis. It is therefore peculiarly suited to theosophical uses, possessing as it does a vast vocabulary of metaphysical terms for which there is no English equivalent. But it would be a mistake to infer from this that Theosophy bears any special relation to the present religion of India, for it does not. The current Indian faiths are as degraded as those of the West, although in a different way, and there is perhaps no country in the world in greater need of enlightenment than is India.

And in this connection it may be said

that there is nothing more absurd than the avidity with which certain teachings are received in the West merely because they are imparted by a native of India. It would be just as intelligent to place reliance upon a so-called teacher merely because he has red hair or a Roman nose. There are some good Americans who know more of the Secret Science than all the perambulating Swamis who ever smoked fifty-cent cigars or gathered in the shekels of the faithful. And the more genuine the teacher the more insistent are his assurances that actually he can teach nothing and that all knowledge must be sought by "self-induced and self-devised efforts."

## A GHOSTLY SUIT.

(From St. Louis Mirror.)

That suit of Harper & Brothers to stop Mitchell Kennerley's selling of the novel "Jap Herron," said to have been communicated by the spirit of Mark Twain via the ouija board in St. Louis, still hangs fire. The trial should involve the whole question of the authenticity of communications from the dead. We should then have as interesting reading as we had when Ann Odelia Diss de Bar was tried about 1889 for getting a lot of money out of an old man named Marsh, if I remember aright, by producing spirit photographs of departed friends and relatives of his. Harper & Brothers probably don't care about authenticity. They don't want any one to sell anything written by Mark Twain because they own the copyright on that name and have exclusive right in all his productions—living or dead—if copyright runs *outré tombe*. But I am wondering what position Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitch—Clara Clemens—will take with regard to "Jap Herron." I don't know that she has read the book reputed to have been "dictated" by her father after his death through Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings and Mrs. Lola V. Hays of St. Louis, or what she thinks of it, but I do know that about two years ago there appeared in the St. Louis *Republic*, on a Sunday, a full-page story dealing with the strange psychic experiences of this daughter of Mark Twain, whose husband, the noted pianist, is now leader of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. I came upon this article the other day. It tells how Mrs.

Gabrilowitch, from her fourth to her fourteenth year, had an affable familiar spirit attendant upon her—an old witch, as Mrs. Gabrilowitch describes her. This spirit appeared to her and told her things; once that a neighbor's calf was dead, where there was every reason to believe the calf was alive, the truth of the calf's demise being proved later; again that a certain Mrs. B was dead, similarly demonstrated later in actual fact. Then the spirit told Mrs. Gabrilowitch to go to her sister and tell her to stop writing romances, of which practice Mrs. Gabrilowitch knew nothing. Mrs. Gabrilowitch told the sister the message and the sister was surprised that her secret labors were known and ceased them in response to the spirit instructions. No one in the family or out of it had any knowledge that the sister was writing stories. Mrs. Gabrilowitch also narrates how her father reading a paper, looked up therefrom and remarked to her mother, "What use do you think they are putting the X-Ray to now?" Mrs. Clemens, who had not read the paper, replied, "To detect false gems and jewels," and that was the very thing Mark Twain had been reading, that had prompted his question. Possibly Mrs. Gabrilowitch does not agree with the brilliant Miss Agnes Repplier's sarcastically negational attack in a late *Atlantic* upon the whole school of spook poems, plays, and novels—an attack, by the way, absolutely innocent of anything that can be dignified by designation as argument. Miss Repplier doesn't like the necromantic literature. She doesn't believe in it—as literature. I don't believe it is communicated by the dead, but some of it has the quality not alone of literature, but of a great creative literature—"The Sorry Tale," for example. Mrs. Gabrilowitch may doubt that her father spelled out "Jap Herron" on the ouija board, but I doubt that she doubts the fact that a book can "come" that way. To be sure, "Jap Herron" does absolutely reverse the Mark Twain atheism that was his creed when alive, but then Mrs. Hutchings says he now says, via the ouija board, that he knows better. Will Mrs. Gabrilowitch be a witness for Harper & Brothers or for Mitchell Kennerley, Mrs. Hutchings, and Mrs. Hays? Why not call Mark Twain himself to testify through the mediums?

## ISLAM.

(By Morris Jastrow, Jr.)

The ethics of Islam are simple. Fair dealings with one's neighbors and kindness towards animals may be said to sum up the chief virtues, though they must be supplemented by the performance of the religious duties and the obligation to have one's children instructed in the teachings of Islam. Abstinence from strong drink, emphasized by Mohammed in connection with his general opposition towards the luxuries that accompany a higher culture, made for simple habits of life and encouraged a self-restraint that acted wholesomely in other respects. Though on the whole an austere religion, Islam did not discourage the cultivation of the fine arts, though with a restriction against the reproduction of the human figure. It directly promoted literature, with the exclusion, to be sure, of the drama, and furthered science, more particularly medicine and mathematics, by the side of historiography, geography, and jurisprudence, bound up, however, with the theological legalism. Nor should we forget our debt to the Mohammedan theologians and thinkers who transmitted the teachings of Aristotle, albeit that they gave to his speculations a Mohammedan garb.

Up to the present the indications are that Mohammedanism can absorb Western influences to a certain extent without either losing its character or its hold on the masses. The impression one receives on a visit to Egypt, where contact with the West is direct, is that merely the surface of Islam has been touched by the infusion of Western modes of life. The old incrustrated culture of the East, so indissolubly bound up with Islam, stands proof against attacks, at least to the extent of preserving all its essential features.

Just here is the crux of the problem. Islam is more than a religion—it is a distinct form of civilization, just as Christianity is part and parcel of European and American civilization, and as Buddhism is bound up with the Hindu attitude toward life. In a contact between two civilizations as distinct from one another as the Islamic East and the Christian West there seems to be no possibility of a mutual approach. Certainly one may question whether missionary ef-

forts, however praiseworthy and however zealously and skillfully conducted, will ever bring about such an approach—perhaps in part for the reason that on the purely religious and ethical side Islam has so much in common with Christianity, though differing, to be sure, in some essentials.—From *"Religions of the Past and Present."* Edited by James A. Montgomery, Ph. D., S. T. D.

## TEACHINGS OF A MYSTIC.

(From the Works of J. Kernning.)

The first spiritual evidence to which a certain student was referred were the phenomena of dreams. Here the reader will be as astonished as was that student, for he can not comprehend how such common manifestations can serve as foundation for the greatest of teachings, the doctrine of Immortality. But just in this respect we must admire the loving care of the primeval Creative Power, inasmuch as it has laid its first proof so close at hand, thereby blessing us with an unceasing call to enter into its school and learn its lessons.

Dreams, it will be said, are illusions; therefore they are no proof of the truth of any doctrine. Dreams are illusions; this can not be gainsaid. But they nevertheless present pictures whose existence can be denied by no one, therefore they form a more substantial substructure than the ordinary inferences put together with doctrinal correctness, with which the head is filled, but which leave the emotions unaffected.

Dreams have no value for the ordinary scholar because they are without objectivity; or, in common speech, because the object of the dream does not come into contact with the senses. For instance, when a person appears to us in a dream that person knows nothing about it, and from this it is concluded that evidences resting upon such a phenomenon are inadmissible. But, since the spirit sees all things in its own light, in pictures of its own creation, this objection loses its force, for it is just in this way that the independence of spiritual activity is shown, in that it has the power to create everything out of itself.

I do not know whether I express myself plainly enough here, or whether sub-

terfuges may not yet be made to attack this first degree in the process of recognition of a life in the spirit. I maintain that the case is as clear as the sun. Therefore we will leave each one to think for himself which view is the better founded, and content ourselves with challenging those who declare the creations of our dreams to be nothing, to name a similar power which works and creates with such ease and vividness and which, as in the case of our dreams, comprehends within itself everything belonging to life.

The phenomena of dreams have, to be sure, no positive lesson for the ordinary uses of life, since they are not expressions of our free will. They come and go without our consent, and no one can say, I will now dream of this or that. We are limited in this respect, and we must submit to whatever occurrences within us that the aroused powers may be pleased to permit. This fact, however, does not diminish the peculiar value of the phenomenon; on the contrary, it shows us that there exists a power beyond us which does not trouble itself about our apparent will.

The functions of the inner life are unceasingly active; they need no rest, no relaxation. When the man, at his own pleasure, can establish an equilibrium with these functions, enabling himself to see, hear, and feel their manifestations whenever he may choose to perceive them, then those manifestations become our own possessions, giving us that which we demand, and then for the first time attaining truth and significance in our estimation.

Dreams and voluntary seership are the two poles of spiritual activity, and upon these are founded the teachings of immortality held by all religions.—*The Path, May, 1887.*

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.*

With pure thoughts and fullness of love, I will do towards others what I do for myself.—*Buddha.*

## THE GREAT EXPECTANCY.

The following suggestive paragraph is taken from an article that appeared recently in the *Atlantic Monthly* and that has now been published in small volume form by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title of "The Great Expectancy" (35 cents). The author is Margaret Prescott Montague:

"Just think," commented a friend of mine, looking at two little girls of five and six, "these children will not be able to remember what the world was like before the war." No, that is past history now. Where are those old years of 1911, 1912, 1913? They seem ages away across there in the sunshine of the past, with a black chasm yawning between us. Never did history leap so abruptly from one epoch to another. Some of us do not yet realize the change. We think that when peace returns the old world as we knew it will return with it. And in that hope we are still trying to pull the remnants of that old world up over our ears to shut out the tremendous footfalls of the oncoming new. We think to placate the ravenous times with little sops of service, a little knitting, a little patriotism, a little Red Cross work, as if one sought to defend one's self with a knitting needle against the Kingdom of Heaven. Like the man in the parable, we had built smug material barns, and thought ourselves safe, when suddenly God said, "Thou fool, this night is thy soul required of thee."

Can Fate be moving toward such an overwhelming event, just there behind the curtain of human sight, and no one in the world have any prescience of it? Did not the coming events cast their shadows before in all the wild restlessness of the first years of the century? And did not some of us perhaps invite ourselves into life for this very period? Since time immemorial there has been the belief that the spirit, before it enters the world, pulling the dark veil of time and matter over the eyes, has chosen its entry with a foreknowledge of what that period of life is to hold. What if some of us came into the world for the very sake of these tremendous times? Can this be true? Who knows? Not I, at least. I know only that, if it were true, when we got back to the other side, and stood at the crossroads of eternity, where we could look both forward and back, we should be deeply humiliated if, when the great events which we had sent our spirits forth to meet had arrived, they had so overwhelmed us that we went down into despair before them, instead of meeting them with courage and high spirits, and weaving out of them some great redemption.

The author's suggestion is, of course, based upon a fact, and probably she knows it. The soul does choose its entry into life, and it does so with a knowledge of "the judgment of God and the doom assigned." Just as the departing soul sees a panorama of its past, so the

reincarnating soul is allowed a vision of its future and accepts the just decrees of fate. We may allow ourselves another quotation from a remarkable essay:

One holds no brief for war. This new thing was knocking at the doors of the world before 1914, and no one can say whether the war has hastened or retarded its entry; but perhaps it was inevitable that the old world of the materialist, topheavy with its overweening pride, should, like the devil-possessed swine of the Scriptures, rush violently down a steep place to its own destruction, and in the throes of its titanic suicide pull the rest of the world temporarily down with it. Moreover, when man is well and prosperous and full of himself, there seems to be little room for God; but when his prosperous world comes suddenly to an end, it leaves within him a vacuum of despair, into which the Spirit may pour itself. Perhaps also we hold too cheaply beliefs for which we are never called upon to die.

The materialism of the world was not confined to a class, nor does any part of the world suffer unjustly. Civilization was saturated with materialism. It was not a scientific system, but a habit of thought. It walked hand in hand with religion. Our laws were based upon it and it corrupted every feature of our social life. Nor is there yet any substantial evidence that we have turned our back upon it or that we have learned the lesson of a world catastrophe.

The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His way before the works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no foundations abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth; while as yet He had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world. When He prepared the heavens I was there; when He set a compass upon the face of the depth: when He established the foundations of the deep: when He gave to the sea His decree that the waters should not pass His commandment: when He appointed the foundations of the earth: then I was by him, as one brought up with Him: and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him; rejoicing in the habitable part of the earth; and my delights were with the sons of men.—*Proverbs viii.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## EDUCATION.

The subject of education, much debated before the war, is likely to be still more debated after the struggle is over. Looking deeply into the causes of war, we must necessarily recognize many forces for which education is responsible. We shall demand such revision of our methods as shall tend to lessen rather than to increase the combative instincts of mankind.

The majority of people never think about education at all. They are quite willing that others shall think for them. With that pathetic reliance upon the expert that characterizes the American mind they consign their children to the care of the theorists in the full conviction that education is a precise science like chemistry or mathematics, and that nothing is left to them but to conform.

But education is not a precise science. It is not a science at all. It is a vast experiment that is being played with the minds of our children, and an experiment that changes radically from age to age. Sometimes we may suspect that things educational are not as they should be, and particularly when we find that high school graduates have not enough arithmetic for a linen draper's counter, and that a business college certificate is quite compatible with an inability to spell words of more than one syllable. Then we are perplexed and wonder what is wrong. But very rarely do we take any

sort of action. Perhaps we shall be spurred to a greater activity as we realize that education, or the lack of it, may be answerable for war.

Our educational systems proceed always from some general principle, and if the basis or the foundation be wrong it is certain that the superstructure will be wrong, too. It is this basis that changes from time to time. We have different conceptions of the task before us, and the conception of one day is not necessarily the conception of the next.

For example, what are we trying to do when we set forth to educate a child? Is it our object to give to the child something that he did not possess before, just as we might give him a coat or a dinner? Or are we trying to call forth something that he already possesses in the depths of his nature? It is a vital question. The whole process of education depends upon our answer.

There were once two great philosophers and their influence upon education has been a powerful one. Kant taught that a child was born with certain innate knowledge and that education must call this knowledge to the surface and make it practical. Locke, on the other hand, said that the mind of the child was a clean slate. We could write upon it anything that we pleased. These two philosophers may be said to have controlled education.

During the last few decades our teaching systems have been based upon the



philosophy of Locke. We have believed it possible so to educate our children that they shall all be alike intellectually. We arrange them in classes. They repeat the same lessons at the same time, study from the same books, go through the same curriculum. Locke's system was the materialistic one and therefore it was the more popular. It has been called the *tabula rasa* system. It was the theory of the clean slate. The fact that children are not at all alike, that they show marked differences from their birth, did not matter at all. To cling to a theory in defiance of fact is one of our characteristics. Two children may be taught arithmetic in precisely the same way, but one will become a mathematician and the other can hardly learn the multiplication table. Obviously there must be some interior difference, just as there must be some interior difference between two flowers, since one is red and the other blue, even when the external conditions of growth are identical. Education can not consist wholly in putting something into the child. Evidently there is something that must be drawn forth from the child. Two children may be educated by exactly the same methods, but one is naturally a lawyer and the other is naturally a physician. Education may confer a knowledge of facts, but it also calls forth something far more important than facts; it develops natural aptitude and capacity, and these must have been already present. The child was born with them. We need not ask where these things came from and how it happens that the child comes into the world with an equipment of knowledge, sometimes of one kind and sometimes of another.

The education of the future will have to recognize this. It will have to give up the delusion that the mind of the child is raw material that can be molded by the teacher into shape that may be considered desirable, or that it is Locke's "clean slate" upon which we can write anything we please. If we do not write something that is consistent with the child's innate capacities the result will be failure, or at best a mediocre attainment. To confer facts upon a child will be of very little value unless those facts are consonant with the foundation of knowledge that already existed. The most valuable of all education is the education

that confers a love of knowledge. The child will then grow intellectually according to its own bent and like a tree grows. The part of the teacher is to supply the conditions that are favorable to growth.

Psychology will one day set itself earnestly to work to determine the source of the knowledge with which a child is born, to discover the cause of the attributes and capacities with which it seems to be equipped at birth. These can not be due to heredity, or only to a slight extent, seeing that the greatest artists and lawyers and soldiers did not have artists or lawyers or soldiers in their families. The miserly father has a spendthrift son, and neither virtue nor vice is transmitted. Education, environment, and example will do much, but when all these have been allowed for we can not escape the conviction that the innate capacities of the child were not conferred upon him, but that they must have been acquired by him, and that birth is not a beginning, but a continuation. And the recognition of this will be the basis of a new method of education from which we may anticipate the greatest results.

#### THE QUERY EVERLASTING.

On we go. On we go,  
Each with his portion of weal and woe.  
But whether the threads are of joy or  
grieving  
The loom of time is forever weaving.

To and fro, to and fro,  
Man watches the shuttle and murmurs  
low  
When the web is dark past all conceiv-  
ing,  
But mortal hopes are beyond believing.

Eons ago, cons ago,  
Hearts beat as now and yearned to know  
Why each must give himself unper-  
ceiving  
That the master of life may keep on  
weaving.—*Springfield Republican*.

There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever.—*De Quincey*.

## DREAMS.

Twenty-five years ago the scientific world was wholly indifferent to the meaning and significance of dreams. An interest in dreams was a mark of superstition. Seriously to study dreams would have been considered an evidence of insanity. Today it would be tedious to enumerate the scientific books that have been written on this once forbidden topic. Dreams are being studied as the gateway to the unexplored domain of the human soul.

The latest addition to the literature of dreams is a volume by Katherine Taylor Craig. It is a substantial book of nearly four hundred pages, and if we fail to find a new theory or even the defense of an old one we can but admire the industry with which the author has collected every recorded fact, the fidelity with which she sets forth a dozen rival philosophies, and sustains them with a mass of evidence and experience drawn from all ages and all sorts and conditions of men. It is probable that no such book has ever before been published, or one that is so inexhaustible a mine of fact and conjecture.

Theosophical theories are mentioned in many places, and not always with entire accuracy. The conjectures of individual Theosophists ought not to be confounded with Theosophy itself, as seems to have been done in the following passage, which is none the less well worth quoting:

Mme. Blavatsky, the exponent of Theosophy, has taught that many laws governing psychic conditions are unknown to science; among them the law governing the phenomena of dreams, a doctrine that is corroborated by modern scientists of even the most materialistic school. According to theosophical doctrines, dreams are the experiences of the wandering soul, temporarily freed from the trammels of the body. Cases of persons having witnessed occurrences that actually transpired at vast distances from where the bodies lay asleep have been authenticated in support of this theory.

Not only do physical stimuli affect the dream, but psychic or psychological influences have been known to do so, a fact that has been contended by occultists and theosophists for many years before the reluctant admission was wrested from science.

The occultists, however, are somewhat at variance upon the subject of dream sources. Papus and others of his school agree with Porphyry and Synesius in attributing dreams to spiritistic sources, namely, to elementals or evil spirits in some instances, and to spir-

itual and holy influences in many cases. On the other hand, Franz Hartmann, also an occultist, distrusts dream experiences as a commingling of the objective and subjective that necessarily engenders a confusion of the psychic and physical. Although he admits that the deeper dreams are purely psychic, he does not consider that man is at present sufficiently developed to receive them.

Theosophy does not say that "dreams are the experience of the wandering soul." Some dreams may be. But dreams are not to be explained by a formula. The dream states are just as varied as the waking states, probably far more so, and they can not be brought within the compass of a general explanatory phrase.

Among the favorite dream theories of the moment is that of "inherited memory," and this presumably means memory held by the cells of the body and transmitted in some way to the mind:

The widely quoted experience of Professor Agassiz, in which he solved in his dream a problem that had baffled him for weeks, is a puzzle which has many answers. The obscure outline of a fossil fish on a marble slab meant nothing to the great naturalist who vainly endeavored to decide what portions of the marble should be chiseled away in order to bring the whole fish to light. At length the completed fish appeared in his dream; for three successive nights the vision returned, until finally he sat up in his darkened bedroom, made a sketch of the fish he had seen in his dream and, turning over, went back to sleep. The next morning he discovered that his dream-self had drawn the fish with sufficient accuracy to determine him to break the surface of the stone beneath which the fossil was concealed. This knowledge of piscatorial anatomy could scarcely have been inherited from ignorant forbears, nor could it have lain in the learned man's subconsciousness, for the fossil remains antedated any fish within his experience; and in view of the uncharted experiences in race history which the immensity of the nervous system makes possible, such a dream may naturally be attributed to inherited memory.

The objection put forth by many scientists to this doctrine is that it opens the door not only to reincarnation or metempsychosis, but to clairvoyance, spiritualism, and other superterrestrial modes of acquiring superterrestrial knowledge—or theories. And yet the information acquired by these methods is challenged and held as scientific heresy, although Jung, Freud, and many others at times draw perilously near the borderline. To quote Jung: "From all these signs it must be concluded that the soul has in some degree historical strata, the oldest stratum of which would correspond to the unconscious."

Inherited memories as translated by science do not move in generations, they bound in centuries, and this idea is somewhat akin to

the teaching of reincarnation, or the rebirth of the same soul through countless lives and vast experiences whose memory is closed by the gates of birth and death. Between these portals the mortal may now and again catch startling glimpses of the terrors and joys of past lives. Most frequently these experiences come by way of dreams.

It is not easy to see why science should be willing to admit the memory of the atom and not of the soul, nor why science should be unwilling to accept one theory because it is apt to open the door to another. If the atom preserves a memory of all its past experiences, why should not the soul be credited with the same power?

Mysticism, says the author, admits us to realms of knowledge from which intellect alone will debar us. The kingdom of heaven is declared unto babes, and while we all believe this as a matter of religious faith we are apt to scout it in the world of practical affairs:

Whatever the origin and whatever the definition of mysticism, it was undoubtedly the soul of primitive Christianity, and even at the present day this faith produces its quota of mystics. A supernatural faculty continues to accompany the fervid type of mystic, a sense akin to clairvoyance, vision, and dream-consciousness. This faculty puzzles the more learned and worldly-wise, for the essentials of mysticism do not pertain to the erudite nor to the scientific, but are endowments of the lowly, precisely as the Master Mystic chose to appear to the humble folk rather than to the great ones or to the mighty. Sometimes a little child will make a statement revealing astounding knowledge of elemental forces; or again some lowly old man or woman whose eyes are unaccustomed to the beautiful things of the world and whose toil-stained hands are perpetually busied over some humble task will manifest a deep wisdom regarding the qualities of the soul and of the unseen world that will send the listener away bewildered. In fact these untaught ones are, for the most part, the mystics of today, and their knowledge of spiritual truths is beyond the ken of the ordinary mortal as they prophecy of unborn kings and of unfought battles and of cosmic conditions of which they can have no ulterior knowledge. No study of books nor of the sciences could have told them—yet they know. They will answer, as their kind have ever done when asked, that they find their wisdom in dreams and visions. And scoffers question their veracity and hold them up to contumely, or if the prophet chance to be a relative, they silence him with a guilty terror lest he be overheard saying strange things, yet there has been a time in the world's history when the forecasts of the mystics and dreamers of the past were accepted reverently, for they made all that was beautiful and everlasting in the hearts of men. To them, the untutored, we owe our legends,

proverbs, and traditions. Through the mysticism of the common man, not the practicality of the wise one, the kernal of Christianity was preserved throughout the dark ages.

It would be easy to multiply quotations from this remarkable volume, but perhaps enough has been done to show its quality. The volume ends with an interpretation of the symbolism of dreams, and perhaps this might have been omitted with advantage. There is also a section on the interpretation of dreams by means of symbolism, and here it would seem as though the author had abbreviated the regular geometric method, although perhaps this does not matter, seeing that all methods of divination must depend mainly upon the psychic faculties of the operator rather than upon the mechanism that is used to call them forth.

THE FABRIC OF DREAMS. By Katherine Taylor Craig. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

### THE GREAT EXPECTANCY.

"Some look," says Miss Montague in the course of an essay, "for a furtherance of democracy out of this great conflict, and some for a brotherhood among the nations; but others again look for something more—a fuller incarnation of the spirit." This "fuller incarnation of the spirit" is what she means by "the Great Expectancy." She thinks that even before the war many, many souls were uneasy, on tiptoe with expectation of some momentous development, and she finds the proof of it in the unrest that was sweeping through the civilized nations during the first decade of this century. And now, she feels sure, this spirit of expectancy is astir everywhere. "Shall not this be our gift?" she asks: "That we in America offer to all the gallant young men who have died for the cause of righteousness a solemn consecration and dedication of our hopes to the Great Expectancy?" And again in the course of the essay she says: "Life has all at once become a very solemn and sacred thing. We can not take it lightly any more, it is sanctified by the deaths of too many. It is a gift to us, something to be accepted gravely and reverently from dead hands and to be lifted up to such high and shining levels that the consecrated gift may be the me-

dium through which the Great Expectancy may find its way into the world for its fulfillment?" At the very end she asks, "What does the future hold?" and answers, "Agony, death, and war, no doubt, but also our own souls, God and the Great Expectancy."

Among previous "little books" by Miss Montague published by the Duttons in similarly dainty and attractive form were "Home to Him's Muvver" and "Twenty Minutes of Reality."

### THE BIRTH OF BUDDHA.

The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,

Lord Buddha, Prince Siddartha, styled on earth,

All honored, wisest, best, most pitiful;  
The Teacher of Nirvana and the Law.  
Thus came he to be born again for men.

That night the wife of King Suddhodana,

Maya, the Queen, asleep beside her Lord,

Dreamed a strange dream: dreamed that a star from heaven,—

Splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy pearl,

Whereof the token was the elephant

Six-tusked and whiter than Vahuka's milk,—

Shot through the void and, shining into her,

Entered her womb upon the right.  
Awaked

Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,

And over the earth a lovely light

For went the morn.

And when the morning dawned and this was told,

The gray dream-readers said "The dream is good.

The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun:

The Queen shall bear a boy, a holy child

Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh.  
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,

Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule."

—From "The Light of Asia."

### ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES.

(By Walter Woodburn Hyde, Ph. D.)

Today we know much more about the Eleusinian mysteries than did the scholars of a generation ago, and yet we know but little. Modern students of comparative religion and anthropology have helped us a good deal in making reasonable hypotheses, while archæology—the study of vases, reliefs, inscriptions, and especially the results of the excavations carried on at Eleusis—has told us much of their external organization and shown us the deities exactly as they appeared to the ancient initiates. We know that a mimetic drama of the nature of a mediæval Passion Play took place, in which was represented the story of Demeter's sorrowful search for her ravished daughter, and the subsequent marriage of Kore and Pluto and possibly the birth of a sacred child. In the production of such a play we know that no elaborate scenic effects took place in the Eleusinium to represent Heaven and Hell, since the excavations there have disclosed neither substructures nor underground passages. We also know that something more than this drama took place; that the hierophant revealed certain sacred objects and celebrated a holy communion. We have no proof, however, that a more mystic sacrament took place, in which the initiates believed they were partaking of the body of deity, as many scholars have assumed. We also are assured that these rites were not mere magical ones intended to promote the fertility of the fields or the well-being of the mystic. The secret of their tremendous influence can not be thus explained.

Scholars have made unwearying efforts to solve the problem of the inner esoteric meaning of the ritual. Eleusinian scenes on fifth-century vases help very little, since it was sacrilegious for the painter to reveal the mystery. Pagan writers, though showing the good influence of these sacred rites, are equally reticent. Few of the Church Fathers, though they were not bound by scruples, were pagans in their youth—like Clement and Arnobius—and so could have been initiated. What was this central mystery? There was certainly a sacred discourse, which could not have been concerned merely with corn symbolism, as

Varro implies, nor with nature philosophy, as certain passages in Cicero seem to indicate. A part of it may have explained the sacred symbols and it may have been colored by the philosophy of the day. But that could not have been all; it is safe to assume that this discourse held out to the initiates a promise of future happiness. Just how this was done we can not say. Foucart's notion that the whole object of the mysteries was, like that of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," to provide the initiates mere passwords and magic formulæ to help them on their road below and deliver them from the terrors of Hell, is in harmony with his Egyptianizing theory of their origin, but this can no longer be maintained, even if Egyptian influence can be traced in them. A passage in Aristotle helps us in solving the mystery. He says that the initiates "do not learn anything so much as feel certain emotions and are put into a certain mental attitude." Thus the appeal must have been to the eye and imagination—perhaps through a sort of religious mesmerism induced by the solemnity of the occasion, something akin to our Christian communion service or Catholic mass, a phenomenon not difficult to understand when we remember how susceptible Greek imagination was to the solemn pomp of religious pageantry. The initiates would go away, then, with a sense of closer union with the Powers of the underworld and a conviction of their future weal. These mysteries gave to Greek religion an atmosphere of awe and mystery and promise which was largely absent from the public cult. They must have awakened the imagination of the initiates to great heights of spiritual and moral grandeur—even if our knowledge of them does not let us definitely postulate just what the moral or spiritual dogmas were which they included. They truly were, as Dr. Farnell has said, "the highest and purest and most spiritual product of Greek religion."—*From "Religions of the Past and Present," Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.*

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There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one and the glory of the terrestrial is another.—*Paul.*

## I, LIFE, GOD.

(From "The Impersonal Life." Published by the Sun Publishing Company, San Diego.)

If that which you have read has awakened a response within, and the Soul of you yearns for more—then you are ready for what follows.

But if you still question or rebel at the seeming assumption of Divine authority for what is herein written, your intellect telling you it is but another attempt to beguile your mind with cunning suggestion and subtle sophistry—then you will receive no benefit from these words; for their meaning is as yet hidden from your mortal consciousness, and My Word must come to you through other avenues of expression.

And it is well if your personality with its intellect impels you thus to question and rebel against authority you do not yet *know* to be Mine. But it is really I Who cause your personality thus to rebel, for your personality with its proud sense of individuality is still needed by Me to develop a mind and body strong enough that they can perfectly express Me; and until you have become prepared to know Me it is the mission I have given your personality thus to question and rebel. But once you recognize My authority, that moment the undermining of the authority of the personality has begun, and the days of its dominion are numbered, and you will more and more turn to Me for help and guidance.

Therefore, be not dismayed and read on, and mayhap the recognition will come. But know that you can read or not, as you choose; but whichever you do it is really I Who choose, and not you.

For you, who seemingly choose not to read further, I have other plans, and in due season you shall learn that whatever you do, or like, or desire, it is I leading you through all the fallacies and illusions of the personality, that you may finally awaken to their unreality and then turn to Me as the one and only Reality. Then these words will find a response within:

"Be still!—and KNOW,—I AM,—GOD."

Yes, I AM that innermost part of you that sits within, and calmly waits and watches, knowing neither time nor

space; for I AM the Eternal and fill all space.

I watch and wait, for you to be done with your petty human follies and weaknesses, with your vain longings, ambitions, and regrets, knowing that will all come in time; and then you will turn to Me, weary, discouraged, empty, and humble, and ask Me to take the lead, not realizing that I have been leading you all the time.

Yes, I sit here within, quietly waiting for this; yet while waiting it was really I Who directed all your ways, Who inspired all your thoughts and acts, impersonally utilizing and manipulating each so as eventually to bring you and My other mortal expressions to a final conscious recognition of Me.

Yes, I have been within always, deep within your heart. I have been with you through all—through your joys and heartaches, your successes and mistakes, through your evil-doing, your shame, your crimes against your brother and against God, as you thought.

Aye, whether you went straight ahead, or strayed aside, or stepped backward, it was I Who caused you so to do.

It was I Who urged you on by the glimpse of Me in the dim distance I permitted.

It was I Who lured you aside by the glimpse of Me in some bewitching face, or beautiful body, or intoxicating pleasure, or overpowering ambition.

It was I Who appeared before you in the garb of Sin, or Weakness, or Greed, or Sophistry, and drove you back into the cold arms of Conscience, leaving you to struggle in its shadowy grasp; until you awakened to its impotency, rose up in disgust, and in the inspiration of the new vision tore off My mask.

Yes, It is I Who cause you to do all things, and if you can see it, *it is I Who do all things that you do*, and all things that your brother does; for that in you and in Him which Is, is I, My Self.

For I AM LIFE.

I am that which animates your body, which causes your mind to think, your heart to beat; I AM that which attracts to you pain or pleasure, be it of the flesh, the intellect, or the emotions.

I AM the Innermost, the Spirit, the animating Cause of your being, of all life, of all living things, both visible and

invisible; and there is nothing dead for I, the Impersonal ONE, AM *all* that there is. I AM infinite and wholly unconfined; the Universe is *My Body*, all Intelligence there is emanates from *My Mind*, all the Love there is flows from *My heart*, all the power there is, is but *My Will* in action.

The threefold Force, manifesting as all Wisdom, all Love, all Power, or if you will, as Light, Heat, and Energy, that which holds together all forms and is back of and in all expressions and phases of life, be those phases creative, cohesive, or destructive, is but the manifestation of *My Self* in the act or state of Being.

Nothing can *be* without manifesting and expressing some phase of Me, Who AM not only the Builder of all forms, but the Dweller in each. In the heart of each I dwell, in the heart of the human, in the heart of the animal, in the heart of the flower, in the heart of the stone. In the heart of each I live and move and have *My Being*, and from out the heart of each I send forth that phase of Me I desire to express, and which manifests in the outer world as a stone, a flower, an animal, a man.

Is there nothing, then, but this great I? Am I to be permitted no individuality for myself? I hear you ask.

No, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, that is not a part of Me, controlled and ruled eternally by Me, the *One Infinite Reality*.

As for your so-called individuality, that is not a part of Me, controlled and ruled eternally by Me, the *One Infinite Reality*.

As for your so-called individuality, that is nothing but your personality still seeking to maintain its separate existence.

But soon you shall know there is no individuality apart from *My individuality*, and all personality shall fade away into *My Divine Impersonality*.

Yes, and you shall soon reach that state of awakening where you will get a glimpse of *My Impersonality*, and you will then desire no individuality, no separation for yourself; for you will see that it is but one more illusion of the personality.

What is excellent, as God lives, is permanent.—Emerson.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## "KARMA."

Elsewhere will be found, reprinted from the *New York Times*, a review of Mr. Algernon Blackwood's drama of reincarnation. We are a little in doubt as to whether the more remarkable feature of this review is its ignorance or its superciliousness. We are told that "the disquieting feature of this play is that it has internal evidence that Mr. Blackwood really believes in its thesis." Mr. Blackwood may take this as a compliment if he wishes. It is no small thing to write in such a way that one's sincerity is evident. On the other hand, it is quite easy to make evident one's folly and without any particular effort.

The reviewer was apparently unaware that Mr. Blackwood believes in reincarnation, although he has written some capital stories of reincarnation. One would have supposed that Mr. Blackwood's opinions would be fairly well known even to a *Times* reviewer. Mr. Blackwood has been before the public for very many years and we do not remember that he has ever written about anything else than occultism and reincarnation. And now the *Times* reviewer arouses himself with a start of surprise to the fact that Mr. Blackwood actually believes in these things and that he is not merely working a literary vein for whatever in the way of profit may happen to be in it.

It is to be feared that there are other shocks and surprises in store for this in-

genious scribe. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Blackwood is not the only considerable literary figure who believes in reincarnation. There are others. They have even been known to flit in and out of the literary sanctum of the *Times* itself, although they may have concealed their heterodoxies in that chaste retreat.

There are certain persons who love to adopt the pose of living upon such lofty intellectual heights that the follies of the multitude remain almost unknown to them. They invite us to observe the start of surprise with which they become suddenly aware of the continuous existence of curious intellectual frailties that they had supposed to be extinct. They like to look over the edge, so to speak, of their own mental altitudes upon the unsuspected vagaries of lesser men. The *Times* reviewer evidently belongs to this category. He was unaware that any one believed in reincarnation and he is perturbed to find that Mr. Blackwood believes in it. It is "disquieting." But if he will take the trouble to make some inquiries he will find that there are others who believe in reincarnation and that Mr. Blackwood is in quite respectable company. He will find clergymen, lawyers, artists, authors, and soldiers who believe in reincarnation. He will find that Plato believed in reincarnation, but then the *Times* reviewer probably does not think much of Plato. He will probably be surprised, even "disquieted," by his discoveries. But let him take heart.



Probably he will believe in it himself one day, and then he will be just as supercilious toward those who do not.

### AN EXPLANATION.

Certain kindly inquiries from readers make necessary a word of explanation. Quotations from the current literature of the day sometimes find a place in these columns, but the inclusion of such excerpts must not be taken to imply their exact coincidence with theosophical theories. Anything that has a broad bearing upon the main objects of the Theosophical Society is considered to be of interest to our readers, even though it be not a precise reflection of the philosophy that they have made their own. Nor is it considered necessary to indicate such differences as may exist. The object of this magazine is not to inculcate a definite set of beliefs, but rather to record so far as may be possible the general trend of thought toward the theosophical position, and to show the solution that Theosophy offers to the various problems of the day. A religious or philosophical belief is not, after all, of very much importance, but it is of great importance that the human tide should set in the general direction of fraternity and altruism. Indeed there is nothing else of any importance at all.

In this current issue, for example, will be found a quotation from "Religions of the Past and Present" in which is contained a reference to the "Upanishads" as teaching that "men who are exceptionally wicked either are reborn as lower animals, or fall to one of the numerous hells which counterbalance the system of heavens." But this must not be taken to imply that this is also the theosophical teaching, for it is not. Theosophy says that the human state, once attained, is never again lost, although the reference in question may have a more profound meaning into which it is not necessary here to enter. None the less the quotation as a whole is one of deep interest as giving an admirable epitome of the Hindu conception even though we may not agree with it in its entirety. Moreover, it is distinctly a sign of the times that such a volume as this should be published, and that there should be so admirable, so unbiased, and so sympathetic a presentation of the religions of the

world without any of those odorous comparisons that were once considered essential to any reference to the non-Christian faiths. It is still more significant that Mr. Edgerton, the author of the article in question, should say of the theory of reincarnation and of its attendant implication of moral perfectibility that, "as to its moral grandeur and perfection I really do not see how there can be a difference of opinion."

The modern world has been so saturated with creeds and with a conviction of the importance of creeds that it is not easy to recognize a philosophy that relegates them to a subsidiary position. There are unfortunately many Theosophists who hesitate to hold or to express any opinion unless they can find its justification and sanction in some recognized theosophical source. It is unfortunate that they should show themselves so opaque to theosophical ideals, so slavish toward the letter and so indifferent to the spirit. But so far as this little magazine is concerned it seeks to welcome and to record each and every indication that the thought of the world is moving, however slowly, toward the broad ideal of human brotherhood and altruism which it is the object of Theosophy to create and to sustain.

### SOME SUPERSTITIONS OF WAR.

The word superstition is commonly used to designate a belief that is untrue and that is based upon unreason. But this is a perversion of the actual meaning which should be taken to indicate a belief that is not based upon known facts, and that does not depend upon the ordinary rational processes for its confirmation. A superstition is a belief that "stands above" reason, and therefore the whole domain of religion may be included within its domain. That a belief is superstitious does not invalidate its truth.

In the current issue of *Harper's Magazine* we find an article by Nina Larrey Duryea on "The Soul of Fighting France" and sub-titled "Some Spiritual Experiences and War-Time Superstitions." It is a sympathetic article. The writer does not look down from an intellectual height and display these superstitions for our rather cynical amusement. If she marvels at all it is a respectful marvel. Here, she seems to say,

is something worthy of our attention and our study. May it not be that the dire extremities of war produce a sort of superhuman vision and that laws of nature, ordinarily hidden, become manifest to those who expect to die and whose living is a triumph over the flesh.

The *poilu*, says the author, no longer looks on the post-mortem state as either heaven or hell. Death has become for him a complex thing, and there is now small room in his mind for the conventional devil with horns and hoofs:

But the *poilu's* conception of Paradise has also undergone a change. Eternity is no longer compassed by an abyss of horror below and a realm of unending bliss above, for each man is inventing theories of his own, of course quite in keeping with the ethics of the church. One hears on every side such expressions as "When I go on." Or, "Tell my wife that I shall remain near her, and to fear nothing." Or, "The good God would surely not take me so far away that I could not watch the battle and know the result."

The *poilu* believes implicitly that the battalions of the dead watch over the fight, and that their heroism is, so to speak, absorbed by the living. But there are no such battalions of the dead for the German who has no soul and who, when he dies, is dead indeed and forever ended. The *poilu* believes, too, that the battle of the Marne was a miracle, and that the German retreat was due to superhuman intervention. And, indeed, why not?

No less a personage than the military commandant of Roye affirmed that the battle of the Marne was a miracle. He was not particularly orthodox in his religious faith; rather he was a free-thinker, but he assured me that no military explanation for the flight of the Hun was technically adequate. A high military official at Verdun last June affirmed this same belief, adding with conviction that the war would end suddenly by a similar manifestation of divine control. A professor of the Sorbonne remarked:

"When will this war end? I know not, but suddenly it will vanish as quickly as it burst upon us, for, God having taught France to endure sorrow with dignity and patience, German force will become as running water."

One black night at Rambervillers, where every chink of light was obliterated that *taubes* might not find their way, I was taken to the exact spot where the Teutonic hordes had turned and fled, within ten minutes' walk from that rich and feebly defended town. Its terrified inhabitants had listened to that grim tread along the road. Suddenly there had been a silence, then a medley of sound, cries, sharp orders shouted in vain. And on that road, among meek apple-trees, there was panic, flight, unreasoning terror, as those mighty hosts fled back along the route they had come in wild disorder, regardless of all

else save self-preservation from—what? They passed through villages like stampeding brutes, ignoring everything save flight. White faces peered from shuttered windows at faces no less blanched than their own as that dreaded enemy passed and vanished into the night.

I questioned a curé, a doctor, a shopman and his wife, and French soldiers, and they gave no other explanation for this phenomenon than that other than military forces were responsible. Later, I questioned a German prisoner, and his reply was to the effect that the devil had disguised himself as a general and thus brought disaster to the German troops.

The average French *poilu*, says the author, does not think much, nor reason, but his testimony is not to be discounted upon that score. May there not be a finer inner intelligence that is actually baffled and obscured by the intellect? The saints were rarely educated men, but they produced miracles, and this may account for the lack of miracles today. Perhaps we have paid too high a price for intellect if it means the obscuration of something that is finer and better than the intellect.

The author tells us that she conversed with a great surgeon whose name is known throughout the world. She asked him if conflict was not the law of life, and if so, where we should look for God and the human soul:

One should remember this great scientist's reply. "Madame, before this war I was a confirmed questioner and doubter. With all my intellect I searched men's bodies for some proof of the existence of the soul, and found none. I fell back on two codes: that might is right, and that the strongest law of the material world is that of self-preservation. Like Germany, I founded my creed upon such fallacies, omitting and denying any spiritual factor. But I learned better, for there is another law abroad in the world today which can not be denied—a law as old as the creation of man. Tell me, madame, why are you here? Why am I? Why are these wards filled with broken men who do not complain, though they have sacrificed every material thing for an ideal? Why are fastidious women scrubbing filthy bodies in hospitals and sending those they love to die, while they and their children endure every hardship? Why does that bulwark of human flesh along our frontiers hold year after year at bay forces of superior physical strength? Why does the civilized world (which does not include Germany, who fights for profit) sacrifice every material thing, that unborn generations may possess happiness and peace? Why does humanity give up wealth with prodigality and personal ambitions sometimes dearer than life itself? Why does this gigantic struggle continue when peace itself might be had at the price of dishonor?

"Because, madame, there is a force stronger

than any law of the material world—the force of the spirit. It controls man today; it controls destiny; it will decide that this sphere is not a mote spinning through space inhabited by a highly developed animal called man, but a theatre of events pertaining to the spirit—a mighty force, sublime, part of God himself. The first time I saw a battlefield cleaned up under the stars I seemed to see, above the pieces of rent human flesh, radiant angels trying to make me understand that the death of the body was a perfectly unimportant and insignificant thing—that it was not how a man died, but what he dies *for*, that mattered."

Much, says the author, has been said about the Angels of Mons, and but little proved, but it is not wise to deny. The horizon is growing wider day by day, and something unexpected may at any time swim within our ken. Referring to these angels a certain general said, "It is no more absurd to believe in such manifestations than for our forbears to have scoffed to derision the possibility of men walking upside down on the earth's surface and not falling off into space. Later the law of gravitation was discovered, which made a seeming miracle become a natural procedure. There are doubtless other laws which also may explain or reveal 'miracles.'"

The poilus, says the author, often claim that they have seen visions. At one place it is said that Christ walks through the trenches on the night before an attack. Certain men he touches, and they wake with a smile, knowing that their hour is near. Such men protest against surgical treatment when they are wounded. They wish to die in peace, for "the White Christ came for me last night." Perhaps he did. Who knows? It is only the credulous that doubt.

The article is a long one, and it should be read in its entirety, but these few excerpts may give an idea of its scope and sympathy. Certainly it is no small indication of a change in the public mind that such an article should be given to the reading world without apology. It could hardly have been done forty years ago.

For myself I declare that every signal accident of my life, happy or not, has been presaged me by a dream or otherwise.—*Maria de Medici*.

Continuity is the expression of the Divine Veracity in Nature.—*Newman Smith*.

## MANY LIVES IN ONE. (From the New York Times.)

KARMA: A REINCARNATION PLAY. By Algernon Blackwood and Violet Pearn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.60.

Mr. Blackwood's soul may have come down to him by way of the Pyramids, but his ideals grew on to it while passing through the Victorian period. Nothing less Oriental than this reincarnation play could be produced. The heroine spends the prologue on a sofa, prey to a bad case of nothing-the-matter, a disease whose disappearance is one of the minor compensations of the war. Whatever it is, it gets much worse at the thought of Egypt, and as she takes pains to keep a large view of the Nile exactly in her range of vision, she is very low when the curtain rises. So her husband—who, it should be kept in mind, calls her "Little Child"—gives up his diplomatic mission to Egypt, and when the lady somewhat unreasonably refuses to get well even then, a mysterious doctor tells her she has spoiled his life "again," and shows her how she did it before—in ancient Egypt, Alexandrian Greece, and mediæval Italy. These are the three acts. The unities are propitiated by making every one talk alike whatever the place or date, and by the hero's always calling the heroine "Little Child," a valuable identification. In the epilogue she declares she will go to Egypt and behave, and the hero gives her a cumulative forgiveness good for any existence back to Ham.

The practiced theatre-goer will recognize the plan on which was built "The Road to Yesterday," "Eyes of Youth," and many another: the disquieting feature of this play is that it has internal evidence that Mr. Blackwood really believes in its thesis. Miss Pearn's part may be put aside: it is Blackwoodian to the core. Mr. Blackwood once had a peculiarly delicate beauty of expression and the power of presenting current philosophical ideas with a certain sweet human reality—"The Extra Day" and "A Prisoner in Fairyland" may never have happened, but they are none the less real—but the moment he touches reincarnation something happens to his style that makes it, in his own fatally accurate phrase, "up-jumbled"; distributed over a dozen lives, his people cease to be life-like, and the baffled and betrayed Blackwoodian longs for the man who wrote

"The Wendigo," when he was willing to let his people live one life at a time. The unities have been well shattered since Aristotle, and reincarnation on the stage gives them their last blow; the axiom of dramatic workmanship, that the audience must have no doubt with whom to sympathize, collapses under the strain of a leading lady who repeats like a decimal. Nietzsche himself never risked making a play out of his "Eternal Return."

(A comment on the above will be found on the editorial page.)

### TRANSMIGRATION.

(By Franklin Edgerton.)

But if life is all evil, does not death bring release from it? By no means, say the Hindus. The way out of it is not so easy as that. Death is not cessation of existence. It is only passing from one existence to another. "Just as a caterpillar, when it comes to the end of a blade of grass, gathers itself together (to go over to another grassblade), even so this Spirit, when it has rid itself of this body and cast off ignorance, gathers itself up together (to go over into another body);" so speaks already an Upanishad text. In fact, the history of the belief in rebirth after death goes back much further than the Upanishads. But I can not here trace its interesting early development; it must suffice to say that the later Hindu doctrine of transmigration appears for the first time clearly stated in the Upanishads; and even there only tentatively, for older views still persist side by side with it. The Upanishads also begin to join with this doctrine of transmigration the old doctrine of retribution for good and evil deeds in a life after death. The belief in such retribution, in some form or other, is found all over the world, and various forms of it are found in different stages of Vedic religion. With the transference of the future life from a mythical other world to this earth, and with the extension or multiplication of it to an indefinite series of future lives more or less like the present life, the way is prepared for the characteristically Hindu doctrine of karma or "deed." According to this doctrine, which all Hindus regard as axiomatic, the state of each existence of each individual is absolutely condi-

tioned and determined by that individual's morality in previous existences. A man is exactly what he has made himself and what he therefore deserves to be. One of the earliest clear expressions of this view is found in this Upanishad passage: "Just as (the Soul) is (in this life) of this or that sort; just as it acts, just as it operates, even so precisely it becomes (in the next life). If it acts well it becomes good; if it acts ill it becomes evil. As a result of right action it becomes what is good; as a result of evil action it becomes what is evil." In short, the law of the conservation of energy is rigidly applied to the moral world. Every action, whether good or bad, must of necessity have its result for the performer of the action. If in the present life a man is on the whole good, his next existence is better by just so much as his good deeds have outweighed his evil deeds. Better—that is less painful; we must not forget that these are mere comparative terms, and that all existence, even the best, is really evil. Men of very exceptional virtues may make themselves gods; for there are gods, yes and heavens, many of them, according to the Hindu view. Only all the gods are strictly mortal, and are just as much bound up in the chain of existences as are men. The life of the gods differs from life on earth only in that it is comparatively less wretched, and, to be sure, a little longer; but what is a few thousands years more or less in comparison with the infinity of æons over which the misery of existence stretches. Conversely, those men who are exceptionally wicked either are reborn as lower animals, or fall to one of the numerous hells which counterbalance the system of heavens. And all this is not carried out by decree of some omnipotent and sternly just Power. It is a natural law. It operates of itself, just as much as the law of gravitation. It is therefore wholly dispassionate, neither merciful nor vindictive. It is absolutely inescapable; but at the same time it never cuts off hope. A man is what he has made himself; but by that same token he may make himself what he will. The soul tormented in the lowest hell may raise itself in time to the highest heaven, simply by doing right. Perfect justice is made the basic law of the universe. Opinions may differ as to the absolute truth of this theory—

I am not discussing that; but as to its moral grandeur and perfection I really do not see how there can be a difference of opinion. How clumsy, as an instrument of moral retribution, seems in comparison with this the belief of our ancestors in a sharp separation of the "sheep" from the "goats" and a once-for-all Day of Judgment, with its final and unappealable decree and its sentence for all eternity.—From *"Religions of the Past and Present."* Edited by James A. Montgomery, Ph. D., S. T. D. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

### THE INTUITION.

Intuition is defined by the dictionary as the knowledge that comes from direct perception, and not from the use of the reasoning powers. Elsewhere we are told that intuitive knowledge is immediate, whereas intellectual knowledge is mediate and requires some process or mechanism by which it is attained. Reason, says H. P. Blavatsky, is "the clumsy weapon of the scientists," whereas intuition is the "unerring guide of the seer." Elsewhere she speaks of reason as crawling and of intuition as flying. Reason, she says, is the power of the man and intuition the prescience of the woman. Turning to the ancient philosophers, we find Plotinus ascribing opinions to the senses, science to dialectics or intellect, and illumination to intuition, and intuition, he tells us, is supreme.

But is there actually a power of knowledge superior to that of the intellect and to which the intellect ought to be subordinate? Curiously enough, H. P. Blavatsky points us to the animal world for the readiest and most available evidence upon such a point. It is evident enough that animals possess powers of knowledge not only superior in many respects to those possessed by men, but that are also of a different order. There is no conceivable extension or faculty of intellect that will explain the unerring instinct of a dog in judging some aspects of human character. No theory of the intellect helps us to understand the "homing" capacities of a cat. Bees, ants, and wasps display powers wholly foreign to those of the intellect. We know of no processes of mental training that promise even in a dim way such faculties as those manifested by animals who do

indeed seem to possess the *immediate* powers of knowledge associated with intuition. We give the name of instinct to those powers, but a name explains nothing except our own ignorance. And instinct is not only different from, but in many respects it is vastly superior to, the powers of knowledge possessed by men.

Now we shall greatly simplify our inquiry by a recognition that all such terms as force, instinct, intelligence, intellect, mind, and soul are but names for aspects of a universal consciousness which is the one reality and that the apparent differences in consciousness are caused by the material vehicles or coverings through which that consciousness shines just as a white light will manifest as a red light if the globe be red glass. It may be taken as an axiom that consciousness is always limited and conditioned by its material covering and that it *thinks of itself*, not in terms of its own spiritual and omniscient nature, but rather in terms of its limitations by matter. Thus a god incarnated in the brain of a dog would think of himself, not as a god, but as a dog. In the same way a man associates himself with the ideas of weakness, ignorance, and error rather than in terms of divinity because his essential godhood has been obscured by his brain and body. And it is for this reason that all the spiritual teachers of the world have insisted, not only that man is divine, but that he assert his divinity to himself, that he think of himself in terms of divinity and thus destroy the illusions of matter.

Now let us imagine the consciousness of the universe cycling through matter and manifesting itself as force, instinct, intellect and intuition. They are changes in its state or condition, and these changes are followed by corresponding rearrangements of matter, just as sand on a drumhead will change its forms and shapes in obedience to the changes of note produced by the violin bow drawn over the edge of the drum or as iron filings will change their groupings with the strength and proximity of the magnet. Now in the lower kingdoms of nature we have consciousness showing itself as force, such as the force that moves electrons and atoms. In the vegetable kingdom we find that same consciousness beginning to appear as in-

instinct and causing, for example, the ivy to go in search of the nail in the wall. Instinct receives its fuller development in the animal, and here it is a quite distinct and *immediate* power of knowledge. Generally speaking, animals have no intellect, but they have direct vision. The dawn of intellect is in the human kingdom, and we find that its exercise is incompatible with instinct or direct vision, which, thus suppressed, sinks into abeyance. This is due, not to intellect itself, but to the misuse of intellect, which sets up a false personality, a personality of selfishness, which is necessarily fatal to all the direct knowledge faculties that depend upon the spiritual unity of consciousness.

But instinct will eventually be retored when consciousness begins its re-ascent from the depths of matter. But now it will be something more than instinct. It will be instinct plus intellect, since man never loses his gains, and instinct plus intellect is intuition. We may therefore say that instinct is the spiritual consciousness minus intellect, and intuition is the spiritual consciousness plus intellect.

#### WISDOM FROM THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

##### KARMA.

In the West . . . the full and awful significance of the Greek Nemesis or Karma has been entirely forgotten. Otherwise Christians would have better realized the profound truth that Nemesis is without attributes; that while the dreaded Goddess is absolute and immutable as a Principle, it is we ourselves—nations and individuals—who propel it to action and give the impulse to its direction. Karma-Nemesis is the creator of nations and mortals, but once created, it is they who make of her either a Fury or a rewarding Angel. Yea—"Wise are they who worship Nemesis," as the chorus tells Prometheus. And as unwise they who believe that the Goddess may be propitiated by any sacrifices and prayers, or have her wheel diverted from the path it has once taken. "The trifurim Fates and ever mindful Furies" are her attributes only on Earth, and begotten by ourselves. There is no return from the paths she cycles over; yet those paths are of our own making, for it is we, collectively or individually, who prepare

them. Karma-Nemesis is the synonym of Providence, minus design, goodness, and every other *finite* attribute and qualification, so unphilosophically attributed to the latter. An Occultist or a Philosopher will not speak of the goodness or cruelty of Providence; but, identifying it with Karma-Nemesis, he will nevertheless teach that it guards the good and watches over them in this, as in future lives; and that it punishes the evil-doer—aye, even to his seventh re-birth—so long, indeed, as the effect of his having thrown into perturbation even the smallest atom in the Infinite World of Harmony has not been finally readjusted. For the only decree of Karma—an eternal and immutable decree—is absolute Harmony in the world of Matter as it is in the world of Spirit. It is not, therefore, Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we who reward or punish ourselves, according as we work with, through, and along with Nature, abiding by the laws on which the harmony depends, or—breaking them. . . .

This condition of things will last till man's spiritual intuitions are fully opened, and this will not be until we fairly cast off our thick coats of Matter; until we begin acting from *within*, instead of ever following impulses from *without*, impulses produced by our physical senses and gross selfish body. Until then the only palliatives for the evils of life are union and harmony—a Brotherhood *in actu*, and Altruism not simply in name. The suppression of one single bad *cause* will suppress, not one, but many bad effects. And if a Brotherhood, or even a number of Brotherhoods, may not be able to prevent nations from occasionally cutting each other's throats, still unity in thought and action, and philosophical research into the mysteries of being, will always prevent some persons, who are trying to comprehend that which has hitherto remained to them a riddle, from creating additional causes of mischief in a world already so full of woe and evil. Knowledge of Karma gives the conviction that if

. . . virtue in distress, and vice in triumph  
Make atheists of mankind,

it is only because mankind has ever shut its eyes to the great truth that man is himself his own savior and his own destroyer.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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# 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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## THE STUDY OF OCCULTISM.

A correspondent asks how he should begin the study of occultism. It is a large question, and perhaps the answer would not be the same for every one. There are always lines of least resistance, and individual methods of approach, and these of course depend upon the basis that has already been laid. Sometimes the best method of approach is through the intellect, and sometimes through the psychic faculties. Eventually the development must be along the whole nature, but in the meantime it may be concentrated in one direction only, but always with the understanding that the essential basis is the ethical one.

The study of occultism does not depend so much upon learning as upon realization. A truth once acquired intellectually must become a part of the nature. It must become a habit of thought and therefore automatic. For example, we have all read that Nature is a unity, and we usually give our instant acceptance to a theory that seems so consonant with reason. But we do not habitually think of Nature as a unity. Quite the contrary. During meditation we may bludgeon our minds into a recognition of this particular metaphysical truth, but through the greater part of our waking hours we revert to the old way of looking at things, and so undo whatever benefit we may have acquired by our special efforts. Now you say you want to

know the secrets of nature, and you have a vague impression that there is some way by which we can persuade those who know them to impart their wisdom to you. But they never will. That is not the way they act. They give us basic principles, and it is for us to apply them in such a way that wisdom will come of itself.

Why is it that we can not participate in the consciousness that lies behind all natural things? What is the wall that lies between the human mind and the mind of nature? Why can not we share in the consciousness of the daisy, and so know all its inner potencies? It is obvious that if we could pierce that wall there would be no secrets hidden from us. Nature would be an open book, and the writing in it would be legible.

There is no other reason than our inability to realize the unity of nature. The barrier is within ourselves. It consists of our sense of separateness, and we nourish this continually by our habits of thought. We picture ourselves as a unit of consciousness amid a myriad other units, and because of this self-conception there can be no community of consciousness between ourselves and the other units that lie beyond us. If we could overcome this we should not only know all the secrets of nature, but we could attract to ourselves and use all the forces of nature. It is not they that separate themselves from us. It is we who separate ourselves from them by



our conviction of separateness, of difference.

It is our physical senses that confirm us in this heresy. The senses take note only of the physical phenomena with which they correspond, and they present to us these physical phenomena as the only true realities. They assure us, for example, that a tree is a structure possessing certain characteristics of form color and perhaps of odor, but they do not assure us that a tree is essentially a life, a consciousness, and that all that we can see of it are its least permanent and most unreal characteristics. The senses present to us the whole of nature as a medley of material attributes, and as nothing more. On the realities of nature they are entirely silent, and so we have acquired the persistent habit of identifying nature with its transitory phenomena and ignoring the intransitory and the permanent. It is this mental habit that bars us from nature and from her secrets. There is no teacher who can remove it. We must remove it for ourselves by changing our habits of mind and of thought.

There is no reason why we should not know the secrets of nature by direct cognition. Nature gives us precisely what we expect of her, and no more. If we think of her as material then she hides from us all but the material. If we live entirely in the senses, then it is only sense knowledge that can come to us. We can choose our own mode of approach to nature, and nature will respond along that same road and no other.

The method, then, is to look upon nature as an embodied consciousness, but the consciousness must be the dominant fact, and not the matter in which that consciousness happens to be contained. The consciousness will still persist long after the body has disappeared. But this looking upon nature, and thinking of nature, as consciousness, must become a habit. Merely to meditate about it for half an hour or so is of very little value if we then proceed to deny it by reversion to our old mental bent. It is the sort of meditation that can be carried out throughout the day. We can revert to it at all odd moments. We can acquire the habit of looking upon consciousness as the one permanent reality which clothes itself in an endless succession of

forms. As we succeed in doing this we shall find that there are no longer barriers between one embodied consciousness and another. There never were any barriers except those that we built by our persistent attribution of reality to the vesture rather than to its tenant.

But the subject shall be continued in the next issue.

### THE BUGLE.

We are told that "Kendall Lincoln Achorn, the author of this little book, succumbed to injuries received in an automobile accident, August, 1916," and that these post-mortem communications are the result of a "command to prepare and deliver to the mothers, whose sons would pass to the Life Eternal during the conflict, a message of assurance of their continued existence, their progress in that life, their retained memory and interest in home and earth friends." We do not understand how any one can "pass" to the life eternal. If life will be eternal it must always have been eternal. Eternity is not something that can begin or end.

But we fail to find any assurance in these very commonplace little essays. Nor can we understand the mental attitude of one who can be indifferent to the really tremendous assurances that are contained in the great Scriptures of the world and yet give immediate credence to a lot of insignificant "messages" that come through a ouija board.

And these messages are insignificant—  
incredibly so. Any one of them might have been written by a high school boy. We search in vain for a single new idea, for an original expression, for a ray of light. Thus we are told in this message from the "spirit world" that "Ours is a country stretching from ocean to ocean. Wide and beautiful are its fields where, as summer advances, rich promise of an abundant harvest shall appear. Our mines are deep, and rich in ores and minerals. Sources of wealth are our hundreds of manufacturing plants," etc. How true! Elsewhere we find that "Boston was my home city." And again we find that, "Boston, a city of famous architecture, is beautiful; and so are many of the architectural structures about me." There are twenty-one of these essays on such topics as "Un-

seen Friends," "In Uniform," "Little Mary," "Service," and "Son." We have read most of them conscientiously, but with an increasing wonder that any human being should think them worth printing, that any human being should actually think that they contain "A bit of comfort to soldiers' mothers, wives, and friends." We do not think that any one would be comforted by them, and we say this with every respect for the sincerity of the scribe. And it is because we have this respect, and a still greater respect for those who are in need of the comfort that this little book tries fruitlessly to give, that we suggest a perusal of the Scriptures of the world rather than an attention to the futilities of the ouija board.

THE BUGLE. By Kendall Lincoln Achorn. New York: George H. Doran Company.

### GENTLEMEN AT ARMS.

The occult already plays a considerable part in the story of the war and it is likely to play a much larger part when peace shall unlock men's lips and permit them to tell of what they have seen and heard.

The latest contribution is contained in a volume called "Gentlemen at Arms," by "Centurion," who we are told is a captain in the British army serving in France. It is made up of war sketches, and the author tells us that they are true with the exception of a certain amount of necessary camouflage. One of these sketches is called "No Man's Land," and it describes the adventures of an officer who is billeted in a French house inhabited by a lone woman. He is assigned to a chamber at the top of the house with an adjoining dressing-room containing a locked cupboard. He is awakened in the middle of the night by a feeling that some one is in the dressing-room, and at once he fears for the safety of some military papers that he has left there:

Now the dressing-room was very small and its window, which was on the left, disproportionately large, and the shape of the window was clearly silhouetted in a pattern upon the floor. And it struck me I must be asleep after all, and dreaming, because nothing obscured the squares of pale light upon the boards. Yet all the time there seemed to be feet shuffling across it in a curious, uncertain

way. I was still stupidly pondering this when the footsteps stopped—apparently by the cupboard, and I heard a scratching sound—it was just as if some one was passing his fingers over the panel in the dark. Only it wasn't dark. I could see the cupboard in the moonlight almost as plainly as I can see you. I raised myself in bed and stared hard, but I could see nothing. And yet by this time I felt certain there was some one in that room. I felt sure of it with the assurance that you feel some one behind you in the street. But there was this difference: in such cases you have only to turn round to have your intuition confirmed by your sense of sight, whereas in this case my sense of sight gave the lie to my intuition while my sense of hearing confirmed it.

The narrator says that he lay and listened to the footsteps shuffling aimlessly about the room, still believing that they were those of a spy. But how did he get into the room, seeing that the door had been locked from the inside?

There followed what seemed an interminable silence, during which I could hear my wrist watch ticking as loudly as if it were an eight-day clock. Then I heard the footsteps recommence. They started at the cupboard and approached my room. I seemed to be listening with every nerve in my body, and, as they approached, it struck me that there was something very odd about them. They were not so much a walk as a shuffle, and one foot seemed to be reconnoitring before the other as if a blind man were exploring the floor. They approached my bed. I lay rigid with my head on my pillow and with my eyes wide open, but I could see nothing—no! not so much as a shadow. The man seemed to be holding his breath all the time. It's curious when I come to think of it—I never once heard him breathe. I was waiting my chance to leap out of bed and spring on him from behind, as soon as I should hear him fumbling with the bedroom door, when I suddenly felt the touch of a hand at the foot of my bed. It touched the outline of my feet and then drew sharply away as though the owner were startled: the next moment it began groping the bedclothes. I felt it through the counterpane traveling up my body. But it didn't feel like a human hand at all. It was more like a claw; it seemed to be a hand without any finger-tips and it moved with a kind of stealthy uncertainty. You know how a dog paws your bed? There was something hypnotic about that touch; I tried to shake it off and I couldn't. I was paralyzed. I felt again that strange insubordination in my brain, and that I was losing all control over my senses. For my eyes were wide open and I could still see nothing.

Overcoming his paralysis, the officer sprang from his bed and pursued the now retreating but invisible visitor. But he could not intercept it, but as he tried to do so he felt a cold blast upon

his face, the window suddenly shut, and the footsteps ceased:

The dressing-room itself seemed undisturbed. Indeed what puzzled me more than anything else was that the cupboard was shut, and when I tried to open it I found it was locked. And then I reflected that the fact it was locked was the most reassuring thing I could have expected. After that I felt more cheerful and I determined to have a pipe before turning in again. I filled my pipe, struck a match, and was about to light up when I suddenly caught sight of the cupboard door in its flickering glow. On the jamb of the door was the impression of a thumb and four mutilated fingers. I stood staring at this with the match in my hand until the flame burned my fingers and I let the match fall to the floor. It went out. I stood staring at the cupboard, unconscious of my blistered fingers, conscious of nothing except that mark upon the door. . . . Mechanically I reached out my hand for the box of matches, never taking my eyes off the door, and tried to strike another, but I struck so hard that the head of the match came off. I struck again, lit the candle, and held it up to the cupboard. The marks were still there: the very cuticle of the skin was clearly traceable in a dirty pattern, as though a dusty hand had left its imprint upon the door. The thumb was clearly outlined, so was the hand, but the fingers stopped at the knuckles as if they had been amputated. I stared at them for a long time.

The story is elaborately told and but ill represented by a few extracts. But its dénouement is of the most striking kind. The husband of the woman who kept the house was a soldier, and a few days after the visitation described she received a message to the effect that a shell had severed the fingers of both hands and at the same time blinded him. He had died of his wounds. The cupboard in the dressing-room was used to preserve the toys of a dead child, and husband and wife were in the habit of visiting it.

There are other stories equally good in the volume, the forerunners, if we mistake not, of a literature of the occult to which the war has already given preliminary birth.

GENTLEMEN AT ARMS. By "Centurion."  
New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever.—*De Quincey.*

We are our own children.—*Pythagoras.*

## THE KEYS OF THE GATES.

(By William Blake.)

The Caterpillar on the Leaf  
Reminds thee of thy Mother's Grief.  
My Eternal Man set in Repose,  
The Female from his darkness rose;  
And She found me beneath a Tree  
A Mandrake, and in her Veil hid me.  
Serpent reasonings us entice  
Of Good and Evil, Virtue and Vice.  
Doubt Self-Jealous, Watry folly  
Struggling thro' Earth's Melancholy,  
Naked in Air, in Shame and Fear,  
Blind in Fire, with shield and spear,  
Two horrid reasoning cloven fictions,  
In Doubt which is Self contradiction,  
A dark Hermaphrodite I stood,—  
Rational Truth, Root of Evil and Good.  
Round me, flew the Flaming Sword;  
Round her, snowy whirlwinds roar'd,  
Freezing her Veil, the Mundane Shell.  
I rent the Veil where the Dead dwell:  
When weary Man enters his Cave  
He meets his Saviour in the Grave.  
Some find a Female Garment there,  
And some a Male, woven with care;  
Lest the Sexual Garments sweet  
Should grow a devouring Winding-sheet.

One dies! alas! the Living and Dead!  
One is slain! and One is fled!  
In Vain-glory hatcht and nurst,  
By double Spectres, Self-Accurst.  
My Son! my Son! thou treatest me  
But as I have instructed thee.  
On the shadows of the Moon,  
Climbing through Night's highest noon:  
In Time's Ocean falling drown'd:  
In Agèd Ignorance profound,  
Holy and cold, I clipped the Wings  
Of all Sublunary Things,  
And in depths of my Dungeons  
Closed the Father and the Sons.  
But when once I did descry  
The Immortal Man that can not Die,  
Through evening shades I haste away  
To close the Labours of my Day.  
The Door of Death I open found  
And the Worm Weaving in the Ground:  
Thou'rt my Mother, from the Womb:  
Wife, Sister, Daughter, to the Tomb:  
Weaving to Dreams the Sexual strife.  
And weeping over the Web of Life.

Thou shalt not let thy senses make a  
playground of thy mind.—*Voice of the  
Silence.*

## KARMA.

(By H. P. Blavatsky.)

According to the teachings, Maya—the illusive appearance of the marshaling of events and actions on this Earth—changes, varying with nations and places. But the chief features of one's life are always in accordance with the "Constellation" under which one is born, or, as we should say, with the characteristics of its animating principle or the Deity that presides over it, whether we call it Dhyan Chohan, as in Asia, or an Archangel, as with the Greek and Latin churches. In ancient symbolism it was always the Sun—though the Spiritual, not the visible, sun was meant,—that was supposed to send forth the chief Saviours and Avatars. Hence the connecting link between the Buddhas, the Avatars, and so many other incarnations of the highest Seven. The closer the approach to one's Prototype, in "Heaven," the better for the mortal whose Personality was chosen by his own *personal Deity* (the Seventh Principle), as its terrestrial abode. For, with every effort of will toward purification and unity with that "Self-God," one of the lower Rays breaks, and the spiritual entity of man is drawn higher and ever higher to the Ray that supersedes the first, until, from Ray to Ray, the Inner Man is drawn into the one and highest Beam of the Parent-Sun. Thus "the events of humanity *do* run coordinately with the number forms," since the single units of that humanity proceed one and all from the same source—the Central Sun and its *shadow*, the visible. For the equinoxes and solstices, the periods and various phases of the solar course, astronomically and numerically expressed, are only the concrete symbols of the eternally living verity, though they do seem *abstract ideas* to uninitiated mortals. And this explains the extraordinary numerical coincidences with geometrical relations, shown by several authors.

Yes; "our destiny *is* written in the stars." Only, the closer the union between the mortal reflection Man and his celestial Prototype, the less dangerous the external conditions and subsequent reincarnations—which neither Buddhas nor Christs can escape. This is not *superstition*, least of all is it *fatalism*.

The latter implies a blind course of some still blinder power, but man is a free agent during his stay on earth. He can not escape his *ruling* Destiny, but he has the choice of two paths that lead him in that direction, and he can reach the goal of misery—if such is decreed to him—either in the snowy white robes of the martyr, or in the soiled garments of a volunteer in the iniquitous course; for there are *external* and *internal conditions* which affect the determination of our will upon our actions, and it is in our power to follow either of the two. Those who believe in Karma have to believe in Destiny, which, from birth to death, every man weaves thread by thread, as a spider his web; and this Destiny is guided either by the heavenly voice of the invisible Prototype outside of us, or by our more intimate *Astral*, or inner man, who is but too often the evil genius of the embodied entity called man. Both these lead on the outward man, but one of them must prevail; and from the very beginning of the invisible affray the stern and implacable *Law of Compensation* steps in and takes its course, faithfully following the fluctuations of the fight. When the last strand is woven, and man is seemingly enwrapped in the network of his own doing, then he finds himself completely under the empire of this *self-made* Destiny. It then either fixes him like the inert shell against the immovable rock, or carries him away like the feather raised by his own actions, and this is—KARMA.—*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, 699.

## DAYS.

(By Ralph Waldo Emerson.)

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,  
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file,  
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.

To each they offer gifts after his will,  
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.

I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp.

Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day

Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

## A DOG OF WAR.

A ballad of "The War Dog," by Edward Peple, is ready for issue by E. P. Dutton & Co. in their little-book series. It tells the story of just an ordinary dog and his adventures at the front:

He was only a dog, but he went to war  
On the shell-ploughed fields of France,  
And loyally labored with tooth and paw  
To baffle the clutch of an iron claw,  
In the swoop of the Hun's advance.

Without an equipment he joined our fight,  
Without a commission or rank;  
For a cur he was, with a social blight,  
Yet we gave him a uniform of white,  
With a crimson cross on his flank.

And he wore his cross with a lordly pride,  
As he raced through a sea of mud,  
Till the white of his uniform was dyed  
With the trickling ooze of a crimson tide  
And his cross was a smear of blood.

Then Mr. Peple goes on to narrate some of the things that the dog did as a Red Cross aid, how he attached himself to a surgeon and the two worked together in a sort of partnership until one day the surgeon, caught on the field in "a bending back of the Allied line, was struck down by a Prussian. But the dog killed the Prussian before he could finish the surgeon and then crouched down to watch by his fallen mate while the battle raged about them and bullets "scorched through his quivering hide." A soldier rushed out to save the dog, supposing the surgeon dead, but the four-footed friend would not be saved until the soldier shouldered the body of the man and staggered back, with the dog dragging his wounded and bleeding limbs behind him "on the shot-swept track." At the hospital the "cur with a social blight" won the love and the care of every one, from general to nurse. And then:

So they gave him another cross to wear,  
Though they wanted to give him ten;  
But he kept just two—which was just and fair—  
The cross on his flank and a Croix de Guerre.  
For the envy of lesser men.

Mr. Peple's ballad was written for the purpose of aiding the American Red Cross Society and the "war dogs" that give such efficient and loyal aid on the battlefield and he will devote all royalties from the book to that cause. The volume is bound in blue boards with a white paper title label, and it has a frontispiece in color, repeated on the paper jacket, by

Harrison Fisher showing just such a rough-haired, faithful-looking dog as the poem is about proudly wearing his Cross insignia.

## SOME SAYINGS OF BUDDHA.

I now will seek a noble law, unlike the worldly methods known to men, I will oppose disease and age and death, and strive against the mischief wrought by these on men.

All things which exist in time must perish, the forests and mountains all things thus exist; in time are born all sensuous things (things possessing the five desires), so is it both with worldly substance and with time.

Purity of life, wisdom, the practice of asceticism, these are matters to which I earnestly apply myself. The world is full of empty studies (discoveries) which our teachers in their office skillfully involve:

But they are without any true principle, and I will none of them! The enlightened man distinguishes truth from falsehood; but how can truth (faith) be born from such as those?

A true friend who makes good (free) use of wealth—is rightly called a fast and firm treasure, but he who guards and stints the profit he has made, his wealth will soon be spent and lost.

The wealth of a country is no constant treasure, but that which is given in charity is rich in returns, therefore charity is a true friend, although it scatters, yet it brings no repentance.

As the fierce wind fans the fire, till the fuel be spent and the fire expires; of all unrighteous things in the world, there is nothing worse than the domain of the five desires.

Cover your head with the helmet of right-thought, and fight with fixed resolve against the five desires. Better far with red-hot iron pins bore out both your eyes than encourage in yourselves lustful thoughts.

But rather, seeing that the world is pressed by throngs of grief, we ought to encourage in us love (a loving heart).

and as the world (all flesh) produces grief on grief, so should we add as antidotes unnumbered remedies.

From pure behavior comes self-power, which frees a man from (many) dangers, pure conduct, like a ladder, enables us to climb to heaven.

The foolish man conceives the idea of "self," the wise man sees there is no ground on which to build the idea of "self," thus through the world he rightly looks and well concludes.

Seeking the way, you must exert yourselves and strive with diligence—it is not enough to have seen me! Walk, as I have commanded you, get rid of all the tangled net of sorrow.

Follow right doctrine, and be kind to all that lives; receive in moderation what is given; receive but hoard not up; these are, in brief, my spoken precepts.

Know when to eat and the right measure; and so with reference to the rules of clothing and of medicine; take care you do not by the food you take, encourage in yourselves a covetous or an angry mind.

If a man with a sharp sword should cut the (another's) body bit by bit (limb by limb), let not an angry thought or of resentment rise, and let the mouth speak no ill word.

Anger and hate destroy the true law, and they destroy dignity and beauty of body; as when one dies we lose our name for beauty, so the fire of anger itself burns up the heart.

Crookedness and truth (straightness) are in their nature opposite and can not dwell together more than frost and fire; for one who has become religious, and practices the way of straight behavior, a false and crooked way of speech is not becoming.

That ill-contented man, the bounds of the five desires extending further still, (becomes) insatiable in his requirements, (and so) through the long night (of life) gathers increasing sorrow. Without cessation thus he cherishes his care-

ful (anxious) plans, whilst he who lives contented, freed from anxious thoughts about relationships (family concerns), his heart is ever peaceful and at rest.

Right thought well kept in the mind, no evil thing can ever enter there.

Having found peace (quietness and peace) in samadhi, we put an end to all the mass of sorrows, wisdom then can enlighten us, and so we put away the rules by which we acquire (knowledge by the senses).

Conquer your foe by force, you increase his enmity; conquer by love, and you will reap no after sorrow.

### SAMSARA SONNETS.

When soul and sense have suffered all they may,

When this frail form, pulsating 'neath its load,

Has fallen senseless, prostrate in the road

Whereon youth's eager feet are swift to stray;

When I have wandered from the beaten way

And dumb and blind with anguish sunken down,

A ridicule, a jest, for fool and clown,  
Who thought me flame and grinned to find me clay;

When I am broken and can bear no more,

What wilt thou have of me, Master Divine?

'Twas thus I questioned, and a passing breath

From lands remote, from alien sea and shore,

Whispered of other worlds of palm and pine,

Planets in pathless spaces, love, and death.

—Edith Willis Linn, in "*A Cycle of Sonnets.*" Published by the James T. White Company.

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.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## AS ABOVE, SO BELOW.

There are certain occult axioms that would unlock all mysteries if we had the courage to apply them. They come down to us through the ages, and we look at them incuriously, or at best with but a faint perception of their import. They are something more than the general statements of a vague philosophy. They are veritably the key to all mysteries, and we may take from them whatever we have the hardihood to claim.

The ancients in their efforts to epitomize all wisdom said, "As above, so below." They meant that man was the microcosm of the macrocosm, the universe in miniature, containing within himself all the knowledge of the past, all the potentialities of the future. Just as the starry heavens can be mirrored in a pond, so is the universe mirrored in man. In him is the totality of deity, and all the powers of God. He can learn nothing of nature that is not true also of himself. He can learn nothing of himself that is without its revelation also of nature. Man knows no other limitations than those that are self-imposed. Isolating from nature, he is hemmed in by the boundaries of his isolation. He is entangled in the web of his own illusions.

The universe was created by the eternal thought in the eternal mind. It is the image formed in the divine imagination, energizing itself into objectivity. All manifestations of nature are the self-

ideations of the divine mind, conceiving of itself as at successive stages of unfolding, and those self-conceptions become the world of matter as we know it. Just as the imagination of the musician outstrips his execution, always preceding each harmony and chord that would be impossible but for the summons of the imagination, so the mind of God imagines itself as at each successive stage of evolution and, so imagining, calls that stage into actuality. The mineral kingdom is God manifesting, or "thinking of himself," as the mineral. The vegetable kingdom is God manifesting, or "thinking of himself," as the vegetable. The animal kingdom is God manifesting, or "thinking of himself," as the animal. And the human kingdom is God manifesting, or "thinking of himself," as the human being. God imagines the harmony note by note, and the divine imagination energizes itself into what we call the world of matter. The consciousness of nature in all its stages is that mind of God which becomes whatever it imagines itself to be, clothing itself with matter that is consonant in complexity with the subject and nature of its self-ideation.

The mind of man is then also the divine mind which has not yet imagined itself as divine. It is still limited by its own self-conception. The evolution of man is not then a matter of growth, as that word is ordinarily used. It is a matter of realization. He who conceives of



himself as divine is divine, and because of such conception he energizes matter into the complexities of divinity. All the bodies that clothe consciousness are the result, the faithful correspondence, of the self-conception of the consciousness inhabiting them. As consciousness changes, so also do the bodies enshrining that consciousness change. The musician imagines the harmony before he produces it on his instrument. The audible sound is the correspondence of the inner idea, and there could be no audible harmony without that inner idea. In the same way the brain and the nervous system, thrilling under the molding impact of thought, assume the complexities corresponding with that thought. They become either more transparent or more opaque to the divine mind. They transmit the light or they obscure it.

Just as the divine mind can energize matter into forms corresponding with its changing states, the successive phases of its self-ideation, so can man exercise the same power because he is that divine mind, no matter how great its illusions of incapacity. Indeed, man exercises that power at every moment of his waking life. Every volitional act, no matter how trivial, must be preceded by an effort of the imagination. The man who raises his hand must first imagine himself as raising his hand, no matter with what lightning and unperceived rapidity the imagination may be accomplished. And, having imagined the act, he must will to perform it. And having willed to perform it, he translates that imagined act into the movements of matter, and his body performs the act. Step by step he performs that same divine drama that called the worlds into existence, and that still leads them and all that they contain along the path of evolution. In very truth "As above, so below."

This is the supreme magical power and the philosopher's stone. This it is that turns the base metals into gold. This is what is meant when it says, "Whatsoever a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." It was this that prompted the question, "Know ye not that ye are Gods and the temples of the Holy Ghost?" This is why all Scriptures insist upon the divinity of man, not that he will become divine, but that he is now divine, and that nothing stands

between him and his divinity but self-realization. He himself is the mind of God, but he does not think of himself as the mind of God, but as the mind of man. And, thinking of himself as man, he hems himself in with human incapacities and limitations, and fashions for himself a physical temple that is the correspondence of those incapacities and limitations. He makes for himself a prison house, and clamors to high heaven for freedom. He throws himself beneath the spell of his illusions, and prays for light.

To imagine is to create, and there are no limitations to the creative power. With every effort at imagination and visualization there come groupings of matter to solidify the matrices thus formed, but our efforts are too wavering and too inconstant to compel those pictures to descend into the plane of tangible matter. With every effort toward the spiritual consciousness the matter of our brain and nervous system receives an impetus into new combinations and complexities, but the effort is unsustained, and the old polarities assert themselves, and the old inertias. We are self-mesmerized in our impotences, and we can not break the chain. To do so would be to step into the light of a conscious Godhood.

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### BRAHMA.

(By Ralph Waldo Emerson.)

If the red slayer thinks he slays,  
Or if the slain thinks he is slain,  
They know not well the subtle ways  
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;  
Shadow and sunlight are the same;  
The vanished gods to me appear;  
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;  
When me they fly, I am the wings;  
I am the doubter and the doubt,  
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,  
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;  
But thou, meek lover of the good!  
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

---

Let us invent a new name for the taking leave of the body by the spirit.—  
*Ann Manning Robbins.*

## THE WATCHER BY THE THRESHOLD.

John Buchan, author of "Greenmantle," made his first step into the occult, if we are not mistaken, when he wrote "The Watcher by the Threshold." The volume consists of eight short stories of varying merit, but all of them tinged with mysticism. The best among them gives its name to the title-page and relates to the curious obsession of Robert Ladlaw, who lived with his wife in a wild part of Scotland and who becomes the medium either of some old Roman, or of the personified spirit of the old Roman days. His wife naturally supposes that he is becoming insane and so invites the narrator of the story, a boyhood friend, to visit them in the hope that companionship will be beneficial to her husband. Ladlaw certainly acts peculiarly. At dinner he breaks out into strange utterances:

"You lawyers," he said, "understand only the dry framework of the past. You can not conceive the rapture, which only the antiquary can feel, of constructing in every detail an old culture. Take this Manaan. If I could explore the secrets of these moors, I would write the world's greatest book. I would write of that prehistoric life when man was knit close to nature. I would describe the people who were brothers of the red earth and the red rock and the red streams of the hills. Oh, it would be horrible, but superb, tremendous. It would be more than a piece of history; it would be a new gospel, a new theory of life. It would kill materialism once and for all. Why, man, all the poets who have deified and personified nature would not do any eighth part of my work. I would show you the unknown, the hideous, shrieking mystery at the back of this simple nature. Men would see the profundity of the old crude faiths which they affect to despise. I would make a picture of our shaggy, sombre-eyed forefather, who heard strange things in the hill silences. I would show him brutal and terror-stricken, but wise, wise, God alone knows how wise. The Romans knew it, and they learned what they could from him, but he did not tell them much. But we have some of his blood in us, and we may go deeper."

Ladlaw explains to his friend that he is always conscious of a presence, that he has lost the art of being alone, and he hears a perpetual moving and rustling at his left side:

Ladlaw, as I have explained, was a commonplace man, with fair talents, a mediocre culture, honest instincts, and the beliefs and incredulities of his class. On abstract grounds I should have declared him an unlikely man to be the victim of a hallucination. He had a kind of dull, bourgeois rationalism,

which used to find reasons for all things in heaven and earth. At first we controlled his dread with proverbs. He told himself it was the sequel of his illness, or the light-headedness of summer heat on the moors. But it soon outgrew his comfort. It became a living second presence, an *alter ego* which dogged his footsteps. He became acutely afraid of it. He dared not be alone for a moment, and clung to Sybil's company despairingly. She went off for a week's visit in the beginning of August, and he endured for seven days the tortures of the lost. His malady advanced upon him with swift steps. The presence became more real daily. In the early dawning, in the twilight, and in the first hours of the morning it seemed at times to take a visible bodily form. A kind of amorphous featureless shadow would run from his side into the darkness, and he would sit palsied with terror. Sometimes in lonely places his footsteps sounded double, and something would brush elbows with him. Human society alone exorcised it. With Sybil at his side he was happy; but as soon as she left him the thing came slinking back from the unknown to watch by him.

Ladlaw explains that he had been curiously attracted to the story of Justinian, the great Roman law-giver and mystic. He had read how a servant once entering the emperor's presence unwarned had seen his master as with the face of another world, and something beside him that had no face or shape, but which he knew to be that hoary evil which is older than the stars. All this Ladlaw explains to his friend and he seems to think that the plight of Justinian has fallen also upon him:

I got into bed hastily, but not to sleep. I felt that my reason must be going. I had been pitchforked from our clear and cheerful modern life into the mists of old superstition. Old tragic stories of my Calvinist upbringing returned to haunt me. The man dwelt in by a devil was no new fancy, but I believed that Science had docketed and analyzed and explained the Devil out of the world. I remembered my dabbings in the occult before I settled down to law—the story of Donisarius, the monk of Padua, the unholy legend of the face of Proserpina, the tales of *succubi* and *incubi*, the Leannain Sith and the Hidden Presence. But here was something stranger still. I had stumbled upon that very possession which fifteen hundred years ago had made the monks of New Rome tremble and cross themselves. Some devilish occult force, lingering through the ages, had come to life after a long sleep. God knows what earthly connection there was between the splendid Emperor of the World and my prosaic friend, or between the glittering shores of the Bosphorus and this moorland parish. But the land was the old Manaan. The spirit may have lingered in the earth and air, a deadly legacy from Pict and Roman. I had felt the uncanniness of the place; I had augured ill of it from the first. And then in sheer dis-

gust I rose and splashed my face with cold water.

Ladlaw's mind gradually passes under the spell of the antiquity that haunts him. Apparently some ancient personality speaks through him and his mind becomes that of an ancient Roman:

Ladlaw talked incessantly, talked as I had never heard man talk before. There was something indescribable in all he said—a different point of view, a lost groove of thought, a kind of innocence and archaic shrewdness in one. I can only give you a hint of it by saying that it was like the mind of an early ancestor placed suddenly among modern surroundings. It was wise with a remote wisdom, and silly (now and then) with a quite antique and distant silliness.

He explains to his friend the system of ancient fortifications and describes old marriage customs of which he could not possibly have known:

Gradually I was forced to the belief that it was not Ladlaw who was talking to me, but something speaking through him, something at once wiser and simpler. My old fear of the Devil began to depart. This spirit, this exhalation, whatever it was, was ingenious in its way, at least in its daylight aspect. For a moment I had an idea that it was a real reflex of Byzantine thought, and that by cross-examining I might make marvelous discoveries. The ardor of the scholar began to rise in me, and I asked a question about that much-debated point, the legal status of the *apocrisiarit*. To my vexation he gave no response. Clearly the intelligence of this familiar had its limits.

Enough has been said to give an idea of the author's strange text. Ladlaw is evidently suffering from an unusual form of mediumship or obsession, and this at last becomes so violent as to threaten his reason. For the many ways in which it shows itself and how relief ultimately comes the reader must consult the story itself.

THE WATCHER BY THE THRESHOLD. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.40.

My son, the world is dark with griefs  
and graves,  
So dark that men cry out against the  
heavens.  
Who knows but that the darkness is in  
man?  
The doors of Night may be the gates of  
Light.  
—Tennyson.

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 PHANTOM BELLS.

I like to think that all the simple folk  
Who died beneath the grinding German  
yoke  
Have found a heaven, not with streets  
of gold,  
But like the villages they knew of old,  
Where peasants, hearty burghers, and  
their wives,  
Live once again their simple, blameless  
lives.

I hope the cities wantonly destroyed,  
The homestead now of life and love de-  
void,  
The murdered trees, all flourish once  
again  
Within some spirit world beyond our  
ken.  
These dead would wish no heaven all  
aglow  
With gems—just homelike scenes they  
used to know.

Not gates of pearl and jasper set in gold,  
I hope their yearning spirit eyes behold.  
But peaceful pastures, fields of lowing  
kine,  
Grain in the reaping, fruitage on the  
vine,  
Orchards abloom with beauty springtime  
sends—  
May all these greet them like familiar  
friends.

And all the bells that pealed so silver-  
clear—  
I know their echoes sweetly haunt that  
sphere.  
Bells of Termonde, and Rheims, and  
many more—  
They will ring out more clearly than be-  
fore  
For French or Flemish folk who walk  
below,  
Just as they did, not very long ago.

Not long ago, oh bells—and yet so long  
Since here on earth you played your ves-  
per song!  
Spray your sweet melodies upon the air  
Of that new world, for those who meet  
in prayer,  
Or quicken with delight, dear bells, and  
say:  
"Hail to the happy bride who walks this  
way!"

Masked by the fretwork of your carven  
towers,

Count, in your purest tones, the passing hours;  
 Count, till upon this striving, pain-racked earth,  
 Prussia is vanquished, freedom finds new birth—  
 And then, ye phantoms, peal, with one accord,  
 One great Doxology, and praise the Lord!  
 —Beatrice Barry, in *New York Times*.

### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

(From a letter dated August, 1846, in her "Life," by Sir Edward Cook.)

I always believe in a multitude of spirits inhabiting the same house with ourselves; we are only the *entresol*, quite the most insignificant of its lodgers and too busy with our pursuit of daily bread, too much confined with hard work, and too full of the struggle with the material world, to visit the glorious beings immediately about us—whom we shall see, when the present candle of our earthly being is put out, which blinds us just as the candle end, left burning after one is in bed, long prevents us from seeing the world without, lit up by the full moon. It trembles and flickers and sinks into its socket, and then we catch a bright strip of moonlight shining on the floor; but it flares up again, and the silvery stream is gone, "as if it could not be, as if it had not been," and we can see nothing but the candle, and hardly imagine any other light—till at last it goes right out, and the flood of moonlight rushes into the room, and every pane of the casement window, and every ivy-leaf without, are stamped, as it were, upon the floor, and a whole world revealed to us, which that flickering candle was the means of concealing from us. This is what Jesus Christ meant, I suppose, when He said that He must go away in order to be *with* His friends in His spirit, that He would be much nearer to them after death than in the flesh. In the flesh we were separated from our friend by their going into the next room only—a door, a partition, divided us; but what can separate two souls? Often I fancy that we can perceive the presence of a good spirit communicating thoughts to us: are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to us?

It is here, where a cold and false life of conventionalism and frivolity is often all that reaches our outward senses, that we are sometimes baffled in seeing into the life which lies beneath; it is here, amidst the tempers and little vexations, which are the shadows that dim the brightest intercourse, it is here that we fail sometimes in having intimate communion with souls, and we stop short at the dead coverings; but between the soul which is free, and our soul, what barrier, what restraint can there be? Human sympathy is indeed necessary to our happiness of every moment, and the absence of it makes an awful void in our life. Every room becomes a grave, and every book we used to read together a monument to the one we love. But some one says that we need an *idée merveilleuse*, to preserve us from the busy devils, which imagination here is always conjuring up. This *idée merveilleuse*, I think, is the idea of the loving presence of spirits. Those dead ones are safe, and yet with us still, for truly do I believe that these senses of ours are what veil from us, not discover to us, the world around. . . . Faith is the real eye and ear of the soul, and as it would be impossible to describe the harmony and melody of music to one who was born deaf, or to make a blind man see the effects of color, so without faith the spiritual world is as much a hidden one to the soul as the art of painting to the blind man. On a dark night the moon, when at last she rises, reveals to us, just at our feet, a world of objects, of the presence of which we were not aware before. We see the river sparkling in the moonbeams close beside us, and the tall shadows sleeping quietly on the grass, and the sharp relief of the architectural cornices, and the strong outline of the lights and shades, so well defined that we can scarcely believe that a moment ago we did not see them. What shall we say if, one day, the moon rises upon our spiritual world, and we see close at hand, ready to hold the most intimate communion with us, those spirits whom we had loved and mourned as lost to us? We are like the blind man by the wayside, and ought to sit and cry, "Lord, that we may receive our sight." And when we *do* receive it, we shall perhaps find that we require no transporting into another world to become aware of

the immediate presence of an Infinite Spirit, and of other lesser ones whom we thought gone. What we require is sight, not change of place, I believe.

### THOUGHTS ABOUT WAR.

I believe that one outcome of the war will be to make people realize the fact, much more vividly than before, that death is not annihilation, nor even severance, it is a change of condition but not of personality. Bullets and shells injure the body, but they are not among those evil things which assault and hurt the soul.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

May it not be that this war will bring us back in a more definite and helpful fashion to the doctrine of the Communion of Saints? Our dead are not only not dead, but more alive than we. To some extent they must need us still; the shock of passing out of the physical body can not have changed them very much; they want us, think of us, long to know that they are followed by our loving thoughts and prayers. If they were helped in this way while in the body, they can be helped even more when out of it. Perhaps they need such help all the more because of the momentous transition to a new sphere and new adjustments. Thought travels swiftly, and helps or hinders according to the intensity we put into it even in the flesh; how much more potent it must be when the flesh has been discarded. Hopeless grief on our part can only distress and hamper those who have gone, and they probably know of it quite well; but earnest, faithful, persevering, loving prayer can reach to comfort them and cheer them on in their new venture of soul.

Let all who have loved and lost think of this and set to work to bridge the gulf of death accordingly, and it will bring healing to their own wounded hearts. Nay, more, I think they will find that ere long some sure conviction will come to them from the mysterious beyond that what they are doing is known and responded to by those on whose behalf it is done, and that they in their turn are sending back waves of heaven's tender grace to bless and strengthen their bereaved on earth. . . . We ought to know that nothing has been injured save the perishable outer shell; . . . no bestial hands have ever yet been laid

upon the soul or ever will be. Death destroys nothing that belongs to us; he only withdraws it from our sight for a time. Behind the curtain of the visible and tangible, all we have ever loved that was worthy of our love is waiting for us to claim it on a surer plane of possession; no one can be robbed of what is his in spirit; it is his forever.—*Rev. R. J. Campbell.*

What an artificial barrier we have created between this stage of consciousness and the next. All the paraphernalia of funerals tends to perpetuate the illusion that life can be destroyed, or ended, whereas life is the only thing that *can not* be destroyed. I hope I may die at sea, or anywhere rather than be subjected to an English funeral. Cremation of course is the next best alternative. The passing-out experience, especially when it has been peaceful and natural, should be the occasion for "chastened joy" on the part of those left behind, rather than for fear, sorrow, or mourning. How long will it take before we realize this? . . . Life itself is indestructible. Though it may change its form of manifestation, it can never change its essential nature and become death. The belief in and fear of what the world calls death is at the root of most of the discord and misery in the world. . . . In God's universe *there is no death*. The veils between this state of consciousness and the next are being dissipated, and the day is not far off when they will forever disappear. The radiance of a new dawn is breaking, and making it easier for humanity to pass from one stage of life to the next. I believe that the transient conditions of so-called death are becoming more harmonious than ever before. We are liable to be discouraged, to feel there is so little we can do as individuals, but our thoughts and prayers can accomplish more than we realize. Therefore hold on to the thought that there is no death—that life is indestructible, that we are indeed surrounded by divine Love.—*H. Tudor-Pole.*

I do not doubt that the passionately wept deaths of young men are provided for, and that the deaths of young women and the deaths of little children are provided for.

(Did you think Life was so well pro-

vived for, and Death, the purport of all Life, is not well provided for?)

I do not doubt that wrecks at sea, no matter what the horrors of them, no matter whose wife, child, husband, father, lover, has gone down, are provided for, to the minutest point.

I do not doubt that whatever can possibly happen anywhere at any time, is provided for in the inferences of things.

I do not think Life provides for all, but I believe Heavenly Death provides for all.—*Walt Whitman.*

## THE WORLD IN TRAVAIL.

(By G. R. S. Mead.)

If we could only be self-forgetting enough to feel with the World-life, and brave enough to look into the heart of things, the Present is an opportunity such as never has been for men of our humanity.

To gaze on a world in travail, laboring not only to bring forth a new age, but also to give birth to itself as a conscious moral unity, is an awe-inspiring spectacle and a nerve-shattering experience; but is it not also a unique privilege?

Never before for our humanity has there been a wholly conscious world. The great crises of the past have been partial; the countless laborings and births of the Mother-Earth have left Humanity, as a whole, unmoved, unconscious. The World-life has been that of a vegetative, not that of a conscious organism. Today the human small lives of the other have, by their devices and inventions, meshed her huge frame with a nervous network. Earth feels, and all her parts are in communication. Of late, genuinely practical world-interests and world-problems have come into existence for ever-growing numbers of thinkers.

Humanity has thus become conscious of itself.

Wars unnumbered there have been since time began for us; for in a world where life wins to self-consciousness only by the perpetual struggle of ruthless antagonisms, such things, it has been said, must needs be. Still, if war has been declared to be the father of all things in this world of ceaseless flux, let us not forget that Wisdom has equally been declared to be their mother, and

that the progress of life, by reconciliation of the contradictions, perpetually takes up the conflict to a higher stage, using the acquired energy for betterment.

But, if there have been wars innumerable on earth, never before has there been so hideously terrible a shock of death-dealing forces, never within any measure, a conflict on so large a scale. Yet this is not all; an entirely new factor has entered in, a new order of things has come to birth. Never before has war instantly affected the whole world. Though, then, outwardly, this strife seems the same in kind, if not in degree, as it has been ever of yore, inwardly it is very different. It preludes for us today a new order of things.

Nor has this greatest of crises in our history come upon us unexpectedly; it has been long foreseen. It has been anticipated, not only by all serious and well-informed thinkers, but also by the general mind, for a generation at least. For decades also it has been the nightmare of diplomacy; it has been discussed in all its aspects by the press openly. Every effort has been made to avoid it in word, and every preparation made, even unwillingly, to precipitate it in deed. Alas for us slaves of inexorable national fate, so long as we refuse to bind the passions of our racial selves with moral bonds! It needs must come, sooner or later, one way or another, so long as the spirit of humanity was too weak to curb the warring passions of its world animal instincts. It is better to have the evil at last out on the surface.

This war, however, is not an exteriorization of passionate impulse only, of race ambition, or hatred, or economic needs, or commercial rivalry. It is an outward and visible sign of the greatest inner undertaking; it is so vast an act, so gigantic a self-conquest, that the spiritual results would be beyond our fairest dreams.

For Humanity, as a whole, would have at long last, acted morally for the first time in its history, and a true son of God have come to birth.—*From "The Coming Dawn." Published by the John Lane Company.*

It is not wine that makes the drunkard, but vice.

## The Theosophical Society

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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:

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.

(By Anru.)

Many times in the experience of the writer he has been asked the questions: Does Theosophy help one in one's daily life? and, Are Theosophists any better or happier people by reason of their Theosophy?

It is a sad commentary upon the limitations of human nature that the answers to both these questions must be in the negative. Of course there are many exceptions to the generalization, but it must be admitted that, on the whole, those who are interested in studying theosophic teachings, who are members of the various societies, are in character and ethics indistinguishable from the mass of humanity and compare if anything unfavorably with the Christian devotee, Salvationists, New Thinkers, and Christian Scientists.

The writer has observed backbiting, slander, jealousy, meanness, intolerance, even untruthfulness and dishonesty, among some so-called Theosophists who, understanding the law of Karma and having constantly before them the high ideals of thought and conduct necessary for spiritual development, should, presumably, be the last to give way to such base feelings and actions.

The reason for this anomaly probably lies in the fact that Theosophy, unlike all religions and cults, appeals first to the intellect. Its principal attraction is the

detailed explanation of the various laws of the universe, the several qualities of matter, states of consciousness, history of the evolution of worlds, cycles, and the human soul, and all the mass of specific teaching which is more scientific than religious in its treatment.

The majority of students, absorbed in the effort to get a thorough mental grasp of all this information, seem to forget that it is only of value in so far as it can be applied, first, to right understanding of ourselves, our relation to the divine and to others, and, secondly, to its practical application to the building of character, the cultivation of faculty, the elimination of evil, and the striving to attain to the highest ideals of conduct in our intercourse with our fellow-men.

To such Theosophy remains an intellectual concept only. The idea of applying the knowledge to daily life no more occurs to them than it does to the church-going business man to put the Christian precepts he hears on Sunday into practice in his office on Monday. It is strange that it should be so because the business man does not know any real reason why he should be good and virtuous, only vaguely feels that he should, whereas the student of divine wisdom not only knows why but understands the probable consequence of not being so. Nevertheless, strange as it may seem, the real living of a Theosophic life is a rarity.

It has been stated above that Theo-



ophy, unlike all religions and cults, appeals first to the intellect. This is a point of some importance. It was given to the world at a period when the mentality of man was extremely active and beginning to dominate over all emotional feeling. Although always accessible to the thoughtful, and taught secretly by the Great Founders of the various religious systems to their immediate disciples, the appeal to the masses had hitherto always been along devotional lines. A goal of happiness pointed out to be reached by obedience to moral precepts or commandments, accentuated by the shining example of the Teacher himself, calling for a worship of the Divine of Himself as the expression of the Divine.

It was, as can easily be seen, the only possible appeal which would be effective upon the mass of the people of previous ages, but, with the general development of the human mind, due partly to the invention of printing, the growing facilities for intercourse, the discoveries of science, the spread of education, the time arrived when the mind of man, questioning the why and wherefore of things, seeking for causes, searching for the reasons for existence, analyzing and questioning theologic dogma, demanded something more satisfying to the reason than ethical precept or great example.

The result was a weakening and loss of the devotional attitude, an increase of skepticism and materialism, until the need was supplied by the giving out of the ancient philosophy and the appeal for better living and better thinking made through the intellect and not through the emotions.

Notwithstanding the apparent failure of the appeal, at the moment, it has the promise of being much more effective eventually than any previous dispensation. Considering the few years since its first promulgation by Mme. Blavatsky, it has spread over the world in a remarkable degree and, although the effects upon thought and action may not be so very perceptible just now, it is inevitable that sooner or later it will result in a great change for the better in human nature and in the birth of a finer, stronger, and more permanent devotion than has ever been felt by human beings, not excepting the saints of the past.—*Extracted from an article in "Azoth."*

## A FAR-OFF INCARNATION.

An endless age ago, and yet in dreams  
I think it scarce a day.

The mighty jungle with the sweet sad  
scent

Of undergrowth decaying.

The languorous daytime hours—

And then the rushing night. It seems

That I am by the water's muddied brink

Where the yellow of the moon is playing

With the black shadows. And the  
flowers

Are crimson and purple—blurred in the  
grey

Of dawn, when I take one swirling  
drink

And furtive slink away.

My mate has fierce green in her eyes,  
And her flanks are browner than burnt  
sand

As she crouches purring at my side,

Or snarls with me upon my way

To the tearing feasts of the jungle  
night.

The dripping blood upon her mouth

Stains the pale plant leaves as we go.

And, baffled at times by cunning of our  
prey,

We roar our passion through the star-  
screened land;

But the deep-toned echo dies

Before the eastern streaks of morning  
light

Spread their vermillion to the south,

And gluttily we glide

To our lairs where the wild vines grow.

An endless age ago, and yet in dreams

I am warring with the wild things of  
the plain

And gloating on some dying creature's  
screams.

Daring some swaying snake beneath a  
tree

Where jagged thorns are clutching at  
my mane.—

And life is strong, and wonderful, and  
free.

For as I walk in English woods—a man.  
Smelling in summertime the crushed fern  
fronds.

Subconsciously I sense the Mighty Plan:  
Break free a moment from the human  
ban.

Again with glaring eyes I pierce the  
jungle night

And roar my fury where the moon's re-  
flected light

Disturbs the velvet of the drinking ponds.

—From "Memory," by Lieutenant A. Neabery Choyce. Published by John Lane Company; \$1.

### THE MYSTERIES.

(By Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D.)

One of the most remarkable forms of these ancient Mysteries was that known as Mithraicism. Little is known of this Persian cult until it appeared in Rome as a secret worship, about the beginning of the second century of our era. It spread so rapidly and won such popularity that, for a while, it seemed likely to prove a serious rival to Christianity. From the fragmentary accounts preserved to us, we recognize in it the early Persian conception of life as a battle between good and evil, fashioned into symbolic forms and shrined in the elaborate ritual of a secret Order. Mithras was the god of the bright heaven, the god of Light. In the natural symbolism of religion, he was therefore the god of Purity and Goodness. The strife between Day and Night, between the Light and Darkness, was a physical parable of the strife between the powers of Good and Evil in the soul of man. Mithras led the forces of purity and called men to the one great battle of earth beneath his standard. Victory in this battle was to be won only by sacrifice—the sacrifice which Mithras himself is always mystically performing in the heavens and in the soul of man. The human soul which sprang from the Divine being, as a ray of pure light, and descended into matter, was again to reascend and attain unity with God through prolonged and severe asceticism. Those who were initiated in the mysteries of Mithraicism had to fast through a long probation, enduring scourging and fasting, and living in strictest celibacy. They were then counted as soldiers of Mithras, and sealed with his sign upon their foreheads—the mystic sign of the cross. Before entering upon each successive stage of the Order, the candidate was called upon to participate in contests which symbolized the everlasting battle between Light and Darkness; and, at the end of each renewed strife, the victor's crown was placed upon his brow. A beautiful

natural symbolism of the true story of the soul.

The Eleusinian Mysteries had much of the same character. The fundamental legend on which the ritual was founded was "the searching of the goddess Ceres for her daughter Proserpine, her sorrows and her joys, her descent into Hades and her return into the realm of light." A pure nature-myth apparently. Nature itself, however, is a cosmic symbol of spiritual realities, the story of the soul written as a hieroglyph in matter, the principles of ethics found in the lower terms of physics. Nature itself therefore is a sacrament—the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual truths. Such a tale as that of this nature-myth readily translated itself, in the minds of mystics, into a parable of man's life; the fall of the pure spirit from the upper worlds of light into the dark prison-house of matter, its defilement therein, its purification through suffering, the coming down of heavenly helpers to its aid, its restoration to the realms of light, its reascent to God. This was the spiritual truth shrined in the dramatic ritual of the Mysteries. The final stage in this sacramental drama, according to Thomas Taylor, pictured the spirit's "friendship and interior communion with God, and the enjoyment of that felicity which arises from intimate converse with divine beings."

From what we can gather of these Mysteries. Eleusinian, Mithraic, Dionysian, Adonian, and probably those centring in the worship of Isis, the main features of these sacramental rituals were common to them all. The story of the soul was symbolically pictured in six successive stages, so strangely familiar to us, Baptism, Temptation, Passion, Burial, Resurrection, and Ascension. The initiate himself, in the most solemn scene of the mystic drama, was sometimes encoffined for burial, and then raised to new life by the hand of the symbolized God. Or the story of man was imaged in the story of the God whose experiences were followed, until in hymns, which formed the rough drafts of the very Easter Hymn which we still sing, the worshipers burst forth in the joyous acclaim of the risen God. —From "Catholicity." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

## ONCE MORE.

Laden I come to that great Market-  
Place

Where still unseen the secret Mer-  
chant waits

To take our wares, our hoarded joys  
and tears

And life and death. Not yet, not yet  
abates

That greed of his to sweep the harvest  
in.

Never a hearth or home or child or  
mate

But He must have it. Let one grain of  
sand

For hidden building be, one dream  
elate

With separateness from Him, and He  
will fold

That thrilling voice of his within the  
winds.

Sweeter than music, wild as lover's flute  
Piercing the night, his cadence rises,

binds

Our willing to his Will. Then, then like  
fields

Whose ripened grain bows down, like  
hurrying leaves

When autumn's magic woos them from  
the trees,

Once more we strip our wool, we yield  
our sheaves.

—G. O. Warren, in the *October At-  
lantic*.

## A PRO-GERMAN PRIESTHOOD.

The attitude of the church in Latin American countries is perhaps to be explained by the fact that a majority of the priests are merely following the lead of Spain, for a tendency to look to Spain in matters of religion is the single exception to the rule that France is Latin America's counselor in all things immaterial. It is very possible, in other words, that the first cause of the pro-Germanism of the Latin American clergy is to be found in the Napoleonic invasion of Spain more than a hundred years ago. In any case, it is certain that the lowest classes in Latin America, who feel no love for France, because they have no artistic impulses, and who do not abhor anything except starvation, have been easily pro-Germanized by their clerical advisers.—*From the October Century Magazine.*

## LIFE AFTER DEATH.

In "Life After Death," which E. P. Dutton & Co. have in train for early issue, James H. Hyslop, secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, presents the arguments and the evidence for the survival of personality after death which he has been collecting for the last twenty years. Here he has brought together not only the results of modern scientific investigation and psychical research, but also the ideas of the Greeks, the Romans, and of later civilizations upon the question of life after death. He discusses very fully also the possibility of a future life, the various theories concerning its nature, and the question of the reality of communication with it.

Death is not a word to fear, any more than birth is. We change our state at birth, and come into the world of air and sense and myriad existence; we change our state at death, and enter a region of—what? Of Ether, I think, and still more myriad existence; a region in which communion is more akin to what we here call telepathy, and where intercourse is not conducted by the accustomed indirect physical processes; but a region in which beauty and knowledge are as vivid as they are here; a region in which progress is possible, and in which "admiration, hope, and love" are even more real and dominant. It is in this sense that we can truly say "The dead are not dead, but alive." . . . The universe is not one, not two. Literally there is no "other" world—except in the limited and partial sense of other planets—the Universe is one. We exist in it continuously all the time; sometimes conscious in one way, sometimes conscious in another; sometimes aware of a group of facts on one side of a partition, sometimes aware of another group on the other side. But the partition is a subjective one; we are all one family all the time, so long as the link of affection is not broken. And for those who believe in prayer at all, to cease from praying for the welfare of their friends because they are materially inaccessible—though perhaps spiritually more accessible than before—is to succumb unduly to the residual evil of past ecclesiastical abuses, and to lose an opportunity of happy service.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

## MYSTICISM AND WAR.

With our present limitations what we term evil seems therefore as real and necessary a thing for our spiritual life as good; for in overcoming the former, the Divine life becomes manifest and our higher self is, to that extent, realized. It is in the *attaining* and not in the *attainment*, in the *effort* and not in the *rest*, in the *struggle* and not in the *victory*, that the process of self-realization, the deeper consciousness, the larger and higher life, which we desire and mean by immortality, truly consists.—*Sir William F. Barrett.*

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All progress, all discovery and vindication of the true and the best, is by and through conflict of opposites, whether on the physical, the mental, or the spiritual plane. In the natural order—and to that order, in virtue of his physical constitution, the most spiritual of men still belongs—struggle never ceases; though in civilized communities its true character is often disguised. This law, which shocks us so deeply when it is exhibited in the deadly strife of nations, is operative over the whole course of our life. In races, the tendencies which it represents gather slowly to a crisis, and then explode with an awful force. Yet this explosion, even in the stupendous form in which we are now witnessing it, confirms rather than contradicts the world-process—is an episode in that secular struggle wherein "the sword that rings out most loudly is the sword of His name."—*Evelyn Underhill.*

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I want to say a few words about a mighty force which too often lies forgotten, but which all who know anything of psychical and spiritual matters should try to realize and to wield at this critical moment in our history. I speak of the great power of thought. Concentrated thought is a force as unseen as electricity, but its results are as real and as tangible. We should all take time daily to concentrate upon the victory of right over tyranny, of freedom over slavery, of good over evil. "This is not a war of country against country, as such," say angelic ministrants, through the channel of human mediumship: "it is a struggle between Good and Evil, raging now not only on the earth plane, but on all the

interpenetrating and surrounding states of this planet."

We wrestle not merely against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers of enormous potency. The hosts of Evil are marshaled in array against the great Army of Good, and the atmospheres of this planet are vibrating with the titanic struggle. We can none of us be neutral in this gigantic war of the spiritual forces. "He that is not for us is against us." All who are not *positive* on the side of Good are simply lending themselves to the destructive energy of the enemy. The heavens themselves are engaged in the struggle. Mighty galaxies of angels are concentrating their thoughts and power upon this planet; but without the conscious co-operation of the earth-dwellers, victory can not be ours. This is a testing time, and we have the power to bring in the dawn of the day of true peace, love, and brotherhood, or to set back the clock and hinder the progress of humanity for ages. Do you say—I thought good was bound to prevail? Yes, it will ultimately, but man is given free-will, and by his own thoughts and actions he weaves his own destiny. The supreme question is—Shall we conquer *now*? Will this great European war be the beginning of the new day? Is there enough of the spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfish service for the good of all? or do we still lag in shouldering each his own share of responsibility?—*Eva Harrison.*

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Since the present war began a flood of prophecies have been circulated. Some of these are undoubtedly of modern origin, and of no particular value, but others date back many years, and in some ways carry out the idea that human thought has looked forward from quite early days to a period of Armageddon such as now surrounds us. . . . People look down upon the visionary—those who have developed to some extent the power of clairvoyant vision, and can watch the shadows cast by events before their arrival, and who can warn their fellow-men of the time to be—and seem to think that his message is not worth listening to, because he often dreams dreams and sees visions, which he finds difficult to interpret and interprets wrongly. Yet let us remember that

"where there is no vision, there the nation perisheth." The visionary might well take for his motto the words of Swedenborg—"Thought from the eye closes up the understanding; but thought from the understanding (*i. e.*, the inner vision) opens the eye."

It seems to me essential that those who feel they have a message for their fellow-men should give it now, especially the visionary who has the power of looking behind the scenes, because he can show forth the faith that is in him, and help those who can not see quite so far, to live through this valley of darkness, and to discern the light which is beyond the shadow of present world events.

What are the underlying causes for Armageddon as seen by our visionary? Let us speak as one who has for many years watched the on-coming radiance of a new spiritual wave descending towards the world of men and women from higher and invisible spheres. We visionaries have seen the forces of darkness in human nature rising to meet this great regenerating influence, or breath of God. The attempt to engulf the descent of the Holy Spirit has produced a great conflict, which has taken place just beyond the range of normal vision. This Armageddon in the air, between the forces of light and the forces of darkness, has been going on for many years past, and visionaries have felt sure that time must inevitably come when the conflict would be reflected and manifested outwardly in the human world.—*W. Tudor-Pole.*

The Divine Providence (which men call fortune) is at work in the minutest details of even trivial things; and if you acknowledge that the Divine Providence regulates these things, you should certainly admit that it regulates the affairs of war.

That wars in this world are governed by the Divine Providence of the Lord the spiritual man acknowledges, but the natural man does not, except that when a thanksgiving is appointed on account of a victory, he may give thanks on his knees to God for the victory, and he may utter a brief prayer before he goes into action; but when he relapses into his usual state of mind he either ascribes

the victory to the skill of the general, or to some unexpected suggestion or event in the course of the battle which decided the issue.—*Emanuel Swedenborg.*

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.—*Ephesians*, vi, 12.

And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True; and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns, and he had a name written that no man knew, but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called the Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations. . . . And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written: King of Kings and Lord of Lords.—*Revelation* xix, 2.

## THE NEW DEATH.

Winifred Kirkland's "The New Death" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is a book inspired by a desire to interpret truthfully the growing faith of the soldier, to give an ungarished account of his spiritual response to the perils of war. It is an informal, uncatalogued sort of faith, identical with no formulated creed, which Miss Kirkland describes in this book on immortality, and yet it has commanded the admiration of many deeply religious men. From the Rev. James S. Stone of the St. James Parish of Chicago it has won the following comment: "I wish the book could be read by every man and woman who by this fearful war has been bereaved. Beyond giving comfort the book makes a real contribution to the argument for immortality. It clearly shows the change that is going on today from materialism to spirituality."

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.*

## RAJA YOGA.

(The following are extracts from the "Crest Jewel of Wisdom," by Shri Sankaracharya.)

Through the sole desire of liberation having rooted out attachment to objects and renounced personal interest in action; with reverential purity, he who is devoted to study and the rest, shakes off mental passion.

By inference and according to the Vedas the atma is what remains after the subtraction of the five sheaths. It is the witness, it is absolute knowledge.

This atma is self-illuminated and different from the five sheaths; it is the witness of the three states (waking, dreaming, and dreamless sleep); it is stainless, and unchanging, it is eternal bliss.

That by which everything is known, that which is not known by anything—through the subtle intellect, realize that knower to be the atma.

Thus it is that the individual, abandoning the body, the intellect and the reflection of Ego becomes sinless, passionless, and deathless by knowing the all-illuminating atma, which is the seer, which is itself the eternal knowledge, different from reality as well as unreality, eternal, all-pervading, supremely subtle, devoid of within and without, the only one, in the centre of wisdom.

The wise man is free from grief and filled with bliss. He fears nothing from anywhere. Without knowledge of the true self there is no other path open to those desirous of liberation for removing the bondage of conditioned life.

When all the differences created by illusion have been rejected there remains a self-illuminated something which is eternal, fixed, without stain, immeasurable, without form, unmanifested, without name, indestructible.

The wise know that as the supreme truth which is absolute consciousness, in which are united the knower and the knowledge, infinite and unchangeable.

Realize that thou art "that" which is far beyond caste, worldly wisdom, family and clan, devoid of name, form, qualities and defects, beyond time, space and objects of consciousness.

Realize that thou art "that" which is supreme, beyond the range of all speech, but which may be known through the eye of pure wisdom. It is pure, absolute consciousness, the eternal substance.

Realize that thou art "that" which is

devoid of birth, growth, change, loss of substance, disease and death, indestructible, the cause of the evolution of the universe, its preservation and destruction.

Realize that thou art "that" which is the cessation of all differentiation, which never changes its nature, and is as unmoved as a waveless ocean, eternally unconditioned and undivided.

Realize that thou art "that" which is without modification, very great, indestructible, the supreme, different from all destructible elements and the indestructible logos, eternal indestructible bliss, and free from stain.

## MR. BLACKWOOD'S BOOKS.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have taken over from Alfred A. Knopf the American copyright and publication rights of four volumes of fiction by Algernon Blackwood, as follows: "The Listener and Other Stories," a collection of short stories of which one critic said that "there are few things in heaven or earth that are not dreamt of in Blackwood's philosophy"; two other volumes of short stories, "The Empty House and Other Stories" and "The Lost Valley and Other Stories," both of which have won high praise from even the most captious critics for the artistry and effectiveness with which their tales of spiritual mystery and weird happenings are told; and "John Silence," a novel, by many thought to be Blackwood's finest work, which has been compared as to literary quality and convincingness with Poe's stories of fantasy and horror. The Duttons already had on their lists two volumes of short stories by Blackwood, "Ten Minute Stories" and "Day and Night Stories," a drama called "Karma," whose theme is reincarnation; two novels dealing with spiritual mysteries descending from the past upon present-day mortals, "The Wave" and "Julius Le Vallon"; a novel, "The Promise of Air," published last spring, which gives glimpses of future possibilities. They have announced also the early publication of a new story, "The Garden of Survival," dealing with a new and poignant phase of those mysteries of the spirit which Blackwood is so adept in handling and with which his touch is always convincing as well as fine and delicate.

# The Theosophical Society

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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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GIFT  
Oct. 23 1918

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT  
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. III. No. 42. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, October 19, 1918. Price Five Cents

## MEMORIES.

Indications of the present mystic trend of human thought are now to be found everywhere. There is no book too commonplace to reveal them and apparently no topic to which they are irrelevant.

Duffield & Co. have just published a little volume entitled "Memories," by Alma Newton. It is a record of a few of the greater epochs of the author's life, all of them tinged by mysticism and some of them expressing it. For example, the author speaks as follows of her friend Stella:

Her mind seemed a thousand years old in the depth of its wisdom; her soul as though she had lived with the immortals; her body young and beautiful—a combination I had never known before. It was as though she had lived before, lived in many forms from the heights of idealism befitting a priestess of some Eastern temple to a Cleopatra type of beauty and desire, down through the ages, and now placed in so strange a setting—a setting too new, too modern. It was not the proper environment. . . .

I reveled in flights of fancy in an effort to diagnose this very unique character, Stella Graham.

Louis was right in calling her Madonna. In our walks she spoke of children; love of them was a passion with her, ever present, overmastering. This greatly interested me, and I tried to make her talk freely and confidently.

"Sometimes," she said, "I am awakened at dawn by the indistinct memory of little children's voices chanting in a minor key, chanting of the dignity of their mission in life, the living expression of human love. As I see them, in my reverie, they are enveloped in exquisite pastel shades from the faintest blue to rose pink and pale lavender. From these

colors spring a chord, a minor chord of almost happy sadness, for the sadness is more a deep longing than the common form of sadness—the longing for things supreme, the longing for the consummation of all love into the final call of Nirvana, where only purity and beauty dwell.

"Sometimes these little ones seem to take pity upon my longing, and in my dreams they draw near and, with their rose-petaled hands, smooth my hair and kiss my lips, dropping wildflowers and angels' wings at my feet.

"This may sound fantastic to you," she continued, "but to me it is very real, believing as I do in the nearness of Paradise. May it not be that little spirit children hover very closely around us bringing peace and benediction?"

"For there is no death, no absolute annihilation—there is only *transition*. And I wonder if those of us who have suffered and lost do not unconsciously attract the souls in the world of Paradise so that we may be comforted? Many of us think of that other life as being far away, in the distance, when in reality it is near—in, about, around us—*everywhere*. True, we can not always touch and see it with our physical hands and eyes; but we know that the greatest Forces are the silent ones; electricity is silent, yet how near, how potent, how marvelous! How can we doubt? Does not modern science go hand in hand with occultism—proving, demonstrating, materializing, the so-called supernatural Forces—making us realize that the greatest wisdom was uttered by the Nazarene when He said, 'Because seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.'

"Think of the subtlety of the universe, the constant, penetrating law of vibration! Every sound is registered somewhere. Always there is a great chorus of Subjective sound, for everything has its echo just as everything has its complement, only our physical or objective ears hear not.

"Knowing this to be true, I can quite ex-



plain many complex and elusive things to myself through the laws of vibration and gravity. For instance, I feel, when I long and think of little children, that a vibration from these thoughts penetrates into the heart of Paradise itself, the law of gravity acting as a pilot, bringing these little souls through the dense clouds of the ether down to earth, to remain as *willing captives of thought*."

The reference is a slight one and perhaps not exceedingly profound, but straws, as we all know, show the direction of the wind.

### VOICES BURIED IN THE AIR.

Occasionally operators at wireless stations report that they have heard sounds of voices, music, tramping of crowds, and explosions of sound for which they can not account. It is supposed that in some as yet not understood way the vibrations of the wireless pick up these sounds. The operators say that the air does not suffer from "attenuation" as wires do, and that they believe that the wireless station will eventually be able to pick up sound at any distance. If this be true, we may indeed be on the eve of an electric miracle (says the *Los Angeles Times*). It may be possible that in the future the voices of the past will be brought back to us on the waves of the air. Here is the theory:

Vibrations of all sounds are thrown into the air and remain there for some time. This is shown by the length of time required for the echo to return to its starting point, by the length of time which elapses between the sending and the receiving of a wireless call, and by the fact that sound travels to us, as is indicated by the little pause which can be perceived before we hear what we have already seen. The air envelope around the earth, however, is only fifteen miles deep. Outside of that radius vibrations can not carry. This has been demonstrated by the kites which the Weather Bureau has used for a number of years to help in the prediction of temperatures. Now, from all this evidence, we have this deduction: The earth is a ball whirling around in space with an envelope of air fifteen miles thick, an envelope which must have absorbed all the sounds that have been made since the world began.

The question is, where are those sounds? They must be somewhere. They must be within the radius of fifteen miles,

unless their vibrations have died out, and recent experiments have shown, it is contended, the probability that vibration is the real perpetual movement. The range of the wireless is something over 3000 miles; so that, even at this comparatively early day in electrical science, it may be that we are beginning to pick up these vibrations. Wireless operators are always complaining of "breaks" in their transmissions, queer, odd sounds, which seem almost articulate, and which can not be accounted for on any other ground than that of some phenomena connected with the lingering vibrations of other days.

### INDIA'S GORGEOUS TEMPLES.

Of the many strange buildings and temples in the Far East there are none more wonderful than the 450 Temples of the Law, at Mandalay, in Upper Burma, known as the Rutholdaw, or "Royal Merit." The group consists of a large central pagoda surrounded by hundreds of smaller white temples (says the *World Wide Magazine*).

They were erected by Ainschaymin, who ascended the throne on the death of his brother, in 1867. The latter was cruelly murdered by his two nephews, and it appears that this very much affected the new king.

Not only did he devote his energies to peace, but erected this strange group of temples, each one of which contains a slab on which is engraved a portion of the Buddhist bible.

These holy tablets are made of soft marble or alabaster, each slab being about the size of a large, old-fashioned upright tombstone. On both sides are engraved chapters from the Buddhist scriptures.

Over every slab is erected a canopy surmounted by a gilded framework of metal with small tinkling bells.

The temples are situated in a beautiful wooded valley, and seen from the surrounding hills they present a fascinating picture.

### SPEAKING WITH THE DEAD.

"How to Speak with the Dead," which E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish a month hence, conceals its authorship, which is evidently that of an English scientist of repute and achievement, under the pen-name of "Sciens." He offers in the first

four chapters an outline and some discussion of the scientific discoveries and developments which he believes to prove that the survival of personality after death and the reality of communication with the dead are established as scientific facts. Information and warning as to mediums and methods of communication follow and in the last chapter he makes clear the distinction between speaking with the dead on one hand and spiritualism faced by rationalism on the other.

### STORIES FROM THE JATAKA.

(Being the Preface to "Hindu Fairy Tales Retold for Children," by Florence Griswold. Published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25.)

Ages and ages ago there was born at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains in the north of India a boy named Gotama. His mother, Maya, died when he was born, but his mother's sister, who was also a wife of his father, loved him as her own son, and reared him with such kindness that he never knew the loss of a mother's love. As Gotama's father was the king of his tribe, his boyhood was happier than that of most children. It was as though the sun shone for him all the time, with no night and no rain. There were crowds of servants around him at all times to wait upon him; there were young noblemen a little older than himself who taught him games, and old warriors who taught him how to use the weapons of his times for the protection of his country. While he played and from time to time attended great hunting parties, yet the hours of the early day were spent in study with his master, the priest of the palace. Like every Indian boy of high caste he learned the sacred Vedas by heart. Very wonderful are these Vedas, for they tell in songs and stories of the noble deeds of the people who dwelt in India thousands of years ago, and who were the ancestors of the boys and girls of his time. Even today the children of India must study them as a part of their religious instruction.

Gotama had three homes according to the Indian year, which had summer, winter, and the rains. In each home he grew to know and enjoy the beauties of nature, the flowers so wonderfully cultivated in one palace garden, the wild shrubs of the mountains in another, and

in the third the soft rains that filled the streams and rivers and made fertile the valley that lay below his home during the rainy season. His master had taught him that it was wicked to take the life of any one, whether it were man or beast, so he made friends of all animals and treated them as companions no matter where he met them. In the palace grounds, on the mountainside, or in the deep forest, they were to him as brothers. The animals returned his kindness with kindness. Thus, in peace and harmony among loving relatives and friends, Gotama grew into manhood.

Like other Indian boys, he married when he reached the age of manhood. His wife was his cousin Gopa, a good and beautiful woman. After a time they had a little son whom they called Rabula. Gotama loved him with all his heart, but while Rabula was still a baby he said good-by to his wife, to his aunt who had given him a mother's love, to his father, to his little son, and left his palace home which contained all he used to love and enjoy to go out into the wilderness to live as a poor beggar on the fruits of the earth and the alms of the charitable. This he did, hoping that by a life spent away from all the good things of the world, he might see the Truth through leading a holy life.

For seven years he lived in a hut in the wilderness, fasting, studying, thinking, his only companions animals and hermits like himself. At the end of all these years he felt that Truth was very far off, and that he had gained little in goodness. One day, feeling very much discouraged, he sat under a bo-tree to rest. He fell asleep, and in a dream he saw a light which revealed to him the Truth for which all these years he had been searching. He awoke and knew that he had been rewarded at last for all the years of study in the wilderness. But now no longer might he dwell in the wilderness, for the Truth that had been revealed to him must be passed on to others. From that day until the end of his life Gotama, who was now called Buddha, which means the Awakened or One Who Knows, went over India from north to south and from east to west teaching to all the people who sought him the wonderful knowledge of the Truth of Life that had been given

him by the gods as he sat under the bo-tree.

In the evening when the sun was setting low behind the hills in the west, and the air was growing cool with the coming night, Buddha with his followers, whom he called Brethren, tired after their labors of the day, would sit to rest on the ground in front of the tent, called the House of Truth. The Brethren always had many questions to ask the master, for they thought he knew and understood everything. Sometimes instead of answering their questions he would tell them a story of a life he had lived before and which he remembered. Many of the people of India, even to-day, have a belief that every human being has lived in this world many times before. Sometimes they believe it might have been as a monkey or an elephant, or at another time as a cow, horse, or some other animal. It is because of this belief that the people of India are very kind and good to animals. These are the stories Buddha told the Brethren.

## DO MASTERS EXIST?

(By Dr. C. J. Lopez.)

As far as my personal interest in the Theosophical studies is concerned, it matters little if these beings do exist or not. For, if the teaching satisfies my sense of truth, if the closest scrutiny fails to discover in it anything that revolts my reason, what does it matter from whence it comes? Is truth less worthy of our assimilation because we are not personally acquainted with its promulgator?

But the very plan, constitution, or *policy* of the Theosophical Society demands imperatively as its foundation rock the existence of those advanced beings in order to explain, without superstitious beliefs in supernatural revelations, this new outpouring of old forgotten truths which forms the bulk of its tenets. And if the men of our race and age are ever going to make of Theosophy a practical guide in their daily life and not a mere speculation, an intellectual fad, or a sort of system of mental gymnastics, they must first conceive the Masters as ideals to imitate, as men more advanced on the path of evolution than the best of us, nearer to perfection and freer from the many obstacles that our ignorance of the

ultimate forces of nature opposes to the exercise of our will. This conception of what a Master must be should be devoid of superstition and mysticism.

It must not be supposed that they are super-human beings, who, being entrusted with special missions and endowed with supernatural powers, are capable of violating the eternal laws of Nature to suit their own caprice. They must not be considered as exceptions, but as natural products of normal evolution, carried to a point of which we did not dream before. They must be looked upon as men who through a long series of incarnations, by wilful and conscious efforts, whose motive has always been the good of others, and whose characteristic has always been self-sacrifice, have arrived at that state of perfection which would be the condition of a human being possessing at the same time mental qualities far superior to those of our greater *savants*, and heart qualities far beyond those of the greatest self-sacrificing heroes who honor the history of mankind. Who shall slander humanity by saying that such attainments are impossible in a long series of incarnations? Who shall deny that there are today many obscure men and women sacrificing themselves for the good of others, doing their full duty and even more than their strict duty, without discrimination, without fear, and without hope; and, on the other hand, that there are many ignored students, consuming their life in the thankless task of pushing a little further the barriers of ignorance which limit today every modern science? And why not believe that these men and women are progressing towards Adeptship, some treading now the path of Knowledge and others the path of Compassion? When a student, after having mastered all the secrets of Nature, not only on its material aspect, but in what is called its occult side, shall become also a philanthropist capable of sacrificing himself, not for a particular set of people, but for the whole of humanity, then a new Master will have evolved.

Let us see now if there are any proofs of the existence of such masters at the present time. I will divide these proofs in three classes: Logical deductions, actual sensible experiences of reliable

witnesses, and direct psychical recognitions.

The most commonly used logical proof is that derived from evolution. If we admit that a stone becomes in the course of ages a plant, that this plant becomes an animal, and this animal a man, why shall we be conceited enough to think that men, such as we, are the ne-plus-ultra of terrestrial evolution? To all those who have studied, not read about, the sciences of chemistry, physics, astronomy, and physiology it is plain that our civilization has wrested from Nature many a valuable secret, but it is equally plain that we only know one aspect of Nature, the physical or grossly material, and that very imperfectly yet, since the ultimate laws upon which those sciences are based are far from being understood. Now we find in each one of those realms of human knowledge some of the greatest authorities, not the lesser lights, frankly admitting that when they reach the very bottom of academical orthodoxy in their favorite science they get glimpses of a rich realm far beyond, with new laws more universal and complete in their play than those of physical matter, with new forces far superior and more refined than those hitherto known, and new possibilities far surpassing the wildest conceptions of the most poetical dreamer. Therefore, is it not logical to admit that some men, removed from the hurried struggle for self-gratification of the occidental world, and hence having more time and more energy to devote to the purest investigations of science, communing with nature in its unspoiled grandeur and concentrating their efforts, not on self-aggrandizement, but on self-improvement—is it not logical to admit that such men, under such conditions, must certainly have mastered these occult sciences of which even we are beginning to stammer the A, B, C, and that using those sciences practically, as we do those that we know, they are capable of producing effects which we do not understand any more than the Esquimaux at the Fair understand the *modus operandi* of the electric plant?

Another logical proof is that derived from the nature of the Theosophical teachings themselves. A doctrine that embraces the Divine Principle, Nature, and man, condensing in one harmonious whole the fragmentary knowledge of the

Orient and the Occident, of the ancient sages and prophets, the mediæval philosophers and seers, the modern scientists and metaphysicians; that explains satisfactorily all the physical, psychical, and spiritual phenomena; that covers the triple ground of science, philosophy, and religion, not only without omissions and shortcomings, but, on the contrary, filling the gaps that we had found in that triple realm of human knowledge and uniting the three in one, such a doctrine can not be the invention of ordinary men, and much less the offspring of unscientific minds like those of Sinnett, Mme. Blavatsky, and Colonel Olcott. What else can it be? The revelation of a personal God, the inspiration of dead personalities, or the instruction of perfected living human beings, such as the Masters are. The first supposition is untenable because a personal God is an absurdity; the second is untenable also because death is no initiation and the fact of dying can not by itself confer superior knowledge; therefore by the simple logical process of *reductio ad absurdum* the existence of the Masters is proven by the very nature of their teachings, just as a tree is recognized by its fruit.

But there are still more material proofs in the testimony of trustworthy witnesses. Without counting hundreds of Hindus to whom their existence is a simple matter of fact, we have the volunteer affirmations of Sinnett, Mme. Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, Countess Wachtmeister, Annie Besant, William Q. Judge, and many others, some of whom have seen them several times even in their physical bodies, and one of whom (Olcott) has still a material tangible object given to him by a Master as a proof that he was not dreaming. Note that all these people are well known and trustworthy, that they have repeated their experiences and asserted the same thing for eighteen years, that they can not possibly mistake, and that, therefore, they are either lying or telling the truth. Why should they lie? There is no material interest involved; they have nothing to gain by their assertions except the unenviable position of targets for every scoffer's ridicule.

In fact, their social standing would be rather ameliorated by a contrary assertion, for then they would appear as

mighty reformers and not as mere instruments.

Is it possible that they lie for the sake of disowning the authorship of books which are in the hands of thousands of admiring readers? If such were the case it would be more wonderful than the existence of the Masters, and certainly there is no court of justice that would not render a favorable decision upon such testimony.

Unfortunately we have to deal, not with frank deniers, but with reserved doubters, whose favorite argument is that the experience of others can not be proof for them.

To these I will dedicate my last series of proofs, and I will say that the Masters have never refused to manifest their existence to those who place themselves in the proper conditions.

They do not show themselves promiscuously to curiosity seekers; they do not mix with the ordinary daily life of men, because they would have no object in doing so and no good would ever come out of it; but they do not hide themselves or try to monopolize the state of Adeptship by preventing others from reaching them. Quite the contrary; there are no obstacles outside of ourselves on the path that leads to them; there are no barred doors, no whimsical initiations; they have affirmed several times that they are ready to help those who seek to approach them with purity of motive by raising themselves up to them, that is to say, by following the same route which they formerly traversed.

There is such a thing as direct apprehension of a fact or a truth without any intervening process of reasoning and without any extraneous intervention. The occidental world is beginning to make its first blundering experiments in psychometry, mesmerism, clairvoyance, etc., and already there are sufficient scientific facts to formulate the opinion of a possible psychical intercourse between *kindred* souls without any physical or even astral manipulations. This faculty is not the property of any man or set of men. It is common to all, it is latent in all human beings, and the only obstacles to its developments are our own wrong habits and accumulated impulses in a more material direction.

As we are free agents, all that we

have to do, if we want to remove the mist of our own manufacture which beclouds our higher perception, is to cultivate more our better and more elevated faculties and live *less* within the narrow limits of our personality.

Of course the process is a long one, not always achieved in one earthly life. Of course there are dangers to be encountered, but are there no dangers in physical trainings? How many would-be athletes have broken their necks? How many chemical experimenters have been diseased for life by poisonous fumes or maimed by unexpected explosions? How many electricians have been killed by the subtle current? These dangers arise mainly from precipitateness, lack of accuracy, and imperfect knowledge. Let us learn thoroughly, let us be accurate in every act and thought, let us progress with patient coolness, let us be unselfish in the sense of being always actively at work for the benefit of others, purifying our own lower planes so as to give no hold to those astral influences which have converted so many weak mediums and unprepared wonder-seekers into moral wrecks or silly maniacs, and I think that we shall naturally evolve, step by step, until our highest perceptions (call them intuitions if you will) shall be sufficiently open to permit to us a direct cognizance of the Masters' existence.

Bear in mind that they have reached their present high state of evolution mainly by active altruism and self-denial, that their only aim is to help humanity as a whole; therefore, if we imitate them as best we can, we will become in our humble way *kindred* with them, and then, and only then, shall we *know* their existence.

Let us wipe out the vapors of selfishness which dim the mirror of our higher consciousness, let us become willing and efficient coöperators in the Masters' altruistic work for the sake of humanity as a whole, let us do the work assigned to us by our Karma well and thoroughly, without hope of personal reward, and the Masters will reveal themselves to us, not by wonderful physical phenomena, but by simple, direct communion through the highest planes of our being, those planes which are the true field of their activity.—*Reprinted from the Path.*

# "AGAINST MY SECOND COMING."

"Against my second coming,"  
Christ the Lord hath said,  
"Provide with driven thunder  
The nations for my bed,  
Make plain the path before me  
With lightning from the skies  
When unbelief shall open  
And all the dead arise.

"With patience beyond wisdom  
And knowledge beyond grace  
I have prepared my peoples  
At last to bear my face;  
By many intimations  
The final truth is known,  
And all the lone discover  
They never were alone.

"Against my second coming,"  
The good Lord Jesus saith,  
"Ten million young men lightly  
Shall charge the gates of death,  
Until, grown still with wonder,  
They know how far they came,  
Through many habitations  
Eternally the same.

"Behold I knit the nations  
With instant words of light,  
And on the clouds of heaven  
My wingèd feet are bright;  
Beneath the seas I smite them,  
And through the mountains core  
The splendor of my coursers  
Escapes the granite door.

The shining page my hillside,  
I need no special sea,  
For fishing boats are paper  
And oceans, Gallilee.  
I walk no more among you  
On brown and lovely feet,  
And yet my hand is on you,  
And still my lips are sweet.

"My perfect consummation  
Ye can not put aside,  
I am the living Jesus,  
Who will not be denied;  
The moment of your anguish  
When all seemed dead but death,  
I drew you to my bosom," . . .  
The good Lord Jesus saith.

—From "Lanterns in Gethsemane," by  
Willard Wattles. To be published  
in October by E. P. Dutton & Co.

The whole world is a living organism.  
—Paracelsus.

# A DISCOURSE OF BUDDHA.

Shadows are good when the high sun is  
flaming,  
From wheresoe'er they fall;  
Some take their rest beneath the holy  
temple,  
Some by the prison wall.

The King's gilt palace roof shuts out the  
sunshine,  
So doth the dyer's shed!  
Which is the chiefest shade of all these  
shadows?  
They are alike! one said.

So it is, quoth he, with all shows of  
living;  
As shadows fall, they fall!  
Rest under, if ye must, but question not  
Which is the best of all.

Therefore, though all be false, seek, if  
ye must  
Right shelter from life's heat.  
Lo! those do well who toil for wife and  
child,  
Threading the burning street!

Good is it helping kindred! Good to  
dwell  
Blameless and just to all!  
Good to give alms, with good-will in the  
heart,  
Albeit the store be small!

Good to speak sweet and gentle words,  
to be  
Merciful, patient, mild;  
To hear the Law, and keep it, leading  
days  
Innocent, undefiled.

These be chief goods—for evil by its like  
Ends not, nor hate by hate;  
By love hate ceaseth; by well-doing ill;  
By knowledge life's sad state.

But see where soars an eagle! Mark  
those wings!  
Which cleave the cool, blue skies!  
What shadow needeth yon proud Lord of  
Air  
To shield his fearless eyes?

Rise from this life; lift upon pinions  
bold  
Hearts free and great as his;  
The eagle seeks no shadow, nor the wise  
Greater or lesser bliss!

—Edwin Arnold.

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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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## THE NEW DEATH.

Miss Winifred Kirkland, author of "The New Death," quotes the testimony of an American soldier who has been in the ranks a long time and who writes: "When this war struck the world I was materially prosperous, but religiously hopeless. And then I was pitched forward into this carnage of the western front. I learned that death, instead of being a horror—something mysterious—was just a casual thing and really just a part of the 'carry on,' of no more importance than many petty things that upset our plans. Many of us feared pain, many feared for tasks not finished, many feared physical weakness—few or none feared death. I, we, any of us, might be just torn bits of flesh or bone the next day or the next minute, but we knew it would not be us—and that is not a belief, it is a *knowledge*. As I said, death has become casual, just casual. We are seeing things correctly, not abnormally. I can not give you any formula of this conviction, but I know it is as correct and accurate as any empirical formula I use in my engineering."

Such an utterance is not surprising. Very few men are afraid of death if it is faced in the performance of duty, and especially under circumstances that have rendered it familiar. Over and above a certain physical shrinking from bodily dissolution there is no such thing as a natural fear of death. It is a fear that has been instilled into us by generations

of priestcraft and by an organized theology that finds its profit in the creation of terror. Where there is no such theology there is no such terror.

But it is easy to believe that a certain clairvoyance comes to those who face death day by day, who are surrounded with the mechanism as well as the atmosphere of death. They can not themselves express what they know. It comes in the nature of direct perception, and it is infinitely more valuable than any number of the "demonstrations" that are now so rife. We may note, too, that the firmest convictions of the continuity of life do not come as a result of pieties nor only to the religious. They do not seem to avoid the profanities and the coarsenesses that are more or less inseparable from army life. They do not conform in the least with our codes. The criminal is just as likely as any other to have these messages from the soul which stands above and beyond all human frailties measuring them all from a vast and dwarfing perspective.

## OCCULT PHYSIOLOGY.

Mr. Cyril Scott, author of "The Philosophy of Modernism in Its Connection with Music," has something interesting to say on the subject of occult physiology and its relation to musical vibrations. We will not ask the source of his information lest he should tell us that he is under a pledge not to reveal it. Says Mr. Scott: "It is essential to add that



these bodies are perceptible to the trained psychic, though imperceptible to the ordinary man, the reason being that only the psychic has awakened the latent faculties of two glands in the brain, known as the pineal gland and the pituitary body; the two physical organs of psychic perception. Although the first-mentioned sensation-body has little to do with the point in question, I may state in passing that when chloroform or gas is administered, it is this body which is forced out of the physical one by the action of the drug, though doctors are unaware of the fact. What, however, we have especially to deal with is the emotion-body (pituitary body), or astral vehicle so-called, for on this one music has a very marked effect—or, to express it more scientifically, the *vibrations* of music have a very marked effect—for this body is composed of a very rare form of matter, and is susceptible in the highest degree to vibratory influence, just as it is susceptible to alcohol, opium, hashish, and other pernicious poisons."

We believe it was Balzac who first hazarded the suggestion that the pineal gland was the seat of the soul. Madame Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine* associates the pineal gland with a "third eye," the eye of spiritual vision, and physiologists in general have agreed that it is the remnant of a withdrawn eye that was once exteriorly active.

As has been said, we do not know the source of Mr. Scott's information, but we are disposed to be a little wary of it. The pineal gland is certainly not the organ of "psychic perception," nor is the pituitary body an "emotion body," whatever that may be, nor is it an "astral vehicle." The vibrations of music have no effect upon either the pineal gland or the pituitary body, although the mental states aroused by music may have such an effect. Mr. Scott's occultism seems to be of the mechanical kind.

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*.

Those who die for their country should not be numbered with the dead. We must call them by another name.—*Macterlinck*.

## AT THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

In the heart of a man  
Is a thought unfurled;  
Reached its full span  
It shakes the world.  
And to one high thought  
Is a whole race wrought.

Not with vain noise  
The great work grows,  
Nor with foolish voice,  
But in repose—  
Not in the rush,  
But in the hush.

From the cogent lash  
Of the cloud-herd wind  
The low clouds dash,  
Blown headlong, blind.  
But beyond, the great blue  
Looks moveless through.

O'er the loud world sweep  
The scourge and the rod,  
But in deep beyond deep  
Is the stillness of God—  
At the Fountain of Life  
No cry, no strife!

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in the *Century Magazine* of August, 1890.

## CYCLES IN HISTORY.

That a law of cycles or of periodicity governs the realm of material nature in its every part is now so well established as to need no proof. Vibratory variations are the boundaries of the kingdoms of nature, and all such kingdoms, and all parts of them, can be defined and expressed by arithmetical terms.

But the law of periodicity may be extended beyond the realm of the tangible. Indeed it is a universal law. It governs thought, and the unconscious, or rather unaware, processes of the mind. That it governs history, also, has long been a matter of favorable and affirmative speculation.

Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, author of many erudite volumes, is among the men of note who have discerned a law of cycles in human history, and who have ventured to predict the future upon the basis of that law. In the year 1906, six years before the war, Dr. Cram wrote a little volume entitled "The Great Thousand Years." He said that one day there would arise the historian who would note the Titanic pulsation

that throbs through all time, and who would measure the records of men by that pulsation, and not by the duration of dynasties:

The fashion of history that concerned itself with the rise and fall of dynasties, the doings and death of kings, was quite the foolishlest method man ever vainly imagined. These things are but the froth of bursting bubbles on the waves of change, and it is only by looking beneath that the slow pulsation reveals itself: a deep throbbing in five-hundred-year epochs, a tide that rises and falls in obedience to some primal and unknowable law, signalized in its tremendous beatings by the lives of men who are the instruments of the Will of God, and such efficient instruments that now and again one almost feels that they themselves are the effective energy.

This great throbbing is as rhythmical as are human heart-beats, only the pulsations are each five centuries long, the beat falling at these regular intervals both before and after the year of the Incarnation, which forms of course the moment from which we calculate our system of historical periodicity. Before, though racial identity lasted sometimes for two thousand years, these great periods were always divided into epochs of perfect distinctness, each approximately of five centuries' duration, and whether we consider Egypt, Judæa, Babylonia, or Assyria, we find that the years 1500, 1000, and 500 B. C. mark approximately the end of a consistent era of five hundred years, the beginning of another destined to equal duration.

The lines of demarcation between the ages may sometimes seem to be ill-defined. In the world of causes they are doubtless clear enough, but in the world of effects their outlines may be blurred. None the less they are discernible. And the men who steer the ship of evolution from one epoch to another are no less apparent. They "appear like clustered stars," says Dr. Cram, and he is content to leave the law of their appearance to our speculation. It is much that he should at least recognize the law. And so he speaks of the period that is called mediæval:

Working silently, subterraneously—as the filaments of the mushroom creep for yards under the ground before they are content to rise above the surface—the revolt against this monstrous ignorance gathered form and substance even from the last years of the eighteenth century, but it was not until the end of the first quarter of the next that it showed itself, sometimes in art, sometimes in economics, sometimes in religion and theology. Now it is soundly established, crescent even, while the post-mediæval or Renaissance epoch is going to its death with the decadent violence of anarchy, profligacy, and apostasy. It is not yet sovereign over destiny, for its day is now hardly more than at dawn, if the hitherto unbroken course of

history is to meet with no violent change. Neither as yet have the great personalities that are to be the hammers of God in beating down the towering fabric of modernism, the effective agents in His building of a new era—neither as yet have they appeared, though any moment, now that we are well into the twentieth century, we may hear their foot-steps on the hills. Walter Scott and Turner and Pugin, Rossetti and Morris and Ruskin, Pusey, Keble and Cardinal Newman were bright harbingers of the prophets, but greater than they will surely follow, and at their hands the present dispensation will go down in final ruin, the new rise in wonder and majesty.

This utterance loses none of its impressiveness when we remember that it preceded the war by many years.

And now Dr. Cram gives us a supplement to his first writing. He calls it "Ten Years After." His forecast of world downfall was based, he says, on the conviction that the existing civilization was intolerable and self-destructive, and also on his demonstration of the rhythmical or vibratory method of history, and the recognition that the old cycle had closed and the new one begun.

Luther, says Dr. Cram, was the protagonist of the old cycle which has now so catastrophically fallen. It was a cycle marked by "worship of intellect, worship of force, worship of the ego":

From the first came that cold, logical, and bloodless mentality that made all things in heaven and on earth amenable to the intellectual process; that destroyed mystery, denied the higher ascent of spiritual perception, and, in the end, abolished sacramentalism, Catholic philosophy, authority, religion itself, and made possible, indeed inevitable, the philosophy of Haeckel, Huxley, and Nietzsche, the "religion" of Harnack, Strauss, and Renan, and the materialistic-empirical system that during the nineteenth century gained complete control of politics, education, industry, economics, and society.

From the second came the inevitable declension towards, and finally upon, the recognition of absolute force as the *ultima ratio* of all things; the decay of the moral sense in personal, corporate, and public relations, the abolition of conscience, the abandonment of the ancient instinct towards honor and chivalry, the return, in the impulse towards this last war, and in its conduct (so far at least as Germany is concerned), to the sheer brutality of that immoral reliance on force and force alone, regardless of the laws of God and man, so fully set forth by its great expositor, Von Bernhardi.

It would be interesting to quote Dr. Cram's denunciation of modernism and materialism with their dedication of force and industry. It is that awful

thing, he says, that was predicted as Antichrist.

But we are not yet out of the wood, says Dr. Cram. We have the opportunity to amend our ways, but shall we do so?

There is of course the alternative. If we have a German victory and a German peace, or a peace by negotiation and an approximate return (on the principle of "no annexations and no indemnities") to the *status quo*, which means the same thing, or if we have an Allied victory with a conclusive peace, but with a return to all our old standards, then, whatever is gained, the war has been lost, and all will remain to do over again after the social revolution has had its way. From the first invasion of Italy by Alaric and his Visigoths A. D. 400, to the coming of Theodoric and the Ostrogoths A. D. 493, is practically a century, and it took this space of time fully to break down imperialism. Rome learned nothing from the Visigoth calamity, little from the coming of Atilla and the Huns, or even from Odoacer and his Teuton horde. Rome never could learn, she was destroyed, that is all; and the last invader, Theodoric, became a king of desolation and began the process of rebuilding on universal ruin.

There is no assurance that we shall learn where Rome refused, and it may be that for a century we also shall deny the writing on the wall, until the present war is followed by revolution, and that by yet other visitations the nature of which we can not predict, until our own sequence of Goths, Huns, Teutons, and Lombards has taught the lesson, through terror heaped on terror even to ruin and extinction, that at the first warning we refused to accept.

We shall see. But at least it is something that so powerful a writer, so deep a student, should recognize a law of cycles governed by that other law of ethical causation that is called Karma and that brings all things to the judgment bar of an utter and an unswerving justice.

THE GREAT THOUSAND YEARS AND TEN YEARS AFTER. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D., LL. D., F. A. S. A., A. N. A., F. R. G. S. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$1

### WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

We produce *Causes*, and these awaken the corresponding powers in the Sidereal World, which are magnetically and irresistibly attracted to—and react upon—those who produce such causes; whether such persons are practically the evil-doers or simply "thinkers" who brood mischief.

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.

"As it is above, so below" is the fundamental axiom of Occult Philosophy.

Between man and the animal—whose Monads, or Jivas, are fundamentally identical—there is the impassable abyss of Mentality and Self-consciousness. What is human mind in its highest aspect, whence comes it, if it be not a portion of the essence—and, in some rare cases of reincarnation, the *very essence* of a higher Being; one from a higher and divine plane?

### A MAD WORLD.

Fear is the most prolific source of all evil. Of course if fear were understood in its full metaphysical significance, it would be understood to be the provoking cause of all evil of every sort. But even from the ordinary point of view of the world fear, when it communicates itself to numbers, is capable of causing greater disaster than any other phase of the human consciousness. The pagan philosophers realized that there was such a thing as the fear of fear; in other words, as they stated it, the fear of death was worse than death itself. Centuries later Shakespeare appropriated the idea, and put precisely the same sentiment into the mouth of Isabella, in "Measure for Measure," and indeed any one who knows anything at all of history knows how disease was spread upon the wings of fear in the case of that awful visitation of the fourteenth century known as the Black Death, and again when a pestilence of a similar nature swept London, in the seventeenth century.

Some day the world will come to see what it calls contagion is a mental contagion, and that what it calls infection is the infection of one mind from another. Orthodox medical practice to-day largely recognizes this, but it draws back from the logical consequences of its own admission, and endeavors to shelter itself in a halfway-house, which is built partially out of mind and partially out

of matter. Any person who has watched the ravages of such a disease as cholera in the East must know exactly what this means. The European sahib, going about doing his duty, and quite fearless of consequences, moves through cholera camps with perfect immunity from the disease. But the native, stricken by this disease, lies down almost where he is overcome by it, whether in his house or by the roadside, convinced, in the suddenness of the shock and the confusion of his fear, that the moment has come from which it is useless for him to attempt to escape.

In such conditions it is surely obvious that the sanest treatment is to do everything possible to destroy fear. Fear in a Christian community should be self-condemned. Some nineteen centuries of reading the Johannine epistles should surely have effected this if Christendom is understanding what it reads. It is little to the point to say that fear is uncontrollable, for any person who has ever had anything to do with causes which produce fear knows that this is not the case. Probably every man who has made the sea his profession has been through periods of fear which he has had to overcome in order to gain that serenity in danger without which he would be a liability instead of an asset on board his ship. Practically every man who has ever been into action on land can tell you something of the sickening sensations of the first experience of battle. But as time goes on the veteran rises superior to the fears of the recruit, and daily takes his life in his hands, with a calmness which shows that he has learned something at any rate of the dominion over fear. It is surely obvious then that in an hour of great fear, when the prevailing tone of the human mind, in the midst of the conflict of Armageddon, finds expression in an epidemic, that a Christian country should rather resort to its churches to relieve itself of its fears, than close their doors so as to sound the top note of human agony in a belief that God's hand is so shortened that it can not save.

Let any person who has been brought in contact with the conditions of today ask himself frankly whether it is not fear which is playing such fearful havoc in the world. Everywhere men and women are afraid. Afraid in the areas of war of a storm blast that may at any moment strike over them; afraid within

the orbit of the air squadrons of the sound of the terrible engines whirling in the darkness overhead, and of hearing the bombs explode all round; boys sleeping fearfully in the trenches, waiting for the summons in the gray morning to go over the top, and men and women sleeping in towns and villages, miles and thousands of miles away, fearful of what in that very moment may be happening to those whom they love; men and women at sea, waiting as it were for the explosion of torpedoes; or even men and women in immediate physical safety, wondering what effect the war is going to have on their incomes and their lives. A great fear has stricken the world, and it is little wonder if out of this fear there have emerged pestilences and diseases which have mounted on the winds of fear, and scattered their seeds in every direction.

In such circumstances what would it be expected that a Christian community should do? Would it not, remembering the words of the Bible that "perfect love casteth out fear," be to ask itself if there were not something amiss with its understanding of love which makes love powerless to overcome fear? And should it not naturally fling wider open the doors of its churches, confident that in doing right, by worshiping God, no ill could touch it? Have Christian countries so completely come to distrust the doctrines they profess that the Ninety-First Psalm is no longer a protection against fear and against disease, against pestilence and against war:—"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Yet, at the very moment when the churches should be filling the minds of the people with peace, and reassuring them of the impotency of evil, it is proposed that these churches shall be shut, and that the admission shall be made that it is dangerous for men and women to congregate to worship God, for fear the Lord's arm is so shortened that He can not contend with microbes. On the other hand if people believe that God sends pestilence into the world, for the good of the world, what right have they to protect themselves against this pestilence, and to attempt by the drinking of drugs, by methods of segregation, or

by any means at all, to prevent the anger of the Lord from taking effect. The very fact that all men and women endeavor to protect themselves against disease, at all times, is the proof, to any sane person, that in its heart the world does not believe that discord proceeds from Principle, that death comes out of Life, or that reprisals are the work of Love.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

### RELIGION IN INDIA.

A question recently put at a theosophical meeting may be regarded as representative of a prevalent misconception. Why, it was asked, do Theosophists lay so much stress upon the religions of India, when it would seem that those same religions have done so little for the social and material advantage of their adherents?

Now in the first place it may be said that Theosophists do not lay stress upon the religions of India, nor of any other country in particular. Theosophy professes to be that body of truth that underlies all religions and of which all religions are aspects or presentations, more or less imperfect. Wherever variation or antagonism is found to exist between the world faiths there we may suspect the insidious and subtle results of a priestcraft that profits by discord and thrives upon enmities. Banish the creeds, the commentaries, and the interpretations, the Westminster Confessions, the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Catechisms, the whole cargo of clerical futilities and imaginings, and it will be easy to see that the world faiths are related to each other like the many facets of the same diamond. The phraseology and the emphasis may vary, but all of them are obviously renderings of the same philosophy and based upon the same superhuman knowledge.

The misconception indicated by the question probably arises from the use of a Sanskrit terminology. But there is no significance in this. The Sanskrit language is peculiarly adapted to metaphysical and philosophical uses. It was the creation of the subtle thought of thousands of years of religious speculation and psychical analysis. It is therefore peculiarly suited to theosophical uses, possessing as it does a vast vocabulary of metaphysical terms for which

there is no English equivalent. But it would be a mistake to infer from this that Theosophy bears any special relation to the present religion of India, for it does not. The current Indian faiths are as degraded as those of the West, although in a different way, and there is perhaps no country in the world in greater need of enlightenment than is India.

And in this connection it may be said that there is nothing more absurd than the avidity with which certain teachings are received in the West merely because they are imparted by a native of India. It would be just as intelligent to place reliance upon a so-called teacher merely because he has red hair or a Roman nose. There are some good Americans who know more of the Secret Science than all the perambulating Swamis who ever smoked fifty-cent cigars or gathered in the shekels of the faithful. And the more genuine the teacher the more insistent are his assurances that actually he can teach nothing and that all knowledge must be sought by "self-induced" and "self-devised efforts."

### SOME WISE WORDS.

If any one advances anything new which contradicts, perhaps threatens to overturn, the creed which we have for years repeated, and have handed down to others, all passions are raised against him, and every effort is made to crush him. People resist with all their might; they act as if they neither heard nor could comprehend; they speak of the new view with contempt, as if it were not worth the trouble of even so much as investigation or a regard, and thus a new truth may wait a long time before it can make its way.—*Goethe.*

Is anything of God's contriving endangered by inquiry? Was it the system of the universe or the monks that trembled at the telescope of Galileo? Did the circulation of the firmament stop in terror because Newton laid his daring finger on its pulse?—*Lowell.*

We all walk in mysteries. We are surrounded by an atmosphere of which we do not know what is stirring in it, or how it is connected with our own spirit. So much is certain, that in particular

cases we can put out the feelers of our soul beyond its bodily limits, and that a presentiment, nay, an actual insight into the immediate future, is accorded to it.—*Goethe*.

It often happens a fact is strenuously denied until a welcome interpretation comes with it, then it is admitted readily enough.—*William James*.

If we could prove the action of mind at a distance by constant experiment it would be a discovery that would make all other discoveries seem trifles.—*Dr. R. Angus Smith*.

All this the Lord made me to understand in writing with His hand upon me.—*Chronicles xxviii, 19*.

The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die and their departure is taken for misery and their going away from earth to be utter destruction—but they are in peace.—*Wisdom of Solomon, iii, 1-3*.

The phenomena under discussion (mesmerism and clairvoyance) are, at least from a philosophical standpoint, of all facts presented to us by the whole of experience, without comparison the most important; it is, therefore, the duty of every learned man to make himself thoroughly acquainted with them.—*Schopenhauer*.

The lack of any memory of our past experiences, if such there were, has been urged against the idea of reincarnation, but this may be only a temporary eclipse. It is possible that recollection of our past lives may gradually return, as in the course of our spiritual progress we gain a larger life and deeper consciousness; the underlying subliminal life may be the golden thread that binds into one all our past and future lives.—*Sir William Barrett*.

Inevitably, as our link with other spirits strengthens, as the life of the organism pours more fully through the individual cell, we shall feel love more ardent, wider wisdom, higher joy; perceiving that this organic unity of Soul, which forms the inward aspect of the telepathic law, is in itself the Order of

the Cosmos, the Summation of Things.—*Frederick Myers*.

Who at this day doubts the facts of mesmerism and its clairvoyance is not to be called skeptical, but ignorant.—*Schopenhauer*.

There is a bigotry of unbelief quite as blind and irrational, involving quite as thorough an abnegation of the highest faculties of the human mind, as can possibly be the case with the bigotry of superstition.—*Rev. J. J. Lias*.

The soul must be very still to hear God speak.—*Plotinus*.

We see but half the causes of our deeds,  
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,  
And heedless of the encircling spirit world.

Which though unseen, is felt, and sows  
in us

All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.—*Lowell*.

## THE TWO VOICES.

For how should I for certain hold  
Because my memory is so cold,  
That I *first* was in human mold?

It may be that no life is found  
Which only to one engine bound  
Falls off, but cycles always round.

But, if I lapsed from nobler place,  
Some legend of a fallen race  
Alone might hint of my disgrace.

Or, if through lower lives I came—  
Tho' all experience past became  
Consolidate in mind and frame—

I might forget my weaker lot;  
For is not our first year forgot?  
The haunts of memory echo not.

Some draughts of Lethe doth await,  
As old mythologies relate,  
The slipping through from state to state.

Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

Of something felt, like something here;  
Of something done, I know not where:  
Such as no language may declare.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 LETTER ON THE WAR.

DEAR —: You ask me what I think about the war from the occult point of view, what its immediate results will be upon the world, and what place it has in the greater scheme of things.

Now a great many wise men are trying to answer such questions as these, but I must confess that I have not read a single book pertaining to them that has not left me without a sense of disappointment and futility. Most of them are pitifully small in their outlook upon events. There are so many writers who seem unable to measure anything except by the yardstick of commerce, and tariff, and treaties. Such things fill their whole horizon. There are others who speculate, and at such length, upon the status of churches after the war, and doubtless they think this is a spiritual view. And then we have volume after volume, literally hundreds of them, about democracy. One would suppose that the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth was expressible by an endless vista of ballot-boxes and all the peoples of the world passing in and out of them.

Frankly, I can not answer your questions because I have come to no conclusions. The thing is too big. None the less there are certain general considerations that may be useful as a sort of background and you know in every picture it is the background that helps

us to appreciate the figures that stand forward in the composition.

Perhaps the most important consideration is the historical. Everything in life appears small or great as a result of comparison. The gnat playing in the sunshine, and with a life span of only a few hours, looks upon a few drops of rain as a calamity of frightful dimensions. It we can imagine it as using the terms of speech common among ourselves it would probably speak of that summer shower very much as we speak of the war. It would see most of its little tribe suddenly beaten to the ground and overwhelmed by a ruthless death. Without any known precedent the light of the sun would be suddenly dimmed, and desolation would be spread everywhere by an agency that would certainly seem to be diabolic, but that we know to be beneficent. The summer shower would be the greatest visitation of wrath that its little cosmos had ever known. The gnat has no time experience by which to measure the meaning and value of the event. It is very much the same way with the average writer who comments upon the meaning and import of the war. His time standards are defective, and therefore his perspective is wrong. He assumes that this is the greatest event that has ever happened, and it is the greatest event that has ever happened—in his book of history. But if he could turn back to the unwritten pages of history—that is to say if he could enlarge his time



standard—he might find that even this stupendous event is not wholly without precedent, and in the light of that precedent he would revise his estimates of the war, and perhaps he might even understand its meaning more clearly than he does now.

For there have been other events in human history not unworthy of comparison with the present war so far as their devastating effects were concerned, although it may be that the humanities involved were not so large. The Egyptian priest of whom Plato speaks in his "Timæus" is represented as saying that all other parts of the world except Egypt had been successively overwhelmed and destroyed during the fifty thousand years to which the Egyptian records extended. Wars, earthquakes, fires, and floods had played their part again and again, and no part of the earth's surface had escaped them. Every religious record to which we have access tells the same story—of titanic convulsions of nature, and of the obliteration of races of men, so that hardly even a tradition was left to tell their story. We have the ancient civilization of Atlantis annihilated by a catastrophe so vast as to stagger the imagination. And before Atlantis there was the continent of Lemuria, which stood where now the Pacific Ocean rolls. And there were other civilizations before Lemuria, and these, too, were destroyed in obedience to some inexorable law of nature of which we can faintly glimpse the meaning and the portent. Wherever we go on the earth today we find traces of mighty peoples of whom not even a myth remains. South America is full of their ruined cities, and we know that their builders must have been learned and skilled. In the almost impassable deserts of Thibet the hardy traveler finds buried cities with libraries still holding thousands of forgotten volumes. In South Africa there are other cities, and throughout North America we find the buildings of the serpent worshippers, and fragments of civilizations that must have been extensive and advanced. All these peoples have been obliterated, and many of them by violence. There must have been vast tragedies in the most remote ages, and perhaps some of them were even vaster than the cataclysm that we are now witnessing. It may be that the

present war was not quite the "bolt from the blue" that we sometimes suppose it. It may even take its place in the great orderly cycles that are as faithful as the passage of the sun.

But a cyclic order implies also law, and law, it seems to me, implies an ideal and an intent. It implies intelligence, and it implies God, whatever meaning we may choose to give to that word. If race after race has risen and culminated and fallen like the waves of an incoming tide, we must suppose some purpose unfolding itself throughout the ages, a purpose that is not thwarted and that knows no failure. But we shall never read that purpose unless in the light of the unity of life and its continuity. We must not look upon these ruined races as though they were contained in water-tight compartments, and no more than the subject of archaeological curiosity. It is only their material expressions, their outer garb, that have been swept away. The life that was theirs and that underlay those expressions must persist. We may compare that life to the artist with a piece of modeling clay. He fashions form after form from that clay, and he destroys each one as he strives after something that is better. But the artist himself does not change, nor does the clay change, except in its outer form and shape. It is the conservation of energy and the indestructibility of matter over again, although with a closer application than ordinary science would permit. The life of these ancient civilizations is the life of the present one, and that I may make the question even more imminent, let me suggest that the individuals of the present civilization are actually the very individuals that composed the civilizations of old. They have been brought once more to a certain awful moment of choice, the penalty of the free will to which they have attained. They may choose the path of spirituality, and so go forward, preserving their civilizations and advancing them until they become spiritual civilizations. Or they may choose the path of materiality, and in that case nature, Nemesis, God, will destroy them, but preserving the memory of their failure and its causes as vague and shadowy impulses toward the right when next the opportunity shall come by the upbuilding of a new race and

a new civilization. War does not destroy anything except the material expressions of the persisting life that is behind them. War does not destroy life. Life is never destroyed. War breaks up the material molds that life has fashioned if those molds do not conform with a certain divine pattern, the pattern that displays itself to the individual as conscience. It is the memory of past ages, of Atlantis and Lemuria as well as of Greece and Rome, that furnishes the national conscience with its stern warnings of the result of disobedience. Because there is free will of nations as of individuals, so there are the two paths, downward toward materiality or selfishness, and upward toward spirituality and altruism. Whichever path is chosen it will be reflected in the civilization that results. If that civilization comes into conflict with the divine pattern it will be destroyed, perhaps by war, perhaps by earthquake, perhaps by flood. But the life behind it will not be destroyed. It will go onward and build up another civilization. It will try again. And deep down in its consciousness it will remember its failures, and that memory will be an impulse toward the heights, even though that impulse be disregarded.

Now you may regard this as no more than a cursory sketch, a mere suggestion of a background that may place the war in a new perspective. Do not think that it is something without precedent, something wholly unlike anything that had ever happened before. In its main essentials it has happened often before, and may happen often again. It may have assumed even more colossal forms than this. Geology suggests to us that in remote ages there may have been a shifting of the poles of the earth resulting in an instant displacement of all land and water. Such an event is inconceivable in its effects. They would dwarf anything of which history has any record. The devastations of war would be insignificant in comparison with them. But we may be sure that it has happened. Learn to look upon all events in the light of their absolute fidelity to law, and try to understand what that law is, and the realm and limitations of its action. It can be done. There are other parts of your letter that must remain unnoticed

until next week and particularly your question as to the results of the war.

### JAPANESE POETRY.

John Gould Fletcher in his "Japanese Prints," just published by the Four Seas Company, Boston, gives us an interesting insight into the Japanese conception of poetry. The Japanese poet, he says, insists on an odd number of syllables to every line, and an odd number of lines to every verse, and for the reason that the odd numbers are masculine and hence heavenly, and that the even numbers are feminine and hence earthy. This idea, says the author truly, is worthy of a treatise to itself.

The tanka, or short ode, is the favorite Japanese form. This is five lines in length and it must have thirty-one syllables. The first three lines are called the hokku, and the remaining two lines the agku:

Composing hokku might, however, have remained a mere game of elaborate literary conceits and double meanings, but for the genius of one man. This was the great Basho (1644-1694), who may be called certainly the greatest epigrammatist of any time. During a life of extreme and voluntary self-denial and wandering Basho contrived to obtain over a thousand disciples, and to found a school of hokku writing which has persisted down to the present day. He reformed the hokku by introducing into everything he wrote a deep spiritual significance underlying the words. He even went so far as to disregard upon occasion the syllabic rule, and to add extraneous syllables, if thereby he might perfect his statement. He set his face sternly against impromptus, *poemes d'occasion*, and the like. The number of his works were not large, and even these he perpetually sharpened and polished. His influence persisted for long after his death. A disciple and priest of Zen Buddhism himself, his work is permeated with the feeling of that doctrine.

Zen Buddhism, as Basho practiced it, may be called religion under the forms of nature. Everything on earth, from the clouds in the sky to the pebble by the roadside, has some spiritual or ethical significance for us. Blake's words describe the aim of the Zen Buddhist as well as any one's:

To see a World in a grain of sand,  
And a Heaven in a wild flower;  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And Eternity in an hour.

Basho would have subscribed to this as the sole rule of poetry and imagination. The only difference between the Western and the Eastern mystic is that where one sees the world in the grain of sand and tells you all about it, the other sees and lets his silence imply that he knows its meaning. Or to

quote Laotzu: "Those who speak do not know, those who know do not speak." It must always be understood that there is an implied continuation to every Japanese hokku. The concluding hemistich, whereby the hokku becomes the tanka, is existent in the writer's mind, but never uttered.

Let us take an example. The most famous hokku that Basho wrote might be literally translated thus:

"And old pond  
And the sound of a frog leaping  
Into the water."

This means nothing to the Western mind. But to the Japanese it means all the beauty of such a life of retirement and contemplation as Basho practiced. If we permit our minds to supply the detail Basho deliberately omitted we see the mouldering temple inclosure, the sage himself in meditation, the ancient piece of water, and the sound of a frog's leap—passing vanity—slipping into the silence of eternity. The poem has three meanings. First it is a statement of fact. Second, it is an emotion deduced from that. Third, it is a sort of spiritual allegory. And all this Basho has given us in his seventeen syllables.

All of Basho's poems have these three meanings. Again and again we get a sublime suggestion out of some quite commonplace natural fact. For instance:

"On the mountain road  
There is no flower more beautiful  
Than the wild violet."

The wild violet, scentless, growing hidden and neglected among the rocks of the mountain road, suggested to Basho the life of the Buddhist hermit, and thus this poem becomes an exhortation to "shun the world, if you would be sublime."

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My son, the world is dark with griefs  
and graves.

So dark that men cry out against the  
Heavens.

Who knows but that the darkness is in  
man?

The doors of Night may be the gates of  
light.

—Tennyson.

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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*.

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Grief in itself is no evil: as making the Unseen, the Eternal, and the Infinite present to our consciousness, it is rather a good.—*Florence Nightingale*.

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The divine order is always ready to break into the world when men are ready to let it break into their hearts.—*Professor Oman*.

## JAPANESE BUDDHISM.

(From the New York Nation.)

One may sympathize heartily with the general purpose of Dr. Reischauer's volume. "It is high time," he says, "that Western scholars take a wider outlook upon the world, and through a knowledge of Oriental thought help lay the foundations for that sympathy for Asia's millions which alone can make the inevitable meeting of East and West a blessing rather than a curse." The ethical and psychological avenue of approach is, one might suppose, the one most likely to lead to this more intimate understanding of Oriental thought. However, the final tests applied to Buddhism by Dr. Reischauer, who is professor in Meiji Gakuin (Mission) College at Tokyo, are dogmatic and theological. His minimum doctrinal requirement—the belief in a personal God and personal immortality—brings out interestingly the difficulty involved in any effective contact between the Oriental and the Occidental mind. The difficulty does not arise, as is often said, from the different attitude towards personality *per se*. This attitude is only an aspect of something far deeper, of the Oriental sense of illusion. To look on the self as fixed and permanent, not only in this world, but in the beyond, seems to the man of the Far East too hard and literal. An enormous element of illusion, he holds, enters into the idea of personality itself. So illusory a being as man can grasp ultimate things, so far as he can grasp them at all, only through a curtain of maya. "Veil upon veil may lift, but there must be veil upon veil behind."

Superficially, some of the Japanese sects, notably those that worship the Buddha Amida, appear to offer Dr. Reischauer the faith in a personal God and personal immortality that he requires, but when he penetrates more deeply, it all seems to vanish away, "in a manner," as he says, "exceedingly maddening to the average Western mind." "The upshot of the matter is that he who has gone furthest in the search of truth knows best that he really knows nothing." Dr. Reischauer here displays something of what must have been the indignation of the plain citizen of Athens at Socrates. In more than one respect, indeed, not

merely the Mahayanist Buddhist of the Japanese, but the real Buddha, as conceived by Dr. Reischauer, is a sort of Oriental Socrates. For example, according to Dr. Reischauer, Buddha tended like Socrates to put too much stress on right knowing and to assume that right doing would follow. But the Buddhist emphasis on knowledge is in itself more commendable than the obscurantism that has marked one whole side of Christianity. It is scarcely desirable that saintliness should be associated with weakness of intellect—that our “silly,” for example, should have the same derivation as the German “roly” (“selig”); or that the Latin “benedictus” should give the French for “blockhead” (“benêt”), or conversely that a person should be praised for being as “bright as the devil.” It is surely better to insist with the Buddhist that the intellectual superiority is on the side of the saints, and that the devil is an ass. The Buddhist has on his side the latest conclusions of science as to the low mentality of criminals. Dr. Reischauer is at one with other good observers in affirming that “the sources of Japanese culture in the past have been either directly or indirectly mainly Buddhist,” and he is also probably right in adding that that intellectual keenness fostered by Buddhism accounts for the fact that the Japanese have been able to assimilate Western culture in such a surprisingly short time. But because Buddhism cultivates intellect it does not therefore neglect what a Christian would call the problem of the will. For one who adopts a purely psychological method the important thing to know about a philosophy or a religion is not whether it affirms this or that dogma, or whether it is, on the other hand, as is usually said of early Buddhism, atheistic and agnostic, but whether it is dualistic in its treatment of the problems of the inner life or inclines rather to monism or pantheism. The opposition is irreconcilable between a Saint Paul when he exclaims, “Who shall deliver me from the body of this death,” and a Novalis when he declares that “one touches heaven when one touches a human body.” Now Buddha traces evil not only to ignorance, but to spiritual indolence (“pamada”); and so he exalts not merely knowledge, but the opposite of “pa-

mada,” unremitting moral purpose or spiritual strenuousness (“appamada”). The dualism or struggle between opposing principles in the breast of the individual that the whole conception implies has been missed by Dr. Reischauer, as well as by many other students of Buddhism. . . .

If Buddhism has more than any other influence made the Japan of the past, it is, according to Dr. Reischauer, rapidly losing its hold on the Japan of today. It will, he hopes and anticipates, give way more and more to Christianity. In the meanwhile, if one turns to Buddhist periodicals of the Far East, one will find them arguing from recent events the bankruptcy of Christianity, and at the same time urging that missionaries be sent out to carry the message of the Lord of compassion to the benighted heathen of the Occident. The truth is that both Buddhism and Christianity have lost their hold, and for the same reason. Dr. Reischauer speaks of the extreme otherworldliness of Buddha; but neither was the kingdom of Jesus of this world. The view of life that the leaders of the new Japan have borrowed from the West is aiming, not like both Buddhism and Christianity, at peace, but at power. The things of the spirit are yielding to mechanical and material “progress.” As to the present state of religious belief in intellectual Japan, weight should perhaps be attached to the fact that an overwhelming majority of the students at the University of Tokyo recently reported themselves “agnostics.”

In spite of the limitations imposed by his theology, Dr. Reischauer is not only friendly in his general attitude towards Japan, but is manifestly striving to be fair to Buddhism itself. His book is a repertory of information about the various Japanese sects and their history and should therefore be welcomed as a piece of pioneer work in what he truly describes as an “immense and to the Western scholar practically unknown field.” Perhaps the most useful thing to do at present would be to translate some of the Japanese works he mentions in his bibliography—for example, the “Dictionary of Zen.”

STUDIES IN JAPANESE BUDDHISM. By August Karl Reischauer. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

## TODAY'S FATALISM CHALLENGED.

A renewed challenge to fatalism is one of the spiritual by-products of this war. Boys in khaki are said to be going to the war with a belief something like this: "I was born in the year which makes me a draftee in this war. I must go because I am of proper age. I will be in certain battles; bullets and shrapnel will fly all about me, and I will be in constant danger of wounds and death. I can not help the danger. No use. I am fated either to escape the death or to be killed. Cause and effect determine all things." This formulation of doctrine is made by the Rev. Vernon Wade Wagar in the *Western Christian Advocate* (Cincinnati), who wonders if Christianity has no other belief for the brave people of this hour. He asks: "Is every event so predetermined that it must happen inevitably? Are we to be resigned to an Omnipotence without a character? The Chaldeans believed the stars were a book of destiny. Born in a certain relation of certain stars, your life must turn out in a certain determined way. The Stoics also took faith in this absolute necessity which controls every life. Mohammedanism is a fatalistic religion—no accidents are possible; any defense or provision against possible danger is futile. Against Mohammedanism, our heaviest competitor, and the war-fatalism Christianity is having a struggle to the last ditch. . . ."

The same theme treated from the lay angle by Mr. William Archer in the *Westminster Gazette* (London) puts the common-sense view with vigorous frankness:

"Fatalism is not specially the creed of the trenches; it is the creed, or rather the theory, of most thinking men. But to suppose that fatalism implies, inculcates, or in any way encourages foolhardiness is to show a total misconception of its meaning. If I step off the pavement on the left-hand side of the street without looking to see whether a motor-bus is coming up behind me, I am not acting as a fatalist, but as a fool. If I run useless and purposeless risks of catching, and probably spreading, an infectious disease, I am not a fatalist, but little better than a criminal. It is, in fact, a sort of

negation of fatalism to let fatalism influence our actions. In a vague, illogical way, we imply that it lies within our choice whether to be fatalists or not, forgetting that the very fatalism which impels us to do this or that is as much a part of the web of our fate as any other factor in the complex forces which determines our action at any given moment. It is the part of the wise man to act wisely in whatever conjuncture he may find himself, knowing that it is quite as futile for him to contrive how to fulfill his fate as to contrive how to evade it." —*Literary Digest*.

## READING WITH THE EYES ALONE.

It is a commentary on modern conditions that a percentage, all too large of those who read, do so only with their eyes. With a certain class of books, perhaps it is as well, but the habit is so pernicious that readers who skim books over simply to pass the time away find it difficult to concentrate themselves upon any volume, however valuable. This results in superficial knowledge and prevents that delightful definiteness in conversation which one enjoys when talking with a man who not only perceives, but apperceives.

When Helen Keller made her contribution to the Blind Relief War Fund she urged the soldiers and sailors to remember that the joy of "thinking quietly all by one's self" would be a compensation when the "outside world with its blaze of beauty and myriad attractions no longer fills their thoughts"; that "most people have no idea of the treasures hidden away in their own minds." For those who have warmed their hands before the fire of life, the eyes are simply the windows of the mind. A famous American editor once said to me jocosely "Every one who writes should be forced by law to spend a certain number of days each year in solitary confinement—writing nothing to do but think." This is perhaps equally to be suggested to those who read.

In Dawson's recent book, "Out of the Win," he tells the story of a blinded soldier who was teaching a seeing person the Braille system. The person being thus taught was slow in grasping the

fundamentals, and manifested some self-annoyance. "Ah! madame," exclaimed the soldier, courteously striving to minimize his own quickness of perception, "it is your eyes which prevent you from seeing!"—*Christian Science Monitor*.

## ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS.

(From "Isis Unveiled.")

Why should we forget that, ages before the prows of the adventurous Genoese clove the Western waters, the Phœnician vessels had circumnavigated the globe, and spread civilization in regions now silent and deserted? What archæologist will dare assert that the same hand which planned the Pyramids of Egypt, Karnak, and the thousand ruins now crumbling to oblivion on the sandy banks of the Nile, did not erect the monumental Nagkon-Wat of Cambodia; or trace the hieroglyphics on the obelisks and doors of the deserted Indian village, newly discovered in British Columbia by Lord Dufferin; or those on the ruins of Palenque and Uxmal, of Central America? Do not the relics we treasure in our museums—last memories of the long "lost arts"—speak loudly in favor of ancient civilization? And do they not prove, over and over again, that nations and continents that have passed away have buried along with them arts and sciences, which neither the first crucible ever heated in a mediæval cloister, nor the last cracked by a modern chemist, have revived, nor will—at least, in the present century.

How does it happen that the most advanced standpoint that has been reached in our times only enables us to see in the dim distance up the Alpine path of knowledge the monumental proofs that earlier explorers have left to mark the plateaux they had reached and occupied?

If modern masters are so much in advance of the old ones, why do they not restore to us the lost arts of postdiluvian forefathers? Why do they not give us the unfading colors of Luxor—the Tyrian purple, the bright vermillion, the dazzling blue which decorate the walls of this place, and are as bright as on the first day of their application; the indestructible cement of the pyramids and of ancient aqueducts; the Damascus

blade, which can be turned like a corkscrew in its scabbard without breaking; the gorgeous, unparalleled tints of the stained glass that is found amid the dust of old ruins and beams in the windows of ancient cathedrals; and the secret of the true malleable glass? And if chemistry is so little able to rival even the early mediæval ages in some arts, why boast of achievements which, according to strong probability, were perfectly known thousands of years ago? The more Archæology and Philology advance, the more humiliating to our pride are the discoveries which are daily made, the more glorious testimony do they bear on behalf of those who, perhaps on account of the distance of their remote antiquity, have been until now considered ignorant flounders in the deepest mire of superstition.

Look sharply after your thoughts. They come unlooked for, like a new bird seen on your trees, and, if you turn to your usual task, disappear; and you shall never find that perception again; never, I say—but perhaps years, ages, and I know not what events and worlds may lie between you and its return. In the novel the hero meets with a person who astonishes him with a perfect knowledge of his history and character, and draws from him a promise that, whenever and wherever he shall next find him, the youth shall instantly follow and obey him. So it is with you and the new thought.—*Emerson*.

We must make it the business of our lives to turn all we possess into the channel of universal love.—*John Woolman*.

It is this clashing of spiritual forces that really lies at the heart of the war.—*Julian K. Smyth*.

Through suffering alone men and nations find their greater selves.—*Oscar Wister*.

Against our enemies are ranged the great unseen spiritual forces.—*General Smuts*.

Time runs away with all things, including the mind.—*Virgil*.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 PSYCHISM.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a comment by *Science Progress* on the experiments in the mechanism of mediumship recently undertaken by Dr. W. J. Crawford. It will be remembered that Dr. Crawford applied various tests, such as pressure gauges and the like, in order to isolate and identify the force displayed in levitation and other similar phenomena. He published an account of his experiments in volume form, and now *Science Progress* explains why it is unable to pay attention to these experiments, why it feels impelled to ignore them. It is a curious commentary upon scientific methods and scientific logic.

Science, we are told, can concern itself with no inquiry in which the same results do not always follow the same causes. Dr. Crawford, for example, obtains various phenomena, but it is by no means certain that a subsequent investigator would obtain the same phenomena, no matter how carefully he complied with the conditions. The elements of uncertainty and caprice must be banished. Causes and results must follow each other with unwavering fidelity, just as they do in the laboratory of the chemist. Oxygen and hydrogen, when properly combined, invariably produce water. There are neither exceptions nor variations. Science will condescend to investigate mediumship when it can produce a similar sequence of cause and effect.

How extraordinarily illogical; one

might say how extraordinarily silly. By such a test as this the whole science of medicine would fall to the ground at once, seeing that there is nothing more uncertain than the action of drugs upon the human body. The results are never the same, although the causes are the same. One man will be sensitive to a drug that another man is unaffected by. Moreover, it is quite well known that even the chemist is frequently baffled by his failure to repeat his experiments. Mme. Curie obtained results that Sir William Ramsey was quite unable to obtain, although he followed her procedure with careful precision. If we understand *Science Progress* aright it would refuse to take any notice whatever of the phenomenon of levitation because the table is sometimes raised directly toward the ceiling and sometimes it is carried around the room. If it were always raised toward the ceiling, or always carried around the room, the matter would be worthy of attention. But because there is variation it becomes negligible.

A further cause for criticism is found in the fact that a certain state of mind in the sitters is necessary to success. An X-Ray photograph, we are told, is equally successful no matter what the state of mind of the subject. And vaccine is equally effective on the skeptic as on the believer. Why should it not be the same in mediumship?

Why should it be the same? *Science Progress* might just as well tell us that it



can not admit the secretion of adrenalin by the human body because adrenalin is secreted in quantities only under the influence of fear or anger. If a state of mind can quicken the heart, raise the pulse and the temperature, or lower them, and produce other physical symptoms all the way from a blush to paralysis, why should it not govern the conditions that conduce to mediumship? The objections raised by *Science Progress* are in no way due to a desire for scientific precision, but to a desire to burke all inquiry whatsoever lest some fetish shall be overthrown, some idol be broken. It does not wish to arrive at the truth. On the contrary it dreads lest it shall be compelled to face the truth. It would give instant and obsequious attention to any extravagant nonsense about bacteria, whether supported or unsupported. But when it is confronted with a revolutionary phenomenon sustained year after year by eminent observers it refuses even to glance in the right direction. *Science Progress* should change its name.

It may be said also that Dr. Crawford did not raise the question of the source of phenomena that he recorded. He made no plea for spirit intercourse except to the extent of a line or two in his preface. His business was to investigate the material phenomena of mediumship and to leave their elucidation wholly apart. To represent him as dealing in "useless messages from the other side" is grossly unfair and dishonest. He stated that certain material phenomena had taken place in his presence, and he carefully tabulated their nature and direction, in just the same way that he would investigate the tides of the ocean or the action of radium. Now comes *Science Progress* and tells us that it can not possibly investigate these phenomena because it understands that some people attribute them to the souls of the dead. That is not the question and never was. The question is, Did these phenomena actually occur? Did the table move? Was it levitated? Did the sitters lose or gain weight? We may attribute those phenomena to ghosts, or the moon, or incantations, or hymns, or prayers, or anything else we please, without diminishing the importance of the original inquiry. If *Science Progress* wishes to

close its eyes it will exclude the light from no one but itself.

## THE WAR.

DEAR —: In my last week's letter about the war I tried to furnish a certain background or perspective that might be of value in estimating its true magnitude and its place in the scheme of things. I suggested that the war is not quite so unprecedented as we are in the habit of supposing and that there have been many cataclysms in the past, some of which were certainly even greater than this one. I suggested also that these mighty destructions have always been in accord with a cyclic law that brings every civilization to a moment of choice and that sweeps it away if it chooses wrongly. None the less there is no actual destruction except of the outer mechanism of things. The number of human souls upon earth is limited, and the successive civilizations represent the recurrent efforts of those souls to build up a social system that shall be worthy of preservation, and not of ruin. We do not remember our share in those past civilizations. We can hardly remember our share in the events of forty years ago. None the less each wave of humanity brings with it certain characteristics and tendencies that are actually a sort of spiritual memory of the ancient civilizations in which it had a part. For example, many souls from the ancient civilization of Egypt are now being re-born in California, and are making their influence apparent in our architecture and in other ways. The successive civilizations of the world bear remarkable resemblances to each other in the sequence of their evolutionary events, such as the reappearance of the great social movements and their progressive steps toward democracy. It needs no great amount of imagination to picture these humanities as being brought again and again to the point of trial, with extinction as the cost of failure. We say "history repeats itself," but we show little recognition of the reality with which history repeats itself, or the true causes of the repetition.

You ask what will be the results of the war on the progress of the world. Frankly, I do not know and have not

even an opinion. I do not think that we can look upon the war as in itself a turning point in the history of the world, but rather as a preparation for that turning point. For some three hundred years we have steadily pursued the path toward materialism. To an even greater extent we have worshiped our bodies and our possessions, and we have correspondingly stifled the finer things of life, the promptings of our spiritual natures. Selfishness has become a fine art and a god. We have greedily accepted the teachings of Haeckel, and have sought to justify our cruel avarices by the materialistic doctrine of the "survival of the fit," and that "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." We have learned to look upon ourselves as somewhat glorified animals that have equipped themselves with a predatory intellect instead of with teeth and claws. Now at last this upas tree of evil has borne its fruit, and the universal competitions of the mart have been translated into the terrible competitions of the battlefield. There is no difference between them except in degree. The bullet is not more cruel than the mortgage. Both are the weapons of the predatory. The society that has competition for its cornerstone must have bloodshed for its coping. You can not establish the law of the jungle, and ordain that it shall be confined to the stock exchange and the market. It will not be confined. You can not enact that men shall prey upon each other only in certain specified ways and according to the methods of "peace." They will not be so restricted. You can not destroy the human soul, and at the same time ordain justice and self-restraint and respect for national rights. War is the inevitable result of Haeckelism and of materialistic science with their glorifications of selfishness, with their attempt to establish self-interest as the law of life.

If we wish to know the results of the war we must first ask if humanity has learned its lesson. Is it penitent? Or does the end of the war mean no more than "business as usual"? Such questions are still very much in doubt. We may think that we discern evidences of a new spirituality, of a mutual helpfulness, of a defiance of the old jungle axioms. But will they persist? Are we

prepared to set our faces against the old methods, to cultivate fraternity, not as one of the supernumary graces of life, but as life itself, and as the only force that can make a communal life possible? If we are not prepared to do this then the doom of our civilization is fixed and unchangeable, and the war becomes an unheeded warning and a portent. So far we have not facts enough upon which to base a judgment. So far as we may discern the voice of the intellectual world we have not much occasion for optimism. Our political idealism seems to proceed no further than a vision of the whole world on endless pilgrimages to ballot-boxes, and engaged upon a dreary exchange of peace treaties and tariffs. It may be that the incoherent voices of a new spirituality will assert themselves and become coherent. It may be that the masses of the people have seen a new light, and that sorrow and bereavement will play their beneficent part in the creation of sympathies and altruisms that shall redeem the world. But if it shall tragically happen that we slip back to the old materialisms and cruelties, that we base our faith once more upon *things*, then it will have to be recorded that one more great civilization has failed, that a new beginning must be made, that the toilsome ascent must be made all over again.

Now in none of the volumes of the physiology of animals, that I have consulted, can I find any attempt whatever to grapple with the fundamental question of the directive power, that in every case first secretes, or as it were creates, out of the protoplasm of the blood, special molecules adapted for the production of each material bone, muscles, nerve, skin, hair, feather, etc., carries these molecules to the exact part of the body where and when they are required, and brings into play the complex force that alone can build up with great rapidity so strangely complex a structure as a feather adapted for flight.—*Alfred Russel Wallace*.

As for knowledge, I bear her no grudge; I take joy in the pursuit of her. But the other things are great and shining.—*Euripides*.

The fearful unbelief is the unbelief in myself.—*Carlyle*.

## A VISION OF MARCO.

(Julian Street in New York Times.)

Not in the whole chronicle of the war is there a passage more mystical and picturesque than the tale of the return, after hundreds of years, of Prince Marco, hero of Serbian folklore, to lead the Serbs in their great recent victory over the Bulgars in Macedonia.

More than five centuries ago Prince Marco, son of King Vouchashin of Macedonia, died—or, according to the Serbian folksongs, went to sleep—and was buried on a mountain near the city of Prilip. Prilip was the capital of old Macedonia when Macedonia was one of several Serbian kingdoms in the Balkans. An ancient ruin, visible from afar, marks the grave of the prince—who was a Serb, and remains to this day the hero of the race, the central figure of the ancient Serbian ballads.

These ballads have been kept alive by the *gouslar*, the Serbian minstrel, who for centuries has been singing them to the Serbs of Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Macedonia. All Serbs know and love them. In them Prince Marco is described as a superman, both physically and spiritually. It is related that he spent his life in an endless struggle to protect the poor and the weak from the oppressions of the lawless Turk. The *vila*—fairies of the forests, of the mountains, and of the clouds crowning the mountain tops—were Marco's adopted sisters and his sweethearts, and helped him in his heroic enterprises.

Now, these folk tales take a great place, not only in the imagination, but in the belief of the Serb peasant. He is brought upon them and there is in his nature something half childlike, half maturely and romantically credulous, which makes him peculiarly susceptible to appeals in which sentiment, drama, and the supernatural are blended.

But, for the matter of that, do not most of us believe what we wish to believe? And why, then, should not the Serb, who has sustained through centuries his dream of a united Serb nation, believe, with a good deal of literalness, that song of the *gouslar* which declares that Marco is only asleep in his tomb on the mountain; that he will awaken when the Serbian nation needs him, snatch his great sword from the

rock in which it is buried, mount his swift steed Sharaz, and lead his beloved Serbs to victory? Was not Marco a demigod, and since he was able to hurl his great club across miles and miles of intervening hills and into the Ægean Sea, and at one stroke bury his strong sword within a rock, is it not, after all, logical to suppose that, upon awakening, he should remember where he put his sword, and be quite equal to the task of withdrawing it from the rock? And what more natural than that, on assuming again leadership over his people, he should summon to his aid his eternally youthful sweethearts and adopted sisters, the *vila*?

Very well, then. Being a perfectly reasonable hero, although a demigod, that is precisely what Prince Marco did. If you do not believe it, ask the Serbian peasant soldier. He will tell you how, when the Serbs, in their advance in Macedonia, gained possession of the Soko—the Falcon Mountain—they could see from its heights, far to the northward, the towers of Prilip, and the ancient ruin near Prilip, which was Marco's resting place.

Then behold the vision of Marco rising from his mountain tomb, snatching his sword, mounting the good Sharaz, riding from forest to forest, from cliff to cliff from mountain top to mountain top, calling upon the *vila* to arise and lead the Serbian peasant soldier across the trackless wilderness between the Vardar and the Cerna rivers!

For, as the *gouslar* has sung for centuries, and as every Serb knows, that land between the Vardar and the Cerna is Fairyland—a sacred terrain, consecrated by the *gouslar* to Prince Marco and his friendly *vila*, whereon no mortal man may trespass with impunity, and least of all, of course, the mortal who opposes the ideals for which Prince Marco fought, and for which his descendants, the Serbs of today, are fighting.

The Serbian peasant soldier is fully alive to the fact the things for which he fights are those for which this hero of his folklore also battled, and is sincere in his belief that Prince Marco and his immortal *vila* will lead him on to victory. Undoubtedly his sense of this supernatural leadership greatly stim-

ulated his efforts in the rapid advance through that part of Macedonia around which so many legends of Prince Marco cling.

Wherefore it is not too much to say that Prince Marco's spirit did lead the Serbs—whether on Sharaz, with the fabled sword and a bodyguard of *vila*, as many a peasant soldier fancies, or merely as an enduring tradition of honor, courage, chivalry, and aspiration handed down from generation to generation through the *gouslar's* songs.

### RUSKIN AND VIVISECTION.

No one who has ever read a line of Ruskin could doubt on which side his mind and heart would be ranged in the controversy over vivisection (says the Hon. Stephen Coleridge in "Great Testimony," just published by the John Lane Company).

Here was a lord of language who was also one of the great moral teachers of the world. To him the torture of a helpless animal for a scientific purpose was a defiance of religion and an insult to God. Such pursuits he declared "were all carried out in defiance of what had hitherto been held to be compassion and pity, and of the great link which bound together the whole of creation from its Maker to the lowest creature."

He occupied the illustrious post of Slade Professor of Art at Oxford when convocation voted to endow vivisection in the university and install Dr. Burdon Saunderson, the smotherer of dogs, in a laboratory set up for him.

In vain did Ruskin protest against this horrible educational cancer being grafted on to the happiness, peace, and light of gracious Oxford. Convocation preferred the blight of the coward Science to the cultivation of all that was beautiful, distinguished, humane, and brave; and they reaped as they had sown, they kept the dog smotherer and lost the radiant spirit and uplifting eloquence of the inspired seer. Ruskin resigned and Oxford heard that voice of supreme nobility no more.

The vice-chancellor for very shame could not bring himself to read Ruskin's letter of resignation to convocation. The editor of the *University Gazette* also had the effrontery to leave a letter from Ruskin, giving the reasons for his resig-

nation, unpublished; and the *Pall Mall Gazette* crowned the edifice of poltroonery by announcing that he had resigned owing to his "advancing years."

Evil communications corrupt good manners, and association with vivisection led these dignitaries and editors to flout and insult a man whose shoe-strings they were not worthy to tie. Time is merciful and their very names are forgotten.

Ruskin had, a little time before these events, asked the university for a grant to build a well-lighted room for the undergraduates apart from the obscure and inconvenient Ruskin school: his request was instantly refused on the plea that the university was in debt, yet in the very next year this debt-encumbered seat of learning and courtesy voted £10,000 for the erection of a laboratory for the vivisector and £2000 more towards fitting it up and maintaining it—for troughs and gags and cages and the rest of the horrible paraphernalia.

This must, I should imagine, be the most squalid page in the history of modern Oxford.

More than thirty years have passed since that university thus publicly preferred a dog smotherer to one of the noblest of teachers and saintliest of men.

Both are now long departed. The one can no more block up the windpipes of living dogs and watch their dying convulsions, and the other can no longer lead the minds of youths and maidens to seek and find beauty in the visible world about them and recognize in it the hand of God—but the world has known which of these men led the youth of Oxford to look up and which to look down, and today a merciful oblivion covers the names and doings of this triumphant vivisector and his valiant supporters, while to the farthest inch of the English-speaking realms the writings of Ruskin are treasured in a million homes and his name acclaimed with grateful reverence.

If a day passes without my having learnt something that brings me nearer to God, let not the dawn of that day be blessed.—*Verse from the Hadith.*

He who instructs the ignorant is like a living man amongst the dead.—*Verse from the Hadith.* Digitized by Google

## PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

Levitation is said to occur when a heavy body is raised without the use of any known force and kept suspended without any visible support counteracting its weight. The whole subject has been gone into of late by Dr. W. J. Crawford in a study of raps and levitations from the standpoint of the reality of psychic phenomena. Dr. Crawford has been fortunate enough to find, says London *Science Progress*, an unpaid medium who can produce levitation practically at the experimenter's word of command, and he has taken the opportunity to carry out some experiments on more or less scientific lines. He finds that, when the medium is seated on a weighing machine, the table being raised in the air some feet away from her, her weight is increased by nearly the weight of the table, sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less.

"This taken alone would be interesting, and we might accept the suggestion that, when the added weight is less, a small part of it is borne by other members of the circle acting as accessory mediums. But this, even if it explained anything, would not account for the cases in which the medium's increase in weight is greater than the weight of the table, nor for those in which the medium herself is levitated. And although Dr. Crawford finds no pressure on the floor under the table, yet a scalepan a few inches above the floor does register a pressure, and sometimes one greater than the whole weight of the table, especially if this is only partly raised, one or two legs remaining on the ground. Again, if the table is levitated from the platform of the weighing-machine, its weight now is found to be on the weighing-machine and not on the medium. Sometimes the unseen 'operators,' as Dr. Crawford calls them, appear to find great difficulty in lifting even a light table; yet the whole strength of four men is not enough to hold the table down if it is determined to levitate; and a single man sitting on it is tilted off with the greatest ease. Dr. Crawford is very ready with explanations: in some cases there is too much light, or of the wrong color, on a part of the apparatus; or the table is only just small enough to stand on its plat-

form, which is supposed to create difficulty for the spiritual operators."

He has also set forth what he calls a theory of levitation, supposing that a flexible or rigid (sometimes it seems to be both at once) rod is formed out of matter taken from the medium and joins her body to the levitated table. Though rigid enough to transmit the weight of this through her body to the weighing-machine, it is imperceptible to the touch, nor does she seem to feel any discomfort from the weight so transmitted through her shins, although the table is borne at the end of a lever some feet long. This cantilever theory, with all the accessory explanations, is not by any means convincing mechanically. The one point that emerges from Dr. Crawford's measurements is that they are hopelessly inconsistent and incomplete. When all these experiments have been repeated with other mediums by other investigators, when there is practical agreement as to the facts, a time may come for spinning theories, but not yet. The great British organ of science from which we quote proceeds:

"The root of the trouble is here. If in any ordinary inquiry you came upon results like these, the same or another investigator would take the whole thing up afresh from the beginning, with more accurate instrumental equipment, self-recording apparatus, and so forth, and at least make certain of the facts. But in this case that method is not applicable, because the new investigator might quite likely find no facts at all to work upon. Yet, until this question can be cleared up, until the atmosphere of caprice and uncertainty which now surrounds these phenomena can be dispersed by further discovery, no real progress in psychical investigation is possible. And so long as this atmosphere is assumed to be the reflection of actual human caprice on the part of certain assumed human 'operators' who get 'annoyed' when certain experiments are tried, so long no real inquiry will even be attempted. Whatever else the spiritualist hypothesis may do, it certainly acts as a bar to real investigation. We want to know why these phenomena are so irregular and so uncertain, why they require darkness or a red lamp, why we may not investigate them by any method we can think of.

such as surprising the 'operators.' If we content ourselves with the answer that the operators like it so, or do not like it, we shall naturally not get very far. In the early days of electricity it was found that, while glass or sealing-wax could easily be electrified and made to attract small particles, this could not be done with metal rods. If the inquirers had been content with the explanation that the spirits did not like metals, our knowledge of electricity would soon have reached a limit."

Dr. Crawford tells us that his "operators" were generally (not always) anxious to aid his investigations, the implication being that they approved and wished to demonstrate his doctrine of spiritualism. To quote *Science Progress* further: From this point of view it is unfortunate that the most impressive manifestations seem to be given to those who already believe and are not in need of further proof. He gives it as one of the prime conditions, "before we can expect anything worth having in the way of results," that the medium and sitters must be "imbued with the seriousness and wonder of the phenomena presented." Fortunately for our wounded, if we are taking an X-Ray photograph of an injured limb, it is not found that the believer in radiography has any advantage over the incredulous: the photograph comes out just the same. Nor does the efficacy of a vaccine or serum depend in any degree on the faith of the patient, but protects equally the just man and the anti-vivisectionist. And if Dr. Crawford's "operators" were really sane human beings anxious to prove their own and his thesis, we should expect them not only to welcome the opportunity to demonstrate before unbelievers, but also eagerly to fall in with any experimental tests whatever, especially those designed to test their own good faith. If one-tenth of the energy now being wasted in getting useless messages from the other world could be devoted to finding out exactly what it is that happens, and how it happens, psychical research would begin to justify itself, and there would be a speedy end of the complaints that scientific men refuse to consider the subject seriously.—*Current Opinion*.

## THE FAILURES.

We were busy making money  
In the world's great game;  
We were "gathering the honey"  
When the vision came.  
We greeted it with laughter,  
Though we frowned upon  
"The fools" who followed after,  
When the dream had gone.

Oh, we were canny schemers,  
So we sold and bought;  
And jeered the silly dreamers  
And the dream they sought.  
We gave but fleeting glances  
To that "hare-brained crew,"  
For we took no stock in fancies—  
Till the dream came true!

So much had gold imbued us,  
So had greed been nursed,  
We'd let the Best elude us  
And we'd kept the Worst;  
We long to "do it over,"  
But we can not try,  
For every dream's a rover,  
And our dream's gone by!  
—Berton Bracey, in *Collier's*.

## NAPOLÉON SPEAKS.

Stephen Leacock in "Frenzied Fiction" (John Lane Company) gives us the following scrap of conversation overheard at the seance. All the spirits, he tells us, were happy, quite happy; everything was bright and beautiful where they are. Even Napoleon. The conversation with him opens charmingly:

"Hello!" I called. "*Est-ce que c'est l'Empereur Napoléon à qui j'ai l'honneur de parler?*"

"How's that?" said Napoleon.

"*Je demande si je suis encommunication avec l'Empereur Napoléon.*"

"Oh," said Napoleon, "that's all right; speak English."

"What!" I said in surprise. "You know English? I always thought you couldn't speak word of it." He was silent for a minute. Then he said:

"I picked it up over here. It's all right. Go right ahead."

It seems to me a firm and well-grounded faith in the doctrine of metempsychosis might help to regenerate the world.—*Professor Francis Bowen*.

I will not believe that it is given to man to have thoughts nobler or loftier than the real truth of things.—*Sir Oliver Lodge*.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## AN INSECT MYSTERY.

Dr. H. Knight Horsfield asks by what method the sexes of certain insects managed to communicate with each other over long distances. Take, for example, the Oak Eggar moth. If the female be imprisoned in a chip box and taken many miles from the place of capture her whereabouts will at once be discovered by the males and they will assemble unerringly around her place of captivity. How is the communication made? "By what manner of wireless telegraphy is the imperious message sent which is responded to instantly by the Eggar gallants, who desert their fragrant habitat, brave every obstacle, ignore adverse winds, shape their course through a strange and dusky wilderness of bricks and mortar, find the identical house, and, at length, laughing at locksmiths, cluster in masses around the tiny prison where in the young princess is interned?" The problem has long been known, but science has nothing to say. But Dr. Horsfield himself has a suggestion. By what right, he asks, do we restrict insects to our own five senses? In other realms of nature there may be fifty or fifty thousand.

It would certainly be strange if science should credit insects with more than five senses while regarding a human claim to more than the usual equipment as evidence of insanity.

## WAR AND ITS RESULTS.

DEAR —: Let me try again to answer one of the questions contained in your letter. You ask if we may expect the advent of a spiritual teacher after the conclusion of peace, just as there have been other spiritual teachers at various epochs in human history.

I do not know. I have no ground either for expectation or for belief. It is true that the world has seen a great many spiritual teachers, and will certainly see many more, but we must remember that they come in obedience to a cyclic law, and although we have some slight knowledge of the scope of that law we do not know of it with enough precision to justify a prediction. I know that there are some people who speak with much apparent certainty as to the coming of such a teacher, but you must refer to them for the sources of their knowledge. I have no knowledge on the subject, nor even, as I say, an expectation. And I may add that speculations on this point do not seem to me to be very useful.

But there is one thing that is quite sure. Humanity must save itself just like the individual. It will not be saved vicariously. The spiritual teachers of the race have usually preceded and not followed the great world cataclysms. Jesus, for example, came just before the breaking up of the Roman Empire, not after it, and we may note incidentally that the dissolution of the Roman Em-



pire was an even greater event than the present war, although it was not so rapid nor so spectacular. It may be that the people who lived during that tremendous period, when it may well have seemed that humanity itself was doomed, were just as certain that they needed super-human help as we are today, and they did not know that their extremity was actually due to their neglect of the super-human help that had been offered and that they had rejected. If you look for the analogies here you will not fail to find them.

Now I have already warned you against the mistake of supposing that the war is in any real sense the closing of an account, and that the world will now float automatically into the smooth waters of peace and tranquillity. It will do nothing of the sort. The war was the result of the hard and cruel materialism that humanity had taken for its god. For some half-century we have sedulously preached the gospel of self, of acquisition, of proprietorship. We have reserved all our praise for those who have been successful in enriching themselves at the cost of others. Rapacity has become a virtue, and cupidity the mark and the proof of worth. You may say if you like that the war was nature's vengeance for so hideous a gospel as this, but it was not a vengeance in the ordinary sense of that word. It would be more correct to say that it was the result and the continuation of that gospel. You can not teach men to be predatory and at the same time say that they shall be predatory only in certain specified ways that we call peaceful, that the weapons of their chase shall always be promissory notes and mortgages and never bayonets and rifles. If competition and acquisition are actually the laws of life there will be no limit to the methods of such acquisition and competition. From the moment of their inception they are headed straight for the battlefield.

Have we now learned the lesson? That is really the only question that we have to ask. If we have not learned the lesson then we may expect that other and worse evils are about to befall us. At the moment there are no clear indications that we understand the true causes of the war, and there are certainly no indications that we intend to avoid the causes in the future. It is true that there

may be an undergrowth of new and better thought, but it is not yet showing itself in the general mind of the world. It would seem that we are preparing to go straight back to the old grooves of ruthless competition, and that "business as usual" is once more to be the order of the day. It is not of the slightest value to make leagues of nations or to sign a thousand peace treaties or agreements so long as the mind of the individual continues to be a predatory one, so long as the dominant human relationship is one of acquisition. And we may even say that internal reform and a perfecting of the social organization is also of no value unless all these things shall stand upon a new basis of sacrifice and service.

It is may be true, probably it is true, that there has been no time for the new kind of thought to show itself, but do not look for encouragement to international agreements, or to treaties, or to laws. These mean nothing whatever. There is only one way in which the world can avoid the calamities that may still be ahead of it. If there is a sufficiently large number of individuals who will resolve that henceforth their lives shall be lives of unselfish service they will be the saviors of the world, and perhaps no very great number will be needed. You will remember that ten righteous men would have saved the Cities of the Plain, but unfortunately they could not be found. It is not within the power of the individual to render more effective service to the world than to shape his own life along the lines of altruism and service. Those who do this are constituting themselves a bulwark between humanity and its nemesis and the effectiveness of that bulwark will depend upon the number of human stones in the wall.

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The merciful Lord, our Master, hears the cry of agony of the smallest of the small, beyond vale and mountain, and hastens to its deliverance.—*Buddhist Text.*

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A man there was, tho' some did count him mad.

The more he cast away the more he had.  
—*Bunyan.*

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Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world.—*Bernard Shaw.*

## A REINCARNATION STORY.

Our popular novelists are somewhat slow to avail themselves of reincarnation as an element of fiction. Some few novels have been written with reincarnation for their central theme—they may almost be called propaganda novels—but we are still awaiting the lighter novels that make reincarnation an incident rather than an essence.

But we have one such novel in "The Ghost Girl," by H. De Vere Stacpoole, just published by the John Lane Company. The heroine is Phil Berknawles, an Irish girl who is left an orphan by the death of her father. Phil finds that she has been left to the guardianship of Mr. Pinckney of Charleston and in the course of the story we are led to suppose that both Phil and Pinckney had lived before at the time of the Civil War and that they are now fulfilling the destiny that had been interrupted by the outbreak of the great struggle. Thus we are told that when Phil visits the Druids' glen near her home in Ireland she is filled with uneasy and half-formed memories that confuse and perplex her mind:

There are people the doors of whose minds are absolutely closed on the past; we call them material and practical people; there are others in which the doors of division are a wee crack open, or even ajar, so that their lives are more or less haunted by whisperings from that strange land we call yesterday.

In some of the Burmese and Japanese children the doors stand wide open so that they can see themselves as they were before they passed through the change called death, but the Westerners are denied this. In Phil's mind as a child one might suppose that through the doors ajar some recollections of forgotten gods once worshipped had stolen, and that the power of the Ju-ju and the Druids' stone lay in their power of focussing those vague and wandering threads of remembrance.

When Phil goes to Charleston she finds that Pinckney's old aunt has some quite definite ideas on such matters, although usually she finds it wise to keep them to herself. On one occasion she takes Phil to visit the Magnolia Cemetery and this leads to some reflections on the part of the old lady:

Miss Pinckney returned from her wanderings amongst the graves and they turned to the gate.

"It used to seem strange to me coming here when I was a girl," said she. "It always seemed as if I was coming to visit people who could never come to see me. I used to

pity them, but one gets older and one gets wiser, and I fancy it's they that pity us, if they can see us at all, which isn't often likely."

"D'you think they come back?" said Phil.

"My dear child, if I told you what I thought, you'd say I was plum crazy. But I'll say this. What do you think the Almighty made folk for? To live a few years and then lie in a grave with folk heaping flowers on them? There's no such laziness in nature. I don't say there aren't folk who live their lives like as if they were dead, covered with flowers and never moving a hand to help themselves like some of those N'York women—but they don't count. They're against nature, and I guess when they die they die, for they haven't ever lived." Then, vehemently: "Of course, they come back, not as ghosts peekin' about and making nuisances of themselves, but they come back as people—which is the sensible way and there is nothing unsensible in nature. Mind you, I don't say there aren't ghosts; there are, for I've seen 'em; I saw Simon Pinckney, the one that dies of drink, as plain as my hand the same day he dies, but he was a no account. He hadn't the making of a man, so he couldn't come back as a man, and he wasn't a woman; so he came back as a ghost. He was always an uneasy creature, else I don't suppose he'd have come back as anything. When a man wears out a suit of clothes he doesn't die, he gets a new one, and when he wears out a body—which isn't a bit more than a suit of clothes—he gets a new one. If he hasn't piled up grit enough in life to pay for a new body, he goes about without one and he's a ghost. That's my way of thinking and I know—I know—n'matter."

There is much to be said for Miss Pinckney's philosophy. At least she helps us to understand the prevalence of ghosts.

### SAND.

The sand which will not hold the print  
of my shoe,

Remembers, none the less,

Chaos,

The birth of stars,

And the sunken lines of sea-devoured  
continents.

It is the gray hair of earth,

Bleached and wave-beaten,

That has known the passionate rage of  
waters,

White heat of sun,

And the slow passing of a thousand  
thousand years.

—*Hortense Flexner, in Contemporary Verse.*

We wake and find ourselves on a stair.  
There are other stairs below us which  
we seem to have ascended; there are  
stairs above us, many a one, which go up-  
ward and out of sight.—*Emerson.*

## A DREAM.

(The author of "Fields and Battlefields," just published by Robert M. McBride & Co., was severely wounded and taken to a field hospital in France. The nurse gave him a sedative and he says he seemed to fall "through a sudden hole into another realm," and he dreamed that he was dead. He continues.)

I passed several beings, one of whom came close to me and said, "I'm very sorry for all you young fellows, you haven't had much of a time."

I acknowledged him vaguely and went forward moved by a pleasant impulse like that of going to meet friends.

Then another person met me and accompanied me on my way. He spoke reasonably and I felt a rare pleasure—that of listening to, and following a powerful and enlightened mind and understanding each step in his discourse. At every step I weighed the idea he put forward as impartially as if it had been my own, and at each step the joy of perception and understanding increased.

At one point the path seemed difficult. I took his arm and the movement was familiar. I wondered whether we were walking or thinking, our progress seemed as much a thing of the mind as of the body. The enjoyment connected with it was an athletic enjoyment.

At one point, in reply to some difficulty I had put forward, he replied, "You have still the idea of suffering too much behind all your thoughts. Of course, it is natural, seeing what your activities and those of your friends have been. On earth men are much concerned with suffering and have coupled it with their highest achievements, with Love and with Knowledge. Consider the Poet of Galilee. Men have recognized his idea of a Kingdom as a great achievement, they have called it a Revelation, yet they have emphasized his suffering above the suffering of others.

"Men have instituted a realm of suffering called Hell and many of their finest minds have been more interested in it than in Heaven. Heaven where there is no suffering—as they conceive it—fails to interest them. They have chosen a word to stand for their conception of Heaven—a word which has become almost a term of contempt—Utopia. Yet you will follow me I am sure when I say that the amount of suffering men have added to the Galilean Idea is a measure of the importance they attach to it.

Rather than think of it in the light of Utopia, they have coupled it with untold suffering and sacrifice.

"Men dread *Security* more than they dread *Insecurity*. That is the cause of their hatred of Utopia and of their mistrust of Heaven. Suffering is insisted upon as a token of the risk without which life is considered undesirable."

"Undesirable!" I cried, "it is only because they lack imagination. Desire follows upon vision . . . I believe that. . . ."

"You have faith," he replied. "But men can attain what they truly desire."

It was here that the path seemed difficult, and I took his arm. Presently he laid a curious image before me.

"You all remind me," he said, "of men sitting blindfolded engaged in a life's work of reading in braille and studying existence by that means, with incredible labor, when you have nothing to do but untie your own bandages and use your own eyes.

"Now the mastery in braille achieved by some minds is magnificent, nay, stupendous. By its means they have perceived nearly every phenomenon of life except light. But their achievement and their tragedy go hand in hand, for presently they forget that they have eyes, and some of them truly go blind.

"The Poet of Galilee, who identified himself completely with his Idea, called himself the Light of the World. He pointed out once and for all that the simple man who has never blindfolded his eyes, or the wise man who has torn off his bandages, and trusts his own vision, is wiser than the most accomplished scholar of life in braille. For this vision, this direct perception of Life, means to have nothing interposed between yourself and it, means to mingle with it, to live it in the very act of perceiving it. By this means Desire and Vision are perceived to be the same. By this means only consciousness of Life and Life itself can go forward hand in hand, and happiness rather than suffering takes its place with Knowledge.

"Wherever consciousness of Life becomes separated from Life itself suffering is insisted upon as a value rather than joy; and it has been the mark of some of the very finest and most penetrating minds. But it is false to ascribe that suffering to the Poet of Galilee. Men

have attributed to him their own weakness. He is the man of all others whose capacity for life is equal to his consciousness of it.

"For you and the uncounted ones you love, sunk in the sufferings of your time, do not be misled by those sufferings. All your discoveries, all your activities must now be in the direction of Life itself.

"Remember joy."

The word leaped in my brain. Ah! I had really forgotten, not the word, but the thought. Joy, peace, good-will! I turned, but my companion had gone.

I pondered the thought he had left with me, and it begot in my mind a desire for companionship. All at once I seemed to emerge upon a sunny pathway where there was short grass under my feet.

Around me on all sides now expanded the loveliest landscape, in which natural objects appeared to me so transfigured, yet so familiar, that on beholding them I felt a lifetime of twilight had come suddenly to an end. The radiant air filled all interspaces with a beauty of its own. The grass path on which I found myself was bordered on each side by very rich deep grass in which at times I caught little gulfs of blue as of gentians. The trees were of the two kinds I loved, tall aspiring French poplars and aspens, standing in groups and yielding to each other in magnificence, and in other directions the broad English oak islanded in the grass and complete in itself.

At first I did not notice the sound of birds, for there was no special note to attract attention. Then gradually there was revealed a morning throbbing, as it were the essence of sound itself, in which when I listened attentively all varieties of notes could be distinguished: the long flute of the thrush, the happy-hearted cheeps and chirping of the finches, the dream-calling of the warblers, and sounding above and through the whole, certain eternal overtones coming from myriads of humbler little voices.

As with sound, so with light; objects near and far were seen with the same delicacy as on a distant hillside. Light seemed not concerned to show the boundaries of things, but to shine through each and all. By an effort of thought, individual shapes and colors could be perceived and intensely enjoyed, but with a kind of exotic enjoyment as

of a swimmer who lingers before his plunge.

Then I realized as I looked and listened that I did not truly desire to make distinctions or to seek out one impression lovelier than another. I recognized at last that what was so exquisitely familiar as to fill me with the profoundest joy was the experience of harmony.

A group of men came towards me along the grass path, occupied with shouting at the top of their voices, laughing, and making conversation. I recognized them almost immediately as some friends I had long held jealously in my mind. Joe was amongst them, the first of us to be killed on the Somme, Conlan, who was killed at the water-cart, Binny, who used to sing Scotch songs, and other stretcher-bearers who had been killed.

A well-known voice came to my ears: "Sergeant. . . . Why, here's sergeant," and I quickened my pace towards them with a feeling of indescribable joy. But before I could reach them, a grotesque figure made a sudden appearance beside me and began asking me fussy questions. When I first saw him my heart sank. He asked me what my religion was and I burst out laughing. Then he said he was an Army Chaplain and very worried because some of his C. of E. boys refused to rise again. "They won't rise again," he repeated mournfully.

The voices of my friends now seemed very near, but I knew that this was so ridiculous that I must be dreaming.

"They won't rise again, though I mentioned the 'atonement,'" wailed the voice in my ear, and almost immediately I felt myself surrounded by walls of pain.

I woke.

### BOY BIRTHS.

An Associated Press report from Los Angeles says that the birth returns show a notable increase in the number of boys. Dr. W. J. Chapman, health officer of Blythe, says that the male births are now five times as numerous as female. Reports of increases in male birth have come from many sections of the country, but none is so marked as this.

Wars have always been followed by a preponderance of male births, a fact that science, unable to explain, has usually denied.

There are two possible explanations.

The first is that male births are greatly desired after a war, and that the desire of the mother may have some sort of controlling influence on the sex of the child.

But the second explanation is more probable. Very many of those who have been kill return at once to incarnation in order that they may finish their unexpired life cycle. Reports of a large increase in male birth have already come from some parts of Europe, and probably there will be many more reports to the same effect. It is all very well to say that nature always seeks an equilibrium. Of course she does. But how does she do it? What is her mechanism? It will be found that reincarnation answers these problems as it does most others.

### —♦— LIGHT ON THE PATH.

The rules which must be obeyed if the evolution of the soul is to take its normal course are clearly laid down in that wonderful book, "Light on the Path."

Kill out ambition.

Kill out desire of life.

Kill out desire of comfort.

Kill out all sense of separateness.

Kill out the desire for sensation.

Kill out the hunger for growth.

These aphorisms are frequently misunderstood and therefore ridiculed. They do not imply asceticism, they do not imply denying one's self all the pleasure of life, but they do mean that everything must be looked at from the standpoint of efficiency as a warrior in the great war to which we have referred; they are the rules of battle, rules without which it is impossible to win the victory and without which one can become at best but a black magician.

White and black magic, white and black magicians, these are terms which are found in almost any book on occultism, and with the fairy stories in our minds we are apt to look on them as pure superstition, or we may take them so seriously that we attempt to evoke spirits to do our bidding, after the old rituals or rituals invented by ourselves.

What is a magician? One does not have to wear a robe, to have a wand, to burn incense, and use evocations and incantations to be a magician. A magician is any one who uses or attempts to use forces not generally understood. As possessors of the superior knowledge of na-

ture given us by science, we would rightly pass as magicians before a savage, and any power not possessed by the average man, or possessed by him in an inferior degree entitles its owner to rank as a magician.

It is a fundamental rule that occult powers must not be used for personal purposes, and this is one of the reasons for the secrecy which has often been insisted on. Every power may be used to the disadvantage of others, and when so used the act constitutes nothing short of burglary. But the powers need not be what we understand as occult. We do not have to go back to Atlantis to see that the great curse of society at all times has been the abuse of superior intelligence by its possessors for personal aggrandizement at the expense of others. It is the great problem today, the problem which governments and social reformers are struggling with, and which has been multiplied many times by the power which intellect derives from science.

The distinction between white and black magic is then very simple. He who makes use of his powers, his knowledge, his influence, for purposes which relate to himself and regardless of their effects on others, is a black magician. He who uses them for the good of the world is a white magician. The black magician of today wears the business suit; his methods are very generally those approved or winked at by the law; he does not choose some dismal and lonely chamber, but has an office in a skyscraper and carries on his work through the stock exchange, the banks, and the mechanism of trade. We meet him by the dozens or the hundreds daily, and if we look we are likely to find traces of him in ourselves. Even if he thinks he loves his fellows, while he is really spending his time in trying to advance himself physically or spiritually without regard to whether others who need his help are getting it, in short, if his aims are selfish, no matter on what level, he belongs among the black magicians.—*The O. E. Library Critic*, 1207 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

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 phenomena.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

## AN UNHAPPY MAN.

"Probably the most unhappy man in the world today is the Pope." So a writer who signs himself "Torquemada" declares in the *New Europe* (London). The same writer continues: "His political universe is tottering. In this war between despotism and free peoples despotisms are cracking and dissolving; and, if the Allies realize their aims, despotisms will disappear."

It is the misfortune of the Pope, we read further, to have inherited a body of political teaching in virtue of which the Papacy is the most absolute and rigid of the mediæval despotisms that still survive:

At one time in its history it [the Papacy] almost succeeded in establishing itself as political overlord of the world. When its very existence was threatened by the Reformation, it tempered some of its pretensions and became at once the partner and the tool of the secular despotisms that helped it in the counter-Reformation. The Papacy has lost its temporal possessions, but it has abrogated none of its claims. It is not only itself a mediæval despotism, but it professes to teach authoritatively the principles that must govern social structures of all states. Its theory of society, of the state, of the relations of states to the Papacy, has not changed in any essential particular since the Middle Ages.

It still claims the right to depose kings and governments, to free peoples from their allegiance, to delimit the sphere of action of every secular government. It denies the right of civil states to legislate in certain questions of political and social policy. The Syllabus of Pius IX, which is part of the dogmatic teachings of the church, anathematizes those principles of liberty and freedom on which every Allied state rests, and for the extension of which the Allies are fighting. According to the political teaching of the Pope the American Republic, the French Republic, and Modern Italy were conceived in sin, and are merely tolerated because the Papacy has not the political power to destroy them.

These claims may sound preposterous, but "they are the current teaching in every Catholic ecclesiastical seminary," the writer states; "and, notwithstanding that they have long since been rejected or ignored by the majority of Catholic laymen in the Allied countries, they represent the convictions of the ecclesiastical organization and determined the papal attitude toward the war":

The German, the Austrian, the Turk, and the Bulgar, as they have shown themselves in this war, are not the natural allies of the head of a great spiritual church. But they are the only possible allies of the political teaching of the Pope and his ecclesiastical

organization. The Central Powers in political theory are acceptable to the Vatican, for the Central Powers fight for the continuance of despotism. The Vatican is opposed to the Allied Powers, since the Allied Powers fight for freedom and free institutions. Catholics who fight on the side of the Allies in this war are not political followers of the Pope, but are his political opponents. The turn of the tide has come.

When this war is over, concludes the writer, the Pope, unless he sets his house in order, will find himself the only despot remaining, faced by a democratic world that has come into being in spite of his laws, his intrigues, and his anathemas, and springing largely from the blood of his spiritual children:

He has had to face this issue before in the case of particular countries, but he then had his fellow despots to back him, and he came out at least undefeated, by branding as irreligious those who were prepared to lay down their lives for right and justice and freedom.

Two courses are open to him in the future, either to run the risk of being a Pope without a flock or to become again the democratic head of a great spiritual church.

### —Current Opinion.

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 fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue;  
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;  
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled  
In the parliament of man, the Federation of the World. —Tennyson.

All omens point towards the steady continuance of just such labor as has already taught us all we know. Perhaps, indeed, in this complex of interpenetrating spirits our own effort is no individual, no transitory, thing. That which lies at the root of each of us lies at the root of the Cosmos, too. Our struggle is the struggle of the Universe itself; and the very Godhead finds fulfillment through our upward striving souls.—Myers.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 CLERICAL DUNCE.

The popular clergyman who attacks Theosophy usually leaves us with a problem that it is by no means easy to solve. We do not know whether he himself is ignorant or whether he merely assumes that his audience is ignorant. Perhaps it is a case of ignorance communing with ignorance—always a saddening sight.

Take, for example, the case of the Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie, who writes on "Theosophy and the Christian Faith" in the June issue of the *American Church Monthly*. We do not know the origin of Mr. Mackenzie's misinformation. He does not tell us. Possibly, like the source of the Nile or Mr. Yellowplush's pedigree, it is "wropt in obscurity." Possibly it is to be found in his subconsciousness. But it does not matter. It is none the less interesting to watch its course.

Theosophy, according to Mr. Mackenzie, is the same as Buddhism. This, of course, simplifies the task of criticism, because, as we all know, Buddhism is one of the pagan religions of the world and therefore stands self-condemned. We can only be grateful that Mr. Mackenzie did not identify Theosophy with head-hunting, or voodoo, or thuggery. It would have been equally satisfying to his audience.

Now hear what Mr. Mackenzie has to say about Buddhism:

In India, its home and fertile ground of growth, it bred and nourished a despicable caste distinction, which ground to the earth

the poorer classes; it degraded womankind; it compelled the young widow to throw herself upon the funeral pyre of her dead husband; because Karma had no relief from the agonies of a torturing conscience, frenzied souls cast themselves under the crunching wheels of the Juggernaut car or into the flowing Ganges, their children, too, sharing their miserable fate at times.

This reminds us of Mr. Bryce's comment on the Holy Roman Empire. He said the name was a good one with the exception that it was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. Mr. Mackenzie's sketch of Buddhism is equally good with the exception that Buddhism has no castes, that it glorifies womanhood, that it does not practice widow burning, that it has nothing to do with Juggernaut, and that it does not worship the Ganges. We wonder what Mr. Mackenzie would say if some Buddhist preacher should identify Christianity with Mormonism, the Holy Rollers, and the Spanish Inquisition. But then no Buddhist would be so ignorant. It is left to Mr. Mackenzie to be ignorant and unashamed, a discredit which attaches equally to the *American Church Monthly*, that must assuredly have passed under the editorship of a choir boy, and not a particularly bright choir boy at that.

Theosophy, of course, has nothing to do with Buddhism. Even a clergyman ought to know that. At least there might have been a reference to the encyclopedia, but perhaps stuff of this kind is good enough for its audience.



## IN SELF-DEFENSE.

(From the Theosophical Quarterly.)

Condemnation of the Bolsheviki of Russia, and reference to the misguided reformers who unconsciously foster the Bolsheviki spirit, lead naturally to the mention of Mrs. Annie Besant's pernicious activities in India. There is no need to describe these in detail. Those who desire further information on the subject can obtain it from an article entitled "Top-Hat or Turban?" in the June, 1918, issue of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Statements have appeared in the press to the effect that Mrs. Besant "gave up Theosophy" in order to agitate against the British government in India. The press could not understand, of course, that Mrs. Besant "gave up Theosophy" long before she was adopted by, and became spokesman for, the English-speaking babus. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Besant has not given up, so far as we are aware, the use of the name "Theosophy." We wish greatly that she would. For one reason, if she were to do so, it would relieve us from the necessity of repeating the statement that neither she nor any organization with which she is associated has any connection with the Theosophical Society or with the *Theosophical Quarterly*.

We should like the same thing very clearly understood of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, whose latest known offense is to masquerade as a "Bishop," and who has recently given to the world (though the world does not know it!) what purports to be a conversation on "the astral plane" with Prince Bismarck. Of all the balderdash we have read, we are prepared to give Mr. Leadbeater first prize for vacuous silliness. But what an outrage that he should use the words "Theosophy" and "Theosophical Society" as a cloak for his abnormalities! Fellow-worker with Mrs. Besant he is; and, like her, neither he nor any organization with which he is associated has any connection with the Theosophical Society or with the *Theosophical Quarterly*.

No one thing is foreign or unrelated to another. This general connection gives unity and ornament to the world. For the world, take it altogether, is but one. There is but one sort of matter to make it of; . . . and one law to guide it.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

## A SONG OF INFINITY.

I am the mighty Master  
Of color and light and form;  
I am the spirit of sunshine,  
I am the night of the storm.

I am the seed of the flower,  
I am the sap of the tree;  
I am the sky and mountain,  
I am the river and sea.

I am the spirit inclusive,  
With life and death in my heart:  
I am the dream of the dreamer—  
The whole and its every part.

Sorrow and joy sweep through me,  
Yet master of both am I;  
I am the life of mortals,  
I am the death they die.

I am the sun in the heavens,  
I am the worm on earth—  
And all who die return to Me  
Who give all creatures birth.  
—James M. Warnack.

## I HEARD A VOICE.

The rapidly growing interest in the supposed receiving of messages from the dead and in the various means by which this is done—an interest which has been in large part inspired by the great war and the different attitude toward death which its sacrifices have brought about—will be increased by a volume which E. P. Dutton & Co. have ready for publication. It is called "I Heard a Voice: or, The Great Exploration," and is written by an Englishman who signs himself merely "A King's Counsel." The book contains a series of messages received by two girls of eleven and fourteen through a planchette and through automatic writing. The messages began in 1916, after the two girls had been amusing themselves for some time with the planchette and considering it as nothing more than an interesting toy. Then began to come messages from the other world, from dead relatives and friends, and from people previously unknown to any member of the family. The book records these messages, which at last began to be received clair-audiently by one of the girls and were written down at her dictation as they were received through a year and a half.

## IN THE NEXT WORLD.

In a previous book issued by this publisher Mr. Hewat laid down the rules which he believes govern communication with the psychic world, and described, in considerable detail, the circumstances surrounding those who have passed beyond, their abodes and manner of living. The present book consists of a series of letters from a dead brother and sister to their surviving sister, communicated by means of automatic writing, and without the rather clumsy medium of the Ouija board, dear to Patience Worth and the transcendental novelists. The letters, in great measure, bear out the theories enunciated in Mr. Hewat's text-book and add further information to show that the spirits still continue to take an interest in the doings of their friends on the physical plane, guarding them against sickness and conserving their strength so that they may live out their period of probation here on earth and may have a chance of developing their souls to a point where they are able to take up their duties of helpfulness on the higher plane without further training.

When Harry died, he found Helen waiting to receive him beyond the dark belt. "The sight of my face," says Helen, "startled him and made him take himself to task for sleeping so soon after dinner. Then I laughed, and something about that giggle reached his little-boy memory of me. He smiled at me, saying: 'Am I really out of it at last, and is this Helen?' Sister said last summer that you would be on hand when I came over here. My, but you are good to look at. I had forgotten what fine eyes you had. I remember now, and that habit of wrinkling up your nose when you laughed. It was that which opened up the door of memory, and that giggle. Well, I suppose it is up to us to renew our relationship. Put me wise to this deal." And so all goes on very much as before.

Slangy and irresponsible when he first passes over, Harry soon settles down to his new opportunities. He becomes the pupil of the brother of his sister's husband, who is a teacher of music on the supra-physical plane, and devotes himself to preparing his brother-in-law, Tee, who is an actor and still on earth, to take his part in the art world of the spirits when he, in turn, passes over. For only

art is eternal. "Tee must cut out worry, fear, and discouragement, and believe in the dignity and use of what he has within to offer to the public. He is on the right track to be able to continue here without breaking the thread as I had to do. Not business, but art is eternal, and goes right across the border called death. Thank God you have had the sense to choose a real lasting work. Here I am, foot-loose and at sea, with not an idea in my head as to a future. It's me for the employment bureau. Nothing doing. I've got to start at day labor under some one who has been wise elsewhere." About reincarnation the spirits are not sure. Some believe in it, some don't. As on earth, there are plenty of things that the scientists have not fathomed. The holiness and omniscience of the dead is a delusion. "The so-called dead are no more holy than they were before they died; but, on the other hand, custom has built up a sort of sanctified atmosphere about those passed beyond, which it may not be worth while to disturb. It's another of the beautiful Santa Claus myths which hurt no one."—*New York Evening Post*.

LETTERS FROM HARRY AND HELEN. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

## A PARABLE.

In a strange country I sat by the roadside heavy with grief. Then along the way three maidens danced, their arms intertwined, their eyes aflame, all beautiful as the sunlight.

"Oh, radiant ones," I cried, "who are you?"

They answered softly, "We are called Life and Love and Death."

"But whither go you?"

"We know not," they answered.

"And which is Life, which Love, and which is Death?" I cried again.

"Ah," answered they, "that we do not know," and they twined their arms more lovingly.

Joy flames in their eyes, so I arose and went with them.—*From "The Halo of Grief," by Bolton Hall. Published by Brentano's.*

Wisdom is not only knowing how and why, but is the attitude of a mind that has been put in parallel with great truths and is thereby nourished and fortified.—*Alan Sullivan.*

## ALL SOULS' NIGHT.

Through scudding clouds the stars peer  
out,

Half-veiled their radiant light;  
Low in the sky, a waning moon  
Gives but a pallid light;  
The sleeping world lies still, so still—  
It is All-Hallows' Night!

And see! From out the shadows dim,  
Who comes? A company  
Of fighting men, in battle slain  
This many a century,  
Whose souls to roam the mortal earth  
For this short hour are free.

On gallant steeds caparisoned  
And armor-clad, they ride—  
These hosts of England's warriors old  
On Cressy's field who died,  
And who met Death at Waterloo,  
They march now side by side!

But, following the ghostly train  
That winds far, far ahead,  
What countless multitude come now?  
Verdun's heroic dead—  
Boys of the Marne, whose mothers'  
tears  
Time has not comforted!

Brothers in arms, they share the camp  
As they were living men.  
Till morning steals upon the night  
And cock-crow sounds—and then  
They vanish in the pale, gray mist,  
Back to their graves again!  
—*M. V. Caruthers, in New York Times.*

## THE WILL OF GOD.

Midas lived in a palace, but his daughter caught a disease that grew up in one of the slums, out of which Midas "got his living."

The doctor said that it was scarlet fever; and when it looked like measles, he said "measles had intervened."

So he gave her medicines till the digestion got hopelessly out of order; then he told the nurse to rouse the patient three times a night to give her sleeping draughts. He was a very wise doctor and knew he must do something for his patient—and for his fee.

Later he "found" that Midas' daughter had developed pneumonia; and Midas believed it all, so the doctor administered stimulants and called another doctor in consultation, who said that he had done exactly right. Then they injected

morphine into her arm, to quiet Midas and the patient; and they said that her death was due to heart failure. So it was.

The Board of Health disinfected Midas' house—the slums took care of themselves.

The clergyman said that the girl had "faded like a leaf," and that "it was the will of God."

So it was; for "Whatsoever a man soweth; that shall he also reap."—*From "The Halo of Grief," by Bolton Hall. Published by Brentano's.*

## CONSOLATION.

(A portion of a letter from Plutarch to his wife on the death of their child, Timoxena.)

As for what you hear others say, who persuade the vulgar that the soul, when once freed from the body, suffers no inconvenience or evil nor is sensible at all, I know that you are better grounded in the doctrines delivered down to us from our ancestors, as also in the sacred mysteries of Bacchus, than to believe such stories; for the religious symbols are well known to us who are of the fraternity. Therefore be assured, that the soul, being incapable of death, is affected in the same manner as birds that are kept in a cage. For if she has been a long time educated and cherished in the body, and by long custom has been made familiar with most things of this life, she will (though separable) return again, and at length enter the body; nor ceaseth it by new births now and then to be entangled in the chances and events of this life. For do not think that old age is therefore evil spoken of and blamed, because it is accompanied with wrinkles, gray hairs and weakness of body. But this is the most troublesome thing in old age, that it maketh the soul weak in its remembrance of divine things, and too earnest for things relating to the body; thus it bendeth and boweth, retaining that form which it took of the body. But that which is taken away in youth, being more soft and tractable, soon returns to its native vigor and beauty. Just as fire that is quenched, if it be forthwith kindled again, sparkles and burns out immediately. . . . So most speedily "twere good to pass the gates of death," before too great a love of bodily and earthly things be engendered in the soul, and it

becomes soft and tender by being used to the body, and (as it were) by charms and potions incorporated with it.

## PARACELSUS AND CHEMISTRY.

The term iatro-chemistry is one seldom heard nowadays. It means chemistry as applied to or used in medicine. The school that first promulgated its theories and practices flourished between the first quarter of the sixteenth century and the latter half of the seventeenth. It held that it was upon the proper chemical relations of the fluids in the body that health was dependent; and it endeavored from this hypothesis to explain health conditions in terms of chemical fundamentals. Flanders appears to have been its chief centre of operations during the seventeenth century. It needs no stretch of the imagination to recognize its empiricism, reaching even to the present day in the drugging systems that with hypnotic clutch hold a not inconsiderable portion of the human race in bondage as great as that to which the immediate followers of Paracelsus subjected their victims.

Opposed to the school of iatro-chemists was that of the iatro-mathematicians, which held sway in Italy in the seventeenth century. It attempted to apply the laws of mechanics and mathematics to the human body; and its adherents were enthusiastic anatomists. The iatro-chemical school, holding that disease resulted from abnormal chemical processes within the body, believed that health could be restored by the counteracting effects of chemical substances.

Paracelsus was the chief exponent of this materialistic group during the earlier part of his career. He was a man who never stood high in the estimation of his contemporaries. It has been said of him that he was "of violent passions, coarse, arrogant, and unscrupulous"—not at all promising material, one would say, for the healing of the sick. Paracelsus had an adventurous career, living at one time by fortune-telling, at another as an army surgeon, between times gathering whatever curious information he could from gipsies, conjurers, and chemists indiscriminately. The world to him was a kind of heterogeneous oyster which he strove to open on the chance of finding some sort of a pearl which would enable him to secure the recipe for the

healing or the amelioration of the world's sufferings. He had wandered when still a young man over most of Europe, and had penetrated some distance also into Asia and Africa. In 1526 he was appointed professor of physic in the University of Basel.

At this time the laity were in revolt at the system of therapeutics in vogue, and Paracelsus became their spokesman, greatly to the chagrin of his professional friends. He was acquainted with almost all the chemical preparations of his day, and it was his aim to use as many of these as possible in his practice. His ability along this line has never been doubted; but he made no discovery of any new chemical substance. His opinions were a strange mixture compounded of mysticism, theosophy, pantheism, and astrology; and he was firmly under the conviction that astrology was definitely associated with medicine. He insisted that the function of chemistry was not to make gold from the baser metals, but to manufacture medicines and substances for use in the arts. So strongly did his teaching impress itself on the people that from his day chemistry began to be taught in the universities and schools as an essential part of a medical education.

The immediate followers of Paracelsus were extremely bold in propagating the doctrines of their master. They declared that the secrets of magical medicine were contained in the Apocalypse. They were extreme pantheists. They believed that everything that exists eats and drinks, that even minerals and liquids do so. They held that all human knowledge was to be found in the Cabala, the laws of which explained all bodily function: the sun ruled the heart, Jupiter the liver, Mercury the lungs, and so forth. Gold was the specific for heart trouble, while silver solutions looked after the brain. One can hardly imagine it possible to go further along the lines of blind credulity and fictitious speculation than did these men. They were dangerous fanatics, reckless and unscrupulous in the use they made of substances but imperfectly known to them, and they wrought untold misery and mischief on those upon whom they experimented. The suggestions they poured into the minds of the unthinking permeate deeply many of the beliefs of humanity to this hour.

So far as the iatro-chemists were

chemists they did service. Libavius was the discoverer of stannic chloride, and he described a method for making oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) which is practically the same method as the one now in use on the manufacturing scale. Van Helmont considered, like Thales, that water was the true foundation of all things. He is said to have been the first to use the term gas, and he accurately described carbonic acid gas, producing it from limestone. Sylvius freed the teaching of Paracelsus from much of its mystical absurdity during the seventeenth century; and it is interesting to note that he was aware of the analogy between combustion and respiration. Willis, an Englishman, was also a follower of Paracelsus as regards the theory of matter, but followed Sylvius in the attempt to banish mysticism from the practice of iatro-chemistry. These, with many others, brought chemistry within the range of professional study, with the result that many substances were discovered and the foundations laid for progress along more rational lines.

During this period Agricola did splendid work as a metallurgist, as did Palissy, the potter, and Glauber, the technologist. All three were almost entirely experimental chemists. Agricola, in his work, "Libri XII de re Metallica," gives accounts of the testing, preparation, and extraction of the ores, as practiced in his time. He goes into the smelting of copper and the methods of obtaining mercury and gold by amalgamation. He even tells how to recover the mercury, after amalgamation, by sublimation. He describes also the smelting of lead, bismuth, tin, iron, and antimony. Agricola must have written from personal knowledge of the various processes he describes, and after careful investigation of them. Palissy can hardly be said to have belonged to any particular school of chemistry. He was self-taught, a keen experimenter, and an accurate observer. Ceramic art was greatly enriched by his discoveries. Glauber published an encyclopedia of chemical processes, and was the discoverer of Glauber's salts (sodium sulphate).

During this period the common mineral acids, sulphuric, hydrochloric, and nitric, became articles of commerce, and were used in the manufacture of useful products. A considerable number of

metallic oxides were in regular use in the arts. But organic substances—that is, compounds containing carbon—were not much known. Acetic acid was, however, as were some acetates and tartrates, as well as succinic, benzoic, and stearic acids, the last-named one of the characteristics acids of oils and fats. Ether was likewise known and in use.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

### THE FLESHING SHOP.

I got this body in the Fleshing Shop  
When it was small and pudgy-like and red;  
No teeth it had nor could it stand erect—  
A fuzzy down sparse upon its head:  
At sight of it the neighbors stood and laughed,  
And tickled it and jogged it up and down;  
Then some one put it in a little cart,  
And wheeled it gaily through the gaping town.  
When it grew stronger and could walk and run,  
I wet it in the pond above the mill,  
Or took it to a building called a "school,"  
And there I had to keep it very still.  
And later, when its muscles stronger grew,  
I made it sow and reap to get its grain,  
And tanned it in the summer's fiercest suns,  
And toughened it with the wind and cold and rain.  
It served to keep me near my friend, the Earth,  
It helped me well to get from place to place,  
And then, perhaps, a tiny bit of me  
Has sometimes worked out through its hands and face!  
How long I've had it! Longer than it seems  
Since first they wraped it in a linen clout  
And now 'tis shriveled, patched and breaking down—  
I guess, forsooth, that I have worn it out!  
And I? Oh, bless you! I am very young,  
A soul ne'er ages—is not bent or gray,  
And when the body breaks and crumbles down—  
The Fleshing Shop is just across the way!  
—Richard Wightman.

## 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.

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.

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.

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.

Hiranyagarba, or the *Unit Soul*.

The 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*.

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 is it with the mind.

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."

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.

The will creates; for the will in motion is *force*, and force reproduces *matter*.

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.

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.

It is a strange coincidence that when first discovered America was found to bear among some native tribes the name of Atlanta.

Our crosses are hewn from different trees.

But we all must have our Calvaries:

We must climb the height from a different side,

But we each go up to be crucified:

As we scale the steep, another may share

The dreadful load that our shoulders bear,

But the costliest sorrow is all our own—  
For on the summit we bleed alone.

—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

I can not make Crito believe that I am the Socrates who has been talking and conducting the argument. He fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see a dead body—and he asks how he shall bury me. . . . False words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer, then, dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that whatever is usual and what you think best.—*Plato.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## ART AND MYSTICISM.

Mr. Claude Bragdon in his new book, "Architecture and Democracy," asks what effect the war will have upon art, and particularly upon architecture, which is "the concrete presentiment in space of the soul of a people." If the soul be petty and sordid, there can be no great architecture. Every change in the national soul must find its reflection in the "concrete presentiment" of our buildings.

Materialism, says Mr. Bragdon, can not produce architecture. This can be done only by spirituality. Until we become a religious people great architecture is far from us.

This will be done for us by war, which shakes us from our lethargy and sends us far afield in the search for reality. But we shall have to go to Asia, says Mr. Bragdon, to find the tincture that neither our civilization nor our past can supply:

This secret is Yoga, the method of self-development whereby the seeker for union is enabled to perceive the shining of the inward Light. This is achieved by daily discipline in stilling the mind and directing the consciousness inward instead of outward. The Self is within, and the mind, which is normally centrifugal, must first be arrested, controlled, and then turned back upon itself, and held with perfect steadiness. All this is naively expressed in the Upanishads in the passage, "The Self-existent pierced the openings of the senses so that they turn forward, not backward into himself. Some wise man, however, with eyes closed and wishing for immortality, saw the Self behind." This still-

ing of the mind, its subjugation and control whereby it may be concentrated on anything at will, is particularly hard for persons of our race and training, a race the natural direction of whose consciousness is strongly outward, a training in which the practice of introspective meditation finds no place.

Yoga—that "union" which brings inward vision, the contribution of the East to the spiritual life of the West—will bring profound changes into the art of the West, since art springs from consciousness. The consciousness of the West now concerns itself with the visible world almost exclusively and Western art is therefore characterized by an almost slavish fidelity to the ephemeral appearances of things—the record of particular moods and moments. The consciousness of the East on the other hand is subjective, introspective. Its art accordingly concerns itself with eternal aspects, with a world of archetypal ideas in which things exist not for their own sake, but as symbols of supernal things. The Oriental artist avoids as far as possible trivial and individual rhythms, seeing always the fundamental rhythm of the larger, deeper life.

Now this quality so earnestly sought and so highly prized in Oriental art is the very thing which our art and our architecture most conspicuously lacks. To the eye sensitive to rhythm, our essays in these fields appear awkward and unconvincing, lacking a certain *inevitability*. We must restore to art that first great canon of Chinese aesthetics, "*Rhythmic vitality*, or the life movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things." It can not be interjected from the outside, but must be inwardly realized by the "stilling" of the mind above described.

The materialistic consciousness looks upon the world of sense as a real world and as the only real world. But the mystic consciousness looks upon nature as



an arras embroidered over with symbols of the things it conceals from view:

The dictionary defines a symbol as "something that stands for something else and serves to represent it, or to bring to mind one or more of its qualities." Now this world is a *reflection* of a higher world, and that of a higher world still, and so on. Accordingly, everything is a symbol of something higher, since by reflecting, it "stands for and serves to represent it," and the thing symbolized, being itself a reflection, is, by the same token, itself a symbol. By reiterated repetitions of this reflecting process throughout the numberless planes and sub-planes of nature, each thing becomes a symbol, not of one thing only, but of many things, all intimately correlated, and this gives rise to those underlying analogies, those "secret subterranean passages between matter and soul" which has ever been the especial preoccupation of the poet and the mystic, but which may one day become the subject of serious examination by scientific men.

Mr. Bragdon gives various examples of these analogies. For example, there is the tree which grows from unity to multiplicity and which is also a symbol of the reincarnation of the soul. We love and understand the tree because we have ourselves passed through its evolution, and it survives in us still. Another symbol is marriage, and here Mr. Bragdon shows a true perception:

The reason is involved in the answer to the question, "Of what is marriage a symbol?" The most obvious answer, and doubtless the best one, is found in the well-known and much-abused doctrine, common to every religion, of the spiritual marriage between God and the soul. What Christians call the *Mystic Way* and Buddhists the *Path* comprises those changes in consciousness through which every soul passes on its way to perfection. When the personal life is conceived of as an allegory of this inner, intense, super-mundane life, it assumes a sacramental character. With strange unanimity, followers of the *Mystic Way* have given the name of marriage to that memorable experience in "the flight of the Alone to the Alone," when the soul, after trials and purgations, enters into indissoluble union with the spirit, that divine, creative principle whereby it is made fruitful for this world. Marriage, then, however dear and close the union, is the symbol of a union dearer and closer, for it is the fair prophecy that on some higher arc of the evolutionary spiral, the soul will meet its immortal lover and be initiated into divine mysteries.

The artist, says Mr. Bragdon, must be a participant in mystic experiences, otherwise he can produce no forms of beauty.

ARCHITECTURE AND DEMOCRACY. By Claude Bragdon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

## A BRAHMIN.

The sun had set on the western margin of the river among the tangle of the forest.

The hermit boys had brought the cattle home, and sat round the fire to listen to the master, Guatama, when a strange boy came, and greeted him with fruits and flowers, and, bowing low at his feet, spoke in a bird-like voice—"Lord, I have come to thee to be taken into the path of the supreme Truth.

"My name is Satyakama."

"Blessings be on thy head," said the master.

"Of what clan art thou, my child? It is only fitting for a Brahmin to aspire to the highest wisdom."

"Master," answered the boy. "I know not of what clan I am. I shall go and ask my mother."

Thus saying, Satyakama took leave, and wading across the shallow stream, came back to his mother's hut, which stood at the end of the sandy waste at the edge of the sleeping village.

The lamp burnt dimly in the room, and the mother stood at the door in the dark waiting for her son's return.

She clasped him to her bosom, kissed him on his hair, and asked him of his errand to the master.

"What is the name of my father, dear mother?" asked the boy.

"It is only fitting for a Brahmin to aspire to the highest wisdom, said Lord Guatama to me."

The woman lowered her eyes, and spoke in a whisper.

"In my youth I was poor and had many masters. Thou didst come to thy mother Jabala's arms, my darling, who had no husband."

The early rays of the sun glistened on the tree-tops of the forest hermitage.

The students, with their tangled hair still wet with their morning bath, sat under the ancient tree, before the master.

There came Satyakama.

He bowed low at the feet of the sage, and stood silent.

"Tell me," the great teacher asked him, "of what clan art thou?"

"My lord," he answered, "I know it not. My mother said when I asked her, 'I had served many masters in my youth, and thou didst come to thy mother Jabala's arms, who had no husband.'"

There rose a murmur like the angry

hum of bees disturbed in their hive; and the students muttered at the shameless insolence of that outcast.

Master Guatama rose from his seat, stretched out his arms, took the boy to his bosom, and said, "Best of all Brahmins art thou, my child. Thou hast the noblest heritage of truth."—*From "Gitanjali," by Rabindranath Tagore. Published by the Macmillan Company.*

### LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

Like Autumn, kind and brief—  
The frost that chills the branches, frees  
the leaf:—

Like Winter's stormy hours  
That spread their fleece of snow to save  
the flowers:—

The lordliest of all things—  
Life lends us only feet, Death gives us  
wings!

Fearing no covert thrust,  
Let me walk onward, armed with valiant  
trust,

Dreading no unseen knife,  
Across Death's threshold step from life  
to life!

O all ye frightened folk,  
Whether ye wear a crown or bear a  
yoke,

Laid in one equal bed,  
When once your coverlet of grass is  
spread,

What daybreak need you fear?  
The love will rule you there which guides  
you here!

Where Life, the Sower, stands,  
Scattering the ages from his swinging  
hands,

Thou waitest, Reaper lone,  
Until the multitudinous grain hath  
grown.

Scythe-bearer, when thy blade  
Harvests my flesh, let me be unafraid!  
—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

By paralyzing his lower personality, and arriving thereby at the full knowledge of the *non-separateness* of his Higher Self from the One Absolute Self, man can, even during his terrestrial life, become as "one of us."—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

### THE FAITH THAT IS IN THE SOLDIER.

A "kind of fatalism, not without its sublimity," is the central fact in the modern fighting man's religion, says a writer who has gained a reputation here and in England under the pseudonym of "Centurion." While admitting that it is a fact that "a soldier going into action is much more exercised about the condition of his rifle than the state of his soul," he contrasts the modern soldier's creed, "Save others," with the too common religious exhortation to "save yourself," very much to the advantage of the soldier.

The last chapter of "Centurion's" new book, "Gentlemen-at-Arms" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is given up to considerations of questions that might come under the head either of "morale" or "religion" as applied to the fighting man. The writer has this to say regarding the soldier's attitude toward death, and what may come after:

The language in which he speaks of death is, in fact, often picturesque, but it is rarely devout. A pal may have "gone West" or "stopt one" or been "outed": he is never spoken of as being "with God." Death is rarely alluded to as being the will of God; it is frequently characterized in terms of luck.

There are, of course, exceptions, but the average soldier does not seem to feel any confidence that he is in the hands of a Divine Providence: he is fatalistic rather than religious. After all, if you have looked on the obscene havoc of a battlefield, as the writer has done, and seen all the profane dismemberment of that which, according to the teaching of the church, is the temple of the soul, you find it rather difficult at times to believe that the fate of the individual, whatever may be the case with the type, is of any concern to the Creator. For the soldier who ponders on the realities of war, the judgments of God may be a great deep; what he feels to be certain is that they are past finding out.

As to whether this agnosticism is real or assumed, transient or permanent, the writer offers no opinion. But he will hazard the conjecture that it is not without its sublimity. To go into action with a conviction that your cause is everything and yourself nothing, to face death without any assurance that in dying you achieve your own salvation, whether victorious or not, is surely a nobler state of mind than that of the old Protestant and Catholic armies in the "wars of religion," equally assured of their own personal salvation and of the damnation of their opponents. The religious soldier of history may have been devout, he was certainly fanatical. And as he was fanatical, so he was cruel. Regarding himself as the chosen instrument of God, he assumed he did but anticipate the

divine judgment—and incidentally insure his own salvation—by giving “no quarter to the papist or the infidel.” The morning psalm ended in the evening massacre.

Attempts to bring the soldier to some formal religion by playing on his fear of death, says the writer, were never very successful. The soldier is not alarmed by the idea of death, nor especially fearful when he finds himself facing the end. Several such incidents are mentioned:

I remember reading some words of that fine soldier, Donald Hankey, in which he speaks with something like indignation of the attempt of a desperately well-meaning chaplain at an open-air service the night before the men went into the trenches to “frighten” them with the prospect of death. They refused to be frightened and the chaplain’s bag was very small. I have seen many soldiers die. I do not know what, if anything, they would have said to a padre. I only know that all I ever heard them say was, “I’ve done my bit”; “What must be must be”; “It wur worth it”; “It baint no use grouching”; or “I’m all right—I’m topping.” I’ve often thought that the secret of their fortitude was that they had done what they could.

What the soldier might teach the churches is that there is only one thing that really counts, and that is character. In the army it is the only chance of distinction a man has, and nowhere is it so quickly grasped. The soldier is less concerned with whether a man’s beliefs are “true” than with whether he truly believes them. He has no respect for the sacerdotal character as such; what interests him is, not the priest, but the man. He is not interested in religion as a science, but he has some respect for it as an art. If a padre is a good fellow and sincere, the soldier will accept him as such, but he will not tolerate the attitude of a man who assumes that he and his alone possess the keys of heaven and hell. It is only when the priest secularizes himself that he can command a sympathetic hearing. The church will have to renounce all its worldly prestige, forget its hierarchical character, and go forth like the Twelve, without gold or silver or scrip if it is to get hold of the men after this war.

—*Literary Digest.*

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.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

## THE HOPI INDIAN.

Though the Hopi Indians are rated by Powell as of the same linguistic stock as the Shoshone, Ute, and Comanche, it is known definitely that they are a composite people, with a language in which are found Tanoan, Piman, and Keresan words. As noted, the Snake clan came from the north, possibly from the same stock as that which once peopled the great Mesa Verde rock houses. The Bear clan came from the eastward, undoubtedly of the people from which came the later-day settlements of the upper Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico. Most interesting from a local point of view is the determination that the Water House (Patki) and Squash (Patun) clans came from the southward, from “the cactus country.”

At Casa Grande, near Florence, is the ruin, with walls still standing, of what probably was the last communal house erected on the southern plains by a race of pueblo builders that probably had departed elsewhere or had been merged with wilder tribes even before the passing to the westward of the Aztec south-bound pilgrimage about the year 1300.

Near Phoenix, within the Salt River Valley, are to be found seven communal settlements of the same pre-Aztec era, with central buildings that were far larger than that at Casa Grande. To the northward and northeast every river valley retains evidence of the passage of at least a portion of these peoples, for some reason leaving their cities and their irrigated fields on the plains and seeking the mountains and the upper plateaus.

Frank Hamilton Cushing, who combined the vision of a poet with the keen discernment of the natural scientist, and who had spent years with the house-building Zuni of Western New Mexico, positively connected this tribe with the pueblo remains of the Salt River Valley. Again, there is a clear connection hence with ruins along the Little Colorado, till at last are reached the remains of Hnomolobi, near the present Winslow, a group of five villages that are known by the Hopi of today as their ancient home.

It should not be understood that the writer would seek to establish that the Zuni or Hopi Indians are descended from the plains dwellers. But, without

doubt, many of them are, to the extent that tribal intermarriage might permit, a mingling in which the ancient tongues now have become commingled into a well-defined and separate dialect, in each of the tribes named, though each now has its own tongue.

The first knowledge of the Hopi Indians by Europeans was in July of 1540, soon after Captain-General Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado had found the famed golden Seven Cities of Cibola in the poverty-stricken pueblos of Zuñi. In the summer he sent westward an exploring party, headed by Don Pedro de Tovar.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

### THE SOUL'S GOOD-BY.

My soul went out before the dawn, when  
stars were in the sky,  
The river rushed along its course, the  
night wind hurried by,  
And bore upon its April breath the stag-  
hound's moaning cry.

I felt so free, so free—as from a burden  
loosed away—  
Alone, without, I heard what wind and  
river had to say,  
One should be dead to understand such  
orators as they!

I came along the garden paths, so dark  
and damp with dew,  
I thought of all within the house, but  
most of all of you,  
Still wrapped in earthly veils, that I had  
thinned, and broken through.

I stopped beneath your window, in the  
turrent of the Hall—  
And whispered low the little name I  
loved the best of all,  
The little name, the childish name, they  
gave when you were small!

And did you know that, passing out, it  
was to you I came?  
And did you hear, and did you hear that  
whispered little name?  
For sudden, through the lattice blind, I  
saw a candle flame.

The wind rushed past your lattice, and  
the ivy tapped again—  
The sweetness of our friendship welled  
within my soul, and then  
I turned towards the starry road that is  
not known of men!

—John M. Waring.

### SOUL MATES.

(From "The Impersonal Life." San Diego Sun Publishing Company.)

Let us now examine into some of the things I have given you, those especially of which you can not yet acknowledge Me as the Giver.

Perhaps the particular position in life you now occupy you do not think the best adapted for the expression of My Idea surging within you.

If so, then why not step out of that position into one of *your* choice?

The mere fact that you can not or do not do this proves that at this time such position *is* the one best suited to awaken in you certain qualities necessary for My perfect expression, and that I, your own Self, AM compelling you to remain therein until you can recognize My Purpose and Meaning hidden within the power such position has to disturb your peace of mind and keep you thus dissatisfied.

When you recognize My Meaning and determine to make My Purpose your purpose, then and then only will I give you the strength to step out of that position into a higher I have provided for you.

Perhaps the husband or the wife I have given you, you think is far from being suited to you or one capable of helping along your "spiritual" awakening; being only a hindrance and detriment, instead. And you may even be secretly contemplating leaving or wishing you could leave that one for another who sympathizes and joins with you in your aspirations and seeking, and therefore seems more nearly your ideal.

You may run away from my first choice, if you will, but know that you can not run away from your own personality; that, in its selfish craving for a "spiritual" mate can attract only one who will force you to a ten-fold longer and harder search among the illusions of the mind, before you again awaken to the consciousness of My Voice speaking within.

For a sympathetic and appreciative mate would only feed the personal pride and selfish desire for "spiritual" power in you, and quicken the intellectual understanding; while an unsympathetic mate forces you back upon yourself and compels you to turn within, where I abide.

Likewise, a loving, trusting, yielding

mate would encourage only selfishness, when you are not yet abiding in the consciousness of My Impersonal Love; while a tyrannical, suspicious, nagging mate provides the soul discipline you still need and teaches the value of opposition and self-control.

Did you but know it, the one who is assuming the part of your present mate is in reality an Angel from Heaven, one of the Attributes of My Divine Self, come to you to teach you by domination and opposition, by extreme selfishness and unkindness—which are but the *shadows* of qualities in you that the Light of My Idea within, shining through your clouded personality, casts upon the Soul of your mate, darkening, fettering, binding it to *Its* personality, at the same time magnifying and distorting these shadows of qualities in *Its* personality so that they stand forth boldly, flaunting before you their power to disturb and harass you—to teach you that only when you have purged your own personality of these qualities so that My Holy Love can express, can you be freed from the conditions which now are causing you so much disturbance of mind and unhappiness of Soul.

For not until this sorrowing, fettered Soul, this Angel from Heaven, this other part of My Self, who has come to you and is beating *Its* wings against the barred cage of *Its* personality in which you are helping to keep it locked, while *It* all the time is yearning and striving to call into expression through you the Impersonal Love, the tender, thoughtful care for others, the poise of mind and peace of heart, the quiet, firm mastery of self, which and which alone can strike off the fetters and open the doors so *It* can step forth into the freedom of *Its* own glorious Being and be to you *Its* own *true* Self—not until you can see this Soul in all *Its* Divine beauty, but now sickened and weakened by this earthly bondage, will it ever be possible for you to find and recognize that Ideal you seek.

For that Ideal exists not—without, in some other personality—but only within, in your Divine Counterpart, which is I, your Higher, Immortal Self. And it is only My *Idea* of this, your perfect Self, striving to express and become manifest through your personality, that causes you

to see the seeming imperfections in the mate I have given you.

The time will come, however, when you cease to look without for love and sympathy, appreciation and spiritual help, and turn wholly to Me within, that these seeming imperfections will disappear, and you will only see in this mate the *reflection* of qualities of unselfish love, gentleness, trust, a constant endeavor to make the other happy, that will then be shining brightly and continuously from out your own heart.

Perhaps you can not yet wholly believe all this, and you still question that I, your own Self, am responsible for your present position in life, or that I chose for you your present mate?

If so, it is well for you thus to question until all is made plain.

But remember, I will speak much more clearly *direct* from within, if you but turn trustingly to Me for help. For I ever reserve My Holiest secrets for those who turn to Me in deep, abiding Faith that I can and will supply their every need.

To you, however, who can not yet do this, I say, if your own Self did not place you here or provide this mate, *Why* then are you here? and *Why* have you this mate?

Think!

I, the ALL, the Perfect One, make no mistake.

Yes, but the personality does, you say. And the personality chose this mate, and perhaps has *earned* no better position.

But what, *who*, caused the personality to choose this particular one and earn this particular position in life? And *who* picked out and placed this one where you could thus choose, and who caused you to be born in this country of all countries and in this town of all towns in the world at this particular time? Why not some other town and a hundred years later? Did your personality do all these things?

Answer truly and satisfactorily these questions to yourself, and you will learn that I, God, within you, your own Self, do all things that you do, and I do them well.

I do them while expressing My Idea. Which is ever seeking manifestation in outer form as *Perfection* through You. My living Attribute, even as it is in the Eternal, within.

As for your true "Soul Mate," which you have been led by others to believe must be waiting for you somewhere, cease looking: for it exists not without in some other body, but within your own Soul.

For that within you which cries out for completion is only your Sense of My Presence yearning for recognition, I, your own Divine Counterpart, the Spiritual part of you, your other half, to which and which alone you must be united, before you can finish that you came on Earth to express.

This is indeed a mystery to you who are not yet wedded in consciousness to your Impersonal Self; but doubt not, when you can come to Me in complete surrender, and will care for naught else than union with Me, will I disclose to you the sweets of the Celestial Ecstasy I have long kept in reserve for you.

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#### MRS. CRAIG.

Mrs. Katherine Taylor Craig, whose "The Fabric of Dreams" E. P. Dutton & Co. published in the latter part of the summer, died of influenza in her home in New York two weeks ago. Mrs. Craig was one of the most widely known students of occult matters in the United States. Her "Stars of Destiny," a practical work on astrology published by the Duttons a year or two ago, has gone into the second edition. Her new book, "The Fabric of Dreams," weaves together, with much original comment and interpretation, and in a very readable style, the ideas, guesses, philosophy, and science of dreams and visions of both moderns and ancients. Practically every attempt to set forth the causes and significance of dreams ever made by any one of consequence has exposition in the volume.

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.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

Lunar magnetism generates life preserves and destroys it, psychically as well as physically.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

#### A SYMBOL.

Over the sea where the Dublin mail boat *Leinster* was sunk by a German torpedo in the Irish Channel October 10th with the loss of about 480 lives a great white cross was seen in a clear sky by residents of the Dublin coast, they aver.

Canon Pim, rector of Christ Church, Kingstown, sent the following statement to the *Irish Times*:

"On Saturday afternoon last there was a bank of cloud on the horizon, and against a clear sky above it there appeared for some moments the form of a great white cross of absolutely perfect shape. It was seen by at least four members of my own household, as well as by other people.

"One of the witnesses described it to me that it had seemed to him first as if it were a great cloud figure with outstretched arms, which assumed the form of a cross, and as the sharpness of its outline passed it seemed to be full of the faces of men and women. It was just, as it were, over the place where the disaster to the *Leinster* happened.

"One presumes to offer no explanation, but it was certainly there, and, at least, it was a symbol of surpassing comfort."

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Insect and reptile, fish and bird and beast,  
Cast their worn robes aside, fresh robes to don;  
Tree, flower, and moss put new year's raiments on;  
Each natural type, the greatest as the least,  
Renews its vesture when its use hath ceased.  
How should man's spirit keep in union  
With the world's law of outgrowth, save it won  
New robes and ampler as its growth increased?  
Quit shrunken creed, and dwarfed philosophy!  
Let gently die an art's decaying fire!  
Work on the ancient lines, but yet be free  
To leave and frame anew, if God inspire!  
The planets change their surface as they roll;  
The force that binds the spheres must bind the soul.—*Henry G. Hewlett.*

All succeeds to the will.—*Eddas.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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. III. No. 49. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, December 7, 1918. Price Five Cents

## THE DHARMA.

Dr. Paul Carus is to be congratulated on the fact that his little work on "The Dharma, or the Religion of Enlightenment," an exposition of Buddhism, has reached its sixth edition that now appears with revisions and enlargements. The success is well deserved. Buddhism has no more sympathetic champion than Dr. Carus, nor one who brings to his task so much intelligence and insight.

Into the theology of Buddhism there is no need here to enter. It is admirably set forth, and the student can do no better than confide himself to the guidance of Dr. Carus, and to an insight that is always illuminating and interpretive.

The doctrine of Buddha, says Dr. Carus, must have appeared bold and iconoclastic to the pious Brahmins, who placed their trust in the special revelation of the Vedas, who believed in the expiation of sin by the blood of sacrifice, and expected divine help by the magic charm of prayer. Their faith rested upon the assumption of some divine or extra-natural power that would overcome, or break, or upset the law of causation. Buddha teaches men to give up all faith in the miraculous. He teaches that the origin and the end of all things depend upon causation.

Dr. Carus finds no insurmountable difficulties in the doctrine of the impermanence of the self. The boy that goes to schools, he says, is a different person from the young man who has completed his

education; and yet in a certain sense we are justified in speaking of him as being one and the same. For there is a continuity such as obtains between sowing and harvesting. When a boy learns a verse from his teacher, the verse is incarnated in the boy's mind, but there is no transmigration of the verse in the proper sense of transmigration. The verse is impressed into the boy's mind, but there is no material transfer:

But the annihilation of selfhood (*sakkaya*) does not imply an annihilation of personality. A follower of the Enlightened One regards his property as property, but not as his; he regards his body as body, but not as his; he regards his sensations as sensations, but not as his; he regards his thoughts as thoughts, but not as his; he regards his sentiments as sentiments, but not as his. For all these things are transient, and he knows there is no truth in the ideas, "this is mind, or I am this and that, or I have all these things." Bearing in mind the fruit of deeds, he abstains from all passions, from hatred, and ill-will, but energetically and untiringly performs all those deeds which tend toward enlightenment. He endeavors to attain the truth and spreads it; and his life is in good deeds. If there is anything that man can call his own, it is not what he possesses, but what he does. What he does constitutes his character, what he does lives after him, what he does is the reality of his existence that endures.

Dr. Carus indulges in no subtleties on the subject of Nirvana. Indeed no subtleties exist save for those who desire them. The state of Nirvana, he tells us, is characterized by the absolute calm that is produced through the utter absence of passion:

He who has attained the peace of Nirvana



lives no longer a life of selfhood limited to individual purposes, but he becomes one with all good and noble aspirations without discriminating between one individual and the other.

And again on the following page:

He who has entered Nirvana is not annihilated; on the contrary, he has attained the Deathless and continues to live. He lives, but does not cling; he is energetic, but free from passion; he aspires, but is not ambitious or vainglorious.

Salvation does not consist in going to heaven or in attaining individual bliss of any kind; it is simply and solely the deliverance from error, especially from the delusion of selfhood with all the sin attached to it. The legend goes that when friends tried to comfort a dying Buddhist with the thought of his entering now upon a state of rest and bliss, the saint rallied his strength and said: "No, never, so long as there is misery in the world, shall I enter upon a state of rest and bliss. I will be reborn where the suffering is greatest and the need of salvation most deeply felt. I wish to be reborn in the deepest depths of hell. That is the place to enlighten the world, to rescue those who have gone astray, and to point out the path that leads to deliverance."

THE DHARMA. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

### THE UNLUCKY 8.

Years ending with the figure 8 seem to have a certain fatality in the history of kings. Thus 1588 sounded the knell of Philip II's hopes of extended empire; 1618 was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, with the misery which the ambition of princes brought upon Europe; 1628, by the Petition of Right, marked the first real revolt of the British people against the doctrine of the divine right, a revolt consummated in 1648. The death of Cromwell put a period to another form of autocracy in 1658, and 1688 saw the end of the divine right as practical politics in this country. The first Partition Treaty, in 1698, was one of the landmarks in the history of the barter of peoples by their kings. The alliance of France and Spain with the United States in 1778 brought another democratic power into full life, and the battle of the Nile, in 1798, crushed Napoleon's dreams of an Eastern Empire, while in 1808 he began to sense the pangs of the "Spanish ulcer." And 1848 was the blackest year in the history of kings until 1918.—*Manchester Guardian*.

### BUDDHIST POETRY.

(From "The Dharma." By Dr. Paul Carus.)

By ourselves is evil done,  
By ourselves we pain endure.  
By ourselves we cease from wrong.  
By ourselves become we pure.  
No one saves us but ourselves:  
No one can, and no one may.  
We ourselves must walk the path—  
Buddhas merely teach the way.  
—*Dhammapada*.

Into an ill-thatched house the rains  
Their entrance freely find;  
Thus passion surely access gains  
Into an untrained mind.

Into a well-thatched house the rains  
Their entrance can not find;  
Thus passion never access gains  
Into a well-trained mind.  
—*Dhammapada*.

The king's mighty chariots of iron will  
rust,  
And also our bodies resolve into dust;  
But deeds 'tis sure,  
For aye endure.  
—*Dhammapada*.

Naught follows him who leaves this life;  
For all things must be left behind;  
Wife, daughters, sons, one's kin,  
friends,  
Gold, grain, and wealth of very kin  
But every deed a man performs,  
With body, or with voice, or mind,  
'Tis this that he can call his own,  
This will he never leave behind.

Deeds, like a shadow, ne'er depart:  
Bad deeds can never be concealed;  
Good deeds can not be lost and will  
In all their glory be revealed.  
Let all then noble deeds perform  
As seeds sown in life's fertile field;  
For merit gained this life within,  
Rich blessings in the next will yield.  
—*Samyutta Nikaya*.

The universe around man is only a  
projection of his own inner consciousness.—*Kant*.

The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,  
are within ourselves alone.—*Whittier*.

## PSYCHIC TENDENCIES.

The present interest in the occult, says Alfred W. Martin in "Psychic Tendencies of Today," is not without precedent. Similar tendencies have been observed in the past. They seem to come in cyclic succession. And they usually follow close upon a wave of materialism.

Mr. Martin, whose lectures under the auspices of the "League for Political Education" are now given to us in volume form, tells us that he is not a Spiritualist, nor a Theosophist, nor a Christian Scientist, nor a New Thought representative. He is independent of them all. He views them all with detached interest, but with an appreciation that leads him to assign to each whatever value it seems to have.

Mr. Martin warns us against extremes. That Christian Science, for example, is able to remove a pain in the back, has no relevancy whatever to Christian Science dogma. It neither proves nor disproves it. A plaster might have had the same result. A fact, however well established, must not be overloaded with inference. Both the pain in the back and its cure were the results of law, and it is for us to discover what that law is. We may believe that Christian Science has cured the pain in the back and believe equally firmly that Mrs. Eddy was guilty of an ignorant folly when she divided the word *Adam* into two syllables, meaning "a dam," or obstruction, or when she says that the river *Gihon* signifies "woman's rights." The author of Genesis certainly knew no English and therefore did not speak of "a dam," and the student is recommended to find out for himself the *physiological* meaning of the river *Gihon*.

The New Thought advocate usually falls into the extreme of supposing that physical conditions do not matter, since they do not exist, oblivious of the fact that even though a pain be unreal it is none the less painful. And so Mr. Martin brings against New Thought, and of course Christian Science, the terrible charge of indifference to physical suffering and physical conditions:

Because of its exclusive devotion to "spiritual science," it has tended to take an attitude of unconcern toward all physiological and environmental obstacles that militate against moral health—such, for example, as the "Prophylaxis Society" deals with in its fight against the social evil, or such as one

sees in those tenement houses where people of different ages and different sexes are huddled together in a single room, or, again, the overworked bodies of men and women in factories where monotonous machine work superinduces nervous irritation and this, in turn, indulgence in intoxicating drink, not to mention loss of power to develop individuality. Surely some effort should be put forth to improve those hindering conditions rather than to rely exclusively on New Thought teaching, however excellent it be. Well enough to insist upon "the power of man to draw upon the divine reservoir," but alas that this should carry in its train indifference toward these terrible hindrances that ought to be removed from the path of decent living in which the New Thought would have their handicapped fellow-beings walk.

The leaders of New Thought are gradually divorcing themselves from their early extravagances. Horatio Dresser, whose own father was the victim of a distressing and uncured complaint, says, "Let us apply the New Thought as far as we can in the healing of disease, but above all, let us be true to common sense, and let us be free to consult others besides the mental healer in order to add to our knowledge of Nature's processes. Our only hope is in taking strict account of both mental and physical facts":

It remains to make mention of one other criticism. Wherever the New Thought is offered as a short cut or royal road to good health—and it had often been so offered and adopted for that reason—it exhibits the same deplorable American tendency that we witness in other matters of intense human interest. We see it in those typical "Wallingfords" who went to Alaska with a passion to "get rich quick." We see it in those Christian Scientists who joined the followers of Mrs. Eddy because, as they said, they believed they could "get health quick." We see it in those persons who entered the ranks of the Socialist party in the pious belief that society would "get social health quick" by the adoption of Socialism. Similarly there are people who have espoused New Thought with a corresponding expectation, seeing in it a short cut to their supreme desideratum. . . . You see the sufferings and deprivations of the poor and oppressed and your pity and sympathy are so stirred that you refuse to wait for a remedy or to accept one that operates slowly. And this, in truth, is the origin of all Utopias—the notion that "what ought to be can be realized quickly and with a minimum of effort and pain." But the real remedies never work that way. On the contrary, the more deep-seated the evil to be cured, the slower and more detailed the process of reform. And this is every whit as true of physical and spiritual diseases with which the New Thought deals. Consequently one should beware of fooling one's self with a false idealism by seizing upon a scheme or system that promises immediate or early relief when per-

chance the malady to be cured is one requiring patient, systematic, and even a measure of experimental treatment. Genuine idealism always goes slowly, fearlessly facing even the darkest facts, and *searching out causes* with tireless patience and with deathless hope.

The author finds evidences of strange credulity in the writings of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge. They will believe almost anything that is in accord with their convictions and they will disbelieve almost anything that militates against them. Sir Oliver Lodge, for example, accepts the evidence of the group photograph of officers in which his son appears as positive proof of identity, since none of the family was aware of the existence of this photograph, but he makes nothing of the fact that Raymond could not remember the name of any one of these officers, although they were his friends:

I pass over the third and fourth of these sittings because their "evidential value" appears to be on a par with that of the first and second. The same vague, elusive, halting character of Raymond's answers to questions impresses us here anew and with cumulative force. Indeed, one gets the impression as one reads that the medium is guessing at the answers to Sir Oliver's questions. And I bid you note that this hypothesis is not (in the present state of our ignorance on the subject) to be considered as illegitimate. When more is known of the mental operations of mediums in delivering trance utterings, we shall be in a better position to judge the worth of this hypothesis.

Another assumption, says the author, is that life on the other side is "finer," or "higher," than on this. But the communications do not warrant that assumption. It is not that they deal so often with trivialities. These might be the best of all proofs of identity:

But, wholly apart from these, no unprejudiced reader can fail to feel, after reading what Raymond is reported to have said at the various sittings, that his many incoherent, halting, confused utterances show a deplorable deterioration of personality as compared with what his parents said of him at the beginning of the book. And the self-same sort of discrepancy appears also in the reported utterances of other departed spirits. Recall, for instance, those of F. W. H. Myers, who during his terrestrial life took rank among leading men of letters in his day. What a far cry from the English of his two noble volumes of "Essays, Classical and Modern," to the bad grammar, wretched rhetoric, and vulgar colloquialisms met with in communications said to have come from him. To read them is to feel depressed by the lamentable decline of power which his personality has suffered in the changed environment. Or, consider the scholarly Anglican priest, Stainton Moses, and that philosophical writer, styled

"George Pelham" in the literature of psychological research. Here were men of marked intellectual ability and of fine moral character, yet to read some of the utterances they are said to have delivered through accredited mediums is to marvel at Sir Oliver's assumption, nay, to reject it as painfully disproved by the content of the messages. If human personality can thus deteriorate, what is there in life "on the other side" that we should desire it?

Into Mr. Martin's lecture on Materialism there is no need here to enter. He shows how the materialist has been driven from line to line and that today he can do no more than maintain that the question is still an open one. Science can resolve a tear into oxygen, hydrogen, chlorine, and sodium, but the mystery of grief remains unexplained. No physical analysis can define the difference between the marriage bell and the funeral toll:

Whether or not mind can operate without a brain remains an *open* question, despite all the argumentation of the materialists. *And this is the only vital issue in the discussion.* Were brain and thought related to each other as cause and effect, then, indeed, would the contention of the materialist be established, *viz.*, no brain, no thought. But their relation is not one of cause and effect. Rather is it comparable to the relation of the wire to electricity in the pre-Marconi days. Without the wire there could be no manifestation of electricity, but the wire does not produce the electricity, nor would electricity cease to be were the wire destroyed. So, for ought we know, it may be with the human mind. It may exist without a brain; it may continue after a brain has been destroyed; it may make its manifest to other personalities by means of some other organ than a brain. Therefore, would not necessarily cease the brain destroyed, any more than would electricity without the wire. And even Marconi's "wireless" has made electricity manifest, so, for ought we know, may thought by "brain-less" be yet made manifest.

Mr. Martin's lectures are worth all the attention that they should receive. Rarely has there been so liberal or so judicious a presentation of the problems with which it deals.

PSYCHIC TENDENCIES OF TODAY. By Alfred W. Martin, A. M., S. T. B. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The soul that rises with us, our life's  
star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come.

—Wordsworth.

## A PROPHECY.

Among the many obligations under which we have been laid by Dr. Pau. Carus is a little volume entitled "Virgil's Prophecy on the Savior's Birth," just published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. The following extract from the author's preface may tempt to a perusal of the prediction itself. After enumerating some ancient expectations of the birth of a Savior the author continues:

And what do all these facts prove? Virgil's hymn hailing the return of the golden age, Seneca's pagan philosophy permeated with Christian sentiments, and in the beginning of the Christian era the general expectation of a Saviour who would establish peace and goodwill: all these things prove that a new religion was preparing itself in whose centre would stand the figure of the God-man, the Saviour, the Lord, who is the viceregent of God on earth. The Christ idea is older than the story of Jesus, and the latter was edited and re-edited until it incorporated all the features of the former and so met the requirements of the age. In St. Paul's today there was still a teacher who "was instructed in the way of the Lord," *i. e.*, the Saviour, or the Christ, or rather the Christ-ideal. We read of Apollos that "being fervent in the spirit he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John"—which means that he knew nothing of Jesus. This man was an Alexandrian Jew who was converted by Aquila and Priscilla to the Christianity of Paul which taught that Jesus was the Christ.

The passage in Acts XVIII, 25, proves that the Saviour idea, the term "Christ," and even definite doctrines concerning Christ are pre-Christian; they existed before Jesus was born. We must assume that Paul, too, had taught a definite doctrine about the Christ before his conversion; and his views may have been very much like those of Apollos. Paul's conversion consisted simply in the idea which came upon him like a flash of lightning, that all his conceptions of Christ could be applied to Jesus, that the majesty of his divine nature was well set forth in his deepest humiliation, his death on the cross, "wherefore God hath greatly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name" (Phil. II, 5-11).

There are many parallels between the different religions, why should there not

be remarkable similarities between the stories and doctrines of those religions which believe in a Saviour? Nothing seems more natural, and we should expect it to be so. Nevertheless some of these similarities are astounding and we are at a loss how to explain their coincidences. For instance, Virgil's Fourth Eclogue exhibits one most peculiarly detailed parallelism to Buddhist tradition which we will state here without attempting to explain it; all we can say is that we have no reason whatever to insist upon believing in any historical connection. Virgil expressly refers, near the end of his poem, to the time of the divine babe's gestation as ten months, which statement should be compared with the birth story of the Buddha which in Mr. Henry Clarke Warren's translation reads thus: "Now other women sometimes fall short of and sometimes run over the term of ten lunar months . . . but not so the mother of a future Buddha. She carries the future Buddha in her womb for just ten months."

Christianity is a great historic movement which was bound to come in one way or another. Jesus is not the founder of Christianity, but he has been adopted by Christians as their Christ; he became the Christ in whom his followers saw all the prophecies fulfilled, while the emperors on the throne, the successors of Augustus, the Cæsars in Rome, had sorely disappointed the people's hopes and expectations.

Christianity, or a religion such as Christianity, would have originated even if Jesus had never existed, and also if this growing faith of a god-man that would be worshiped as the Saviour of mankind had been linked to some other personality than Jesus; to the mythical person of Mithras; to some Brahmin Avatar like Krishna; to the sage of India, Buddha; or Apollonius of Tyana, the representative of an idealized paganism.

It would have made a difference in many details if another than Jesus had been chosen as the Christ. In the place of a retrospect upon Judaism with its Hebrew literature as the mother of Christianity we would look upon some other sacred canon, perhaps upon the Gathas of the Avesta; but in all essentials, in doctrine as well as in moral ideals, we would have had the same re-

ligion. Probably, too, we would have passed through the same aberrations: a dualistic interpretation of the soul, belief in supernaturalism and miracles, the establishment of a priestly hierarchy with its seat in Rome, the mediæval struggle between the secular and ecclesiastical powers, and even the horrors of the Inquisition and witch persecution. But the final result would have been the same. Science would at last have dispersed the fog of superstition and any other kind of Christianity would also have liberated itself from the shackles of dogmatism. All accidentals are transient, but the ideal so far as it is founded on truth is eternal.

### PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

Wiling away a relatively idle moment by a casual survey of some of the epitomized results of what is called Psychic Research our attention is arrested by some conclusions that were reached by Professor Elmer Gates and by Professor William James. Professor Gates is quoted as saying that "at least ninety per cent. of our mental life is subconscious." Professor James announces that "there is actually and literally more conscious life in ourselves than we are at any time aware of. The conscious person is continuous with a wider self."

Was there ever so surprising an example of a hopelessly confused terminology? We need not stay to inquire by what system of mathematics Professor Gates was able to determine the proportion of what he calls the subconscious. Nor need we ask why all abnormal mental states are necessarily *sub*-conscious. But we should like to ask how any proportion at all of our mental life can be described as unconscious, since the subconscious must surely be unconscious? In what way can either mind or life be conceived of except as consciousness? And what shall we say of a philosophy that habitually associates any state whatsoever of mind with unconsciousness?

Professor James is somewhat more illuminating, although we may once more ask how there can be any life anywhere that is not conscious? But the meaning of both these eminent men may be guessed at. They have reached the conclusion that only a small part of the totality of human consciousness is actually functioning in the brain, that there is a

vast area of consciousness of which the confused and bewildered personality knows nothing. That has been precisely the teaching of Occultism throughout the ages. It is the teaching that science has derided and persecuted for a century. And now it seems that the new psychology has succumbed to facts and of course demands to be applauded as a discoverer and a pioneer. It is neither the one nor the other.

Occultism has not only been aware of the area of consciousness that lies beyond the brain personality, but it has charted and mapped that area. It knows every bay and inlet, every gulf and promontory. It is aware of those states of consciousness that lie below the mind, that had their origin and that now have their affinity with the lower kingdoms of nature, and also of those states of consciousness that lie above the mind and that are divine. It is aware also that all consciousness is a unity, however diverse are the media through which it shines. And the whole intent and purpose of Occultism is to make known the ways by which those higher states are to be attained, that is to say by a compliance with the evolutionary law of altruism, a law that overlooks not even the least of our thoughts and acts. Occult students may therefore be excused if they fail to join the chorus of acclamation with which these "discoveries" of modern psychology are received, while at the same time expressing a certain satisfaction that some part of the occult alphabet has at length been mastered.

### WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

We produce *Causes*, and these awaken the corresponding powers in the Sideral World, which are magnetically and irresistibly attracted to—and react upon—those who produce such causes; whether such persons are practically the evil-doers or simply "thinkers" who brood mischief.

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.

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 preconceived, so to say, in the sidereal regions of our planetary system.

Between man and the animal—whose Monads, or Jivas, are fundamentally identical—there is the impassable abyss of Mentality and Self-consciousness. What is human mind in its highest aspect, whence comes it, if it be not a portion of the essence—and, in some rare cases of reincarnation, the *very essence* of a higher Being; one from a higher and divine plane?

### THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

He was sick. His cheek was red  
His eyes were clear and bright;  
He drank with a kingly zest,  
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king  
Should know,

And doctors came by the score.  
They did not cure him. He cut off their  
heads

And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,  
And one was as poor as a rat,—  
He had passed his life in studious toil,  
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;  
His patients gave him no trouble.  
If they recovered they paid him well,  
If they died their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,  
As the King on his couch reclined,  
In succession they thumped his august  
chest,  
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're sound as a nut."

"Hang him up," roared the King in a gale,—

In a ten-knot gale of roya! rage;  
The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious  
nose,

And thus his prescription ran,—  
*The King will be well, if he sleeps one  
night*

*In the shirt of a happy man.*

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode  
And fast their horses ran,  
And many they saw, and to many they  
spoke,  
But they found no happy man.

They found poor men who would fain be  
rich,

And rich who thought they were poor;  
And men who twisted their waists in  
stays,  
And women that shorthose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,  
And both bemoaned their lot;  
For one had buried his wife, he said,  
And the other one had not.

At last as they came to a village gate,  
A beggar lay whistling there;  
He whistled and sang and laughed and  
rolled  
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked  
At the scamp so blithe and gay;  
And one of them said, "Heaven save you,  
friend!  
You seem to be happy today."

"Oh, yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,  
And his voice rang free and glad,  
"An idle man has so much to do  
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;  
"Our luck has led us aright,  
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,  
For the loan of your shirt tonight."

The merry blackguard lay back on the  
grass,  
And laughed till his face was black;  
"*I would do it, God wot,*" and he roared  
with the fun,

*"But I haven't a shirt to my back."*

—John Hay.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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# Theosophical Outlook

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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## SOME NEW FACTS.

The extract from the St. Louis *Mirror* concerning Patience Worth to be found elsewhere in this issue is evidence of the extraordinary difficulties to be encountered in any effort to obtain the exact facts with regard to a psychic phenomenon. Now we have always supposed that the communications from Patience Worth were obtained directly through the ouija board, that is to say that they were spelled out letter by letter by the pointing finger of this little implement. No suggestion to the contrary has ever been conveyed by Mr. Marion Reedy nor by any other observer. But it seems now that this is not the case. The movements of the board, says Mr. Reedy, are so rapid that no eye can follow them. The pointer, says Mr. Reedy, does not touch the letters as Mrs. Curran calls them, for "no eye could follow its movements." Moreover, Mrs. Curran is usually looking away from the board, and it is therefore evident that she is in no sense reading a message from the board and that it might be dispensed with.

But elsewhere Mr. Reedy lets the cat entirely out of the bag. Speaking of Mrs. Curran, he says: "For he it understood the communications come to her in a combination of clairvoyance and of a rhythmic clairaudience as well as by an exquisite refinement at times of other senses." Now this may have been understood by Mr. Reedy, but certainly it

was not understood by any one else. On the contrary we have been told again and again that Mrs. Curran is a woman of average mentality and attainments, without special faculties or powers, with the exception that the ouija board under her hands spelled out these mysterious communications purporting to come from Patience Worth. Now it seems that we have been wholly misled, that the communications do not come through the ouija board at all, which moves so fast as to be incomprehensible, that Mrs. Curran herself is clairvoyant and clairaudient, and that the function of the ouija board, if it has any function at all, is to induce the psychic condition in Mrs. Curran.

Mr. Reedy is, of course, wholly sincere and blameless. Doubtless he was told that the messages were spelled out on the ouija board, and he believed it to be true on no better evidence than that the ouija board moved. He was told that Mrs. Curran had no abnormal attainments and he believed that, too. Even now he seems to have no idea of the import of his casual remark, "Be it understood the communications come to her in a combination of clairvoyance and of a rhythmic clairaudience." For this is precisely the thing that we did not understand, and of which none of the sapient psychic researchers seems to have seen the significance.

Mr. Reedy's revelation detracts nothing from the interest of the phenomenon.



but at once it becomes a phenomenon of a wholly different sort, and to which the history of mysticism contains a hundred parallels. And it may be said that we have some reason to feel aggrieved from the fact that a dozen investigators have been hard at work on Patience Worth for over a year and that not one among them was able to identify the most essential of the facts. But then that is precisely what one would expect from the psychical researcher.

### BEYOND THE GATES.

I go on strange adventures  
Through the Gates of Sleep;  
Ay, in a world of wonder  
My will-less way I keep.  
With marvel after marvel  
Passing before mine eyes,  
However great the mystery  
It gives me no surprise.

I go on strange adventures—  
Men proclaim them dreams,  
Declare it all unreal,  
Where nothing is—just seems;  
And yet—and yet, I know not:  
Forsooth, how can I dare  
To say, the body slumbering,  
How far the soul may fare?

I go on strange adventures,  
And while agone I mate  
With most amazing company  
Beyond the Sleeping Gate.  
By paths not of my choosing  
Most mystically led  
Sometimes I greet the living,  
And oftentimes—the Dead!

I go on strange adventures,  
I flit from place to place  
Without a touch of weariness,  
Defying time and space.  
Sometimes I talk with monarchs,  
With sages I converse,  
And in majestic presences  
Both fear and awe disperse.

I go on strange adventures,  
But not unmoved, ah, no!  
For oftenest in them I meet  
Dear ones of long ago;  
And after I've been pilgriming  
Adown the vanished years,  
Sometimes I come back smiling,  
Sometimes I wake—in tears!

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

### PARACELSUS.

A correspondent expresses some surprise that we should reprint from the *Christian Science Monitor* an article on Paracelsus without any effort to combat its derogatory implications. But in reproducing the article in question we did no more than follow our usual plan of recording public opinion on matters of occult interest and leaving it to our readers to winnow the wheat from the chaff.

It is natural that the *Monitor* should look askance at Paracelsus. He used drugs. Moreover, he cured, which is a double offense. He even introduced new drugs, and they have been in use ever since. Those who followed Paracelsus were doubtless guilty of extravagances and superstitions in the effort to profit by their supposed association with the master. The fame of the Rosicrucians suffered from the same cause. There are always imitators and those who are eager to stand in the shadows of great men.

Paracelsus was far too great to establish a school or a cult. It is always the little people who deal in axioms and aphorisms, and who allow themselves to be strangled by formulas and rules. If Paracelsus were alive today he would be neither allopath nor homeopath nor osteopath. He would base his practice neither upon drugs nor upon faith. His healing art would be subject to no classification nor label. He would do the right thing, whatever that right thing might be, in the knowledge that there are a hundred causes of human ills, that their origins are to be found on many different planes, and that cures must be sought over a correspondingly wide field. We are told much of the methods of healing employed by Jesus, and by those who know just as much of those methods of healing as the rest of us and no more. But we remember that Jesus once used clay in order to cure blindness, and we are elsewhere recommended to anoint the sick with oil. Clay, we believe, is still used in *materia medica* and with good result, although the Christian Scientist would doubtless disapprove of it, nor can we see any essential difference between anointing with oil and anointing with iodine. Both may be good when used appropriately, and the

"prayer of faith" will be an admirable committant of either. The method of Paracelsus was to do the right thing at the right time, and without any timorous inquiry as to its sanction by some school or system. But he cured his patients.

Paracelsus was not primarily a physician. He did not think that aches and pains were of great importance. He was a spiritual teacher, and he presented his teachings in such a way as to be acceptable to an age that was crude and gross. He went about doing good.

### SEVEN STARS.

The poets of today have by no means fully availed themselves of the rich store of imagery and romance to be found in occultism. Perhaps it is well that they should hold themselves aloof until they shall be able to add comprehension to the power of verbal music. Nothing is so irritating to the student as the confounding occultism with the merely weird or bizarre. It is better to have no occult verse at all than that variety that tries to be occult and that succeeds only in being fantastic.

But Clare Shipman has all the necessary credentials. She writes with knowledge. Her little volume, "Seven Stars and Other Poems," just published by John J. Newbegin of San Francisco, is the work, not only of a poet, but of a thinker. She gives us nine sets or chapters of verse, each dedicated to one of the planets and each prefaced by a poem to that planet. They are faultless in conception and very beautiful in execution, as may be seen from the poem to the Sun that appears elsewhere in this issue.

Miss Shipman explains something of her intention in her foreword. She says:

It seems at this time as if the world has swung around to the ancient language of symbols. We have always had them, indeed, but in process of time their spirits departed and left them as husks on our hands, and even prodigals in far countries of materialistic thought and conduct eventually losing interest in husks. The letter profits nothing without the quickening spirit. How many custodians of that sacred symbol, the square and the compass, are able to relate it inwardly to the soul of the race? Has the swing of the Gothic arch or the color of Mary's azure cloak a living place in the life of the church

adherent? Do attributes in his soul answer to the apocryphal signs of the Man, the Lion, the Eagle, and the Bull, carved upon his altar panels?

The sacred truths, says Miss Shipman, are in all religions. The cobra cap of the Buddha may mean the same as the serpent of Egypt, and the Lotus of the Buddha may have the same message as the Eastern lily. Each individual is a microscopic pattern of the universe and the race-man eventually express the totality of all things:

The sun, the centre of the solar system, being the source of all life, is the outer sign of the invisible God, the image, as it were, by which the sun worshipper hoped to connect with his source. In the life of the individual the sun would be the Son, the Soul, the Self. The moon, called by the ancients the "mirror," would be the outer or objective mind or intellect, having no light or wisdom of its own, but reflecting merely the one mind, "common to all men."

Mercury is the inner or intuitive faculty of mind which would seem apart from reason, flying where it will upon its spirit wings. Its truth is ever consistent with reason, but its source deeper. Venus is that quality of grace in Man's soul which discerns and comprehends the beautiful, and so brings order out of chaos, turning angles into the rhythmic curve which is receptive, subjective, and feminine. Mars is her opposite pole in consciousness, the warrior, the masculine creative principle, passionate, bold, the positive and constructive in art, when functioning in his true place.

Jupiter, magnanimous and benign, is also diffusive, expansive, generous, and the dispenser of good gifts, holding good luck in his right hand. Saturn in the Cosmos corresponds to the outer realm of the physical and is called the "first born" because farthest in expression from the centre. Also he is called the guardian of the outer gate, the ruler of the world of matter, standing with scythe and hour glass at that mystical point where cause and effect meet. He is seldom loved or welcomed because he is the law, the Reaper. Old, fixed, slow of movement, because first born, he is, in the individual, Destiny. He releases through the outer gate that initiate only who is strong enough to be at one with him and know his majesty.

Uranus and Neptune are of but recent discovery and would seem to be prophetic of new faculties of mind to come. Uranus is the power of occult discernment and is called the Knower, the unveiler of Truth. Its action is to tear away delusions at any cost, and remove hindrances to spiritual growth, no matter how dear the false gods have become. The throne of Uranus is at that point in understanding where opposites meet and are seen to be one.

Neptune stands for the hidden Christ, or Sonship unmanifest. It is nebulous in character and not understood of the world, like the subtle overtones of the music of sweet strings, vague and uncomprehended by the

material mind. Folded within its character lie all the secrets of the mystics of the ages.

Miss Shipman's little book is worthy of attention as a fine combination of truth and beauty.

### THE SUN.

O GOD OF PERFECT DAY, shine on  
our sorrow

As on the seven swinging spheres you  
shine!

We wait, as Thou hast waited, for a  
morrow

That still must glow, on every world  
of Thine.

Rise swift in us, who let the night pos-  
sess us!

Before our tomb stands sealed the  
graven stone.

Though long the night of ignorance op-  
press us,

We are Thy sons, and Thou art God  
alone.

O teach us life who art the One Life  
only!

The meaning of its sacramental flame,  
And that we have a heritage of Christ-  
hood.

And that we wear, e'en now, Thy Holy  
Name.

Though we forget Thee, yet there broods  
Thy patience;

We curse and slay, and still Thy love  
endures.

O God of Day, the world's pain is its  
penance;

Then guard and keep them, whom the  
darkness lures!

The sweet and sunlit, fragrant earth  
Thou gave us

We've bought and sold, and dyed and  
drenched it red,

And Thou alone hast any power to save  
us.

Who let each other perish, wanting  
bread!

We know, yea, God, we know that there  
are children

Born in the flesh, of Thee, a tragic  
brood,

Wearing our life, and Thine, the com-  
mon Father,

Who never know Earth's tender Moth-  
erhood!

Hunted they go, and by the wolf of  
hunger,

Blurred with sin's fingermark, unloved  
misspent.

We meet them on the highway, God o  
Mercy,

And pass them by, our own, and w  
consent!

What is our solace, but that Thou art  
mighty!

To Thee, worlds come and go as hu  
man tears,

And live and crumble, stars to dust re-  
turning.

Thy light is on the seven swinging  
spheres!

—*Clare Shipman in "Seven Stars"*  
(*Newbegin*).

### PATIENCE WORTH.

William Marion Reedy, writing in the St. Louis *Mirror*, gives us some further news of that perplexing fairy, Patience Worth, whose literary output through the mechanism of the ouija board remains as voluminous and as incomprehensible as ever. Mrs. Curran's house in St. Louis has become a sort of Mecca for the psychical researchers, whose solutions of the mystery are, as usual, as wide apart as the poles. For high-class dialectic resourcefulness in debate, says Mr. Reedy, he has never seen or heard anything like that of Patience Worth, ranging from poetry and piety to clever wit and often scalding sarcasm. But now Mr. Reedy has a definite incident to describe. He says:

On the evening of November 9th Patience performed a curious literary feat. I should call it indeed a stunt. She had spelled out for the assembled company four poems and indulged in varied response to comment by the observers when she suddenly started off on the continuation of a long story which the Currans call "Samuel Wheaton." This story has been coming over the board at intervals for some time. It is a story with a strong nautical flavor, and neither Mr. or Mrs. Curran knows anything about the sea or ships or the language of those who go down to the one in the other save in the most vaguely general way. The story began to come. For a few sentences it came smoothly enough and then there was injected into the narrative something that much puzzled and confused Mrs. Curran. It was so clearly an expression that had no apparent bearing upon the matter that had gone before. Shortly it became clear that into the story the entity speaking over the board was weaving a poem.

passing with marvelous ease from one to the other, back and forth. I can not do better than transcribe Mr. Curran's record of the writing that evening, exactly how the matter came. The story was taken up where it had been broken off at a former sitting. Samuel Wheaton, in the story, by the way, is a girl. Thus it began:

Pratt looked to Roth as though awaiting his advice. Samuel Wheaton puckered up her brow and assumed the dignity of ponderance.

"How's it to be done?" she said, once more referring to her first remark to Pratt. "How's it to be done?"

"Um-m-m," said Pratt, "I can not say that I have dwelt upon such a situation to the length that I might advise with certainty which might insure your credence. Now Roth here might advise you."

Roth sat down rather limply upon one of the sacks and crossed his long legs.

"No, my dear fellow," he said, "by no manner of possibility would I interfere with the—"

Rose and lavender, spread

Upon a sunlit garden way.

"—consultation. I would not intrude."

Cups of lilies and harebells

Swinging—

"No, Pratt, proceed. Samuel Wheaton has challenged you at your lawsterning."

—fucias, tipped of purple

Which bleed their hearts forth.

Samuel Wheaton tilted her little head and said deliberately:

"How's it to be done? I'm expected to be the cap'n's mate, and he said to me—you know who I mean, Mr. Pratt—"

Buttercups with their blushing stems,

Drip their honey to the sod,

And the humming wings of the honey-sup

Whirr, setting the dew's a-sparkle,

While the late sun lies

Upon the West's breast

Wearily, yet smiling.

"E said, 'e said I should stay by the barque and I hae made the promise, yet the old 'un says: 'I need my mate,' and I'm that party."

Oh, in such a garden

Would I linger, knowing

The hot breath of the fervent day,

Pressing my lips upon her heated brow

And knowing her languor.

Then Patience finished the poem, which I give here in full under the title:

#### MY GARDEN.

Roses and lavender,

Spread upon a sunlit garden way,

Cups o' lilies and harebells,

Swinging fucias, tipped of purple

Which bleed their hearts forth,

Buttercups with their blushing stems

Drip their honey to the sod,

And the humming wing of the honey-sup

Whirrs, setting the dew's a-sparkle,

While the late sun

Lies upon the West's breast,

Wearily, yet smiling.

Oh, in such a garden

Would I linger, knowing

The hot breath of the fervent day,

Pressing my lips upon her heated brow

And knowing her languor.

Oh, I would sup my dream

From a bleeding heart

Which presseth upon the garden wall.

Oh, I would sup my dream

From a lotus, whose fragrance

Weaveth tapestries. Oh, I would sup

My dream from out the throats

Of the moonlit blossoms

When the sun is gone.

Aye, I would know the soul

Of the garden, and my soul

Would fly forth upon golden wings

Possessing the spirit,

Which hangeth that enchanted spot.

This thing of writing a novel and a poem simultaneously, the poem absolutely unrelated to the subject matter of the novel, is surely an unparalleled performance. It might be explained as a mere stunt of memory, but that explanation is negated by the swiftness with which the communication came, the prose passing into poetry without any break except the expression of amazement and of nonunderstanding upon the part of Mrs. Curran at the evident lack of connection between the two expressions in both form and substance. It was only at the fifth interjection of the poetic passages that either she or Mr. Curran recognized and realized that the clever familiar of their house was giving them a chapter of a story and a complete poem in the same breath as it were. Mrs. Curran says that she thinks she first sensed what was doing when she saw the flowers and smelled the fragrances of the garden, for he it understood the communications came to her in a combination of clairvoyance and of a rhythmic clairaudience as well as by an exquisite refinement at times of other senses. The ouija board seems hardly necessary. The pointer moves with indescribable rapidity under her hands and those of any one who sits with her. She spells the words letter by letter, but it is plain to any one that the pointer doesn't touch the letters as she calls them. No eye could follow its movement. And certainly Mrs. Curran's eye does not, for mostly she is looking away from the board, generally over the head of her *cis-a-vis*. No ordinary mind could memorize the communications as she reels them off, or if it could, the connections could not be re-

made with the perfection they show after the interruptions caused by incalculable and unarranged comment upon the comment of spectators and auditors. An actor of mnemonic power could not carry on a recitation of a play, so interrupted, and keep the thread of the thought and language as does Patience. I doubt if such an one could so articulate together, for instance, a poem of Swinburne's imbedded, let us say, in "Hamlet" or "Lear." It may be said that Patience 'was merely quoting in the midst of her story, but how about quotations four lines long that break in upon the middle of a sentence containing no associated ideas apparently, and the taking up of the interrupted sentence at the exact place it was broken? The carrying of the two ideas at the same instance is in itself a marvel. But one can ask questions endlessly of Patience. He must supply his own answers to the why and how of her.

### —•—

#### "PRECIPITATION."

Of all phenomena produced by occult agency in connection with our society, none have been witnessed by a more extended circle of spectators, or more widely known and commented on through recent Theosophical publications, than the mysterious production of letters. The phenomenon itself has been so well described in the *Occult World* and elsewhere that it would be useless to repeat the description here. Our present purpose is more connected with the process than the phenomenon of the mysterious formation of letters. Mr. Sinnétt sought for an explanation of the process, and elicited the following reply from the revered Mahatma who corresponds with him:

"Bear in mind these letters are not written, but impressed, or precipitated, and then all mistakes corrected. . . . I have to think it over, to photograph every word and sentence carefully in my brain, before it can be repeated by precipitation. As the fixing on chemically prepared surfaces of the images formed by the camera requires a previous arrangement within the focus of the object to be represented, for, otherwise—as often found in bad photographs, the legs of the sitter might appear out of all proportion with the head, and so on, so we

have to first arrange our sentences, and impress every letter to appear on paper in our minds, before it becomes fit to be read. For the present, it is all I can tell you."

Since the above was written, the Masters have been pleased to permit the veil to be drawn aside a little more, and the modus operandi can thus be explained now more fully to the outsider.

Those having even a superficial knowledge of the science of mesmerism know how the thoughts of the mesmerizer, though silently formulated in his mind, are instantly transferred to that of the subject. It is not necessary for the operator, if he is sufficiently powerful, to be present near the subject to produce the above result. Some celebrated practitioners in this science are known to have been able to put their subjects to sleep even from a distance of several days' journey. This known fact will serve us as a guide in comprehending the comparatively unknown subject now under discussion. The work of writing the letters in question is carried on by a sort of psychic telegraphy; the Mahatmas very rarely write their letters in the ordinary way. An electro-magnetic connection, so to say, exists on the psychic plane between a Mahatma and his Chelas, one of whom acts as his amanuensis. When the Master wants a letter to be written in this way, he very often draws the attention of the Chela whom he selects for the task, by causing an astral bell (heard by so many of our Fellows and others) to be rung near him, just as the despatching telegraph office signals to the receiving office before wiring the message. The thoughts arising in the mind of the Mahatma are then clothed in words, pronounced mentally, and, forced along currents in the astral light, impinge on the brain of the pupil. Thence they are borne by the nerve currents to the palms of his hands and the tips of his fingers, which rest on a piece of magnetically prepared paper. As the thought waves are thus impressed on the tissue, materials are drawn to it from the ocean of Akasha (permeating every atom of the sensuous universe) by an occult process, out of place here to describe, and permanent marks are left.

From this it is abundantly clear that the success of such writing, as above described, depends chiefly upon two condi-

tions: (1) The force and clearness with which the thoughts are propelled; and (2) the freedom of the receiving brain from disturbance of every description. The case with the ordinary electric telegraph is exactly the same. If, for some reason or other, the battery supplying the electric power falls below the requisite strength on any telegraph line, or there is some derangement in the receiving apparatus, the message transmitted becomes either mutilated or otherwise imperfectly legible. Inaccuracies, in fact, do very often arise, as may be gathered from what the Mahatma says in the above extract. "Bear in mind," says he, "that these letters are not written, but *impressed*, or precipitated, and then *all mistakes corrected*." To turn to the sources of error in the precipitation. Remembering the circumstances under which blunders arise in telegrams, we see that if a Mahatma somehow becomes exhausted, or allows his thoughts to wander during the process, or fails to command the requisite intensity in the astral currents along which his thoughts are projected, or the distracted attention of the pupil produces disturbances in his brain and nerve centres, the success of the process is very much interfered with.

It is to be regretted that illustrations of the above general principles are not permitted to be published. Enough, however, has been disclosed to give the public a clue to many apparent mysteries in regard to precipitated letters, and to draw all earnest and sincere inquirers strongly to the path of spiritual progress, which alone can lead to the comprehension of occult phenomena.—*From "Five Years of Theosophy."*

#### SOME EXTRACTS FROM JACOB BOEHME.

When this great internal revelation takes place, the internal senses are then opened to the direct perception of spiritual truth. There will be no more necessity for drawing conclusions of any kind in regard to such unknown things, because the spirit perceives that which belongs to its sphere in the same sense as a seeing person sees external things.

The inner form characterizes man, also in his face. The same may be said of animals, herbs, and trees. Each thing is marked externally with that which it is internally and essentially. For the inter-

nal being is continually laboring to manifest itself outwardly. Thus everything has its own mouth for the purpose of revealing itself, and therein is based the language of nature, by means of which each thing speaks out of its own quality, and represents that for which it may be useful and good.

The four lower principles without the eternal light are the abyss, the wrath of God, and hell. Their light is the terrible lightning flash, wherein they must awaken themselves.

The soul in the power of God penetrates through all things, and is powerful over all as God himself; for she lives in the power of his heart.

In each external thing there is hidden an eternal and imperishable something, which issues again in an ethereal form out of the degraded body of the terrestrial substance.

All the external visible world, in all its states, is a symbol or figure of the internal spiritual world. That which a thing actually is in its interior is reflected in its external character.

Ultimately all things must be one and the same to man. He is to become one with fortune and misfortune, with poverty and riches, joy and sorrow, light and darkness, life and death. Man is then to himself nothing, for he is dead then relatively to all things in his will.

If the divine principle of love were not still pervading all nature in this terrestrial world, and if we poor created beings had not with us the warrior in the battle, we would all be sure to perish in the horror of hell.

No man can attain spiritual self-knowledge without being spiritual, because it is not intellectual man that knows the Spirit, but the Divine Spirit that attains self-knowledge in men.

No one should want to know his state of holiness while he lives in this world, but he should keep on drawing the sap of Christ from his own tree, and leave it to that tree to bring forth from him whatever branch or bough it may choose.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## Theosophical Outlook

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## DR. CRAWFORD AGAIN.

Dr. W. J. Crawford, author of "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," previously reviewed in these columns, now gives us another volume entitled "Hints and Observations for Those Investigating the Phenomena of Spiritualism." It will be remembered that Dr. Crawford conducted a series of experiments with pressure gages and other instruments of precision in order to determine the physical source of mediumistic power, and it may be said once more that he produced a valuable book.

His latest volume is of a somewhat more speculative kind. The reality of the phenomena is, he says, beyond dispute. The only doubt is as to their cause:

Whatever be the interpretation, there is now-a-days no doubt of the actuality of the phenomena. Their occurrence has been established as surely as any type of ordinary physical phenomena. I advise my friends to pay no heed whatever to the various uninformed articles that appear from time to time in the public press or to the prejudiced diatribes of people who have never properly investigated for themselves; for it is one of the most remarkable facts about this subject that people can be found willing and even eager to pronounce opinions upon it who have never sat in a single seance.

Dr. Crawford is a spiritualist. That is to say, he believes that many of these phenomena are produced by human incarnated entities. None the less the manifestations have a physical basis and the communicating entities must be in

possession of some kind of body, which may conveniently be called a psychic body:

The psychic body if it really exists, and I think it does, has the following qualities amongst others:

(1) It is perfectly invisible to normal sight, though it may occasionally be made visible to clairvoyant sight.

None of the entities in my experimental seance rooms has ever been visible to me; but various clairvoyants have described spirit forms as being present and the descriptions have apparently been confirmed by vigorous and happy-sounding raps.

(2) It is quite impalpable to normal senses generally.

I have never seen, heard, felt, or "sensed" the psychic body or any entity in the seance room.

(3) It is used as part of the mechanism for producing physical phenomena.

I have strong experimental evidence that this is so. The operators say that both the unfreed psychic body of the medium and their own freed psychic bodies are used in conjunction.

(4) Physical matter presents no barrier to its passage through space.

(5) It is of such a nature that when united to the physical body in a living person it is an exact duplicate of the physical body. It would appear that each cell or even atom of the physical body has somehow embedded in it, or superimposed on it, or connected with it, a corresponding element of the psychic body.

(6) Its composition is not material in the sense that we know matter.

(7) It would seem to radiate all round it an aura. There are signs of two distinct auras round the body of a man, and it is possible that one is due to the physical and the other to the psychical body.

(8) It would appear to be the form or mould upon which the physical body is organized; it



being therefore the permanent part of us while the physical is evanescent.

Dr. Crawford allows himself undue latitude when he speaks of "happy-sounding raps." There is no such thing. A state of mind can not be indicated by a rap. This is a fault into which most spiritualists fall very readily. He might as well speak of a conscientious chair as of a happy rap.

There may, says Dr. Crawford, be an etheric duplicate of the physical body. Indeed there may be many differentiated forms of ether besides that one which we know as matter. And there may be many ethereal human bodies adapted for contact with the many planes of etheric matter:

There is a good deal of evidence that the psychic body does really exist and this evidence is fairly exact and is quite voluminous. The most satisfactory part of it is that dealing with the projection of the double, as the psychic body has been termed, from living persons. Many records are extant which show that while the physical body of a person was sleeping, or in trance, or sometimes even awake, his psychic body was seen a considerable distance away. The matter is under investigation at present, but taking the evidence in a general way it seems to my mind that we do really possess something of the nature of a body—a body not made of matter in the ordinary sense—which, during life here, is firmly attached to or forms an integral part of the physical body and which is probably the vitalizing part of that body. If this psychic body is partly withdrawn from the physical or from any portion of it, then the latter is left in a lifeless insensitive condition. I have shown elsewhere that the medium at one of my experimental circles nowadays experiences practically no physical inconvenience even when forces approximating half a hundredweight have their focus upon her body. She seems indifferent to such forces. How is this? A valued scientific correspondent has suggested that the condition of apparent anaesthesia is due to the psychic body of the medium being exteriorized during the occurrence of phenomena; that is to say, all her psychic body except the part relating to the head is separated from her physical body and is exteriorized, or moved outwards in space. My correspondent thinks that the brain and head are not affected because the medium is quite conscious during the seance. Her psychic and physical bodies being separated, the vitalizing agent is not closely in contact with the physical and hence she is in a condition of partial anaesthesia. My friend has possibly hit upon a portion of the truth.

Anaesthesia due to a withdrawal of the etheric body is not the discovery of Dr. Crawford's scientific friend. It was well known thousands of years ago. The etheric body, or rather one of the etheric

bodies, is the seat of all physical sensation and it can be exteriorized without loss of consciousness if one knows how to do it. But mediumship is the worst of all ways and the most dangerous. Incidentally it may be suggested to Dr. Crawford that the psychic body of the medium may be more responsible for phenomena than he seems to suppose. As it is, he shows us that the psychic body of the medium may be wholly responsible for some of these events without the coöperation of external entities.

That there are very real energies in the next state which have some form of correspondence to the energies we have here I have no manner of doubt. I have seen enough in the seance room to convince me of this. To take only one example: In the phenomenon of levitation of a table or other article a psychic arm extrudes from the medium—I do not mean an arm in the sense of a human arm, but a projection of some kind from her body. Now this projection or extrusion is practically invisible and impalpable—it is impalpable except just at its free end, where it grips or presses on the body it is levitating—yet it transmits throughout its length great stresses, as is obviously the case when it sustains at its free end, as it has done, a body weighing between thirty and forty pounds. Again, this structure seems to contain within it quite a lot of matter temporarily borrowed from the body of the medium. In what state or condition is this matter that it should be invisible and impalpable and yet be capable of transmitting large stresses? Certainly in no state which we know here. A scientific friend has suggested that it has temporarily disappeared into a fourth-dimensional state, which is at any rate conceivable. And how can matter be taken from the medium's body, and how can it be returned, without injury to her? These are statements of fact, though they are problems whose solutions are unobtainable in our present state of knowledge.

Elsewhere Dr. Crawford speculates on the whereabouts of the "other world." It may, he says truly, occupy the same space as the physical world, but there may be no consubstantiality:

If there is one thing more certain than another it is that the other world is not at some immense distance from us, to be reached only by tremendous effort and involving total separation from the affairs of this earth. It probably interpenetrates the earth and all things earthly. Being a state of a different order from ours, either by simple numerical dimension or by reason of its involving the ether directly in its composition, it can exist along with ours. That we are not conscious of its existence is no disproof of this. We have analogies which are helpful. A room, for instance, may be simultaneously full of light rays, X-rays, wireless telegraphy rays, and so on; they may all exist together and our senses will tell us only of the light rays. The rest without the use of special instruments, will

be as though they do not exist for us. So it is perfectly conceivable that the next state may exist in a condition of extreme reality and we be quite unconscious of its presence. Its inhabitants may be all round us—and I believe they are all round us—and we may be quite unconscious of their nearness.

Dr. Crawford is not without his doubts of the proprieties of mediumship, and his doubts would be much more emphatic if his experience had been wider. It will be remembered that Sir Oliver Lodge is insistent in his warnings against what we may call an unauthorized experimentation. Dr. Crawford asks, "Is the investigation of spiritualism a suitable study for everybody?"

The answer is in the negative. Persons of hysterical temperament should have nothing to do with it. Only those with calm, well-balanced minds should touch it. For my own part I can not see why the mere fact of opening up a channel of communication with the next state should cause anybody to lose his ordinary self-control and make him behave like a religious fanatic. Surely the idea of there being a state into which all humanity gravitates after this one is a common-sense, logical conclusion from the facts of our present life. There is nothing to get excited about. None of my friends gets the least bit excited, and I have many who are interested in the subject. Nevertheless I have known people who are not fitted temperamentally for psychic investigation, and I warn any such to leave it severely alone. If it can not be approached in a calm reasoning spirit, and without undue absorption, it should be left in the hands of those better fitted for the task.

But he has something still more serious to say to the experimenter, so serious indeed that we should think he would be inclined to question if mediumship can ever be other than dangerous and reprehensible:

If you find somebody who seems positively to thrive on seances, be wary. That person is almost certainly—perhaps quite unconsciously to himself—helping himself at the expense of others. There is more in the vampire theory than most people suppose. A seance chamber for physical phenomena is a kind of melting pot of nervous energies. The vampire takes back an undue share of what is left over when phenomena are concluded and he may also be drawing on his own account from his neighbors during the whole time of the sitting. And it is not always necessary that such a person be in a seance room in order to receive benefit at the expense of his fellows. A hall full of people or a crowded public conveyance suffices. I also am inclined to think, from the circumstantial tales that have been told me, that there are means of starting up an actual flow of nervous elements from one person to another, the victim at the time being quite unconscious of the use that is being made of him.

Dr. Crawford shows so open a mind

that he will probably see the fallacies of spiritualism as he comes into fuller knowledge of the forces of human nature as well as of those other forces that are not human.

HINTS AND OBSERVATIONS FOR THOSE INVESTIGATING THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM. By W. J. Crawford, D. Sc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

### AN OLD STORY.

The good I would meet with goodness, the not-good I would also meet with goodness.—*Lao Tse.*

What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.—*Confucius.*

Benevolence is to be in one's most inward heart in sympathy with all things: to love all men; and to allow no selfish thoughts.—*Confucius.*

Since even animals can live together in mutual reverence, confidence, and courtesy, much more should you, O brethren, so let your light shine forth that you may be seen to dwell in like manner together.—*Buddhist Precept.*

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—*Leviticus.*

If thine enemy be hungry give him bread to eat, and if he be thirsty give him water to drink.—*Proverbs.*

Do not unto others that which it would be disagreeable to you to suffer yourself; that is the main part of the law.—*Talmud.*

What you wish your neighbors to be to you, such be also to them.—*Sextus.*

Act towards others as you desire others to act towards you.—*Isocrates.*

Full of love for all things in the world, practicing virtue in order to benefit others—this man alone is happy.—*Buddhist Precept.*

Why should we cling to this perishable body? In the eye of the wise the only thing it is good for is to benefit one's fellow-creatures.—*Buddhist Katha Sarit Sagara.*

The cause of pain is desire.—*Buddha.*

## GHOSTS OF THE PAST.

An able writer on modern psychology has stated that mankind has to pay an enormous price for every expansion of consciousness. The forms which man has built around him in his progress through the ages bind and limit him in every department of life, and retard his spiritual development. Ultimately they must be destroyed in order that the free man may come out from among them, but there is travail at their passing which must be endured consciously to the very end.

To every soul incarnate in a physical body there comes a moment when self-consciousness in the true sense of the word begins to dawn, and when we become aware of the sighing of dim ghosts of an immemorial past which haunt our steps and cast shadows over the glory to be. Creations of our own making, ensouled with a fragment of our own life, these phantoms of the past surge up from that gray underworld which is their habitation, into the present, and claim attention. They pursue us to the uttermost parts of the earth crying out for deliverance. Rosicrucian tradition speaks of the hosts of these elemental beings who wait at the gateway of the soul's descent into incarnation, entering into the sphere of the man's psychic life, where they wage perpetual war against the sovereignty of the Ego consciousness. Embodied in astral forms of a previous existence, these hosts hover around us, casting obstructions between the clear light of the spiritual sun of being and the Ego struggling in matter. They intensify every anguish and heighten every fear, for the memory of them remains in that subtle part of man which Theosophy speaks of as the etheric body. Of all the powers with which the Ego of man has to wrestle, these phantoms are the most persistent, and they can be destroyed and delivered from their bondage only in that fire which burns up the personality and sets free the phoenix of the immortal individuality. Legends tell of a Princess of Babylon, at whose beauty a whole world marveled, and who was sought in marriage by the greatest of the Kings of the Earth. But she refused all pleading until one came with a phoenix perched upon his wrist, symbolizing that he was lord of himself and of his own Under-

world, that he had fought and utterly vanquished the ghosts of his past.

The Egyptian prayed: "Let not him that would do me harm draw nigh unto me, or injure me, in the House of Darkness, that is, he that clotheth and covereth the feeble one and whose name is hidden. May the Gods of the Underworld fear me. Grant that I may move along therein together with the divine beings who journey onwards, and may I be established upon my resting-place like the Lord of Life." And when the battle had been won and the phantoms lay dead before the soul which had conquered its past, the words of the Initiated one rang out: "I make my peace with the beautiful divine Brother (the true Self). I am he who knoweth the roads through the sky, and the wind thereof is in my body. I rise up as a Divine Power, and repulse him that would subject me to restraint. The Gods open unto me the holy paths, they see my form, and they hear that which I speak. Down upon your faces ye Gods of the Underworld who would resist me with your faces and oppose me with your powers, for I walk along the stars which never rest. I have opened up the paths which belong to heaven and also those which belong to earth. I am a spiritual body and possess my soul."

The meaning of these things can only be discovered in experience; they are not learnt in books, nor will exhaustive study of the mystical traditions of the ages suffice for their practical application in life. Alchemy is a process which must begin from within, and the battle for the mastery of the Underworld must be entered in full consciousness, through the gate of Capricorn. The "paths which belong to earth" are the battlefields whereon the powers of Light which belong to the Future, combat with the Powers of Darkness which belong to the Past, and those who shrink from experience will not be counted among the few righteous men for whose sake cities were saved from destruction.

The City of God is the City of the Future and to that alone we should turn our eyes. The ghosts of a gray past die, but spring forth transformed, from the great Mystic Deep which surrounds us, no longer enemies, but powers who "fight for us in their habitations."—*E. A. in the Vahan.*

## THE "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

(From a Chelâ's Diary. Reprinted from "Five Years of Theosophy.")

### INTRODUCTION.

[The curious information—for whatsoever else the world may think of it, it will doubtless be acknowledged to be that—contained in the article that follows merits a few word of introduction. The details given in it on the subject of what has always been considered as one of the darkest and most strictly guarded of the mysteries of initiation into Occultism—from the days of the Rishis until those of the Theosophical Society—came to the knowledge of the author in a way that would seem to the ordinary run of Europeans strange and supernatural. He, himself, however, we may assure the reader, is a most thorough disbeliever in the *supernatural*, though he has learned too much to limit the capabilities of the *natural* as some do. Further, he has to make the following confession of his own belief. It will be apparent, from a careful perusal of the facts, that if the matter be really as stated herein, the author can not himself be an adept of high grade, as the article in such a case *would never have been written*. Nor does he pretend to be one. He is, or rather was, for a few years a humble Chelâ. Hence, the converse must consequently be also true, that as regards the higher stages of the mystery he can have no personal experience, but speaks of it only as a close observer left to his own surmises—and no more. He may, therefore, boldly state that during, and notwithstanding, his unfortunately rather too short stay with some adepts, he has by actual experiment and observation verified some of the less transcendental or incipient parts of the "course." And, though it will be impossible for him to give positive testimony as to what lies beyond, he may yet mention that all his own course of study; trainings; and experience, long, severe, and dangerous as it has often been, leads him to the conviction that everything is really as stated, save some details *purposely veiled*. For causes which can not be explained to the public, he himself may be unable or unwilling to use the secret he has gained access to. Still he is permitted by one to whom all his reverential affection and gratitude are due—his last Guru—to divulge for the benefit of science and man, and specially for the

good of those who are courageous enough to personally make the experiment, the following astounding particulars of the occult methods for prolonging life to a period far beyond the common.—G. M.]

Probably one of the first considerations which move the worldly-minded at present to solicit initiation into Theosophy is the belief, or hope, that, immediately on joining, some extraordinary advantage over the rest of mankind will be conferred upon the candidate. Some even think that the ultimate result of their initiation will perhaps be exemption from that dissolution which is called the common lot of mankind. The traditions of the "Elixir of Life," said to be in the possession of Kabalists and Alchemists, are still cherished by students of Mediæval Occultism—in Europe. The allegory of the Ab-ê Hyat or Water of Life, is still credited as a fact by the degraded remnants of the Asiatic esoteric sects ignorant of the *real* Great Secret. The "pungent and fiery essence," by which Zanoni renewed his existence, still fires the imagination of modern visionaries as a possible scientific discovery of the future.

Theosophically, though the fact is distinctly declared to be true, the above-named conceptions of the mode of procedure leading to the realization of the fact, are *known* to be false. The reader may or may not believe it; but as a matter of fact Theosophical Occultists claim to have communication with (living) Intelligences possessing an infinitely wider range of observation than is contemplated even by the loftiest aspirations of modern science, all the present "Adepts" of Europe and America—dabblers in the Kabalah—notwithstanding. But far even as those superior Intelligences have investigated (or, if preferred, are alleged to have investigated), and remotely as they may have searched by the help of inference and analogy, even They have failed to discover in the Infinity anything permanent but—Space. *All is subject to change*. Reflection, therefore, will easily suggest to the reader the further logical inference that in a universe which is essentially impermanent in its conditions, nothing can confer permanency. Therefore, no possible substance, even if drawn from the depths of Infinity; no imaginable combination of drugs, whether of our earth or any other though com-

pounded by even the Highest Intelligence; no system of life or discipline though directed by the sternest determination and skill, could possibly produce Immutability. For in the universe of solar systems, wherever and however investigated, Immutability necessitates "Non-Being" in the physical sense given it by the Theists—Non-Being which is *nothing* in the narrow conceptions of Western Religionists—a *reductio ad absurdum*. This is a gratuitous insult even when applied to the Pseudo-Christian or ecclesiastical Jehovahite idea of God.

Consequently, it will be seen that the common ideal of conception of "Immortality" is not only essentially wrong, but a physical and metaphysical impossibility. The idea, whether cherished by Theosophists or Non-Theosophists, by Christians or Spiritualists, by Materialists or Idealists, is a chimerical illusion. But the actual prolongation of human life is possible for a time so long as to appear miraculous and incredible to those who regard our span of existence as necessarily limited to at most a couple of hundred years. We may break, as it were, the shock of death, and instead of dying, change a sudden plunge into darkness to a transition into a brighter light. And this may be made so gradual that the passage from one state of existence to another shall have its friction minimized so as to be practically imperceptible. This is a very different matter, and quite within the reach of Occult Science. In this, as in all other cases, means properly directed will gain their ends, and causes produce effects. Of course, the only question is, what are these causes, and how, in their turn, are they to be produced. To lift, as far as may be allowed, the veil from this aspect of Occultism, is the object of the present paper.

We must premise by reminding the reader of two Theosophic doctrines, constantly inculcated in "Isis Unveiled" and in other mystic works; namely, (a) that ultimately the Kosmos is *one*—one under infinite variations and manifestations, and (b) that the so-called *man* is a "compound being"—composite not only in the exoteric scientific sense of being a congeries of living so-called material units, but also in the esoteric sense of being a succession of seven forms or parts of itself, interblended with each other. To put it more clearly we might say that the more ethereal forms are but duplicates of

the same aspect—each finer one lying within the inter-atomic spaces of the next grosser. We would have the reader understand that these are no subtleties, no "spiritualities" at all in the Christospiritualistic sense. In the actual man reflected in your mirror are really several men, or several parts of one composite man; each the exact counterpart of the other, but the "atomic conditions" (for want of a better word) of each of which are so arranged that its atoms interpenetrate those of the next "grosser" form. It does not, for our present purpose, matter how the Theosophists, Spiritualists, Buddhists, Kabalists, or Vedāntists count, separate, classify, arrange, or name these, as that war of terms may be postponed to another occasion. Neither does it matter what relation each of these men has to the various "elements" of the Kosmos of which he forms a part. This knowledge, though of vital importance in other respects, need not be explained or discussed now. Nor does it much more concern us that the scientists deny the existence of such an arrangement, because their instruments are inadequate to make their senses perceive it. We will simply reply, "Get better instruments and keener senses, and *eventually* you will."

All we have to say is that if you are anxious to drink of the "Elixir of Life," and live a thousand years or so, you must take our word for the matter at present, and proceed on the assumption. For esoteric science does not give the faintest possible hope that the desired end will ever be attained by any other way; while modern, or so-called exact science—laughs at it.

So, then, we have arrived at the point where we have determined—literally, *not* metaphorically—to crack the outer shell known as the mortal coil or body, and hatch out of it, clothed in our next. This "next" is not spiritual, but only a more ethereal form. Having by a long training and preparation adapted it for a life in this atmosphere, during which time we have gradually made the outward shell to die off through a certain process (hints of which will be found further on) we have to prepare for this physiological transformation.

How are we to do it? In the first place we have the actual, visible, material body—man, so called; though, in fact, but his outer shell—to deal with. Let us bear in mind that science teaches

us that in about every seven years we *change skin* as effectually as any serpent; and this so gradually and imperceptibly that, had not science after years of unremitting study and observation assured us of it, no one would have had the slightest suspicion of the fact.

We see, moreover, that in process of time any cut or lesion upon the body, however deep, has a tendency to repair the loss and reunite; a piece of lost skin is very soon replaced by another. Hence if a man, partially flayed alive, may sometimes survive and be covered with a new skin, so our astral, vital body—the fourth of the seven (having attracted and assimilated to itself the second) which is so much more ethereal than the physical one—may be made to harden its particles to the atmospheric changes. The whole secret is to succeed in evolving it out, and separating it from the visible; and while its generally visible atoms proceed to concrete themselves into a compact mass, to gradually get rid of the old particles of our visible frame so as to make them die and disappear before the new set has had time to evolve and replace them. . . . We can say no more. The Magdalene is not the only one who could be accused of having "seven spirits" in her, though men who have a lesser number of spirits (what a misnomer that word!) in them, are not few or exceptional; they are the frequent failures of nature—the incomplete men and women. Each of these has in turn to survive the preceding and more dense one, and then *die*. The exception is the sixth when absorbed into and blended with the *seventh*. The Dhātu of the old Hindu physiologist had a dual meaning, the esoteric side of which corresponds with the Tibetan Zung (seven principles of the body).

We Asiatics have a proverb, probably handed down to us, and by the Hindus repeated ignorantly as to its esoteric meaning. It has been known ever since the old Rishis mingled familiarly with the simple and noble people they taught and led on. The Devas had whispered into every man's ear, *Thou only*—if thou wilt—art "immortal." Combine with this the saying of a Western author that if any man could just realize for an instant that he had to die some day, he would die that instant. The Illuminated will perceive that between these two sayings, rightly understood, stands re-

vealed the whole secret of longevity. We only die when our will ceases to be strong enough to make us live. In the majority of cases death comes when the torture and vital exhaustion accompanying a rapid change in our physical conditions becomes so intense as to weaken, for one single instant, our "clutch on life," or the tenacity of the will to exist. Till then, however severe may be the disease, however sharp the pang, we are only sick or wounded, as the case may be. This explains the cases of sudden deaths from joy, fright, pain, grief, or such other causes. The sense of a life-task consummated, of the worthlessness of one's existence, *if strongly realized*, produces death as surely as poison or a rifle-bullet. On the other hand, a stern determination to continue to live has, in fact, carried many through the crises of the most severe diseases, in perfect safety.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To those that go up to the holy celebrations of the mysteries there are appointed purifications and the laying aside of the garments worn before and the approach in nakedness; until, passing on the upward path all that is other than the God, each in the loneliness of himself beholds that lonely dwelling Being, the Apart, the Single, the Pure.—*Plotinus*.

The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy.—*Professor Fiske*.

When I leave this rabble rout and defilement of the world, I leave it as an inn, and not as a place of abode. For nature has given us our bodies as an inn, and not to dwell in.—*Cato*.

The eighteenth century, during which the malignant fever of skepticism broke out so irrepressibly, has entailed unbelief as a hereditary disease upon the nineteenth.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

Every art and every kind of philosophy have probably been found out many times up to the limit of what is possible and been again destroyed.—*Aristotle*.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## Theosophical Outlook

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## DREAMS.

A correspondent sends an article by Professor Garrett P. Serviss on the subject of Dreams and asks that some comment be made on it. Professor Serviss writes often on such topics as this, and although he usually shows a certain opportunist tendency to oscillate between materialism and mysticism he succeeds at least in being popular—and perhaps this is the main consideration.

Of course he tells us some of the old stories. There is, for example, the incident related by Maury, who tells us that a bed pole fell across his neck while he was asleep and that as a result he passed through a long and tragic dream of the French Revolution in which he was arrested, condemned to death, and taken to the guillotine. The dream culminated with the fall of the knife upon his neck—that is to say by the fall of the bed pole. How does it happen, we are asked, that so long and complicated a dream can occupy so short a space of time? Professor Serviss says, "The remarkable thing here is the wonderful quickness and fertility exhibited by the mind in inventing, instantaneously, a story to fit the suggestion given by the peculiar impression on the sleeper's nervous system that the blow of the falling pole had produced."

Now how does Professor Serviss know that this was a story invented by the mind? Why should the mind invent such a story? There are a hundred other in-

cidents that might have been suggested by the same occurrence. Why should the mind choose one among them to the exclusion of the others? The dream might have been of a railroad accident, or a battle, or any other event involving decapitation. But the mind selected a scene of the Revolution. Why? What is this strange selective faculty that is supposed to reside within the mind during sleep?

Let us take another theory that is at least equally plausible. Let us suppose that the falling of the bed pole reminded the sleeper, by the association of ideas, of the concluding and dominant event of a past incarnation. Why not? We are all familiar with the association of ideas. It sometimes happens to us all that some trivial happening, a whiff of scent, for example, will summon up an instantaneous panorama of some large event in which we once bore a part. The whole of that event in all its details is presented to us as a unified picture and in a moment of time. In other words, the phenomenon of the suggested dream is sometimes presented to the waking mind just as it is to the dreaming mind, and just as rapidly. Why does the scientist so often try to explain by the use of the inexplicable? Why is he so infatuated with chance?

But Professor Serviss is not wholly materialistic. Sometimes he approaches the truth, but with infinite caution and with many humble apologies. For ex-



ample, he says: "It is a marvelous exhibition of the inherent powers locked up in the mind, and it shows how very far short our ordinary cerebration falls of utilizing those powers. It suggests that, if freed from the trammels to which its association with the brain subjects it, the mind might be independent of what we call time. But these things lead to very deep waters, which, moreover, are overhung with darkness."

Not so very deep, professor, and not so very dark. All we have to do is to suppose that the brain is not the only nor the chief habitation of the mind, although it is the only habitation that we can use in normal consciousness. In sleep the mind is conscious on some other than the brain plane, and with an infinitely greater consciousness than we now suppose. Sometimes it happens that that greater consciousness is able to impress itself upon the brain, and then we have the remembered dream. If we were to employ the "will to dream" we should not be quite so dependent upon the written speculation of others.

But Professor Serviss touches upon some other dreams, although his touch is a very timid one. He reminds us of Professor Hilprecht's dream, which solved for him the mystery of a missing fragment of a Babylonian inscription. He says, "Here the mind of the dreamer would seem to have worked its way to a logical conclusion which in its waking state it had been unable to attain. The picturesqueness of the machinery of this strange dream is not its least interesting feature. It has been suggested that Professor Hilprecht's dream was due to what is known as double personality, which in itself is an obscure subject, closely connected with the spiritistic phenomena."

Now here the mind of the dreamer certainly did *not* work its way to a "logical conclusion." There was nothing logical about it, any more than there is anything "logical" in turning up a foreign word in a dictionary, and so acquiring a piece of direct knowledge that otherwise would have been absent. Logical is by no means the word to use. It was not a case of reasoning, but of direct information. If we remember the incident aright, a large part of the middle of the inscription was missing, and it was the missing part that was shown to Professor Hilprecht in his

dream. No conceivable process of logic or reasoning will enable one to know the number of his friend's watch, for example. He must be shown or informed, as Professor Hilprecht was shown or informed. Now we know nothing of the cause of Professor Hilprecht's dream, but there is more than one plausible theory that presents itself. The sleeper may have seen the astral record of the missing portion of the inscription, being brought into contact with it through his association with the fragments in his possession. Or the picture of the complete inscription may have been thrown upon his mind by some disembodied intelligence of a high order that had reasons of its own for the revelation. Personally we should prefer the former theory as being the more probable.

The great majority of dreams, says Professor Serviss, are probably due to some slight disturbance of the nervous system. In a limited sense this is true, but only in a limited sense. The disturbance of the nervous system may be the immediate cause, but it is not the ultimate cause. The man who is summoned to a sick bed by a telegram would hardly say that his journey was due to the telegram. It was due to the sickness of his friend. It is similarly incorrect to say that a dream or a vision is due to a nervous disturbance, although the nervous disturbance may have induced the transfer of consciousness that made the dream or the vision possible. The fact that dreams or visions may be induced by drugs does not help us in the least to understand the nature of the dreams or visions, although it may tell us a good deal about the nature of the drugs. In this case the drug is no more than the road over which the victim traveled. It is the destination that interests us and not the means of transport.

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Better keep yourself clean and bright: you are the window through which you must see the world.—*Bernard Shaw.*

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He who truly prays coöperates with God internally, while externally he produces good fruit.—*Jacob Boehme.*

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All souls are preëxistent in the Worlds of Emanations.—*Book of Wisdom.*

## LINCOLN THE MYSTIC.

Abraham Lincoln, says Mr. Francis Grierson, was the greatest of practical mystics, and then in the course of a hundred fascinating pages he tells us why he considers that Lincoln was a mystic and something of the nature of mysticism.

Mysticism, says Mr. Grierson, comes in waves or cycles:

The mystical trend now visible in England and America is not a revival, but a renaissance. It has come in the natural course of events, being the only thing that responds to the spiritual aspirations and needs of the dispensation ushered in by the great war.

The renaissance of practical mysticism is now apparent both in and outside the churches; but its greatest influence is exerted on that large class which, before the war, had no religious convictions of any kind. We have arrived at a climax in history. Old methods and systems are passing, but not the old fundamental truths. Conditions, not principles, have changed, and our attitude toward things has changed with conditions. Thousands can now see clearly where once they saw through a veil of agnosticism. It required a mighty force to lift the veil, and a vast amount of machinery and metaphysics had to combine to accomplish such a miracle; but the miracle is here, alive with a vital flame unknown since the days of the Prophets and the Apostles.

The spiritual renaissance is not a drawing-room fad. It is not founded on a passing whim. Novelties and opinions shift with the wind, and people who are influenced by them are influenced by shadows. Mere notions can never take the place of ideas. Novelties possess no fundamental basis on which the spirit of man can build, and the difference between an idea and a notion is the difference between a university and a lunatic asylum.

The spiritual renaissance is not confined to any particular profession, and this is why it is making headway among people of such diverse views. The war has crushed the juice out of the orange on the tree of pleasure and nothing is left but the peel over which materialism is slipping to its doom.

Mr. Grierson tells us something of other mystics—William Blake, for example, who seems to have had some peculiarly prophetic visions:

That William Blake was a mystic of the practical kind there can be no question. In art and in poetry he had that illumination which Lincoln had in statesmanship.

The *New York Times* says:

"That a century has failed to heap the dust of oblivion over England's 'Greatest Mystic,' William Blake, is exemplified by the reproduction in a recent issue of *Country Life* of one of Blake's engravings for Dante's 'Inferno,' in which four fiends with cruel faces are torturing a soul in Hell."

The face of the chief devil, who is not actually engaged in the torture, but is an eager and interested spectator, might easily

be taken for a portrait of the German Emperor. As suggested by W. F. Boudillon, the familiar, upturned moustachios must have puzzled Blake in his vision. He represented them as tusks growing from the corners of the mouth—it is to be noted that this fiend alone among the four has the tusks.

It is recorded of Blake, as a lad, that his father would have apprenticed him to Rylands, the court engraver—a man much liked and in great prosperity at the time—but Blake objected, saying: "Father, I do not like his face; he looks as if he would live to be hanged." Twelve years later Rylands committed forgery, and the prophecy came true.

Blake's visions, startling though they may be, are not more startling than many prophecies made by Lincoln, as, for instance, his prophecy of prohibition, woman's rights, and the end of slavery, not to mention his visions concerning himself. The practical mystic sees through, the scientific materialist sees only the surface. Eternity is the everlasting now. Blake drew a faithful portrait of the Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany long before the Kaiser was born, and Tycho Brahe predicted the birth of a Swedish conqueror and what he would accomplish.

In these things there is no place for chance, nor is it true that the practical mystic is limited to poetry, or to art, or to music, or to religion, politics, and philosophy. Neither is the practical mystic confined to any particular social class or any creed.

Human events are governed by laws of periodicity, says the author, and herein we may seek some of the keys to the mysteries of history:

In all vital phenomena there is periodicity. The barometer comes to its minimum height for the day between 4 and 5 in the evening; again, it is at its maximum height between 8 and 10 in the morning, and between 8 and 10 in the evening. The two first of these periods is when the electric tension is at its minimum; at its maximum between the two later periods. The basic unit of the lunar day is twelve hours. An ordinary or solar day is two days, and an ordinary week is two weeks. This hebdomadal or heptal cycle governs, either in its multiple or submultiple, an immense number of phenomena in animal life in which the number seven has a prominent place. A Mr. Hay, of Edinburg, writing some sixty years ago, says:

"There is harmony of number in all nature—in the force of gravity, in the planetary movements, in the laws of heat, light, electricity, and chemical affinity, in the forms of animals and plants, in the perceptions of the mind. Indeed, the direction of natural and physical science is towards a generalization which shall express the fundamental laws of all by one simple numerical ratio. The mysticism of Pythagoras was vague only to the unlettered. It was a system of philosophy founded on existing mathematics which comprised more of the philosophy of numbers than our present."

Philosophical students of human nature have taken note of the danger professional and business men encounter when they extend their mental activities beyond the hour of 4

p. m. (by the sun). Thousands fail because of their ignorance of the fundamental laws governing all things physical. The morning hours up to 10 a. m. are just as dangerous for many who are highly susceptible to the electric tension which occurs up to that hour. The feeling that prevails from 4 to 8 in the afternoon is one of mental or physical fatigue, that in the morning one of irritability.

Lincoln was not immune from natural law. On one occasion, at 5 p. m., he was suddenly informed of the defeat of the Northern forces, and it was feared by those who were present that he would fall to the ground. Mr. C. C. Coffin sprang forward to assist the President, who, however, succeeded in returning to the White House unaided.

Nature creates the natural, man the unnatural. Solomon declared: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose."

Mr. Grierson tells us a new story of Lincoln—at least it is new to us—and of the strange premonition that warned him of the great burden that he was to bear in the coming struggle of the Civil War:

Nothing great comes into the world unattended. Abraham Lincoln was surrounded by men and women who were predestined to their tasks without being fully aware of what they were doing. One of the most memorable mystical demonstrations ever recorded in any epoch occurred in the little town of Salem, Illinois, in August, 1837, when Lincoln was only twenty-three years of age, long before he had cut any figure in the political world. Accompanied by six lawyers and two doctors, Lincoln went from Springfield to Salem in a band wagon to attend a camp meeting. On the way Lincoln cracked jokes about the horses, the wagon, the lawyers, and many other things. When they arrived at the camp they found Dr. Peter Akers, one of the greatest Methodist preachers of the time, was about to preach a sermon on "The Dominion of Christ." The famous preacher declared that the Dominion of Christ could not come in America till slavery was destroyed. His sermon lasted three hours and he showed that a great civil war would put an end to human bondage.

"I am not a prophet," he said, "but a student of the Prophets; American slavery will come to an end in some near decade. I think in the 'sixties." These words caused a profound sensation. In their excitement thousands surged about the preacher, but when at last he cried out: "Who can tell but that the man who shall lead us through this strife may be standing in this presence," a solemn stillness fell over the assembly. There, not more than thirty feet away, stood the lank figure of Lincoln, with his pensive face, a prophet as yet uninspired, a leader as yet unannounced. The preacher's words had fallen like a mystical baptism on the head of this obscure pioneer, as yet unanointed by the sacrificial fire of the coming national tragedy.

When they returned to Springfield Lincoln remained silent a long time. At last one of his friends asked him what he thought of the sermon and he replied that he "little dreamed that such power could be given to mortal man, for those words were from beyond the speaker. Peter Akers has convinced me that American

slavery will go down with the crash of civil war." Then he added: "Gentlemen, you may be surprised and think it strange, but when the preacher was describing the civil war I distinctly saw myself as in second sight, bearing an important part in that strife."

The next morning Mr. Lincoln came very late to his office, and Mr. Herndon, glancing at his haggard face, exclaimed: "Why, Lincoln, what's the matter?" Then Lincoln told him about the great sermon and said: "I am utterly unable to shake myself free from the conviction that I shall be involved in that terrible war."

Mr. Grierson has something to say about the bastard mysticism that is now so much in vogue and that seeks for knowledge through "communications" and the shoddy mechanism of the seance room:

We are beginning to feel the reality of that power that lies above appearance and formula, that power manifested in Job and Isaiah, which we accept as inspiration in religion, intuition in philosophy, and illumination in art, producing saints in one age and mystical scientists in another.

We float through the ether on a revolving miracle called the earth, returning again and again to attain the same figure on the dial of time. The things done by human automatons count for nothing in the course of destiny. We think we are wise when we invent a new name for an old truth; and vanity aims to confine the infinite within the limits of a stopper bottle or a glass showcase, or attain inspiration by means of an ouija board.

Can any one conceive what would have happened to this country had Lincoln made use of such a contrivance to direct the course of his actions? This scourge of deaf agnostics seems like an ironical stroke of nature to discount their disbelief. Not only does this clumsy instrument make wits like Mark Twain "talk like poor Poll," but it makes philosophers reason like first-grade pupils at our common schools.

Among the many stories of Lincoln related by the author is one of a curious vision seen just after his nomination in 1860 and one that seems to be a little difficult of explanation by any knowledge in the possession of modern psychic science. And of course there is the well-known vision that was clearly indicative of the coming tragedy:

Noah Brooks, in his "Life of Lincoln," gives the following account of a vision which the President described to him:

"It was just after my nomination in 1860 when the news was coming thick and fast all day, and there had been a great Hurrah Boys, so that I was well tired out, and went home to rest and threw myself on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass, and looking in the glass I saw myself reflected, nearly at full length, but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one

being about three inches from the tip of the ether. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before. Then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler, say five shades than the other. I got up and the thing melted away. I left, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it, nearly but not quite, or the thing would once in a while come up and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. Later in the day I told my wife about it, and a few days later I tried the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came again. My wife thought that it was a sign that I was to be elected to a second term of office and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not live through the last term."

Shortly before Lincoln's assassination some friends were talking about certain dreams recorded in the Bible, when the President said: "About two days ago I retired very late. I could not have been long in bed when I fell into a slumber, for I was weary. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be a death-like stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs. There the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along. It was light in all the rooms, but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break? I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this? Determined to find the cause of a state of things so mysterious and so shocking, I kept on until I arrived at the East Room, which I entered. Before me was a catafalque on which was a form wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the catafalque; others weeping pitifully. 'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers. 'The President,' was the answer. 'He was killed by an assassin.' Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which woke me from my dream."

Mr. Grierson is to be congratulated upon a little volume that adds so much to our knowledge of Lincoln as well as to our comprehension of mysticism.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Francis Grierson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.

Give us what is good, whether we pray for it or not; and avert from us the evil, even if we pray for it.—*Socrates*.

Souls descend from the pure air to be chained to bodies.—*Josephus*.

Time runs away with all things, including the mind.—*Virgil*.

## THE "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

(From a Chelâ's Diary. Reprinted from "Five Years of Theosophy.")

*Continued.*

First, then, must be the determination—the *will*—the conviction of certainty, to survive and continue. Without that, all else is useless. And to be efficient for the purpose, it must be, not only a passing resolution of the moment, a single fierce desire of short duration, but a *settled and continued strain, as nearly as can be continued and concentrated without one single moment's relaxation*. In a word, the would-be "Immortal" must be on his watch night and day, guarding self against—himself. To live—to live—to live—must be his unswerving resolve. He must as little as possible allow himself to be turned aside from it. It may be said that this is the most concentrated form of selfishness; that it is utterly opposed to our Theosophic professions of benevolence, and disinterestedness, and regard for the good of humanity. Well, viewed in a short-sighted way, it is so. But to do good, as in everything else, a man *must have* time and materials to work with, and this is a necessary means to the acquirement of powers by which infinitely more good can be done than without them. When these are once mastered, the opportunities to use them will arrive, for there comes a moment when further watch and exertion are no longer needed—the moment when the turning-point is safely passed. For the present as we deal with aspirants and not with advanced Chelâs, in the first stage a determined, dogged resolution, and an enlightened concentration of self on self, are all that is absolutely necessary. It must not, however, be considered that the candidate is required to be unhuman or brutal in his negligence of others. Such a recklessly selfish course would be as injurious to him as the contrary—one of expending his vital energy on the gratification of his physical desires. All that is required from him is a purely negative attitude. Until the turning-point is reached, he must not "lay out" his energy in lavish or fiery devotion to any cause, however noble, however "good," however elevated. Such, we can solemnly assure the reader, would bring its reward in many ways—perhaps in another life, perhaps in this world, but

it would tend to shorten the existence it is desired to preserve, as surely as self-indulgence and profligacy. That is why very few of the truly great men of the world (of course, the unprincipled adventurers who have applied great powers to bad uses are out of the question)—the martyrs, the heroes, the founders of religions, the liberators of nations, the leaders of reforms—ever became members of the long-lived "Brotherhood of Adepts" who were by some and for long years accused of *selfishness*. (And that is also why the Yogis, and the Fakirs of modern India—most of whom are acting now but on the *dead-letter* tradition, are required if they would be considered living up to the principles of their profession—to appear *entirely dead* to every inward feeling or emotion.) Notwithstanding the purity of their hearts, the greatness of their aspirations, the disinterestedness of their self-sacrifice, *they could not live for they had missed the hour*. They may at times have exercised powers which the world called miraculous; they may have electrified man and subdued nature by fiery and self-devoted will; they may have been possessed of a so-called superhuman intelligence; they may have even had knowledge of, and communion with, members of our own Occult Brotherhood, but, having deliberately resolved to devote their vital energy to the welfare of others, rather than to themselves, they have surrendered life; and, when perishing on the cross or the scaffold, or falling, sword in hand, upon the battlefield, or sinking exhausted after a successful consummation of the life-object, on deathbeds in their chambers, they have all alike had to cry out at last: "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!"

So far, so good. But, given the will to live, however powerful, we have seen that, in the ordinary course of mundane life, the throes of dissolution can not be checked. The desperate, and again and again renewed struggle of the cosmic elements to proceed with a career of change despite the will that is checking them, like a pair of run-away horses struggling against the determined driver holding them in, are so cumulatively powerful, that the utmost efforts of the *untrained* human will acting within an *unprepared* body become ultimately useless. The highest intrepidity of the bravest soldier; the intensest desire of

the yearning lover; the hungry greed of the unsatisfied miser; the most undoubting faith of the sternest fanatic; the practiced insensibility to pain of the hardest red Indian brave or half-trained Hindu Yogi; the most deliberate philosophy of the calmest thinker—all alike fail at last. Indeed, skeptics will allege in opposition to the verities of this article that, as a matter of experience, it is often observed that the mildest and most irresolute of minds and the weakest of physical frames are often seen to resist "death" longer than the powerful will of the high-spirited and obstinately egotistic man, and the iron frame of the laborer, the warrior, and the athlete. In reality, however, the key to the secret of these apparently contradictory phenomena is the true conception of the very thing we have already said. If the physical development of the gross "outer shell" proceeds on parallel lines and at an equal rate with that of the will, it stands to reason that no advantage *for the purpose of overcoming* it is attained by the latter. The acquisition of improved breech-loaders by one modern army confers no absolute superiority if the enemy also becomes possessed of them. Consequently it will be at once apparent, to those who think on the subject, that much of the training by which what is known as "a powerful and determined nature" perfects itself for its own purpose on the stage of the visible world, necessitating and *being useless* without a parallel development of the "gross" and so-called animal frame, is, in short, neutralized, for the purpose at present treated of, by the fact that its own action has armed the enemy with weapons equal to its own. The *force* of the impulse to dissolution is rendered equal to the will to oppose it; and being cumulative, subdues the will-power and triumphs at last. On the other hand, it may happen that an apparently weak and vacillating will-power residing in a weak and undeveloped physical frame, may be so *reinforced* by some unsatisfied desire—the *Ichchhâ* (wish), as it is called by the Indian Occultists (for instance, a mother's heart-yearning to remain and support her fatherless children)—as to keep down and vanquish, for a short time, the physical throes of a body to which it has become temporarily superior.

The whole *rationale*, then, of the first

condition of continued existence in this world is (a) the development of a will so powerful as to overcome the hereditary (in a Darwinian sense) tendencies of the atoms composing the "gross" and palpable animal frame, to hurry on at a particular period in a certain course of cosmic change; and (b) to so weaken the concrete action of that animal frame as to make it more amenable to the power of the will. To defeat an army, *you must demoralize and throw it into disorder.*

To do this, then, is the real object of all the rites, ceremonies, fasts, "prayers," meditations, initiations, and procedures of self-discipline enjoined by various esoteric Indian sects, from that course of pure and elevated aspiration which leads to the higher phases of Real Adeptism, down to the fearful and disgusting ordeals which the adherent of the "Left-hand Road" has to pass through, all the time maintaining his equilibrium. The procedures have their merits and their demerits, their separate uses and abuses, their essential and non-essential parts, their various veils, mummeries, and labyrinths. But in all, the result aimed at is reached, if by different processes. The will is strengthened, encouraged, and directed, and the elements opposing its action are *demoralized*. Now, to any one who has thought out and connected the various evolution theories, as taken, not from any occult source, but from the ordinary scientific manual accessible to all—from the hypothesis of the latest variation in the habits of species; say the acquisition of carnivorous habits by the New Zealand parrot, for instance—to the farthest glimpses backwards into Space and Eternity afforded by the "first mist" doctrine, it will be apparent that they all rest on one basis. That basis is, that the impulse once given to a hypothetical unit has a tendency to continue; and consequently that anything "done" by something at a certain time and certain place tends to repeat itself at other times and places.

Such is the admitted *rationale* of heredity and atavism. That the same things apply to our ordinary conduct is apparent from the notorious ease with which "habits"—bad or good, as the case may be—are acquired, and it will not be questioned that this applies, as a rule, as much to the moral and intellectual as to the physical world.

Furthermore, history and science teach us plainly that certain physical habits conduce to certain moral and intellectual results. There never yet was a conquering nation of vegetarians. Even in the old Aryan times we do not learn that the very Rishis, from whose lore and practice we gain the knowledge of Occultism, ever interdicted the Kshatriya (military) caste from hunting or a carnivorous diet. Filling, as they did, a certain place in the body politic in the actual condition of the world, the Rishis as little thought of interfering with them as of restraining the tigers of the jungle from their habits. That did not affect what the Rishis did themselves.

The aspirant to longevity then must be on his guard against *two dangers*. He must beware especially of impure and animal thoughts. For science shows that thought is dynamic, and the thought-force evolved by nervous action expanding outwardly must affect the molecular relations of the physical man. The *inner men*, however sublimated their organism may be, are still composed of actual, *not hypothetical*, particles, and are still subject to the law that an "action" has a tendency to repeat itself; a tendency to set up analogous action in the grosser "shell" they are in contact with, and concealed within.

And, on the other hand, certain actions have a tendency to produce actual physical conditions unfavorable to pure thought, hence to the state required for developing the supremacy of the inner man.

To return to the practical process. A normally healthy mind, in a normally healthy body, is a good starting-point. Though exceptionally powerful and self-devoted natures may sometimes recover the ground lost by mental degradation or physical misuse, by employing proper means, under the direction of unswerving resolution, yet often things may have gone so far that there is no longer stamina enough to sustain the conflict sufficiently long to perpetuate this life; though what in Eastern parlance is called the "merit" of the effort will help to ameliorate conditions and improve matters in another.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Both time and space are infinite and eternal.—H. P. Blavatsky.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## COLOR.

It is symptomatic of the tension of the day that so many books should appear on the treatment of nervousness. It need hardly be said that most of them are materialistic. Malefic states of consciousness are supposed always to be due to physical deterioration. The cart is put before the horse, and cause and effect are compelled to change places.

Dr. H. Addington Bruce, himself a psychologist of note, largely avoids this error. Nervousness, he tells us, must be overcome by effort. In the reactions between body and mind it is often the mind that begins the trouble and so leads the body into evil courses. The well-ordered mind is the best of all physicians.

But it is with the author's chapter on color that we are most concerned. Color is one of nature's finer forces, and it is to color that consciousness most quickly responds. So far as it is within our power we should select for our association only those colors that correspond with the desired states of consciousness:

Nature, as you must have observed, is exceedingly chary in the use of red. We do not have red oceans or red skies or red grass. Only in the autumn, when the days are short and gray, is red used by nature to any extent. Then our forests and meadows are sprinkled with it, in bright patches that afford a stimulating contrast to the general dullness of the autumn landscape. In this there is a hint which everybody ought to take. Whether in articles of dress or in household decoration, red should be used sparingly. Under some circumstances it should not be used at all.

So abnormally stimulating is red when used in excess and for any length of time that it sometimes causes serious nervous symptoms. A medical man was once puzzled by the extreme nervousness of a whole family, whose members often came to him to be treated for headache, sleeplessness, and other nervous ills. He found it impossible to give them permanent relief, until one day he was called to their home. Then he noticed that red was much in evidence in the color scheme of almost every room in the house, particularly in the wall papers. Being aware of its irritating quality when used thus lavishly, he advised that the house be repapered in other colors. This having been done, the nervousness from which the entire family had suffered soon disappeared.

Dr. Bruce does not consider it as part of his duty to explain the relationship between color and "nerves." But the student can do this for himself. Let him cultivate within himself the perpetual note of interrogation. Why is red an irritant? Why is blue a sedative? What rates of vibration do these and other colors represent? What place do they hold in the septenaries of nature? What are their correspondences? But none the less, says Dr. Bruce, the color red has its value:

As to the use of red in clothing, the rule adopted by a friend of mine, a member of the teaching staff of Wisconsin University, is one which everybody might follow to advantage. "When the day is dull or I feel depressed," he tells me, "I put on a necktie wholly or partly red. This I find has a pleasantly stimulating effect on me. But I never wear such a tie on a bright day, or when I am already in good spirits." As with neckties, so with dresses. The dress partly or en-



tirely red should be reserved for days when the skies are dull or the mind depressed.

One is inclined to wonder what would be the effect of visualizing, or imagining, a color instead of actually wearing. And perhaps one might write a good deal, and think a good deal more; on visualized combinations based upon an exact science of correspondences.

Dr. Bruce has something of interest to say about violet and blue:

Not so with such colors as green and blue. Instead of irritating the nervous system and exciting the mind, blue has tranquillizing effects. When of a deep shade, approaching violet in hue, it may act on the mind as a positive depressant. This is borne out by scientific investigations, made both in this country and elsewhere. At the University of Illinois, Professor N. A. Wells for several years studied the effects of colors on his pupils, mostly young men and women of the Middle West. Of the many persons thus studied, only twelve found any shade of blue at all exciting. Its general effect was described by the subjects in such terms as "quieting," "peaceful," "restful." Many, however, in the case of violet-blue found that it had so subduing an influence as to give rise to feelings of sadness and gloom.

Some evidence is obtainable, from various sources, indicating that in certain quarters the depressing influence of violet-blue is so well appreciated as to be turned to practical account. Thus, it is alleged, that in some Russian prisons the most talented political prisoners are, or were, subjected to violet-colored light for the express purpose of breaking their spirit and dulling their minds. Also in hospitals for the insane violet light has been used with decidedly subduing effect on maniacal patients.

But the student would do well not to place undue emphasis on his own color reaction. The influence of a color is not necessarily bad because it happens to be unwelcome. The most wholesome of medicines may be the most unpalatable. At a time when a certain hectic vivacity, a stupid "optimism," has become a virtue we may easily adopt a false standard of value in color as in everything else. The only reliable guide is the scientific study of correspondences.

NERVE CONTROL AND HOW TO GAIN IT. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.

Lift up your mind in the spirit, and see that the whole of nature, with all the powers therein, with its depth, width, and height, heaven and earth, and all that is therein and above the heavens, is the body of God, and the powers of the stars are the arteries in the natural body of God in this world.—*Jacob Boehme.*

## A CREED.

I hold that when a person dies  
His soul returns again to earth;  
Arrayed in some new flesh disguise  
Another mother gives him birth.  
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain  
The old soul takes the roads again.

Such is my own belief and trust;  
This hand, this hand that holds the pen,  
Has many a hundred times been dust  
And turned, as dust, to dust again;  
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone  
In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon.

All that I rightly think or do,  
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,  
Is curse or blessing justly due  
For sloth or effort in the past.  
My life's a statement of the sum  
Of vice indulged, or overcome.

I know that in my lives to be  
My sorry heart will ache and burn,  
And worship, unavailingly.  
The woman whom I used to spurn,  
And shake to see another have  
The love I spurned, the love she gave.

And I shall know, in angry words,  
In gibes, and mocks, and many a tear.  
A carrion flock of honing birds,  
The gibes and scorns I uttered here.  
The brave word that I failed to speak  
Will brand me dastard on the cheek.

And as I wander on the roads  
I shall be helped and healed and blessed;  
Dear words shall cheer and be as goads  
To urge to heights before unguessed.  
My road shall be the road I made;  
All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,  
In this long war beneath the stars;  
So shall a glory wreath my head,  
So shall I faint and show the scars.  
Until this case, this clogging mould,  
Be smithied all to kingly gold.

—*John Masefield.*

"As it is above, so below" is the fundamental axiom of Occult Philosophy.—*Secret Doctrine.*

Faith without Will is like a windmill without wind—barren of results.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

## THE COMING OF CHRIST.

(From the New York Nation.)

And now at last, after long estrangement, the Oversoul comes back. Again we are reminded that, whether we will or no, we are governed by the august law of moral action and reaction that prevails invariably in the universe. Our preoccupations of the past year have been our own; we have chosen them and made ourselves their apologists. Now they are released to make their way into history, to be measured and judged by standards far different from those we have applied to them. Hitherto we have accepted for them the standard of the statesman, the publicist, the nationalist politician. Now they have passed on for final review at the judgment seat of Jesus of Nazareth.

These terms sound antiquated and theological, but they are deliberately chosen because they describe the fact. Our great adventure of the past year, its outcome, our motives and methods and expectations, must finally, beyond even the "verdict of history" which is the last hope of the statesman-politician be submitted to the verdict of Jesus and meet the measure of his gospel. The certainty of this conviction is not due to any leanings toward obscurantism or any superstitions about the qualities with which various theologies have invested his person. On the contrary, it is a certainty which sheer atheism, if such a persuasion really exists, might not escape. It has neither less nor more theological bearing than the certainty that fundamental problems in physics must finally be submitted to the authority of Newton. The collective experience of the race is as Newton said it was. His guidance is trustworthy. Those who accept it go right, and those who refuse it go wrong, and sooner or later come to grief. Collective experience has shown, too, that the moral order of the universe is as Jesus said, and that the way to keep safely and successfully in with it is the way he indicated.

Hence on Christmas Day we regard our achievements in a new spirit and from another point of view. Have we won the war? In so far as we have condescended to fight it with the enemy's weapons and in the enemy's spirit, we have not. We have won the battles, true, but he has won the war. In so far

as he has succeeded in investing us with the spirit of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, he has conquered us and made us his own. Have we been patriotic? In so far as we have ministered to a narrow nationalism, what can we say? The emblem of our nationalism has been draped in our very churches which are dedicated to the God "who has made of one blood all nations of men and sent his son to preach peace to them that are far off and to them that are nigh." Have we maintained the ideal of human brotherhood and divine paternity, looking towards the establishment of God's will on earth, as it is in heaven? It is not easy to see that we have. Reflections like these crowd this particular anniversary and give it an unprecedented weight of seriousness. Nothing is clearer than the absolute incompatibility of so much of our collective public business with the purpose indicated by the presence of Jesus on earth.

That purpose is manifest. Through all the sophistications of theology and all the quarrels of ecclesiasticism it may be made out beyond peradventure. Erasmus says:

"Jesus Christ came into the world to form unto himself a people that should wholly depend upon God, and, placing no confidence in any earthly support and comfort, should be after another manner rich, after another manner wise, after another manner noble, after another manner potent; in one word, after another manner happy; designing to attain felicity by contempt of those things which are generally admired.

"A people that should be strangers to filthy lusts, by studying in this flesh the life of angels . . . that should be wholly ignorant of oaths, as those who will neither distrust nor deceive anybody; that make not the getting of money their business, as having laid up their treasure in heaven; that should not be transported with vainglory, because they refer all to the glory of Christ alone; void of ambition, as disposed, the greater they are, so much the more to submit themselves unto all men for Christ's sake; that should avoid wrath, much more revenge, as studying to deserve well of those who deserve ill of them; that should be so blameless as to force infidels to speak well of them; that should be born again to the purity

and simplicity of infants; that should live like the birds of the air, without solicitude . . . fearing neither death, tyranny, nor the devil, as relying on the invincible power of Christ alone."

This was the picture of human society projected by Jesus, and it has had an immense power of attraction upon the ages since. Mankind can be permanently satisfied with nothing less. To realize it Jesus gave an extremely simple method. The Sermon on the Mount, with its method of inwardness and pure individualism, is so simple that no one can fail to understand it. Its practical discipline is so difficult, however, that men have sought avoidance by discrediting its simplicity. Yet, in spite of all, this discipline has made its way because men found that it could be applied to the circumstances of life in this present world, and that wherever it was applied it was saving.

Observers report from all over the world the curious quickening of the Messianic expectation. In Russia, in the Central Empires, in Britain and Italy and the Danube states, they hear the whisper, *Christ is coming*. And, indeed, Jesus may today be coming out of the heart of the peoples to express his preliminary of a social order in which it will be possible for a man to be as good as he wants to be and knows he should be; and when this is done, his kingdom will be far on its way. The best possible use of this Christmas season is to make sure that we can abide the day of his coming; and there are those who can help us to this rather better than the more fashionable prophets of the newer order, as they are styled. The New Testament, the Imitation, the Cambridge Platonists, the religious essays of Count Tolstoy—*felix ille*, as Erasmus said of the Bible, *felix ille quem in hisce litteris meditantem mors occupat*—and others in the slender list of those who are usually disparaged under the name of "mystical writers," can give us what we need. They are called impractical, but the times testify impressively that they are the most practical of all men that ever lived. William Law says in a passage of extraordinary grandeur:

"They are deeply learned in the mysteries of the Kingdom of God, not through the use of lexicons or meditating upon critics, but because they have passed from death unto life. They highly

reverence and excellently direct the true use of everything that is outward in religion; but like the Psalmist's King's daughter, they are all glorious within. They are truly sons of thunder and sons of consolation; they break open the whited sepulchres; they awaken the heart and show its filth and rottenness of death: but they leave it not till the kingdom of heaven is raised up within it. If a man has no desire but to be the spirit of the gospel, to obtain all that renovation of life and spirit which alone can make him to be in Christ a new creature, it is a great unhappiness to him to be unacquainted with these writers, or to pass a day without reading something of what they wrote."

### THE NAME.

When I come back from secret dreams  
In gardens deep and fair,  
How very curious it seems—  
This mortal name I bear.

For by this name I make their bread  
And trim the household light  
And sun the linen for the bed  
And close the door at night.

I wonder who myself may be,  
And whence it was I came—  
Before the Church had laid on me  
This frail and earthly name.

My sponsors spoke unto the Lord  
And three things promised they,  
Upon my soul with one accord  
Their easy vows did lay.

My ancient spirit heard them not.  
I think it was not there.  
But in a place they had forgot  
It drank a starrier air.

Yes, in a silent place and deep—  
There did it dance and run,  
And sometimes it lay down to sleep  
Or sprang into the sun.

The Priest saw not my aureole shine!  
My sweet wings saw not he!  
He graved me with a solemn sign  
And laid a name on me.

Now by this name I stitch and mend,  
The daughter of my home,  
By this name do I save and spend  
And when they call I come.

But oh, that Name, that other Name,  
More secret and more mine!

It burns as does the angelic flame  
Before the midmost shrine.

Before my soul to earth was brought  
Into God's heart it came,  
He wrote a meaning in my thought  
And gave to me a Name.

By this name do I ride the air  
And dance from star to star  
And I Behold all things are fair,  
For I see them as they are.

I plunge into the deepest seas.  
In flames I, laughing, burn.  
In roseate clouds I take my ease  
Nor to earth return.

It is my beauteous Name—my own—  
That I have never heard.  
God keeps it for Himself alone,  
That strange and lovely word.  
—*Extracted from a poem by Anna  
Hempstead Branch in the Bookman.*

#### MOON-WORSHIP.

I hear them singing in the open spaces  
The old, old rites, the music of the  
moon;  
The rougher and the sweeter voices  
blending  
To lift the joyous tune.

I see them dancing in the open spaces  
As moonlit nights grow long;  
Clasped hands and circling steps and  
charmed faces,  
And witchery of song.

A harmony of hearts to rule the singing  
As loud and low they croon;  
I see them dancing in the open spaces  
The worship of the moon.  
—*Ed. in Ford Piper, in the Midland.*

Now in none of the volumes of the physiology of animals that I have consulted can I find any attempt whatever to grapple with the fundamental question of the directive power, that in every case first secretes, or as it were creates, out of the protoplasm of the blood, special molecules adapted for the production of each material bone, muscle, nerve, skin, hair, feather, etc., carries these molecules to the exact part of the body where and when they are required, and brings into play the complex force that alone can build up with great rapidity so strangely complex a structure as a feather adapted for flight.—*Alfred Russel Wallace.*

#### THE "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

(From a Chelâ's Diary. Reprinted from  
"Five Years of Theosophy.")

*Continued.*

However this may be, the prescribed course of self-discipline commences here. It may be stated briefly that its essence is a course of moral, mental, and physical development, carried on in parallel lines—one being useless without the other. The physical man must be rendered more ethereal and sensitive; the mental man more penetrating and profound; the moral man more self-denying and philosophical. And it may be mentioned that all sense of restraint—even if self-imposed—is useless. Not only is all "goodness" that results from the compulsion of physical force, threats, or bribes (whether of a physical or so-called "spiritual" nature) absolutely useless to the person who exhibits it, its hypocrisy tending to poison the moral atmosphere of the world, but the desire to be "good" or "pure," to be efficacious must be spontaneous. It must be a self-impulse from within, a real preference for something higher, not an abstention from vice because of fear of the law; not a chastity enforced by the dread of "public opinion"; not a benevolence exercised through love of praise or dread of consequences in a hypothetical "future life."

It will be seen now in connection with the doctrine of the tendency to the renewal of action, before discussed, that the course of self-discipline recommended as the only road to longevity by Occultism is *not* a "visionary" theory dealing with vague "ideas," but actually a scientifically devised system of drill. It is a system by which each particle of the several "men" composing the septenary individual receives an impulse, and a habit of doing what is necessary for certain purposes of its own free-will and with "pleasure." Every one must be practiced and perfect in a thing to do it with pleasure. This rule especially applies to the case of the development of *man*. "Virtue" may be very good in its way—it may lead to the grandest results. But to become efficacious it has to be practiced cheerfully, not with reluctance or pain. As a consequence of the above consideration the candidate for longevity at the commencement of his career must begin to eschew his physical desires, not from any sentimental theory of right or

wrong, but for the following good reason. As, according to a well-known and now established scientific theory, his visible material frame is always renewing its particles; he will, while abstaining from the gratification of his desires, reach the end of a certain *period* during which those particles which composed the man of vice, and which were given a bad predisposition, will have departed. At the same time the disuse of such functions will tend to obstruct the entry, in place of the old particles, of new particles having a tendency to repeat the said acts. And while this is the *particular* result as regards certain "vices," the general result of an abstention from "gross" acts will be (by a modification of the well-known Darwinian law of atrophy by non-usage) to diminish what we may call the "relative" density and coherence of the outer shell (as a result of its less-used molecules); while the diminution in the quantity of its actual constituents will be "made up" (if tried by scales and weights) by the increased admission of more ethereal particles.

What physical desires are to be abandoned and in what order? First and foremost, he must give up alcohol in all forms; for while it supplies no nourishment, nor any direct pleasure (beyond such sweetness or fragrance as may be gained in the taste of wine, etc., to which alcohol, in itself, is non-essential), to even the grossest elements of the "physical" frame, it induces a violence of action, a rush so to speak, of life, the stress of which can only be sustained by very dull, gross, and dense elements, and which, by the operation of the well-known law of reaction (in commercial phrase, "supply and demand") tends to summon them from the surrounding universe, and therefore directly counteracts the object we have in view.

Next comes meat-eating, and for the very same reason, in a minor degree. It increases the rapidity of life, the energy of action, the violence of passions. It may be good for a hero who has to fight and die, but not for a would-be sage who has to exist and . . .

Next in order comes the sexual desires; for these, in addition to the great diversion of energy (vital force) into other channels, in many different ways, beyond the primary one (as, for instance, the waste of energy in expectation,

jealousy, etc.), are direct attractions to a certain gross quality of the original matter of the universe, simply because the most pleasurable physical sensations are only possible at that stage of density. Alongside with and extending beyond all these and other gratifications of the senses (which include not only those things usually known as "vicious," but all those which, though ordinarily regarded as "innocent," have yet the disqualification of ministering to the pleasures of the body—the most harmless to others and the least "gross" being the criterion for those to be last abandoned in each case)—must be carried on the moral purification.

Nor must it be imagined that "austerities" as commonly understood can, in the majority of cases, avail much to hasten the "etherealizing" process. That is the rock on which many of the Eastern esoteric sects have foundered, and the reason why they have degenerated into degrading superstitions. The Western monks and the Eastern Yogis, who think they will reach the apex of powers by concentrating their thought on their navel, or by standing on one leg, are practicing exercises which serve to no other purpose than to strengthen the will power, which is sometimes applied to the basest purposes. These are examples of this one-sided and dwarf development. It is no use to fast *as long as you require food*. The ceasing of desire for food without impairment of health is the sign which indicates that it should be taken in lesser and ever decreasing quantities until the extreme limit compatible with life is reached. A stage will be finally attained where only water will be required.

Nor is it of any use for this particular purpose of longevity to abstain from immorality so long as you are craving for it in your heart; and so on with all other unsatisfied inward cravings. To get rid of the inward desire is the essential thing, and to mimic the real thing without it is barefaced hypocrisy and useless slavery.

So it must be with the moral purification of the heart. The "basest" inclinations must go first—then the others. First avarice, then fear, then envy, worldly pride, uncharitableness, hatred; last of all ambition and curiosity must be abandoned successively. The strengthening of the more ethereal and so-called "spiritual" parts of the man must go on

at the same time. Reasoning from the known to the unknown, meditation must be practiced and encouraged. Meditation is the inexpressible yearning of the inner man to "go out towards the infinite," which in the olden time was the real meaning of adoration, but which has now no synonym in the European languages, because the thing no longer exists in the West, and its name has been vulgarized to the make-believe shams known as prayer, glorification, and repentance. Through all stages of training the equilibrium of the consciousness—the assurance that all *must* be right in the Kosmos, and therefore with you, a portion of it—must be retained. The process of life must not be hurried but retarded, if possible; to do otherwise may do good to others—perhaps even to yourself in other spheres, but it will hasten your dissolution in this.

Nor must the externals be neglected in this first stage. Remember that an Adept, though "existing" so as to convey to ordinary minds the idea of his being immortal, is not also invulnerable to agencies from without. The training to prolong life does not, in itself, secure one from accidents. As far as any physical preparation goes, the sword may still cut, the disease enter, the poison disarrange. This case is very clearly and beautifully put in *Zanoni*, and it is correctly put and must be so, unless all "adeptism" is a baseless lie. The Adept may be more secure from ordinary dangers than the common mortal, but he is so by virtue of the superior knowledge, calmness, coolness, and penetration which his lengthened existence and its necessary concomitants have enabled him to acquire; not by virtue of any preservative power in the process itself. He is secure as a man armed with a rifle is more secure than a naked baboon; not secure in the sense in which the Deva (god) was supposed to be securer than a man.

If this is so in the case of the high Adept, how much more necessary is it that the neophyte should be not only protected, but that he himself should use all possible means to insure for himself the necessary duration of life to complete the process of mastering the phenomena we call death! It may be said, why do not the higher Adepts protect him? Perhaps they *do* to some extent, but the child must learn to walk alone; to make

him independent of his own efforts in respect to safety, would be destroying one element necessary to his development—the sense of responsibility. What courage or conduct would be called for in a man sent to fight when armed with irresistible weapons and clothed in impenetrable armour? Hence the neophyte should endeavor, as far as possible, to fulfill every true canon of sanitary law as laid down by modern scientists. Pure air, pure water, pure food, gentle exercise, regular hours, pleasant occupations and surroundings, are all, if not indispensable, at least serviceable to his progress. It is to secure these, at least as much as silence and solitude, that the Gods, Sages, Occultists of all ages have retired as much as possible to the quiet of the country, the cool cave, the depths of the forest, the expanse of the desert, or the heights of the mountains. Is it not suggestive that the Gods have always loved the "high places"; and that in the present day the highest section of the Occult Brotherhood on earth inhabits the highest mountain plateaux of the earth?

Nor must the beginner disdain the assistance of medicine and good medical regimen. He is still an ordinary mortal, and he requires the aid of an ordinary mortal.

"Suppose, however, all the conditions required, or which will be understood as required (for the details and varieties of treatment requisite are too numerous to be detailed here), are fulfilled, what is the next step?"—the reader will ask. Well, if there have been no backslidings or remissness in the procedure indicated, the following physical results will follow:

First the neophyte will take more pleasure in things spiritual and pure. Gradually gross and material occupations will become not only uncraved for or forbidden, but simply and literally repulsive to him. He will take more pleasure in the simplest sensations of Nature—the sort of feeling on can remember to have experienced as a child. He will feel more light-hearted, confident, happy. Let him take care the sensation of renewed youth does not mislead, or he will yet risk a fall into his old baser life and even lower depths. "Action and reaction are equal."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## Theosophical Outlook

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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.

Vol. IV. No. 2. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, January 11, 1919. Price Five Cents

## DR. HYSLOP'S BOOK.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an extract from Dr. Hyslop's new book on psychic research. It may be said once more that the inclusion of Dr. Hyslop's opinions carries with it no implication of a general approval. Theosophy has no creeds and no dogmas. It has no unorthodoxies and no forbidden studies. If Theosophists hope to influence the thought of the world—and they have already done so to an immeasurable degree—they should at least be acquainted with the thought of the world. They should have their hands upon the wires of speculation and research.

At least we shall all agree that there is something refreshing about Dr. Hyslop's defiance of the scientific orthodoxies. They ought to wake up, he says, and learn something. They are too sleepy, too self-satisfied and too conventional. There can be nothing superstitious about a fact. Interpretations of fact may be superstitious, but there can be nothing quite so superstitious as the denial of a fact. This is the pet superstition of materialism, which seems still to labor under the conviction that a fact will cease to be a fact if only it be denied loudly enough and often enough. The world is now faced with a revival of psychic phenomena, and this is partly due to cyclic causes and partly to the bereavements of the war. These facts have to be faced, and it may be said at

once that if the materialist is guilty of the superstitions of denial the occult student is sometimes guilty of his own superstitions of affirmation and assertion. Psychic phenomena are not to be explained by aphorisms, nor by curt references to authoritative writings that are usually misunderstood, and that were never intended to do more than to indicate profitable lines of thought and to establish general principles. Psychic phenomena, as that term is now used, include all the ranges of abnormal consciousness, and although their interpretations may be as wide apart as the poles we gain nothing by an avoidance of proved fact. Indeed we lose very much. We place ourselves on a level with the orthodox religionist who supposes that all the mysteries of nature are sufficiently solved by the citation of a biblical text. Dr. Hyslop and those who are associated with him seem to have facts to communicate. They have also their interpretations of those facts. Those interpretations are not always our own. But to evade the facts or to dispose of them by airy references to authorities is not only to stultify our own efforts, but it also evidences a certain stupidity that must go far to nullify our work. We can never have too many facts.

Psychic phenomena are usually the concomitant of some deeper and more real movement in the minds of men. Unquestionably it is so now. Humanity has been stirred to its foundations,



shaken as though by a cosmic force, and if the sediment has momentarily clouded the waters we should not allow ourselves to be blinded to a new demand and to a new opportunity. Just as we are clamoring for some new political mechanism that shall take the place of the old, so there is a less audible but not less insistent demand for some new kind of thought upon which our social systems shall be builded and that shall regulate human relationships. The slogan "business as usual" is perhaps not so general as we suppose, although its inspirers may have particularly noisy voices. Unless we are much mistaken there is a growing insistence all over the world that business shall not be as usual, that this is the one thing that must at all costs be avoided, lest "business as usual" shall again be followed by "war as usual." Nor will there be a return to "religion as usual," nor indeed to anything else "as usual." There will not be quite the same tendency to enthrone and worship lies and cruelties, nor to assume that human greeds are the laws of life, or that the jungle is our home and its apes our comrades. We may not at once see the new currents of thought, but they will be there. Indeed they are there already. Otherwise Dr. Hyslop would hardly venture to tell the scientific materialists of the world that they are either fools or cowards. And for that we thank him.

#### AROUND THE SUN.

The weazen planet Mercury,  
Whose song is done,  
—Rash heart that drew too near  
His dazzling lord the Sun!—  
Forgets that life was dear,  
So shriveled now and sere  
The goblin planet Mercury.

But Venus, thou mysterious,  
Enveiled one,  
Fairest of lights that fleet  
Around the radiant Sun,  
Do not thy pulses beat  
To music blithe and sweet,  
O Venus, veiled, mysterious?

And Earth, our shadow-haunted Earth,  
Hast thou, too, won  
The graces of a star  
From the glory of the Sun?  
Do poets dream afar  
That here all lusters are,  
Upon our blind, bewildered Earth?

We dream that mighty forms on Mars,  
With wisdom spun  
From subtler brain than man's,  
Are hoarding snow and sun,  
Wringing a few more spans  
Of life, fierce artisans,  
From their deep-grooved, worn planet  
Mars.

But thou, colossal Jupiter,  
World just begun,  
Wild globe of golden steam,  
Chief nursling of the Sun,  
Transcendest human dream,  
That faints before the gleam  
Of thy vast splendor, Jupiter.

And for what rare delight,  
Or woes to shun,  
Of races increate,  
New lovers of the Sun,  
Was Saturn ringed with great  
Rivers illuminate,  
Ethereal jewel of delight?

Far from his fellows, Uranus  
Doth lonely run  
In his appointed ways  
Around the sovereign Sun,—  
Wide journeys that amaze  
Our weak and toiling gaze,  
Searching the path of Uranus.

But on the awful verge  
Of voids that stun  
The spirit, Neptune keeps  
The frontier of the Sun.  
Over the deeps on deeps  
He glows, a torch that sweeps  
The circle of that shuddering verge.

On each bright planet waits  
Oblivion,  
Who casts beneath her feet  
Ashes of star and sun.  
But when all ruby heat  
Is frost, a Heart shall beat,  
Where God, within the darkness, waits  
—From "*The Retinue*," by Katharine  
Lee Bates. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the universe.—  
Carlyle.

I consider the welfare of all people as something for which I must work.—King Asoka.

## OBSESSION.

(Extracted from "Life After Death," by  
James H. Hyslop. Published by  
E. P. Dutton & Co.)

What is obsession? It is the supernatural influence of a foreign consciousness on the mind and organism of a sensitive person. It may be good or bad, though we are not accustomed to think and speak of it as being good. But the process is the same in both types, though we may prefer to reserve the term for the abnormal cases. Any man, however, who believes in telepathy or mind-reading can not escape the *possibility* of obsession. Accepting such a phenomenon, he assumes the influence of an external consciousness on another mind. Hence, if you once grant the existence of discarnate spirits, the same process, namely, telepathy from discarnate minds, might exercise and have an influence either sensory or motor, on the minds of the living, provided they are psychically receptive to such influences. It is only a question of evidence for the fact. I regard the existence of discarnate spirits as scientifically proved, and I no longer refer to the skeptic as having any right to speak on the subject. Any man who does not accept the existence of discarnate spirits and the proof of it is either ignorant or a moral coward. I give him short shrift, and do not propose any longer to argue with him on the supposition that he knows anything about the subject. Consequently I am in a situation to investigate and weigh facts that suggest obsession.

What the doctrine involves is a re-interpretation of secondary and multiple personality. It does not set the doctrine aside, as most critics will be disposed to think. Obsession is simply superposed upon secondary personality or dissociation, or interfused with it, but it is not necessarily substituted for it. Secondary personality is the medium or instrument for its expression, and will color or modify the influence acting on it. It should be noticed that this very view of it is admitted or asserted by the controls in the case under consideration. They do not deny the existence of secondary personality, where we might naturally suppose that the prejudices of the psychic were inclined to apply foreign influences to the explanation of everything. For-

eign influences will follow the lines of least resistance, and, where they may overcome the subconscious altogether, they will dominate the ideas and influences of the subject. They may never be transmitted intact, unless at odd moments, they may usually be nothing more than instigative, like a match setting off an explosion. The match is not the cause of the effect, but is the occasional cause for releasing the pent-up energy of the subject exploding. You may stimulate a man's mind by alcohol or other stimulant, but we do not think of referring the action of the mind affected to the transmissive power of the alcohol. Utter a sentence to a man, and it may recall many associations which are not transmitted to his mind by the sound, or by the ideas of the man who utters the sentence. A man dreamed of walking in his bare feet on the ice of the north pole, to awaken and find that his feet were not under the bedclothes on a cold night. There was no correlation between the stimulus and the sensation in respect of kind; which was the sensible effect of interpretation and imagination, not of tactual reaction to the real cause. The same law may act in spiritistic stimulus. It may only incite action of the mind affected, as in a dream, and not transmit to it the exact thought or impulse in the mind of the foreign agent. In some cases, of course, we find the ideas and impulses transmitted more or less intact, and in such cases we may find the evidence for the obsession in the personal identity of the agent. But in cases of dissociation which distinctly represent subconscious factors the only evidence for the obsession can come by the method of cross-reference. Such is the case before us. There was no evidence whatever for foreign invasion in the girl's experiences, cross-reference yielded this evidence in abundance.

*The chief interest in such cases is their revolutionary effect in the field of medicine. The present case shows clearly what should have been done with Sally Beauchamp, and, in fact, plays havoc with the usual interpretations of that case, without setting aside the secondary or multiple personality there. It is probable that thousands of cases diagnosed as paranoia would yield to this sort of investigation and treatment. It is high time for the medical world to wake up*

and learn something. It is so saturated with dogmatic materialism that it will require some medical Luther or Kant to arouse it. This everlasting talk about secondary personality, which is very useful for hiding one's ignorance or merely describing the facts, should no longer prevent investigation. *It is very easy to find out what is the matter if you will only accept the method which has thrown so much light upon such cases. Nor will the method stop with dissociation. It will extend to many functional troubles which now baffle the physician. There is too much silly fear of the "supernatural" and reverence for the "natural" which has quite as much lost its significance as has the "supernatural."* Spirits, as we may, at least for convenience, call certain aggregations of phenomena, are no more mysterious things than is consciousness and, one could add, no more mysterious than atoms or electrons. Perhaps they are less so. They are certainly as legitimate objects of interests as drugs and pills or similar means of experiment.

#### VIA THE PLANCHETTE.

The experiments with planchette which are described in this volume were made by the author, who accidentally discovered that she possessed mediumistic powers and was induced to put them at the disposal of her friends, Miss Gaylord and Mrs. Wylie, in an attempt to bring them into touch with the spirit of their brother, Frederick. In this she was, as they believe, successful. But the messages here reproduced are by no means all from Frederick. Very early in the sessions the medium established *rapport* with a Mary Kendal, who begged her to "let Manse [her husband] know that I am here." Then there was Annie Manning, who wished the medium to find her brother, whose name was James, and who, she said, lived "at Albany, New York, United States Ho—," which would have been interesting evidentially if the existence of James Manning had ever been verified. As it was, the control never gave his address the same twice over, an inconsistency which Mary Kendal excused on the ground that Annie had lately "come over" and was confused.

The communications ostensibly convey a certain amount of information about the conditions of life in the spirit plane.

In answer to the question, "Have you seen William James?" Frederick replied: "He is instructing many of us. Some of my newly acquired vocabulary he taught me. He is more certain and less philosophical than he was. The will to believe has given way to the duty of faith. He has learned more quickly than most do, because he is truly sincere and has cultivated his ground well. . . . He is a very fine force, and is doing magnificent work, but he no longer smothers it in language." When asked by the medium how far she herself and not the alleged control was responsible for the phenomena, Frederick replied: "You do very little. Mostly you lend a hand." And when the medium persisted: "It unsettles me when I know what the message is to be before it is written. Do you suggest it to me or I to you?" he answered. "Sometimes you suggest things to me and I say them. Sometimes I don't." From Mary was received a series of communications which she calls lessons—revelations, however, that do not clearly reveal, as, for instance: "Once convinced that chaos grew from purposes born of the Force Beyond Perfection, purposes perfect from the beginning, but at war because they contained within themselves all the elements of life and of conflict—once convinced of this, men will gradually find their own clear purposes defined, and the war within themselves will cease." This seems to suggest that Mary might, with advantage, have set at the feet of the reformed William James, one of whose communications is in part as follows: "Youth, in its nearness to inspiration, sometimes sees more clearly than age, with its academic dependence upon theory and precedent and what men call the wisdom of experience. When this wisdom is based on perception, conscious or otherwise, of eternal purpose it transcends the vision of youth. But when it is based on perception of physical phenomena and the accumulated theories of other men, youth has an inspiration and a faith that leads it, all unknowing, to the brink of great mysteries." This at least can be said for the volume, that it is more interesting than most of its kind, being less given to the solemn enunciation of inanities.

THE SEVEN PURPOSES. By Margaret Cameron. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2. net.

## THE "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

(From a Chelâ's Diary. Reprinted from "Five Years of Theosophy.")

### *Concluded.*

Now the desire for food will begin to cease. Let it be left off gradually—no fasting is required. Take what you feel you require. The food craved for will be the most innocent and simple. Fruit and milk will usually be the best. Then, as till now you have been simplifying the quality of your food, gradually—very gradually—as you feel capable of it, diminish the quantity. You will ask: "Can a man exist without food?" No, but before you mock, consider the character of the process alluded to. It is a notorious fact that many of the lowest and simplest organisms have no excretions. The common guinea-worm is a very good instance. It has rather a complicated organism, but it has no ejaculatory duct. All it consumes—the poorest essences of the human body—is applied to its growth and propagation. Living as it does in human tissue, it passes no digested food away. The human neophyte, at a certain stage of his development, is in a somewhat analogous condition, with this difference or differences, that he *does* excrete, but it is through the pores of his skin, and by those, too, that enter other etheralized particles of matter to contribute towards his support. Otherwise, all the food and drink is sufficient only to keep in equilibrium those "gross" parts of his physical body which still remain to repair their cuticle-waste through the medium of the blood. Later on, the process of cell-development in his frame will undergo a change; a change for the better, the opposite of that in disease for the worse—he will become *all* living and sensitive, and will derive nourishment from the Ether (Akasha). But that epoch for our neophyte is yet far distant.

Probably, long before that period has arrived, other results, no less surprising than incredible to the uninitiated, will have ensued to give our neophyte courage and consolation in his difficult task. It would be but a truism to repeat what has been alleged (in ignorance of its real *rational*) by hundreds and hundreds of writers as to the happiness and content conferred by a life of innocence and purity. But often at the very commence-

ment of the process some real physical result, unexpected and unthought of by the neophyte, occurs. Some lingering disease, hitherto deemed hopeless, may take a favorable turn; or he may develop healing mesmeric powers himself, or some hitherto unknown sharpening of his senses may delight him. The *rationale* of these things is, as we have said, neither miraculous nor difficult of comprehension. In the first place, the sudden change in the direction of the vital energy (which, whatever view we take of it and its origin, is acknowledged by all schools of philosophy as most recondite, and as the motive power) must produce results of some kind. In the second, Theosophy shows, as we said before, that a man consists of several "men" pervading each other, and on this view (although it is very difficult to express the idea in language) it is but natural that the progressive etheralization of the densest and most gross of all should leave the others literally more at liberty. A troop of horses may be blocked by a mob and have much difficulty in fighting its way through; but if every one of the mob could be changed suddenly into a ghost, there would be little to retard it. And as each interior entity is more rare, active, and volatile than the outer, and as each has relation with different elements, spaces, and properties of the Kosmos which are treated of in other articles on Occultism, the mind of the reader may conceive—though the pen of the writer could not express it in a dozen volumes—the magnificent possibilities gradually unfolded to the neophyte.

Many of the opportunities thus suggested may be taken advantage of by the neophyte for his own safety, amusement, and the good of those around him; *but the way in which* he does this is one adapted to his fitness—a part of the ordeal he has to pass through, and misuse of these powers will certainly entail the loss of them as a natural result. The Ichchhâ (or desire) evoked anew by the vistas they open up will retard or throw back his progress.

But there is another portion of the Great Secret to which we must allude, and which is *now*, for the first, in a long series of ages, allowed to be given out to the world, as the hour for it is come.

The educated reader need not be again reminded that one of the great dis-

coveries which has immortalized the name of Darwin is the law that an organism has always the tendency to repeat, at an analogous period in its life, the action of its progenitors, the more surely and completely in proportion to their proximity in the scale of life. One result of this is that, in general, organized beings usually die at a period (on an average) the same as that of their progenitors. It is true that there is a great difference between the *actual* ages at which individuals of any species die. Disease, accidents, and famine are the main agents in causing this. But there is, in each species, a well-known limit within which the race-life lies, and none are known to survive beyond it. This applies to the human species as well as any other. Now, supposing that every possible sanitary condition had been complied with, and every accident and disease avoided by a man of ordinary frame, in some particular case there would still, as is known to medical men, come a time when the particles of the body would feel the hereditary tendency to do that which leads inevitably to dissolution, *and would obey it*. It must be obvious to any reflecting man that, if by *any procedure* this critical climacteric could be once thoroughly passed over, the subsequent danger of "death" would be proportionally less as the years progressed. Now this, which no ordinary and unprepared mind and body can do, is possible sometimes for the will and the frame of one who has been specially prepared. There are fewer of the grosser particles present to feel the hereditary bias—there is the assistance of the reinforced "interior men" (whose normal duration is always greater even in natural death) to the visible outer shell, and there is the drilled and indomitable will to direct and wield the whole.

From that time forward the course of the aspirant is clearer. He has conquered the "Dweller of the Threshold"—the hereditary enemy of his race, and, though still exposed to ever-new dangers in his progress towards Nirvāna, he is flushed with victory, and with new confidence and new powers to second it, can press onwards to perfection.

For, it must be remembered, that nature everywhere acts by law, and that the process of purification we have been describing in the visible material body

also takes place in those which are interior, and not visible to the scientist by modifications of the same process. All is on the change, and the metamorphoses of the more ethereal bodies imitate, though in successively multiplied duration, the career of the grosser, gaining an increasing wider range of relations with the surrounding Kosmos, till in Nirvāna the most rarefied Individuality is merged at last into the Infinite Totality.

From the above description of the process, it will be inferred why it is that Adepts are so seldom seen in ordinary life; for *puri passu* with the etherealization of their bodies and the development of their power grows an increasing distaste, and a so-to-speak "contempt" for the things of our ordinary mundane existence. Like the fugitive who successively casts away in his flight those articles which incommode his progress, beginning with the heaviest, so the aspirant eluding "death" abandons all on which the latter can take hold. In the progress of Negation everything got rid of is a help. As we said before, the Adept does not become "immortal" as the word is ordinarily understood. By or about the time when the death-limit of his race is passed he is *actually dead*, in the ordinary sense, that is to say, he has relieved himself of all or nearly all such material particles as would have necessitated in disruption the agony of dying. He has been dying gradually during the whole period of his Initiation. The catastrophe can not happen twice over. He has only spread over a number of years the mild process of dissolution which others endure from a brief moment to a few hours. The highest Adept is, in fact, dead to, and absolutely unconscious of, the world; he is oblivious of its pleasures, careless of its miseries, in so far as sentimentalism goes, for the stern sense of Duty never leaves him blind to its very existence. For the new ethereal senses opening to wider spheres are to ours much in the relation of ours to the Infinitely Little. New desires and enjoyments, new dangers and new hindrances arise, with new sensations and new perceptions: and far away down in the mist—both literally and metaphorically—is our dirty little earth left below by those who have virtually "gone to join the gods."

And from this account, too, it will be

perceptible how foolish it is for people to ask the Theosophist to "procure for them communication with the highest Adepts." It is with the utmost difficulty that one or two can be induced, even by the throes of a world, to injure their own progress by meddling with mundane affairs. The ordinary reader will say: "This is not god-like. This is the acme of selfishness." . . . But let him realize that a very high Adept, undertaking to reform the world, would necessarily have to once more submit to incarnation. And is the result of all that have gone before in that line sufficiently encouraging to prompt a renewal of the attempt?

A deep consideration of all that we have written will also give the Theosophists an idea of what they demand when they ask to be put in the way of gaining *practically* "higher powers." Well, there, is plainly as words can put it, is the Path. . . . Can they tread it?

Nor must it be disguised that what to the ordinary mortal are unexpected dangers, temptations, and enemies also beset the way of the neophyte. And that for no fanciful cause, but for the simple reason that he is, in fact, acquiring new senses, has yet no practice in their use, and has never before seen the things he sees. A man born blind suddenly endowed with vision would at once master the meaning of perspective, but would, like a baby, imagine in one case the moon to be within its reach, and in the other grasp a live coal with the most reckless confidence.

And what, it may be asked is to recommend this abnegation of all the pleasures of life, this cold surrender of all mundane interests, this stretching forward to an unknown goal which seems ever more unattainable? For, unlike some of the anthropomorphic creeds, Occultism offers to its votaries no eternally permanent heaven of material pleasure, to be gained at once by one quick dash through the grave. As has, in fact, often been the case, many would be prepared willingly to die *now* for the sake of the paradise hereafter. But Occultism gives no such prospect of cheaply and immediately gained infinitude of pleasure, wisdom, and existence. It only promises extensions of these, stretching in successive riches obscured by successive veils, in an unbroken series up the long vista which leads to Nirvāna. And this, too, qualified by the necessity that new powers entail

new responsibilities, and that the capacity of increased pleasure entails the capacity of increased sensibility to pain. To this, the only answer that can be given is two-fold: (firstly) the consciousness of power is itself the most exquisite of pleasures, and is unceasingly gratified in the progress onwards with new means for its exercise; and (secondly), as has been already said, *this* is the only road by which there is the faintest scientific likelihood that "death" can be avoided, perpetual memory secured, infinite wisdom attained, and hence an immense helping of mankind made possible, once that the Adept has safely crossed the turning-point. Physical as well as metaphysical logic requires and endorses the fact that only by gradual absorption into infinity can the Part become acquainted with the Whole, and that that which is *now something* can only feel, know, and enjoy *everything* when lost in Absolute Totality in the vortex of that Unalterable Circle wherein our Knowledge becomes Ignorance, and the Everything itself is identified with the Nothing. G. M.

## THE CROSS.

(From "The Perfect Way.")

It was traced on the forehead of the neophyte with water and oil, as now in Catholic Baptism and Confirmation; it was brodered on the sacred vestments, and carried in the hand of the officiating hierophant, as may be seen in all the Egyptian religious tablets. This symbolism has been adopted by and incorporated into the Christian theosophy, not, however, through a tradition merely imitative, but because the Crucifixion is an essential element in the career of Christ. For, as says the Master, expounding the secret of Messiahship, "ought not the Christ to suffer these things, and so enter into his glory?" It is the Tree of Life; the Mystery of the Dual Nature, male and female; the Symbol of Humanity perfected, and of the Apotheosis of Suffering. It is traced by "our Lord the Sun" on the plane of the heavens; it is represented by the magnetic and diamagnetic forces of the earth; it is seen in the ice crystal and in the snow-flake; the human form itself is modeled upon its Pattern; and all nature bears throughout her manifold spheres the impress of this sign, at once the prophecy and the instrument of her redemption.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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1919

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## THE MIND OF THE SAVAGE.

Professor George Winter Mitchell of Queen's University, Canada, has a good word to say for the savage. Missionaries, he tells us, like to preach to the cannibal because "he is so teachable." *Current Opinion* for January, summarizing Professor Mitchell's reflections, says:

The two essentially savage characteristics, however, are modesty and chastity. A different idea prevails only because the civilized enjoy, as a rule, slight personal experience with savages. The savage is truthful because he is not sophisticated. He literally does not know how to lie. In the same way, children are spontaneously truthful. They learn to lie from their elders, who punish them for frankness. In every family there are circumstances which it is deemed wise to conceal from the neighbors. The child does not at first realize this. It is taught the need of discretion under pains and penalties. Incapable of making discrimination at an early age, the little one takes refuge in deceit. A child in a reformatory was known to boast openly of the wonderful lies told habitually by its parents. This was no sign of depravity. It was sheer ignorance. In exactly the same way the savage, detected in lies, is invariably the victim of association with the civilized. Anthropologists of renown have testified from first-hand knowledge to the veracity of the savage.

The savage, says the author, is not immodest. He becomes immodest only under the tutelage of the white man. Nor is he lacking in intellectual power, which is the most egregious delusion of all. "There are many men of intellectual power among the savages, men who rank as high mentally, perhaps, as Kant or Darwin." Furthermore we are as-

sured that the savage does not worship stocks and stones. For him they are symbols. They convey an idea.

## GEORGE RUSSELL.

It is with somewhat mixed feelings that we read the biography of George W. Russell, better known as "Æ," which comes to us from the pen of Darrell Figgis and from the publishing house of Maunsel & Co. of Dublin. For here is the greatest of living Irish poets, whose genius was nurtured by Theosophy and who has practically been expelled from that association by its charlatanisms and credulities. Mr. Russell, we are told, now shrinks from the use of the word. There are thousands of other who do the same. We regret it, but we can not blame. If blame is to be assigned it must be visited upon those who have put the spiritual purities of Theosophy behind them in favor of superstitions as blatant as they are vulgar.

With the general details of Mr. Russell's life we need not concern ourselves here. But we are told something of an unnamed community of mystics to which Mr. Russell belonged and of an incident that befell a member of that community who had come to a crisis and to the "two paths." At last he had decided to "let things take their course," and Mr. Russell tells us that he has persuaded his harassed friend to sleep and then slept himself:

To sleep came vision. In a "space opened



on every side with pale, clear light," "a slight wavering figure caught my eye, a figure that swayed to and fro: I was struck with its utter feebleness, yet I understood it was its own will or some quality of its nature which determined that palpitating movement towards the poles between which it swung." Above this figure "two figures, awful in their power, opposed each other; the frail being wavering between them could by putting out its arms have touched them both. It alone wavered, for they were silent, resolute, and knit in the conflict of will; they stirred not a hand nor a foot; there was only a still quivering now and then as of intense effort, but they made no other movement. Their heads were bent forward slightly, their arms folded, their bodies straight, rigid, and inclined slightly backwards from each other like two spokes of a gigantic wheel." These two "were the culminations of the human, towering images of the good and evil man may aspire to. I looked at the face of the evil adept. His bright red-brown eyes burned with a strange radiance of power! I felt an answering emotion of pride, of personal intoxication, of psychic richness, rise up within me, gazing on him. His face was archetypal: the abstract passion which eluded me in the features of many people I knew was here exultant, defiant, grotesque; it seemed to leap like fire, to be free. In this face I was close to the legendary past, to the helpless worlds where men were martyred by stony kings, where prayer was hopeless, where pity was none. I traced a resemblance to many of the great Destroyers in history whose features have been preserved, Napoleon, Rameses, and a hundred others, named and nameless, the long line of those who were crowned and sceptered in cruelty. His strength was in human weakness—I saw this, for space and hearts of men were bare before me. Out of space there flowed to him a stream half invisible of red; it nourished that rich, radiant energy of passion; it flowed from men as they walked and brooded in loneliness, or as they tossed in sleep."

From this figure he turned to the other. "An aura of pale soft blue was around this figure, through which gleamed an underlight of universal gold. . . . I caught a glimpse of a face godlike in its calm, terrible in the beauty of a life we know only in dreams, with strength which is the end of the hero's toil, which belongs to the many times martyred soul. . . . I understood how easy it would have been for this one to have ended the conflict, to have gained a material victory by its power, but this would not have touched on or furthered its spiritual ends. Only its real being had force to attract that real being which was shrouded in the wavering figure. This truth the adept of darkness knew also, and therefore he intensified within the sense of pride and passionate personality. Therefore they stirred not a hand nor a foot while under the stimulus of their presence culminated the good and evil in the life which had appealed to a higher tribunal to decide. Then this figure wavering between the two moved forward and touched with its hand the Son of Light. All at once the scene and actors vanished, and the eye that saw them was

closed; I was alone with darkness and a hurricane of thoughts."

Mr. Russell was rapidly to take his place among the poets of Ireland. He was closely associated with W. B. Yeats, also one of the chief founders and sustainers of the Irish Theosophical Society:

Æ. however, was not even aware of the stones on which W. B. Yeats had sharpened his literary tools. His nights were spent in psychic experiment or in brooding over the "Bhagavad Gita," the "Upanishads," and song-offering and ancient wisdom hid of old in the secret house of books, and thus alone these lines, with no mere literary interest, coming to the old gods which the race once saw peopling the hills of Ireland.

"The Renewal of Youth," says the author, is perhaps the greatest prose of its time. It is a holy book. It deals with the mystic fount and with the "warrior" who fights for him who has chosen well:

Mysticism, is it? Then not mysticism as modernly conceived, a thing of study rather than of experience. "The soul of the modern mystic," as he himself says in this very essay "is becoming a mere hoarding place for unseemly theories. He creates an uncouth symbolism, and obscures his soul within with names drawn from the Kabala or ancient Sanskrit, and makes alien to himself the intimate powers of the spirit, things which in truth are more his than the beatings of his heart"; and any one who has had knowledge of the charlatany of much of modern Theosophy will know how true this is, and why it shrinks at the use of that word.

Once more we need not wonder that Mr. Russell should shrink from association, even by inference, with the pitiful parodies of Theosophy now offered to the world by the vain little "adepts" to whom the adulation of the credulous is as the breath of life. But their little day is passing.

### REBIRTH.

After that they againe retourned beene.

They in that garden planted be agayne.

And grow afresh, as they had never seene

Fleshly corruption, nor mortal payne.

Some thousand years so doen they ther  
remayne.

And then of him are clad with other hew.

Or sent into the chaungeful world  
agayne.

Till thither they retourn where first they  
grew;

So like a wheele, around they roam from  
old to new. —Edmund Spenser.

## A MYSTERIOUS CROSS.

No explanation can be offered (says an English newspaper), but on the testimony of a number of witnesses, whose truthfulness is vouched for, a large white cross was seen in the sky over the place where the *Leinster* went down, shortly after being torpedoed.

At first it seemed as if it were a great cloud figure with outstretched arms, which assumed the form of a cross. As the sharpness of its outlines passed, it seemed to be full of the faces of men and women. While the imagination of some of the witnesses may account for some of the details, there does not seem to be much doubt that an amazing phenomenon did appear over the spot where the *Leinster* sank.

It calls to mind the story of the vision of Mons, which is said to have appeared, not only to our soldiers when they were so hard pressed by overwhelming forces in 1914, but also to the Germans.

The Bishop of Durham cites the evidence, in support of the story of the vision, of his friend, the Rev. W. Elliot Bradley, vicar of Crothwaite, Keswick, who got a practically identical account of the miracle of Mons from each of three soldiers to whom he talked on three different occasions.

The Germans were coming on in massed formation, and the men of the thin British line were preparing to sell their lives dearly.

Suddenly the gray masses halted; even the horses of the cavalry jibbed and reared; and the collision did not take place. German prisoners, taken a little later, were asked why they failed to attack at such an advantage. The answer was straight and simple: They saw strong British reinforcements coming up. There were no reinforcements. It was a vision!

## CHARMS FOR GERMANS.

According to German newspapers, the belief in charms and talismans has now become so universal that a big industry has developed as a result.

In Vienna there are numerous shops which make a specialty of charms for soldiers alleged to have the property of sparing them in battle. Rabbits' feet, horseshoes, butts of guns found on battlefields, bullets, and parts of shells form some of the charms too numerous to mention. Potency is said to be given to

these charms by some mysterious incantation performed over them at certain phases of the moon by a teacher or student of the occult.

The charms sell at high price, for the belief in them is such that the credulous are willing to pay well for them. Concoctions made from the blood of various animals are sold also in order to cure disease or to be applied to wounds.

This industry, developed to a great extent by charlatans, has become a menace, and the government is taking steps to suppress it, particularly where it concerns concoctions which are likely to be dangerous. The mere wearing of a charm, however, is not discouraged, as belief in them can not hurt the efficiency of a soldier, but, on the contrary, gives him a feeling of security in battle that may cause him to fight the harder.

Fortune-tellers are thriving in Vienna for nearly every mother with a son in the army or a wife with a husband at the front is consulting the soothsayers in order to get some words of comfort from them, and for a good fee the comforting assurance is usually forthcoming

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## OM.

Faint grew the yellow buds of light  
Far flickering beyond the snows,  
As leaning o'er the shadowy white  
Morn glimmered like a pale primrose.

Within an Indian vale below  
A child said, "Om" with tender heart.  
Watching, with loving eyes, the glow  
In dayshine fade and night depart.

The word which Brahma at his dawn  
Outbreathes and endeth at his night,  
Whose tide of sound so rolling on  
Gives birth to orbs of pearly light;

And beauty, wisdom, love, and youth,  
By its enchantment gathered, grow  
In agelong wandering to the truth,  
Through many a cycle's ebb and flow.

And here the voice of earth was stilled.  
The child was lifted to the Wise:  
A strange delight his spirit filled  
And Brahm looked from his shining  
eyes.  
—George W. Russell.

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The bearer of ill-will towards them  
that bear ill-will can never become pure;  
but he who bears no ill-will pacifies them  
that hate.—*Udanavarga*.

## JOAN OF ARC.

There's a place  
 Within the wood, smooth and all green  
 with grass;  
 Thither we used to go at Holy Day,  
 And on a mossy stump our Pierre would sit  
 Piping for us a joyous little tune,  
 While we together wove a moment's  
 dream  
 Of laughter with our bodies—keeping  
 time  
 Upon the grassy floor with what he  
 played.  
 Ah, Pierre! the angels took you long  
 ago,  
 And often through the voices I have  
 heard  
 A faint sound as of piping! There's a  
 hill  
 Of apricots and vines that called me first,  
 When I was but a little, dreaming child;  
 Here Michael met me in a burst of light  
 That smote the vale with splendour like  
 a sword:  
 There was no voice then, only sudden  
 light—  
 A light that dimmed the noon-day sun  
 and turned  
 The blue sky pallid.—Light! thou gavest  
 Joan  
 A wisdom greater than the lore of  
 priests;  
 Then was my spirit quickened, and I  
 knew  
 All mysteries of life: I whom a book  
 Baffled, read what was written on the  
 grass;  
 Listened to life, and caught the whispered  
 words  
 Shaken from rain-drops by the laughing  
 leaves;  
 Ran down the hollow of the hills and  
 heard  
 Voices beneath the clover, under stones,  
 And saw a multitude of spirit-hands  
 That beckoned from the branches of the  
 trees.  
 How they who sought to prove me one  
 bewitched,  
 Have pondered: *Whence hath this poor  
 peasant maid*  
*Such wisdom!*—God of Michael from the  
 mist;  
 God of my angel with the ready sword  
 Swift from its scabbard, an uplifted  
 flame  
 Against oppression; by the mouths of  
 babes

And sucklings Thou hast ever ordained  
 strength!  
 Upon the prayers of mothers and of  
 maids,  
 The War Lords of the world shall not  
 prevail;  
 For God is with the gentle things of  
 earth,  
 With those who wear the armour of His  
 love,  
 And gird their loins for service in His  
 name!

Whence came the voices? Friend, do  
 you not know  
 That earth is but a vestibule of veils  
 Before the House not made with human  
 hands!  
 About us there are spirit-presences  
 Who know that we have need; they  
 reach to us  
 With longing, but the veils prevent their  
 touch;  
 They call to us, and we go wondering:  
*Whence came my sudden joy that con-*  
*quers grief?*  
 O sleepy sense of touch that can not  
 feel!  
 O mortal deafness that will never hear!  
 O eyes of earth that, seeing, do not see!  
 God gave us flowers and the patient  
 trees;  
 Mirrored the moon against a crystal sky:  
 Fashioned the stars from sun-gold in the  
 west,  
 Hung them beneath the roof of all the  
 world,  
 Till morning melts them back again to  
 mist:  
 God gave us these, and with them chil-  
 dren's eyes,  
 And ears, and hearts, that we might wake  
 to touch,  
 Sight, sound of angels! Foolish mitred  
 men,  
 What do ye, with your learning, under-  
 stand?  
 I have talked with angels, and I know!  
 —*From "The Modernists," by Robert*  
*W. Norwood. Published by the*  
*George H. Doran Company.*

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The Spiritual Monad is One. Uni-  
 versal, Boundless, and Impartite, whose  
 Rays, nevertheless, form what we in our  
 ignorance call the "Individual Monads"  
 of men.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

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The soul contains the event that shall  
 befall it.—*Emerson.*

## CHELAS AND LAY-CHELAS.

(By H. P. Blavatsky.)

A "Chela" is a person who has offered himself to a master as a pupil to learn practically the "hidden mysteries of nature and the psychical powers latent in man." The master who accepts him is called in India a Guru; and the real Guru is always an Adept in the Occult Science. A man of profound knowledge, exoteric and esoteric, especially the latter; and one who has brought his carnal nature under the subjection of the will; who has developed in himself both the power (Siddhi) to control the forces of Nature, and the capacity to probe her secrets by the help of the formerly latent but now active powers of his being—this is the real Guru. To offer oneself as a candidate for Chelaship is easy enough, to develop into an Adept the most difficult task any man could possibly undertake. There are scores of "natural-born" poets, mathematicians, mechanics, statesmen, etc., but a natural-born Adept is something practically impossible. For, though we do hear at very rare intervals of one who has an extraordinary innate capacity for the acquisition of Occult knowledge and power, yet even he has to pass the self-same tests and probations, and go through the self-same training as any less endowed fellow-aspirant. In this matter it is most true that there is no royal road by which favorites may travel.

For centuries the selection of Chelas—outside the hereditary group within the Gon-pa (temple)—has been made by the Himalayan Mahatmas themselves from among the class—in Tibet, a considerable one as to number—of natural mystics. The only exceptions have been in the cases of Western men like Fludd, Thomas Vaughan, Paracelsus, Pico di Mirandolo, Count St. Germain, etc., whose temperamental affinity to this celestial science more or less forced the distant Adepts to come into personal relations with them, and enabled them to get such small (or large) proportion of the whole truth as was possible under their social surroundings. From Book IV of *Kui-te*, Chapter on "The Laws of Upasanas," we learn that the qualifications expected in a Chela were:

1. Perfect physical health.
2. Absolute mental and physical purity;

3. Unselfishness of purpose; universal charity; pity for all animate beings;

4. Truthfulness and unswerving faith in the law of Karma, independent of the intervention of any power in Nature—a law whose course is not to be obstructed by any agency, not to be caused to deviate by prayer or propitiatory exoteric ceremonies;

5. A courage undaunted in every emergency, even by peril to life;

6. An intuitional perception of one's being the vehicle of the manifested Avalokiteshvара or Divine Atma (Spirit);

7. Calm indifference for, but a just appreciation of, everything that constitutes the objective and transitory world, in its relation with, and to, the invisible regions.

Such, at least, must have been the recommendations of one aspiring to perfect Chelaship. With the sole exception of the first, which in rare and exceptional cases might have been modified, each one of these points has been invariably insisted upon, and all must have been more or less developed in the inner nature by the Chela's *unhelped exertions*, before he could be actually "put to the test."

When the self-evolving ascetic—whether in or outside the active world—has placed himself, according to his natural capacity, above, hence made himself master of, his (1) Sharira, body; (2) Indriya, senses; (3) Dosha, faults; (4) Dukkha, pain; and is ready to become one with his Manas, mind, Buddhi, intellection or spiritual intelligence, and Atma, highest soul, *i. e.*, spirit; when he is ready for this, and, further, to recognize in Atma the highest ruler in the world of perceptions, and in the will the highest executive energy (power)—then may he, under the time-honored rules, be taken in hand by one of the Initiates. He may then be shown the mysterious path at whose farther end is obtained the unerring discernment of Phala, or the fruits of causes produced, and given the means of reaching Apavarga—emancipation from the misery of repeated births, Pretya-bhava, in whose determination the ignorant has no hand.

But since the advent of the Theosophical Society, one of whose arduous tasks it is to reawaken in the Aryan mind the dormant memory of the existence of this Science and of those tran-

scendent human capabilities, the rules of Chela selection have become slightly relaxed in one respect. Many members of the Society who would not have been otherwise called to Chelaship became convinced by practical proof of the above points, and rightly enough thinking that if other men had hitherto reached the goal they, too, if inherently fitted, might reach it by following the same path, importunately pressed to be taken as candidates. And as it would be an interference with Karma to deny them the chance of at least beginning, they were given it. The results have been far from encouraging so far, and it is to show them the cause of their failure as much as to warn others against rushing heedlessly upon a similar fate that the writing of the present article has been ordered. The candidates in question, though plainly warned against it in advance, began wrongly by selfishly looking to the future and losing sight of the past. They forgot that they had done nothing to deserve the rare honor of selection, nothing which warranted their expecting such a privilege: that they could boast of none of the above enumerated merits. As men of the selfish, sensual world, whether married of single, merchants, civilian, or military employees, or members of the learned professions, they had been to a school most calculated to assimilate them to the animal nature, least so to develop their spiritual potentialities. Yet each and all had vanity enough to suppose that their case would be made an exception to the law of countless centuries, as though, indeed, in their person had been born to the world a new Avatara! All expected to have hidden things taught, extraordinary powers given them, because—well, because they had joined the Theosophical Society. Some had sincerely resolved to amend their lives, and give up their evil courses—we must do them that justice, at all events.

All were refused at first, Colonel Olcott the President himself to begin with, who was not formally accepted as a Chela until he had proved by more than a year's devoted labors and by a determination which brooked no denial that he might safely be tested. Then from all sides came complaints—from Hindus, who ought to have known better, as well as from Europeans who, of course, were

not in a condition to know anything at all about the rules. The cry was that unless at least a few Theosophists were given the chance to try the Society would not endure. Every other noble and unselfish feature of our programme was ignored—a man's duty to his neighbor, to his country, his duty to help, enlighten, encourage, and elevate those weaker and less favored than he; all were trampled out of sight in the insane rush for adeptship. The call for phenomena, phenomena, phenomena, resounded in every quarter, and the Founders were impeded in their real work and teased importunately to intercede with the Mahatmas, against whom the real grievance lay, though their poor agents had to take all the buffets. At last, the word came from the higher authorities that a few of the most urgent candidates should be taken at their word. The result of the experiment would perhaps show better than any amount of preaching what Chelaship meant, and what are the consequences of selfishness and temerity. Each candidate was warned that he must wait for years in any event before his fitness could be established, and that he must pass through a series of tests that would bring out all there was in him, whether bad or good. They were nearly all married men, and hence were designated "Lay-Chelas"—a term new in English, but having long had its equivalent in Asiatic tongues. A Lay-Chela is but a man of the world who affirms his desire to become wise in spiritual things. Virtually, every member of the Theosophical Society who subscribes to the second of our three "Declared Objects" is such; for though not of the number of true Chelas, he has yet the possibility of becoming one, for he has stepped across the boundary line which separated him from the Mahatmas, and has brought himself, as it were, under their notice. In joining the Society and binding himself to help along its work, he has pledged himself to act in some degree in concert with those Mahatmas at whose behest the Society was organized, and under whose conditional protection it remains. The joining is, then, the introduction; all the rest depends entirely upon the member himself, and he need never expect the most distant approach to the "favor" of one of our Mahatmas.

or any other Mahatmas in the world—should the latter consent to become known—that has not been fully earned by personal merit. The *Mahatmas are the servants, not the arbiters, of the Law of Karma*. Lay-Chelaship confers no privilege upon any one except that of working for merit under the observation of a Master. And whether that Master be or be not seen by the Chela makes no difference whatever as to the result; his good thoughts, words, and deeds will bear their fruits, his evil ones, theirs. To boast of Lay-Chelaship or make a parade of it, is the surest way to reduce the relationship with the Guru to a mere empty name, for it would be *prima facie* evidence of vanity and unfitness for farther progress. And for years we have been teaching everywhere the maxim, "First deserve, then desire" intimacy with the Mahatmas.—*Reprinted from "Five Years of Theosophy."*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### 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.

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.

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.

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.

Hiranyagarba, or the *Unit Soul*.

#### A PREDICTION.

(From "Religion and War." Published by the Yale University Press.)

In his Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching, Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin has called our attention to the remarkable prophecy of the present world war made by Frederick W. Robertson in a sermon preached at Brighton, January 11, 1852, addressed to a generation that glorified commerce as the guarantor of world unity and sought to establish morality upon a basis of enlightened self-interest. The passage can not be quoted too often, nor too firmly impressed upon the minds of the present generation, for there were those among us who, even up until the invasion of Belgium, kept protesting that there could be no war in a world so bound together by economic and commercial ties, and there are those now who find in such interests the only durable basis for world reconstruction. "Brethren," said Robertson, "that which is built on selfishness can not stand. The system of personal interest must be shriveled to atoms. Therefore, we who have observed the ways of God in the past are waiting in quiet but awful expectation until He shall confound this system as He has confounded those which have gone before, and it may be effected by convulsions more terrible and bloody than the world has yet seen. While men are talking of peace and of the great progress of civilization, there is heard in the distance the noise of arms, gathering rank on rank, east and west, north and south, and there come rolling toward us the crushing thunders of universal war. . . . There is but one other system to be tried, and that is the cross of Christ—the system that is not to be built upon selfishness nor upon blood, not upon personal interest, but upon love."

When you accept anything as final you bring your mind to a standstill in that sphere of action; and the fact that nearly the whole world has accepted certain spiritual ideas as final is the reason why spirituality—real, living spirituality—is almost unknown today.—*Larson*.

In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the Supreme Spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, and what room for sorrow, when he reflects on the identity of spirit?—*Yajur Veda*.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## QABALAH.

We have many translations of the "Qabalah" as well as disquisitions, more or less learned, upon its occult significance. But it has been left to Mr. Elias Gewurz, librarian of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, to give us a lofty rendering of the spiritual meaning of the ancient Hebrew Scripture, and one that is free alike from scholastic technicalities and from speculations that have little to recommend them except their obscurity.

The object of the "Qabalah," says the author, is to make known the hidden nature of man, and to show how its baser elements may be transmuted:

It must therefore be borne in mind that while transmutation takes place, and until it is complete, the vessel, which is the body, must needs suffer from the effects of the process going on within it. If the man has been living a riotous life in the past and then suddenly turns the other way about and wishes to become a saint he can not do so in the twinklin of an eye; his various bodies, which as we know are living and knowing organisms, do not at once submit to the change of front on the part of their owner. They feel that they ought to have been consulted about the transaction, and they make their grievances known by various pains and aches and discomforts. These are generally the symptoms accompanying the process of transmutation. The laboratories of Nature are conducted on the same principle everywhere.

Alchemy, says Mr. Gewurz, is the same as Yoga. It demands the whole man; it accepts no compromises:

You are aware that Yoga comes from the East, while Alchemy comes from the West. I

believe that no great work has ever been accomplished by man on earth without help from those Spirits of just men made perfect, who are always around us like clouds of witnesses to render help wherever needed.

Now the system of Yoga has been taught for centuries in India and the practices of Alchemy have been studied for ages in Europe. Both these schools have had helpers in the higher spheres who inspired their labors. That the teachings of both agree in their essential principles is one more proof of their divine origin.

"Life itself," says Patanjali, "is the great teacher of Yoga." Only with the acceptance and understanding of our experiences comes liberation. In the lower kingdoms of Nature the process goes on automatically, but on the human plane we have independent initiative:

It is impossible to describe the process in particular as, owing to Karmic bonds, we all have different burdens to bear, but on the whole it is safe to say that at any time in our life we are to be found in just that place and surrounded by just those conditions which if understood and respected, would invariably help us to fulfill the law and by so doing draw nearer to the goal, namely the liberation of our souls from the bondage of illusion. But unfortunately we are never quite reconciled to the hard facts of this world and this life, and even the best of us think we are in the wrong place and if it were not for this, that, and the other we might be better off, and have a better chance to be happy and good.

And here the author gives us a wholesome word of warning against the loss of equilibrium that has so often proved destructive to aspiration:

Now there is one point I would like to impress strongly upon our minds at this point.



It is this: while this higher and nobler life is eminently desirable and all of us would fain attain to it we must not forget the grim reality of this every-day existence of ours and, while reaching out for a higher life, let us not by some careless act or acts wreck this prosaic foundation upon which the poetical structure of the life beautiful is to be raised.

Many have made this mistake and destroyed themselves, body, mind, and estate, in order to develop spiritually. What they really did achieve was entire ruin both physical and spiritual. Let us in our endeavor to live the higher life be as practical as we are in the management of our mundane affairs. Above all, let us be guided by reason, and let us discard everything that is cloudy and vague, and after having done all we possibly can to guard against the blind forces of the lower nature and to master all that is beneath us, let us remember that we are infinitesimal expressions of the one great law, and we can do nothing better than commend ourselves to its Supreme Author, the great Law-Giver.

The true occult knowledge does not come from intellectual study, nor from the discovery of some one who can impart secrets. It comes from the interior acceptance of experience, and this must be without attraction or repulsion:

When does one become a Master? When one has learned all the lessons that earth has to teach. How does one learn all these lessons? By submitting to all the experiences natural to this sphere without repulsion when they are painful and without attachment when they seem to be pleasant. Thus, taking things as they are, and letting them all deliver their message, the period of schooling is shortened for the disciple, and his entrance upon the higher stages of the path begins earlier than would have been the case had he allowed the various qualities of his constitution, called Gunas in the East, to play havoc with his desire nature or to otherwise detain him. There is a saying, "When the disciple is ready, the Master is ready also." When the disciple is ready means that he has arrived at a stage when he can listen to that voice which has been called "the Voice of the Silence," because we only hear it when we have passed through the silence and accustomed ourselves to live and move and have our being in it.

Mr. Gewurz quotes "Light on the Path" to the effect that, "before we can speak in the presence of the Great Voice our voices must have lost their power to wound." This must include all our ideas of vindictive punishment:

Now, apart from the reaction to wrong, which takes actual form as punishment, there is a finer and subtler mode of reaction known as criticism or judgment. To have lost the power to wound, our capacity to criticize and judge must have undergone the same change as the social custom of punishing crime is gradually undergoing. Our very way of looking at things must change. To students of Theosophy this would be easier than to those ignorant of the Ancient Wisdom. We, who

know that the personal life is an illusion and that this whole existence is simply Maya, created by Nature in order to evolve the true Self, should not find it hard to see that the tendency to wound, whether it be by thought, or word, or deed, is one of the deceptions practiced upon us by external nature, prior to the awakening of our true selves. It is *she* who makes us resent wrong and repel the wrong doer. Our True Self knows no resentment and is free from repulsion. In days to come it will be as uncommon to criticize a spiritual failing as it is today to criticize a physical one. Even at the present time well-brought-up children would not laugh at a blind man, or at a lame one, nor would they make fun of the deaf and dumb; and yet, does it fun of the deaf and dumb; and yet, does it ever occur to us that, whatever the misbehavior, crime, or vice of a fellow-man may be, if it awakens in us any other feeling than love and pity it is because we are not yet well-brought-up children on the plane of the spirit.

Those who expect to find in these pages any of the profundities of Hebrew lore will be disappointed. But they will find something better. The study of the "Qabalah" is here reduced to a simple philosophy of life, and the real student will not need to be reminded that the great difficulties of attainment are in the simplicities rather than in the complexities.

THE HIDDEN TREASURES OF THE ANCIENT QABALAH. By Elias Gewurz. Chicago: The Yogi Publication Society.

## RELIGION.

(By Sir John Lubbock.)

It would be quite out of place here to enter into any discussion of theological problems or to advocate any particular doctrines. Nevertheless I could not omit what is to most so great a comfort and support in sorrow and suffering, and a source of the purest happiness.

We commonly, however, bring together under the name of Religion two things which are yet very different: the religion of the heart, and that of the head. The first deals with conduct, and the duties of Man; the second with the nature of the supernatural and the future of the Soul, being in fact a branch of knowledge.

Religion should be a strength, guide and comfort, not a source of intellectual anxiety or angry argument. To persecute for religion's sake implies belief in a jealous, cruel, and unjust Deity. If we have done our best to arrive at the truth, to torment oneself about the result

is to doubt the goodness of God, and, in the words of Bacon, "to bring down the Holy Ghost, instead of the likeness of a dove, in the shape of a raven." "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," and it is a primary duty to form the highest possible conception of God.

Many, however, and especially many women, render themselves miserable on entering life by theological doubts and difficulties. These have reference, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, not to what we should do, but to what we should think. As regards action, conscience is generally a ready guide; to follow it is the real difficulty. Theology, on the other hand, is a most abstruse science; but as long as we honestly wish to arrive at truth we need not fear that we shall be punished for unintentional error. "For what," says Micah, "doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God"—a law, says Chateaubriand, which the Eternal has written not only on the stones of Sinai, but on the heart of man. There is very little theology in the Sermon on the Mount, or indeed in any part of the first three Gospels; and the differences which keep us apart have their origin rather in the study than the Church. Religion was intended to bring peace on earth and goodwill towards men, and whatever tends to hatred and persecution, however correct in the letter, must be utterly wrong in the spirit.

How much misery would have been saved to Europe if Christians had been satisfied with the Sermon on the Mount!

Bokhara is said to have contained more than three hundred colleges, all occupied with theology, but ignorant of everything else, and it was probably one of the most bigoted and uncharitable cities in the world. "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth."

We must not forget that

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small.

Theologians too often appear to agree that

The awful shadow of some unseen power  
Floats, though unseen, among us;

and in the days of the Inquisition many must have sighed for the cheerful child-like religion of the Greeks, if they could but have had the Nymphs and Nereids,

the Fays and Faeries, with Destiny and Fate, but without Jupiter and Mars.

Sects are the work of Sectarians. No truly great religious teacher, as Carlyle said, ever intended to found a new Sect.

Diversity of worship, says a Persian proverb, "has divided the human race into seventy-two nations. From among all their dogmas I have selected one—'Divine Love.'" And again, "He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with the beads of love and thought."

There is more true Christianity in some pagan Philosophers than in certain Christian theologians. Take, for instance, Plato, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and Plutarch.

"Now I, Callicles," says Socrates, "am persuaded of the truth of these things, and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honors at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and to live as well as I can, and, when the time comes, to die. And, to the utmost of my power, I exhort all other men to do the same. And in return for your exhortation of me, I exhort you also to take part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than every other earthly conflict."

"As to piety towards the Gods," says Epictetus, "you must know that this is the chief thing, to have right opinions about them, to think that they exist, and that they administer the All well and justly; and you must fix your self in this principle (duty), to obey them, and to yield to them in everything which happens, and voluntarily to follow it as being accomplished by the wisest intelligence."

"Do not act," says Marcus Aurelius, "as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest, while it is in thy power, be good."

"Since it is possible that thou mayest depart from life this very moment, regulate every act and thought accordingly. But, to go away from among men, if there be Gods, is not a thing to be afraid of, for the Gods will not involve thee in evil; but if indeed they do not exist, or if they have no concern about human affairs, what is it to me to live in a universe devoid of Gods, or without a

Providence. But in truth they do exist, and they do care for human things, and they have put all the means in man's power to enable him not to fall into real evils. And as for the rest, if there was anything evil, they would have provided for this also, that it should be altogether in a man's power not to fall into it."

And Plutarch: "The Godhead is not blessed by reason of his silver and gold, nor yet Almighty through his thunder and lightnings, but on account of knowledge and intelligence."

It is no doubt very difficult to arrive at the exact teaching of Eastern Moralists, but the same spirit runs through Oriental literature. For instance, in the "Toy Cart" of King Sudraka, the earliest Sanskrit drama with which we are acquainted, when the wicked Prince tempts Vita to murder the Heroine, and says that no one would see him, Vita declares "All nature would behold the crime—the Genii of the Grove, the Sun, the Moon, the Winds, the Vault of Heaven, the firm-set Earth, the mighty Yama who judges the dead, and the conscious Soul."—*From "The Beauties of Nature."*

### THE BLUE STRING.

When Alma Newton wrote "The Love Letters of a Mystic" we remember admiring the love letters while searching in vain for the mysticism. Now we have another book by the same author. It is a volume of sketches and it is entitled "The Blue String." It contains a great deal of mysticism or what the author believes to be mysticism. Unfortunately it is blended with an overdose of personal sentiment.

Why, for example, are we told that Napoleon's spirit was back of Foch and that Lincoln is guiding Wilson. It is true that the author does not say this herself, but the information comes "psychically" to one of her characters. If Napoleon's spirit guided Foch we should like to know whose spirit guided Napoleon? Why must we suppose that all great men are "guided"? Must no one ever walk alone, led by his own genius. At best it is but a poor compliment to Foch.

Elsewhere we are told that "The Etheric body is largely composed of color." Seeing that color is a state or condition of the Ether it is hard to

see how the Etheric body can be composed of color. And then we are asked to consider how beautiful souls must be "traveling from star to star in a garland of flowers with never a thorn, with never a faded leaf or a bruised rose." It is, of course, a matter of personal taste, but the prospect has no charms for us.

The more substantial fragments are found in the essay entitled "Artist and the Materialist." The materialist, it is to be feared, is rather a hard nut, but the artist struggles with him valorously and expounds to him the subconscious mind:

There is a deep sleep known to sensitives, as it were, of the subconscious mind, that by certain training, the spiritual and physical become active and intelligent, revealing the future in the degree that subconscious revelations can register upon conscious minds. The subconscious mind, being the universal mind, knows everything, but it is often handicapped through its alliance with the conscious mind, because the conscious mind is not prepared always to receive and retain the promptings of the subconscious mind, but so-called mediums and sensitives can, through their fine quality of mind, retain and reveal. Such people are called supernaturalists. Now, as a matter of fact, it is not a supernatural process, but is perfectly natural, for the Infinite has given to men dual minds. The subconscious mind often fails, because human beings use only their conscious faculties, but the means of developing or reviving the psychic faculties are very simple. Live close to nature in the strictest meaning of the word, but yet in the most normal. I mean fresh air, simple diet, harmonious thoughts. Prayer, in the sense of aspiring idealism. Faith, in the sense of being positive, for faith places us in the realm of constructive forces and as God is mind, do you not see that the working hypothesis is simple and mathematical? Thus in reading the philosophy of the adepts we find that they agree upon the first principles in the art of living. Faith, harmony, and love are the passwords.

The artist might be more successful in his disputation if he would try to use better English. We do not understand how any mind can be subconscious, and it seems positively disrespectful to attribute subconsciousness to the universal mind. Men, it seems, have received "dual minds" from the "Infinite," and one of these dual minds is the "universal mind" which is subconscious. Are we to understand that each individual has received a "universal mind" which is subconscious from the "Infinite," as well as a "conscious" mind? Is the Infinite subconscious? And what is the difference between the "Infinite" and the "Universal Mind"? One would suppose that Infinity

and Universality could not be *sub* or *super* anything. But we are getting confused—in fact subconscious. Moreover, we do not wish to help the materialist with suggestions.

Later on in the discussion we are told that Oscar Wilde was “an adept in the sense of a perfect understanding of spiritual laws.” Henceforth we shall prostrate ourselves before Wilde in the full conviction that there must be some esoteric explanation of his apparent deviations from the straight and narrow way. Then we have a little excursion into planetary influences, and at last the materialist gets what is coming to him, if the colloquialism may be allowed. The artist says:

It is very simple and mathematical. Only *sensitive* people are influenced by their planets. I am sufficiently sensitive to respond: the vibrations reach me, while they can not reach you. They are all about you, but there is no contact because you are phlegmatic. A sensitive plate can register impressions, a phonograph record for instance, but a “tin can” can not: it only receives enough to make a rasping, discordant noise.

Then the artist casually remarks that “this old soul of mine has reincarnated so often as a prince, a high priest, or a ruler, it could never be anything but courteous. It is a habit by this time.” Been moving in high society, haven’t we? But “next time I shall be a peasant.” We will call again. And so it goes.

THE BLUE STRING. By Alma Newton. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25.

## CHELAS AND LAY-CHELAS.

(By H. P. Blavatsky.)

Now there is a terrible law operative in Nature, one which can not be altered, and whose operation clears up the apparent mystery of the selection of certain “Chelas” who have turned out sorry specimens of morality, these few years past. Does the reader recall the old proverb, “Let sleeping dogs lie”? There is a world of occult meaning in it. No man or woman knows his or her moral strength until it is *tried*. Thousands go through life very respectably, because they have never been put to the test. This is a truism doubtless, but it is most pertinent to the present case. One who undertakes to try for Chelaship by that very act rouses and lashes to desperation every sleeping passion of his animal nature. For this is the commencement of a

struggle for mastery in which quarter is neither to be given nor taken. It is, once for all, “To be, or not to be”; to conquer, means adeptship; to fail, an ignoble martyrdom; for to fall victim to lust, pride, avarice, vanity, selfishness, cowardice, or any other of the lower propensities, is indeed ignoble, if measured by the standard of true manhood. The Chela is not only called to face all the latent evil propensities of his nature, but, in addition, the momentum of maleficent forces accumulated by the community and nation to which he belongs. For he is an integral part of those aggregates, and what affects either the individual man or the group (town or nation) reacts the one upon the other. And in this instance his struggle for goodness jars upon the whole body of badness in his environment, and draws its fury upon him. If he is content to go along with his neighbors and be almost as they are—perhaps a little better or somewhat worse than the average—no one may give him a thought. But let it be known that he has been able to detect the hollow mockery of social life, its hypocrisy, selfishness, sensuality, cupidity, and other bad features, and has determined to lift himself up to a higher level, at once he is hated, and every bad, bigoted, or malicious nature sends at him a current of opposing will-power. If he is innately strong he shakes it off, as the powerful swimmer dashes through the current that would bear a weaker one away. But in this moral battle, if the Chela has one single hidden blemish—do what he may, it *shall* and *will* be brought to light. The varnish of conventionalities with which “civilization” overlays us all must come off to the last coat, and the Inner Self, naked and without the slightest veil to conceal its reality, is exposed. The habits of society which hold men to a certain degree under moral restraint, and compel them to pay tribute to virtue by seeming to be good whether they are so or not—these habits are apt to be all forgotten, these restraints to be all broken through under the strain of Chelaship. He is now in an atmosphere of illusions—Maya. Vice puts on its most alluring face, and the tempting passions attract the inexperienced aspirant to the depths of psychic debasement. This is not a case like that depicted by a great artist, where Satan is seen playing a game of chess with a man upon the stake of his

soul, while the latter's good Angel stands beside him to counsel and assist. For the strife is in this instance between the Chela's will and his carnal nature, and Karma forbids that any Angel or Guru should interfere until the result is known. With the vividness of poetic fancy Bulwer Lytton has idealized it for us in his "Zanoni," a work which will ever be prized by the Occultist; while in his "Strange Story" he has with equal power shown the black side of occult research and its deadly perils. Chelaship was defined the other day by a Mahatma as a "psychic solvent, which eats away all dross and leaves only the pure gold behind." If the candidate has the latent lust for money, or political chicanery, or materialistic skepticism, or vain display, or false speaking, or cruelty, or sensual gratification of any kind, the germ is almost sure to sprout; and so, on the other hand, as regards the noble qualities of human nature. The real man comes out. Is it not the height of folly, then, for any one to leave the smooth path of commonplace life to scale the crags of Chelaship without some reasonable feeling of certainty that he has the right stuff in him? Well says the Bible: "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall"—a text that would-be Chelas should consider well before they rush headlong into the fray! It would have been well for some of our Lay-Chelas if they had thought twice before defying the tests. *We call to mind several sad failures within a twelvemonth.* One went wrong in the head, recanted noble sentiments uttered but a few weeks previously, and became a member of a religion he had just scornfully and unanswerably proven false. A second became a defaulter and absconded with his employer's money—the latter also a Theosophist. A third gave himself up to gross debauchery, and confessed it, with ineffectual sobs and tears, to his chosen Guru. A fourth got entangled with a person of the other sex and fell out with his dearest and truest friends. A fifth showed signs of mental aberration and was brought into court upon charges of discreditable conduct. A sixth shot himself to escape the consequences of criminality, on the verge of detection! And so we might go on and on. All these were apparently sincere searchers after truth, and passed in the world for respectable persons. Exter-

nally they were fairly eligible as candidates for Chelaship, as appearances go; but "within all was rottenness and dead men's bones." The world's varnish was so thick as to hide the absence of the true gold underneath; and the "resolvent" doing its work, the candidate proved in each instance but a gilded figure of moral dross, from circumference to core.

In what precedes we have, of course, dealt but with the failures among Lay-Chelas; there have been partial successes, too, and these are passing gradually through the first stages of their probation. Some are making themselves useful to the Society and to the world in general by good example and precept. If they persist, well for them, well for us all; the odds are fearfully against them, but still "there is no *impossibility* to him who *wills*." The difficulties in Chelaship will never be less until human nature changes and a new order is evolved. St. Paul Rom., vii, 18, 19) might have had a Chela in mind when he said: "to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." And in the wise Kiratarjunyam of Bharavi it is written:

The enemies which rise within the body,  
Hard to be overcome—the evil passions—  
Should manfully be fought; *who conquers*  
*these*

*Is the equal to the conqueror of worlds.*

—Extracted from "Five Years of Theosophy."

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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 fruit of tears.  
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 from me.

—Burroughs.

---

There is no birth, nor death, only continual change and transformation from state to state. This makes up the being and existence of all the kingdoms, mineral, vegetable, animal and human.—*Qabala.*

---

Men are mortal gods and the gods immortal men; our life is the death of the gods and our death their life. So long as man lives the divine part of his nature

is bound up with baser substances, from which in death he again becomes free. Souls traverse their way upwards and their way downwards; they enter into bodies because they require change.—*Heraclitus*.

#### THE WISDOM OF BRYNHILD.

Be wise, and cherish thine hope in the  
freshness of the days,  
And scatter its seed from thine hand in  
the field of the people's praise;  
Then fair shall it fall in the furrow, and  
some of the earth shall speed,  
And the sons of men shall marvel at the  
blossom of the deed:  
But some the earth shall speed not: nay  
rather, the wind of the heaven  
Shall waft it away from thy longing—  
and a gift to the gods has thou given,  
And a tree for the roof and the wall in  
the house of the hope that shall be.  
Though it seemeth our very sorrow, and  
the grief of thee and me.

When thou hearest the fool rejoicing,  
and he saith, "It is over and past,  
And the wrong was better than right, and  
hate turns into love at the last,  
And we strove for nothing at all, and the  
Gods are fallen asleep;  
For so good is the world a-growing that  
the evil good shall reap";  
Then loosen the sword in the scabbard  
and settle the helm on thine head,  
For men betrayed are mighty, and great  
are the wrongfully dead.  
Wilt thou do the deed and repent it? thou  
hadst better never been born:  
Wilt thou do the deed and exalt it? then  
thy fame shall be outworn:  
Thou shalt do the deed and abide it, and  
sit on thy throne on high,  
And look on today and tomorrow as  
those that never die.

—*William Morris*.

While we live our souls are dead in  
us, but when we die our souls are re-  
stored to us.—*Heraclitus*.

If a man would find his soul, the first  
thing to do is to cease from evil ways.—*Upanishads*.

Cherish deep within thy heart the  
memory of those who have served as a  
channel of light to thy perplexed soul,  
and be thou grateful to them.—*Trismegistus*.

#### TO W. A.

Or ever the knightly years were gone  
With the old world to the grave,  
I was a King in Babylon  
And you were a Christian slave.

I saw, I took, I cast you by,  
I bent and broke your pride.  
You loved me well, or I heard them lie,  
But your longing was denied.  
Surely I knew that by and by  
You cursed your gods and died.  
And a myriad suns have set and shone

Since then upon the grave  
Decreed by the King in Babylon.  
To her that had been his Slave.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,  
For it tramples me again.  
The old resentment lasts like death,  
For you love, yet you refrain.  
I break my heart, on your hard unfaith,  
And I break my heart in vain.

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone  
The deed beyond the grace,  
When I was a King in Babylon  
And you were a Virgin Slave.

—*William Ernest Henley*.

#### UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole  
long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-  
place?  
A roof for when the slow dark hours  
begin.  
May not the darkness hide it from my  
face?  
You can not miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.  
Then must I knock, or call when just in  
sight?  
They will not keep you standing at  
that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and  
weak?  
Of labor you shall find the sum.  
Will there be beds for me and all who  
seek?  
Yea, beds for all who come.

—*Christina Rossetti*.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## SCIENTIFIC PREPOSSESSION.

The scientific prepossession, says War-  
ner Fite, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*,  
is the conception that after ages of dark-  
ness, misconception, and superstition we  
have at last emerged into the realm of  
cold and pure fact, that all former ages  
have viewed the world through the me-  
dium of human prejudices from which,  
happily, we are free. That future ages  
will smile at our convictions just as we  
smile at the beliefs of the past seems  
never to occur to the exponents of mod-  
ern research.

To understand the scientific prepos-  
session, says the writer, we must realize  
that there are two ways in which we  
may consider any human action or con-  
dition of human life. We may ask, How  
does it look? And we may also ask,  
How does it feel? For example, we  
may ask what it means to be a parent  
or a child, but it is not sufficient merely  
to observe parenthood or childhood. We  
must know also how it feels to be a par-  
ent or a child. In other words there is  
an inside and an outside to the question.

Now there was a time when men asked  
themselves this double question about  
everything. The world and all its parts  
was the embodiment of an idea. Thought  
and design lay behind all things. A  
tree was not merely an aggregate of ma-  
terial characteristics, but it was also  
something in itself of which the material  
characteristics were the expression:

But here the natural scientist cries, "God  
forbid!" Behold, then, the scientific prepos-

session. Common sense tells us that human  
life, at least, has both an outside and an in-  
side. Aristotle teaches that this applies to  
all things whatsoever, that are concrete and  
real. The scientific prepossession consists in  
an exclusive emphasis upon the outside, af-  
firming that no other side exists. This is  
what the scientist means, then, when he tells  
us that the scientific point of view is the  
point of view of simple fact. The primitive  
man assumed, quite naively indeed, that, like  
himself and his human neighbors, everything  
in the universe has two sides; that of the  
stars, for example, you may ask, not only  
what a star looks like, but what it means to  
be a star. The scientific prepossession began by  
denying the inner view, first, to the stars,  
then to all of what we call inanimate nature;  
presently to the lower forms of animate na-  
ture; and now it proposes, as a final step in  
the extension of science, to deny the inner life  
to you and me.

The inner life being thus banished with  
a wave of the scientific hand there is  
therefore nothing left to inquire about in  
the domain of psychology. The mind it-  
self being non-existent it is obviously  
superfluous to inquire about feeling or to  
ask what it is to be a mind. All that we  
need do is to fetch forth our apparatus  
and study externals:

Thus is mind banished from the psycho-  
logical laboratory. For it is equally unneces-  
sary that the subject of psychological experi-  
ment be endowed with mind. As a recent  
writer has remarked, in entering the psycho-  
logical laboratory you check your soul at the  
door. The rules of scientific method, indeed,  
forbid the admission of the soul; for to admit  
the soul would mean that you intend to under-  
stand your subject as he feels to himself—  
by sympathetic appreciation; and sympathetic  
appreciation, as we have seen, is the method  
employed by unscientific primitive men. Thus  
it comes about that, while the professors of



other laboratory subjects are eager to secure beautiful specimens, in the psychological laboratory you rarely find a subject chosen for his intelligence. Any featherless biped will do, and if it happens to be of subnormal intelligence, so much the better.

The study of mind is thus reduced to a matter of apparatus. We try to find out how quickly the subject responds to a signal or we record the variations of his blood pressure upon smoked paper. But of what actually happens to his mind we know nothing at all, having started with the theory that he has no mind, only a body; that he is all outside and no inside:

But if by chance mind happened to enter the psychological laboratory, it could not remain there. Upon this point, *crede experto*. I have spent many hours acting as subject in the psychological laboratory. I have countless times lifted each of a pair of weights, one after the other, and reported whether the second was heavier or lighter. I can testify that, after a few minutes of this kind of exercise, all that remains of the mind is a conviction that it can make no possible difference whether the second is heavier or not; with perhaps a dull wonder as to how many of the tests are yet to come. Indeed, I should be ready to proposed, as a measure of social economy, that we utilize our more hardened criminals as psychological subjects, if this were not certain to be forbidden on the constitutional ground of "cruel and unusual punishment."

The scientific psychologist consoles himself with the reflection that, if the facts discovered in the laboratory are not very exciting, they are at any rate "scientific facts." One phase, indeed, of the scientific prepossession is the belief that a fact is not fully a fact unless it is discovered in the laboratory; or, at least, by an expert scientist in his official capacity. Psychological laboratories have been in operation for thirty years or more; and for more than twenty years I have been searching for one fact worthy of consideration—for one "discovery," so to speak, as measured by what they call a discovery in other sciences—for one such fact discovered in the psychological laboratory which did not repeat what we already knew, or which required a laboratory for its discovery.

Under the guidance of the expert psychologist—who has never discovered anything worth knowing, and never will—we are asked to believe that mind, because it can not be seen, is nothing more than behavior, which can be seen, and therefore tested, measured, and weighed. Mind, in the sense of a spiritual experience, must be laid away "along with the immortal soul, among the discarded superstitions of an unscientific past."

And here we must give the author credit for an almost unexpected vision. Does man, he asks, stand alone in nature

in having an internal reality as well as an external appearance? Is man alone the only being that can *feel*?

If, then, you question the propriety of the term "prepossession," I shall ask how it strikes you to find yourself treated as a merely external, natural fact—really only what other persons see and never what you yourself feel. And if you still object that, at any rate, no prepossession is implied in applying the idea to external nature, then I may ask, Why this prejudice against nature? I will own that I share the prejudice. Yet when I sit down "in a cool hour," I find myself asking whether it is not a very peculiar world in which some things, such as men and animals, exist, not only as perceived by others, but also as felt by themselves, while other things, such as mountains and trees and solar systems—or whatever the demarcation of the individual may be—exist only as they are perceived by others. Is it not a strange logic which permits us to ask both how it looks and how it feels to be a man, but of the things of nature forbids us to ask more than how they look—to others?

And if you point to the fundamental absurdity of explaining nature by the analogy of human motives, then I shall ask how else we are to make nature intelligible. And I may also ask whether, in blissful unconsciousness, modern science may not be guilty of just this kind of interpretation. From the developed scientific standpoint the only real facts in nature are the mechanical facts, and the only true explanation a mechanical explanation. Is it, then, impertinent to remark, with Bergson, that man himself is a mechanic? Nay, that the scientific man is the mechanical man *par excellence*? At any rate, it seems that, as compared with art and philosophy, science is nothing if not practical.

We may further congratulate the author on the courage with which he brings his final conclusions. If man is nothing but a body, if his *feelings* may be left out of all our calculations, then there is nothing to intervene between us and a veritable orgy of "scientific management" and "scientific" efficiency, and this, he says, represents the real German propaganda for a generation past. It explains the war, about which every one has his own theory, but "to me it seems that if the war has any deep-lying significance it is a war of humanity against the scientific prepossession."

## RECALLED, OR THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

(By Minnie B. Theobald.)

Many hundreds of years ago, at a time when there was a great religious revival, there lived a monk who was truly inspired with the Divine Spirit. He was a man of great learning and immense

power; he tramped over many countries exhorting people to study more, to study the Scriptures, to study nature. Wherever he went people listened, for even the most sceptical of them were impressed by his earnestness and the wonderful reasonableness of all that he said.

In due time the monk died, he left this mortal world to live for a while in the ideal worlds, and as on earth his whole being had been immersed in the realities of life and his only wish had been to help forward the progress of humanity, there were between him and the earth no special ties. For life in the inner realms can be just as real as life on our earth, and humanity can be helped just as effectually by people living there as by people returning into a physical body.

And those who could see wondered how long this monk would choose to dwell in the inner realms and when he would come back to earth to bless humanity with his visible presence. They all wanted him back, but did not know how to attract him. Those who could see saw that he was still studying for the good of humanity, still working under what appeared to them far happier conditions than are possible in our world, so they had not the heart to try to attract him back to earth; while others less scrupulous had not the power.

So time went on and the monk never came back, all his pupils and followers died and he was well-nigh forgotten. Then there was born upon earth a man of great mind and virtuous life. This man was not a monk and he was born at a time when there was no special spiritual revival, but he, too, was a lover of learning and a lover of humanity and he studied the wisdom of the sages. Amongst other books he studied the writings of this ancient monk and was much impressed by them, for they seemed to him to be inspired and of great importance for the world of his day. So he concentrated his mind upon them to try to assimilate the wisdom of the writer, and there grew up in him a great love and devotion towards this ancient monk who had lived hundreds of years before. Sometimes he wished that the monk might come back to earth to teach men, but more often he longed for the time when he himself would be wafted off to the ideal realms and would meet his teacher face to face, in the inner

regions, there to work with him in the service of humanity under still more potent conditions.

And those who could see within and without saw the mind of this lover of learning becoming every day more like unto the mind of the monk who had inspired the world some hundreds of years before. Their ideas were alike; the learned man taught the doctrines of the ancient monk with an appreciation and an insight which never had been known before, and inspired people with a new understanding of life. The monk in heaven felt the force of this; the ideas framed by this man's mind were, by his love and admiration for the monk, wafted right away to the ideal worlds where the monk was living. And the monk felt as if his own mind were growing, and he poured forth gratitude to the Gods for their goodness to him, little knowing that this expansion of mind was being given him by men below. And the Law of Justice guided this loving gratitude back to the man below, and through him to all those who had truly listened to the teaching.

Then the Gods put it into the mind of the monk that he should search and try to understand how this sudden reinforcement of mind had come about. And the Gods put it into the mind of the man below to wonder why he should wait till he reached the inner realms before meeting his teacher face to face and communing with him in the intimacy of sight and feeling as well as mind.

So the monk's attention was directed once more towards earth; for though he had been working all these hundreds of years for humanity, he had never had any special interest in the souls who were dwelling incarnate on earth, he had been working amongst souls in heaven. And the man below wondered if it would be possible for him then and there to come in contact with his teacher; he tried not only to raise his mind to the ideal realms, but he tried by the power of his love and devotion to raise his whole being. He tried and tried, but without success. Then he wondered whether he could attract the monk back to earth. But he was one of those who felt convinced that life in the ideal realms was far happier and more to be desired than life in our world of non-realities and appearances, so he gave up

all thought of attracting the monk back to this world, even if it had been possible to do so.

It happened about this time that the learned man was preaching to a large and worldly audience concerning things of a spiritual nature, and one among them, younger and more foolish than the rest, rose and argued in favor of the material over the spiritual, in favor of this physical existence as being superior to any ideal realms; he argued that true life and happiness were only to be found in this world. The learned man was grieved that any one should be so worldly; he was pained and distressed about the youth. But the Gods put it into his mind to search within for the truth; for there is truth and wisdom within every folly. And the learned man searched; and the truth within that folly he decided was this: That true life and happiness are neither of this nor that world, neither existence in ideal realms nor existence among appearances, but must embrace all. And he was humbled and learned that to be great, one must learn of fools as well as of sages. He now saw that he in his wisdom had been as fair from the truth as the fool in his folly.

And his mind turned once more to the monk whom he adored, and there burst upon him the truth that to be great his teacher must live on all planes of being; so he prayed with great earnestness that the monk would come once more and dwell upon earth.

And the monk living in heaven was again thinking of the earthly state, and looking down amongst men he searched for those amongst whom to be born, for people of kindred type and spirit; and as he searched he was attracted in the direction where there was most sympathy. And as he came towards the lover of learning, this man's mind was so like his own his whole nature vibrated in such perfect harmony with his own, that he said: "Here is my body; here is the form I left behind me hundreds of years ago, young as ever, younger than when I died. The Gods have kept it alive for me that I might return to earth when I wished."

And the monk was born upon earth immediately, born into the Soul of Nature of the man brought to birth by the union of their desires; the monk found a

physical vehicle through which to work, the man was baptized with a wondrous power of understanding. The monk never knew he had died, he preached to all the world the continuity of both form and consciousness.

Thus are Great Souls reborn in Peace by the Power of Perfect Sympathy, born straight into the heart of man in secret, hidden from the sight of any seer. For the planes of nature are not stirred by this Great Birth, there is no descent, no form-building, but immediate realization. Thus must we watch for the Unexpected One.—From "*The Missing Goddess*," Published by G. Bell & Sons, London.

### "SHE AND ME."

(By Sir Edwin Arnold.)

"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away;

Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;

On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much  
They drew the lids with a gentle touch:

With a tender touch they closed up well  
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face  
They tied her veil and her marriage lace.

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—

Which were the whitest no eye could choose—

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.

"Come away!" they said; "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there  
But silence, and scents of egantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;  
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the room,

With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread  
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead.

He lit his lamp and took the key  
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,  
Though he kissed, in the old place, the  
quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,  
Though he called her the name she loved  
erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move  
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts  
without breath,  
Is there no voice, no language of death?"

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,  
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?"

"See now; I will listen with soul, not  
ear;

What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all  
That you ever could let life's flower fall?"

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel  
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?"

"Was the miracle greater to find how  
deep  
Beyond all dreams sank downward that  
sleep?"

"Did life roll back its records dear,  
And show, as they say it does, past  
things clear?"

"And was it the innermost heart of the  
bliss  
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?"

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear,  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!"

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,  
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,  
To make you so placid from head to feet!"

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,  
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow  
shed,—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death  
had laid  
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with stream-  
ing eyes,  
Which of all deaths was the chiefest sur-  
prise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing  
Of all the surprises that dying must  
bring."

Ah, foolish world; O most kind dead!  
Though he told me, who will believe it  
was said.

Who will believe that he heard her say,  
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear  
old way:

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear  
And see you, and love you, and kiss you,  
dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,  
And know that, though dead, I have  
never died."

#### A LETTER.

Why the endless arguments over  
Christ's words, "I came to bring, not  
peace, but a sword," and his other saying,  
"If any man smite thee turn to him the  
other cheek"?

They seem to me perfectly reconcilable  
statements. In the one he announced  
himself to be the spiritual warrior, in the  
other he showed the utter indifference to  
*personal* affront that must be acquired.  
As long as my personality is sensitive to  
assault, so long is it master of my soul.  
Inasmuch as I cease to notice and to re-  
sent it, in that much am I able to turn my  
energies to the "business of my Father."  
One can not at the same moment face  
the east and the west. If the things of  
the personality draw his attention, he  
will necessarily be involved in them; will  
rejoice in them, or be sad in them. In  
other words, will be moved by them.  
Christ was not so moved. And it seems  
to me clear that this story, like so many  
of the recorded stories of Christ's say-  
ings, should be considered as having its  
essential value as a parable. And a  
parable has an obvious side, and another  
side, not so obvious.

Why do people ask such questions?  
It seems to me a sort of weakness, a  
form of idle curiosity, transient, without  
fruit. Why don't they think out some  
sort of an answer themselves? Or have  
they tried and found themselves unable  
to arrive at any conclusion? I suppose  
a good deal of this laziness we can trace  
to our stupid system of stuffing the brains  
of children. They are not allowed to  
think; they are overfed with the ideas of

somebody else. No wonder we spend most of our adult lives in fighting our way out of the insidious state of inertia. Mental inertia, I mean, and certainly moral inertia is somewhat allied to it. For stuffing and assimilating are not two stages of the same process. If they were we would be intellectual giants, and saints into the bargain.

If we really understood anything, "but even relative knowledge means so much. Who was it that said, "I marvel at the capacity of man to resist knowledge"? It sounds like Spencer.

But knowledge is a growth from within. It is not a mushroom growth at that. Probably that is why we lose courage, or interest, or both. And the theological gentlemen (politicians is the better word) have done their zealous best that our spiritual faculties should be atrophied. And surely the beginnings of spiritual faculties, their herald, their intimation, so to speak, is faith, the faith of which Christ said, "It shall remove mountains." Or, instead of faith being the beginning, shall I say: the root? And when they contrived the doctrine of vicarious atonement they laid an axe at the roots of spiritual powers. If a man can not save himself, why should he think for himself? And there you are. If we are worms of the dust, spiritually, we are jelly-fish intellectually. Cause and effect.

Why won't we attend to the words of Christ? Attend to them in a spiritual sense, I mean. Certainly he meant what he said when he told his disciples: "Nevertheless I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away; for, if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart I will send him unto you."

This Comforter is spoken of as the "spirit of truth, which shall guide you into all truth." And again (John xiv, 17), "Even the spirit of truth, whom the world can not receive . . . but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

And Socrates said, "If the truth of Things That Have Being exist alway in the soul, then the soul is immortal, and what you do not know, that is to say, what you can not recall, you may with confidence endeavor to bring to mind."

It is not improbable that Christ had something of this very kind in his mind,

and that he knew that so long as he was with his disciples in person, so long would they rely on *him* for spiritual guidance.

Alas, that it is so much easier to rely on the word from without, so bewilderingly hard to discriminate between the word heard with the ear and the first soundless word of the Voice of the Silence. And yet that discrimination must be made; for it is the beginning of consciousness, and consciousness "is the condition that leads to chelaship. On the degree of consciousness depends his advancement. What he can lay hold of and maintain in consciousness is his to grasp and to utilize." It is a self-evident truth.

A little less promiscuous questioning, a little more of going into the closet, and of closing the door. And right here is a great test of faith. For those first intimations of the spirit are so illusive, so intangible. They are felt at the instant, as the brushing of angels' wings; but they are not easily translated into terms of mental consciousness. We have, literally, to give birth to a new and finer organism before we can "know that we know." More, we have not only to give birth to that finer organism, we have to die in this body and resurrect ourselves in that body. I can't help being clumsy in my expression of what is all but inexpressible. The chief thing is that I put it down somehow, for to think too much about it, to revolve it intellectually, is to find that I have lost sight of it.

And "there you are" again. For these verities must, some time, be laid hold of mentally and masterfully; must be translated into comprehensible terms. Or, rather, terms that will approximately convey at least a truthful hint of their meaning to another who is treading the same wine-press.

And, to revert to the being "able to speak," first there must come the being able to clarify spiritual impressions into thought. I am searching for that training which shall point me to the relating into orderly parts, and right values, those mystical experiences that are mine. Though I deny myself, I can not deny them, for they are the very essence of that conundrum that is expressed as myself and more than myself.

The teachings of correspondences are not novel to me. I have not read the

"Secret Doctrine" nor, in the early days, Swedenbourg, for nothing. But what I must do is to learn to apply them. Geometrical correspondences haunt me. I can't quite get at what I sense therein, nor something of importance, of that I am sure. I suppose I'll not have much help given me by way of outer instruction until I have arrived at some tentative conclusions myself. That seems to be the way with every single thing I contact on the outer planes. And it does seem to me that I undergo a vast deal of torment, interiorly, before I arrive anywhere exteriorly, or have any help from exterior sources.

A friend said, "Your soul came to gain a balance between mental and spiritual qualities and must be left alone in its own Gethsemane until it conquers, or is conquered, is crucified, or resurrected." She might truly have added that the crucifixion would come anyway. As to the resurrection, that is not so certain.

But what a pressure the soul exerts over the incarnated self. Willy-nilly, we are drawn to this, and repelled by that, or the one purpose: That we extract from that situation, or that companionship, the lesson that the soul is intent on our learning. There's Karma, if you like; and there, too, is the release from Karma.

It is simple enough to say, "Live the life, and ye shall know the doctrine." Exactly. But to live the life! Well might the Psalmist exult, "My heart is set on thee, oh Lord, my God," for when the heart is fixed, all is open before the consciousness. To purpose the heart; that is the first thing. Possibly the last thing; for in this may be included all the chemical processes by which man becomes more than man. H.

Memory—the despair of the materialist, the enigma of the psychologist, thephinx 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. —*Isis Unveiled*.

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.—*Isis Unveiled*.

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 is it with the mind.—*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.—*Isis Unveiled*.

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.—*Glanvil in "Lux Orientalis."*

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—*James I.*

The souls of men are capable of living in other bodies besides terrestrial; and never act but in somebody or other.—*Joseph Glanvil*.

The metempsychosis is, therefore, the only system of this kind that philosophy can hearken to.—*Hume*.

An intense volition will be followed by the desired result.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

In order to know God one must be God.—*Rosicrucian saying*.

"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."—*II Corinthians*.

To produce gold one must have gold.—*Hermetic saying*.

Men at some time are masters of their fates,

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

—*Julius Caesar*.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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# 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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## OCCULT NOVELS.

(By C. A. G.)

Novelists are beginning to realize the unlimited possibilities of reincarnation as a basis for the making of stories; furthermore, the "occult," or hidden side of things is receiving more and more attention from popular writers. We seldom pick up a magazine that does not have at least one story that comes within the special purview of the third object of the Theosophical Society, while of the writing of occult novels there is beginning to be no end. It would seem to be the duty of the *Quarterly* to mention these from time to time, although that usually results in a state of exasperation from which it takes some time to recover.

Since Bulwer Lytton we have had very little on occult themes which is in any way worthy of so great a subject. F. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" almost belongs to theosophical literature, but his other essays into this type of literature were not so successful. Du Maurier was, at least, interesting. "Peter Ibbetson" is a charming tale that comes much closer to being possible than most efforts to describe the workings of the astral plane. He spoiled a good record by writing "The Martian," which is thin and unconvincing. Perhaps the best occult story since Bulwer Lytton is Kipling's "Brushwood Boy," which has human interest, literary excellence, and so far as the occult element is concerned, is quite pos-

sible, if not very probable. The underlying idea is similar to that of "Peter Ibbetson." Even Mr. Sinnett, with all his advantages, was lamentably inadequate in his two efforts, "Karma" and "United," which are as impossible, artistically, as they are travesties of the occult. Marie Corelli has all the faults of Marie Corelli, and that is saying enough. W. L. Comfort, a newcomer in the field, several of whose books have been reviewed in the *Quarterly*, has as special characteristics a perfervid imagination fed on ignorance, and an almost total inability to write: and so it goes. The *Quarterly* would welcome a really good occult novel, for the world needs to have its attention turned away from the purely material interests of life, and even if we can not wholly commend the novel as a means of propaganda, it reaches individuals who would not be reached in any other way.

One recent book, "The Promise of the Air," by Algernon Blackwood, has been extensively advertised and favorably reviewed. People are talking about it. I do not know why. It is not interesting, and lacks substance. The theme is fantastic and leads nowhere. A lower middle class man, who is fond of birds, develops a type of irresponsibility and inconsequence which he and the author claim to be like the irresponsibility and inconsequence of birds. It is gay, almost joyous, at times, although through most of the book the sordid details of common-



place lower middle class keep him submerged. He marries, and one of his children, a girl, seems to inherit his lack of touch with the practical affairs of life. She is vibrant with life, and dances away until the end of the book. The book, by the way, ends, but the story does not. Nothing happens. The most exciting incident, and the climax of the story, is the move of the family to the country. You put the book down and wonder why it was written. It leads nowhere, suggests nothing, presents no ideal.

Mr. Blackwood is more fortunate, and so are we, in another story, a play about reincarnation, called "Karma," and written in collaboration with Violet Pearn. This little work has a purpose and does suggest a good deal. A selfish, self-centred woman is about to ruin her husband's career by refusing to follow him to Egypt, where he is a successful and promising English civil servant. She has a vision of her three previous lives, in each of which her selfishness ruins her husband, and in the Epilogue, under the influence of her vision, she reforms, and everybody lives happily ever after. The foundations are there for an admirable play and one wishes that it had been better done.

Rider Haggard, in "Love Eternal," departs from the magical extravagances of "She," which, by the way, also coquettes with the idea of reincarnation, and gives us one of the best of recent occult novels. A couple who have often lived and loved before contrive to wed and love again, in spite of adverse circumstance. There is an evil woman with a dangerous knowledge of practical occultism; there is also much about clairvoyance and hypnotism and other magical arts; but it is well done, not exaggerated unduly, not too unbelievable. The tone of the book is excellent; the moral standards are high; there is restraint; and there are many admirable passages which we wish we had space and time to copy out. One must serve.

"More than thirty years ago two atoms of the eternal Energy sped forth from the heart of it which we call God, and incarnated themselves in the human shapes that were destined to hold them for a while, as vases hold perfumes, or goblets wine, or as sparks of everlasting radium inhabit the bowels of the rock. Perhaps these two atoms, or essences, or

monads indestructible, did but repeat an adventure, or many, many adventures. Perhaps again and again they had proceeded from that Home august and imperishable on certain mornings of the days of Time, to return thither at noon or nightfall, laden with the fruits of gained experience. So at least one of them seemed to tell the other before all was done and that other came to believe."

The book is well put together and we can recommend it to those who read novels.

Perhaps the best of recent occult books is, however, "The Ghost Garden," by Amelie Rives. It is quite the most readable ghost story I have seen. Indeed, it is more than a story, for it is of novel length and is well sustained throughout. The authoress has read, studied, and digested her theosophical books, and in this she is not quite fair, for she expresses contempt for the very teachings which have given her the information she uses in creating her story. The modern heroine has to fight for the possession of her lover with the Kama-lokic spook of a seventeenth-century beauty, who survives almost complete, save for her physical body, and who is most realistically and convincingly unpleasant. It is not a book for nervous and imaginative people to read late at night, but it is a thrilling and exciting and admirably worked-out novel, with the literary ability and artistic excellence of much of Amelie Rives' work, and it is free from the crudities and impossibilities which trip up most authors when they attempt to write about anything they know so little about as they do about the occult side of life.—*Theosophical Quarterly*.

#### THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

In a world where short vision, narrow perspective and cheap judgment are the order of the day, one finds a certain solace in the writings of so able a scholar as Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, who searches for the continuous historical thread of cause and effect where lesser men are satisfied with a daily newspaper, a public speech, or a diplomatic bulletin.

Dr. Cram thinks, not in years, but in cycles. He finds that the birth of an era and its culmination may be far apart, and that if we would understand the end we

must know the beginning. There are tides in the minds of men and they creep stealthily on toward catastrophe; currents in human thought and events come to mighty birth as their result.

There was such a change, says Dr. Cram, at the time of the Reformation. It was the passage from the qualitative to the quantitative standards. It was the beginning of materialism and the adoration of things. Hitherto men had been content to worship beauty; henceforth they were to worship bulk. The world was to be governed by majorities and it was to call it democracy. Human liberty was to become a reality through machines. But it was not the way of nature:

"I say it seems to me," says Lord Bolingbroke in his essay, "On the Spirit of Patriotism," "that the author of nature has thought fit to mingle from time to time, among the societies of men, a few, and but a few of those, on whom He is graciously pleased to bestow a larger proportion of the ethereal spirit than is given in the ordinary course of His Providence to the sons of men. These are they who engross almost the whole reason of the species, who are born to instruct, to guide and to preserve; who are designed to be the tutors and guardians of human kind."

There have been such men and we may easily identify them like the stars in a dark sky. But we seem resolved to have no more of them. Only mediocrities shall be our gods. Character, intelligence and capacity, meanness, cupidity and fraud, stand on equal terms before the ballot-box. We are governed by the rules of addition:

This failure in the necessary supply of men of high race value explains not only why modernism has suffered so seriously through the control of all things by second and third-rate personalities, but as well the appalling lack of distinction that has shown itself increasingly during the last few centuries. During this period, also, life has rapidly become more and more ugly in its intellectual and spiritual manifestations and in the environment it was building for itself. Until the sixteenth century life expressed itself in terms of beauty, varying widely in form and degree, but always beauty, though in western Europe during the Dark Ages it fell so low in the scale as to become almost negative, but never reaching the quality of positive ugliness that has characterized modernism. This period, it will be remembered, was the only other in European history when a high culture, and the race and family groups through which it had been achieved, were wiped out and their places taken by hordes of a low cultural type. This almost universal beauty was not solely of the arts, it applied also to the varied forms of religion, philoso-

phy, social organization, customs, methods, rituals, of life itself. Disregard for the moment all questions of ethical standards, effect a severance between the modern ideas of comfort, physical luxury, pampered habits of material convenience, and it will at once appear that whether in Athens, Rome, Constantinople, the Middle Ages, or the Early Renaissance, civilization was expressed in higher terms than those we have devised for ourselves, in that man lived then in that environment of natural beauty prodigally provided for him, enhanced at every point by his own genius, and supplemented by ideals, aspirations, customs—illusions, if you like, that gave life a coherency and a quality of joy and exultation unknown during the period of modernism.

It does not occur to our reformers that the root of our civilization is diseased with materialism and the quantitative theory, and that no matter how we may change the mechanism and the arrangement of the branches they, too, must necessarily be diseased:

For generations we have pinned our faith to mechanisms, while physical science and evolutionary philosophy have assured us that, if only we were patient, the Law of Development would in the end guarantee that we should hit upon just the right machine or device. Long ago we ceased to believe that spiritual values had energies, other than those (so-called as a concession to habit, but in violation of the scientific method) that were a bye-product of biological processes, had any real existence. All we lacked was the right kind of machine; all we needed to do was to push invention a little further and the millennium would be reached, for the working device would have been found.

Man, says Dr. Cram, is dual. He is spirit and matter and we have made the fatal mistake of regarding him as only matter. Spirit must redeem matter, but of this process we now know nothing:

Sacramentalism means simply this. Life, as we know it on earth, is the union of two absolutely different things, matter and spirit; a union that is dissolved only by death. Matter is real, but, in the sense in which we know it, it is not eternal. The process of "life," and the reason for the existence of the world, is the redemption and the transforming of matter through the interpenetration of spirit, a process constantly going on and ended only when all matter has been subjected to the redemptive process. Now since man is both matter and spirit, he can apprehend the latter through association and experience, as matter that is inert can not do, or matter that is linked in unconscious association with spirit, as in the case of non-human forms of life. Since, however, he is matter as well as spirit, he is normally incapable of apprehending pure spirit in its absolute sense, but only through the terms and forms of matter, and as spirit is conditioned by matter. There is indubitable evidence that from time to time rare individuals are in some

way, and not by their own motion, emancipated from this material conditioning, and lay hold, as in some flash of revelation, on something of that pure spirit which is accessible to their fellows only through material agencies. Such are seers, prophets, mystics, the greatest artists, but their state is abnormal, they are an infinitely small fraction of humanity, and they are not properly of this life where the union of matter and spirit, and their perfect correspondence, are both normal and essential.

Here we may join issue with Dr. Cram. The saints of the world, he tells us, have attained their status "not by their own motion." Then by whose motion have they so attained? Must we assume some kind of external intervention? Or the play of chance? Or what? It is as though the kindergarten child were to assume that the professor of mathematics had attained his knowledge "not by his own motion" on no better ground than that the child did not witness such attainment and can not understand it. Dr. Cram should apply the golden key of reincarnation and the continuity of effort and of growth from life to life. Thus he would be saved from his rare incursions into logic.

Therefore, says Dr. Cram, we have won no victory on the battlefields of Europe—only a prelude to victory, a possible prelude. The real victory must be over materialism, over the worship of things, over the human body. It must be the victory of quality over quantity, of beauty over ugliness, of virtue over utilitarianism:

"Victory?" The comprehensive defeating of the enemy in the field, the chaining of the dragon against any repetition of his menace for the future, is in itself not victory; it is only the prelude to victory. The war is for purgation, for revelation, and for regeneration, and if the opportunity of and for these is lost then there is no victory. It is not the delegates to the Peace Congress; it is not the fumbling politicians or the astute manipulators of policy, however the war may have strengthened them; it is not the organizers of the new industrialism, or the labor parties, or the sinister forces of international finance, or the scientists, inventors and experts, who are going to make over the world anew. It is the priest, the philosopher, and the seer—themselves regenerated first of all and vouchsafed a new vision—the men who deal with spiritual values, not with the counters and assignats of materialism. The world has had, and has now, energy enough and to spare in the realm of physical and mental activity; what it has lacked, and to its own disaster, is that spiritual energy that can make the mental and the material subject to its own creative and beneficent will.

Therefore we may ask ourselves if

actually there has been a victory, or even the prelude of a victory. The answer we must determine for ourselves, but at least we may be grateful to Dr. Cram for the energy with which he has brought the question to our attention.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

## ATLANTIS AND PERU.

In the columns of the *Christian Science Monitor* we find an account of the exploring expedition sent out by the National Geographical Society and Yale University in 1911. An ancient city, says the *Monitor*, was discovered in the inner fastnesses of the Andes, a city perched on an almost inaccessible ridge above the mighty cañon of the Urubamba, and after months of patient toil the seekers were rewarded with the joy of having uncovered perhaps the most marvelous group of ruins in this Peruvian wonderland.

Past masters in the art of stone-cutting, it speaks volumes for the patient industry of this people that, after so many centuries of neglect and wild jungle growth, these remarkable walls and towers and staircases still remain to tell the tale. They were an agricultural race, first, last, and all the time, and every available yard of ground was terraced and cultivated even on this mountain top, and the masonry of the terraces shows that the same care and finish were bestowed on them as on the houses and temples in the city proper.

The Spaniards of the conquest are not likely to have penetrated as far as this wild demesne, and only occasional treasure seekers ever disturbed the city in its long sleep. The natives have always been inveterate treasure seekers. Tradition tells of how the Indians journeying from the south with part of Atahualpa's ransom turned in their tracks and buried the treasure when they heard that Pizarro's minions had murdered the last scion of the Inca race. Since then many treasure seekers have come and gone, obtained grants, and dug and delved feverishly, while the instinct of getting something for nothing has had free course. But Atahualpa's ransom has never come to light. One can imagine how strange the proceedings of the geographic expedition must have seemed to the simple

children of the heights with whom they came in contact during their explorations; and how well-nigh incomprehensible that any one should take so much trouble to uncover mere stones, and piece together bones and potsherds.

The remains of Tiahuanaco on the shores of Lake Titicaca doubtless owe their origins to the same megalithic race as the founders of Manchu-Picchu. These ruins are in a way reminiscent of the standing stones of England, and though they show a much higher degree of art and civilization than the rough stones of Dartmoor, something in the wild cool air and vast mysterious silences common to both regions arouses a query as to whether in some remote age of the world's history the races responsible for these monuments had not some common origin, a land like the shadowy Atlantis of the ancients, the fair island that Plato wrote of as about some actual country and not a mere child of hearsay and imagination. Ignatius Donnelly works out this theory interestingly in his book on Atlantis, in which he contends not only that the Peruvians were a colony from Atlantis, but that all the great civilizations of the past sprang from this common source, and that the island's disappearance in some great cataclysm gave rise to the legends of the flood which are to be met with among many peoples both in the old and new world.

It is certainly an ingenious theory and one which would seem to be carried out by many curious and marked resemblances between such widely separated civilizations as Egypt and Peru. A tiny satyr-like image unearthed some years ago in Peru points to an affinity with Greece, while a news item in a recent issue of a daily paper says that archæologists are studying a series of ancient epigraphs discovered on the rocks of Round Valley, near Bishop, California, which are declared to be as old as the hieroglyphs of earliest Egypt, to which they bear a resemblance.

Professor Bingham writes that Montesinos, the Spanish chronicler, spoils his history of Peru by contending in the introduction that Peru was peopled by Armenians under the leadership of Ophir, the great-grandson of Noah. But if, as Mr. Donnelly insists, the Garden of Eden was Atlantis, and Noah one of those who

survived to tell the tale after "the flood," Montesinos may not be so very far wrong after all!

Meanwhile, Atlantis lies fathoms deep beneath the broad Atlantic, guarding its secret well, and all these things must remain mysterious still, perhaps to be cleared up some day by further exploration in the land of the Incas. To quote Professor Bingham:

"When one considers the many attractive features of this ancient civilization—the picturesque location of the towns, the beautiful stonework, the symmetry of the buildings, the difficult engineering feats that are frequently in evidence, the attractive designs on pottery and textiles, the skillful metallurgy, and above all the stories of remarkable governmental organization made familiar by the fascinating volumes of Prescott—our zest for exploration and discovery in this region may readily be understood."

#### COLOR AND SOUND.

A correspondent asks for some definite information with regard to the correspondences between sound and color and the chemical elements. It can not be given, not because of unwillingness, but of inability—in plainer words, ignorance.

But the important thing is to realize that there is such a correspondence, that there is a correspondence between all the planes and the sub-planes of nature, and between them and consciousness. The first step in wisdom is to recognize the immanence of law, not of a thousand conflicting and non-ethical laws, but of one central and coördinating force that governs all movements everywhere, just as the mainspring governs all movements of a watch, no matter how intricate those movements may be.

But there is no reason why he should not discover the laws of correspondence for ourselves. There is no barrier interposed between us and knowledge, no super-intelligences that are resolved upon keeping knowledge from us, no secrets that must be imparted by others or remain unknown. There is no door that will not open to the key of a sustained attention. We may call it concentration if we wish, a word already so mistreated that it has well-nigh lost its simple meaning. Concentration means sustained attention, the same attention that we di-

rect toward the affairs of life. It means only that we must earnestly and expectantly seek.

If you want to know the secrets of the physical correspondences, why not begin by learning those facts that are not at all secret, and that may be found in almost any book of physics. It is strange that so many people are found yearning for the knowledge that is esoteric, and yet are wholly innocent of the knowledge that is exoteric. You will learn from any good book on physics that sound, light, and heat are etheric rates of vibration, and that there is no difference between them except in the rapidity of the etheric vibration. You can also ascertain the exact rates of vibration, and so if you like you can prepare parallel tables showing these rates of vibration, and highly suggestive of the correspondences between them. You may thus infer that the most rapid color rates correspond with the most rapid sound rates, and so you may go right down the respective septenaries and group them in couples.

But your book on physics will tell you something more. It will tell you that between the highest sound rate and the lowest color rate there is an enormous gap. That is to say there is a mighty scale of etheric vibrations that do not manifest themselves to our senses as either sound or color, that do not, in fact, manifest themselves to our senses at all. They represent dark worlds into which we can not penetrate. They are departments of nature from which we are excluded, just as effectually as we are excluded from the other side of the moon. They may be filled with lives for all we know to the contrary and that are no more aware of us than we are of them, even though the two worlds may interpenetrate each other. We only know of those states of being with which our senses happen to be attuned, and our senses are attuned only to five sets or scales of vibration, widely separated from one another, and representing only a small part of the totality. But none the less we do know something of the margins of those invisible worlds. For example, we have discovered something of the actinic and chemical colors, also septenaries, and if there are these unseen septenaries there may be many others, and we might conceivably gain access to

them by the right methods, that is to say by attention and training.

Now suppose you were to take the Mendeleef table of the chemical elements, also to be found in the book on physics. There you find the elements classified in such a way as to bear a startling resemblance to the octaves of the musical scale. You may not be able to identify the correspondences. That is to say, you may not be able to determine precisely what elements correspond with particular colors, but at least you will see that there is a correspondence, and if you will now put away the book on physics and exercise the twin creative powers of thought and imagination you will see at once that just as there are laws of harmony in the sound scale, so there may be just those same laws of harmony in the chemical elements, and that perhaps a knowledge of music might be applied to the study of chemistry, and with surprising results. It might also be applied to the study of light and color. All these sets of vibrations are governed by the same ratios and by the same general laws.

It is impossible within the present limits to do more than give an indication of the general direction of a profitable search. None the less if you will begin with the recognition that the universe is made up of a homogeneous substance in various rates of vibration, and that the five senses are no more than our modes of contact with some of those vibrations, and that they exclude us from all others, you will find yourself on the path of discovery. But, once more, the keynote is attention.

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Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, but ineradicable, forever-enduring gospel; work, and therein have well-being. Man, son of earth and heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active force, a force of work, that burns like a painfully moldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee?—*Carlyle*.

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Lunar magnetism generates life, preserves and destroys it, psychically as well as physically.—*Secret Doctrine*.

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The Atom—the most metaphysical object in creation.—*Secret Doctrine*.

## CELESTIAL MOVIES.

(From the New York Times.)

Mr. Marconi's talk of wireless dispatches to the stars has set them off. Now comes Nicola Tesla with a reminder that nearly twenty years ago he received "faint extraplanetary signals whose measured regularity was such that they could not have been accidental. I signaled back with my powerful radio transmitter," he continues, "and I am certain I produced disturbances on Mars." This seems an unkindly act; perhaps Mars, like Earth, has disturbances enough of its own without getting others inflicted on it from external space.

Mr. Tesla has small confidence in the Marconian idea of getting into communication by way of mathematics, because it would be hard to carry on conversation by figures; not so very hard, though, for it is done in most diplomatic and military codes. But he would prefer to send pictures by wireless; the human face, for example. This is tempting as a commercial enterprise; if Martian taste is presumed to resemble that on earth—and such a presumption underlies every proposal for communication—it may be supposed that the first faces wirelessly to Mars will be those of movie favorites. With this beginning, whole feature films can be sent by radio across the solar system and released in Mars on the night that sees their première on Broadway.

But in all this there is the same fallacy that vitiates Mr. Marconi's proposal to communicate by mathematics—the supposition that the laws of knowledge, or the canons of taste, are universal. Suppose you wireless your face to Mars, and then you receive the answer, delicate but firm, that Mars does not like your face and has no desire to see more of it. This would be a regrettable rebuff to scientific investigation, and one which we should do well to avoid. If civilization on Mars is as old as we are asked to believe, the Martians have no doubt acquired their own taste in faces.

## WILLITS' ESTATE.

The case of Willits' estate before the California Supreme Court (says the *New York Evening Post*) was a contest of the will of a man who died at the age of eighty-eight years, leaving small bequests to five adult children and giving the resi-

due to a woman Spiritualist companion who had obtained \$85,000 from him during his lifetime. The opinion in the case said: "From 1902 to 1907 Mr. Willits spent the major portion of his time with a Mrs. Green, who resided in Chicago. Mrs. Green was a medium, and séances were held at her house. With Mr. Willits' assistance she was developing a higher order of Spiritualism, known as the 'Magi.' The members of this society of Magi called to their aid in their troubles over mundane affairs the spirits of the ancient Atlantians, who had their earthly residence upon the now submerged continent of Atlantic. Mr. Willits' especial 'guide' or 'control' during this period was an Atlantian spirit called 'Billy.' Mr. Willits was confirmed in his devotion by a communication which he received from Mr. Burdick, whom he had known on earth, and who had 'passed over'; Mr. Burdick telling him that the \$5000 which he had loaned for the development of Spiritualism was the best investment he (Mr. Burdick) had ever made, the reason being, as Mr. Burdick's spirit explained, that when he 'passed over' because of this loan the 'spirits in the other world had met him and taken good care of him and fixed him up right.' Mr. Willits' own exposition upon this subject was that the more you did for Spiritualism in this world the better for you, and he instanced the case of a friend of his, William Drury by name. William Drury in his lifetime had done nothing for Spiritualism, and when he 'passed over' he was left in 'outer darkness,' the spirits did not receive him very well, and he did not get along with them, but, being informed of this, he (Mr. Willits) got in communication with them and fixed it up so that now 'Mr. Drury was doing fairly well.'"

The court in holding the will void said: "It would be a serious reflection upon the intelligence of the profession if space should be given to a discussion of the sufficiency or insufficiency of this evidence in support of the verdict. It speaks so positively and convincingly as to require no comment."

No earths or moons can be found, except in appearance, beyond, or of the same order of Matter as found in our System. Such is the Occult Teaching. —*Secret Doctrine.*

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## FROM THE LEGENDS OF THE GIANTS.

(By Minnie B. Theobald.)

Once upon a time when the world was all slime and there was no air anywhere, but only hot steam and vapor rising from the mud, there lived a Great Giant, the sole occupant of our earth. He was built like man in all respects except one—he did not breathe. His body was of fire and water and earth; it was moulded and formed, but it contained no air, and the world contained no air, and no one breathed. There were no plants to breathe, and there were no animals to breathe; and of course the earth did not breathe, because earth, even when it is slime, can not breathe.

So this Giant did not breathe, but he had heard some of his Giant friends dwelling in other worlds speak of another race of Giants still greater than themselves, who breathed and drew into their bodies a different element—neither earth, nor fire, nor water—an element called air. This puzzled our Giant very much; for though it may seem strange to you and me, he could not imagine how any one could draw anything into his body that was neither earth, nor fire, nor water.

He was himself a great fire-eater, and found earth quite digestible, though he preferred wet mud. He often drank boiling water, too, for there was a great geyser at the North Pole in those days, that poured forth boiling water at all

times. For in those days, the days I am trying to take you back to, the North Pole had only just begun to grow; it was not yet a proper pole like a may-pole around which all the dear little ice-fairies dance on Christmas Day, as it is now; it had not yet solidified, for it was hot and watery; it was years after that it condensed and became a proper North Pole.

And there was no equator, for the world was all slime, and had not quite decided what shape it would finally be and in what manner it would divide itself into zones. So you must try to picture an earth very different from our present one.

Our Giant pondered over air, as to how it would be possible to eat something quite new and different. He was exceedingly eager to find the way, for he was a greedy Giant, and was hoping for some new delicacy in the way of diet.

Now Giants have very peculiar customs in all things, and I think their customs with regard to eating are the strangest of all, though perhaps we might learn something even from these.

When Giants ate fire they always stood on tip-toe, when they ate earth they always sat down, and when they drank water they always stood on their heads. This last as of course quite natural, for thus the water from the water-spout fell into their mouths more conveniently. So our Giant's only idea was to try some



new and unheard of attitude in order to obtain this new and much-coveted delicacy.

One other thing must be explained before it will be possible to understand our Giant; namely his one ruling idea, his one great egotism, for every one knows that Giants are very conceited. I suppose they are so great that they can not help thinking themselves even greater than they are. This Giant seriously believed that he and the world were one; that he was quite as big as the world, and that the world could not possibly contain anything that he did not find in his body. This of course was absurd, for the water-spout was outside his body; but there is no arguing with Giants, they have very little brain and too much body. So instead of roaming over the world in search of this new element as any sensible *man* would have done, he sat down and began to search within his own body for this new and strange element; for he knew that as soon as he had found it within his body he would find it in the world outside, for his body and the world were one to him.

So our Giant sat down and began to eat earth; but it was just as before—no new taste. Then he stood up and ate some fire; but the fire had the same old flavor. Then he tried water, but it was just the same as ever. Then he knelt. This was quite a new attitude, for Giants never kneel; but he did not find that it brought any new flavor into his mouth, nor any further satisfaction to his stomach. So he tried lying down flat on his back. This he had never done before, and he found it quite delightful—so restful. He felt a little ashamed of himself, for Giants pride themselves on their great strength and are not supposed ever to want rest. But the attitude was far too delightful to be given up for any slight feeling of shame. And he lay there for a long time, till at last he fell asleep.

Now outside this world there was a mischievous sprite, a little black three-legged imp, who was a great friend of all fire-folk. And when, dancing about from globe to globe, he perceived our Giant asleep in this strange attitude, he thought what fun it would be to chain him down so and prevent him from ever rising again—a just and proper punishment for his laziness. So this little black

three-legged sprite went off to the globe where Vulcan lives and induced him to come and chain our Giant to earth, so that his body and the earth might become one, even as he had boasted. And this was done all in one night.

When the Giant awoke next morning he was astonished to find himself lying, for Giants, if ever they sleep, do so sitting up and nodding. He was ashamed, and tried to jump up immediately before any of his Giant friends should see him; but he could not, for he was chained with invisible chains. He roared in his anger till every globe in the sky shook and every Giant came forth from his globe to see what was amiss. And when they saw what had happened they all roared with laughter and delight at his discomfort and would not help him. So our poor Giant was condemned to lie still.

As the day wore away our Giant became hungry; and he roared again in anguish, for this time he realized still further what being chained in this posture would mean. It would mean that he could neither eat fire, nor water, nor earth. But the other Giants were cruel, as Giants always are, and they only thought it a very good joke; they praised the little imp for supplying them with such a good and novel entertainment, and then returned each to his own world.

As our Giant lay there getting more and more hungry, he began to think back as to what had first induced him to try this new and alluring-to-death attitude. And he remembered that it was his anxiety to find the new and tasty element called air which was at the root of all his misery.

Then he became very sorry for his sin: he saw he had been greedy, and was sorry; he saw he had been lazy, and was sorry; he saw he had been ambitious; he had coveted the greater power of other Giants, and he was sorry; and lying there, he became quite meek. If the naughtily little sprite had come and released him then and there, I think there is no doubt that he would have become a good Giant instead of a sinful Giant, and would have lived happily ever after, as all good people do.

But there is one very strange thing about the attitude of mind called penitence, and that is this: If you are expected to be penitent for too long at a stretch your mind twists right round in

the opposite direction and you vow you will never be penitent again. I speak from experience, and no doubt the experience is common to all people. It appears to have been common among Giants; for our Giant, after he had been very, very sorry for the best part of the day, suddenly vowed vengeance, vowed that in some way even as he lay there he would out-do his fellow-Giants, and make them in their turn sorry for their sins.

Again and again he struggled to rise, but in vain; at last when almost exhausted with the effort, the idea came to him that if he could no longer use his external limbs to do violence to his enemies, he had better try to use his internal organs in some way to wreak secret vengeance on his foes.

As he lay there, his body crying out for food still more loudly every day, he went within and said to his members that he could no more supply them with fire, earth, or water, so they must learn to feed themselves. And there was great consternation within the body of our Giant as to what should be done. It was suggested that some should be killed to make food for others; and in the struggle which ensued there was developed within the body of our Giant a new motion—a new sort of expansion from within, a new pulsation. The Giant felt it and wondered. He felt his body vibrating in a new way; he felt alive in a way he had never felt before. His body moved, yet it moved not; he had been hungry, now he was fed; and the motion continued upwards even unto his breast. His breast moved, as it had never moved before, and the marvel continued even higher; his mouth ceased to crave. And higher still, his nostrils felt the thrill of life, which they had never felt before. And still the mighty life-wave swept on until it reached his brain; then, as it vivified and awakened his brain, he understood as he had never understood before; and in one great moment he realized that he breathed. He breathed; he lived; he rejoiced. He had triumphed over all his enemies. He was not dead, but alive. He was lazy, yet not idle. He was satisfied, yet not fed. As he lay there, he learned more and more how to breathe, till life pulsed through him more and more and he was possessed of new power and vitality. And the Spirits of the Air

now came in answer to the call of his breath and fanned him with cool breezes and refreshed him with sweet scents.

The other Giants watched and could not understand why he lived, for they knew not the Power of the Air, they understood not the mode of life called Breath. They watched astounded as he lived century after century apparently quite happy.

And as time went on, such was the vitality of our Giant that he became clothed with hair, beautiful sable-colored hair, smooth and silky. The other Giants were jealous, very jealous, for the worlds were all getting cooler now and the Giants felt the need of clothing as they never had done before; but there was naught wherewith to clothe themselves.

Now this is the old, old legend concerning the birth of man, as recorded in the Legends of the Giants. How we little men live and move and clothe the great Giant of our universe, and how it all happened through our Giant learning to breathe air. Before this, Giants were unclothed and men were not. This is the oldest record concerning the creation of man, for Giants lived long, long ago, in prehistoric times. In India, in Egypt, we find and shall find legends concerning the creation of man; but the Secret Legends of the Giants are hidden far, far away among the relics of civilizations which flourished long before the Babylonians and Chaldeans and will not be read by mortal eyes for many years to come; they are only to be read now by true lovers of Giants.

And they say that this is the reason why we men can not eat fire; we eat earth, air, and water, but fire seems to be prohibited. The Great Giant to show his gratitude to the little imp, who by chaining him to earth had compelled him to learn the art of breathing, ordained that fire-folk should in future be free from all tribute to him and his members. But in order that wonder at the Power of Breath might never cease among men, he ordained that in the fullness of time Man shall be fed by Breath alone.—From *"The Missing Goddess."* Published by G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London.

"And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—*Micah.*

## DREAMS.

In her unique book of comprehensive dream lore, "The Fabric of Dreams" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), Mrs. Katherine Taylor Craig has a chapter on the authors and artists who have found inspiration, themes, characters, and even plots in their own or other people's dreams. Stevenson, she shows, evolved much of his work out of his dreams and among the many others who acknowledged the assistance they received from their dreams she mentions Dante, Voltaire, Goethe, Hood, William Blake, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Lamb, and others. Now comes another instance of this eerie influence, and one of the most sensational of them all. For Edward Lucas White, author of "El Supremo" and "The Unwilling Vestal," whose new book of short stories, "The Song of the Sirens," E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish within a week or two, tells in the preface an uncanny tale of how he came to write a number of these pieces of fiction. All his life, he says, he has been dreaming dreams "such as visit few dreamers." "Sometimes," he continues, "I wake with the most distinct recollection of a picture, definite and with a multitude of details. Such was the dream in which I saw the vision on which is based the tale of 'The Man Who Had Seen Them'; saw it not as a painted picture, but as if I had been on the cross-trees of a vessel under that intense blue sky, gazing at the magic islet and its portentous occupants. The dream was the more marvelous since there is nothing in either literature or art suggesting anything which I beheld in that vision of the two living shapes.

"Often I wake with the sensation of having just finished reading a book or story. Generally I can recall the form and appearance of the book and can almost see the last page—size, shape, quality of paper and kind of type, with every letter of the last sentences. Such a dream was that from which I woke shuddering, tingling with the horror of the revelation at the end of 'The Flambeau Bracket,' with the last three sentences of it, word for word as they stand in the story, branded on my sight. Yet I was not able to recall in its entirety the tale I had just read; for in my dream the whole action took place on the window-sill, and what was done and

said there disclosed all that had gone before and implied, unmistakably, all that was to come after. This superlative artistry I could not attain to in the tale.

"It has happened that I have dreamed the same dream over and over. Some of these recurrent dreams have repeated themselves many times; a few have recurred at intervals varying from a few nights to many months over periods running into years. The story called 'Dislova' is told almost exactly as I dreamed it; the ending, from getting my eyes above the window-sill, once only, on the night of February 20, 1911; the earlier portion as I dreamed it, sometimes twice weekly, sometimes once in six months or so, over a period of more than twelve years, from early in 1899. Three or four times the dream began with my escape from the massacre of my company by turning on my pursuers in the wood and killing the foremost; generally, however, it began when I woke in the dark in the dream and saw the light twinkling far away across the valley. No existent path which my living feet have trod is better known to me than is that dream-path from my hiding-place down to the river-ford and up to the castle wall. During the twelve years throughout which this dream recurred to me my waking meditations dwelt often on conjectures as to what I should find inside that window, if I ever got inside it. But after all that pondering, the climax of that dream amazed me even more than the climax of the tale will probably startle a sensitive reader. I, in my dream, did not read it; it happened to me. The diabolical ingenuity of it still gives me spinal intuitions."

## A CHILD OF SORROW.

Among the books that may be heartily recommended at a time when quackery seems the chief passport to public attention is a little volume entitled "The Diary of a Child of Sorrow," by Elias Gewurz, librarian of the Olympic Club in San Francisco. We may wish that Mr. Gewurz had chosen a less lugubrious title, but his book is by no means lugubrious. It is a careful survey of individual evolution along a path that is not always in the shadow and that ends always in the sunlight.

Sorrow, says the author, is always

merited and the beginning of the end of sorrow is a recognition of its cause:

It is now that the sacred truth of reincarnation will draw upon him in a manner which will compel acceptance; he will henceforth *know* it, and consequently he will not seek the cause of his sufferings in his actions of the present life, but he will realize that the events of his former incarnations have shaped his present one and causes from the far past have made him what he is and put him where he finds himself at the given moment. He sees a long vista of lives, past and future, to be complementary parts of his present stay on earth, and, probing the mystery of pain, the disciple takes into account the things that have gone before and those which are yet to come. He finds that many of his sorrows were just means resorted to by those who guide him to rouse him from his sleep and sloth. The mission of pain, he now realizes, is to bring about his final disillusionment, so that he may be spared much greater calamities as he advances towards the temple.

Perhaps the author is a little too inclusive. We are inclined to suspect that many of our misfortunes are due to the follies of the present life and are not necessarily rooted in the far past. And what can be more lamentable than a neglect of the causative weaknesses that are clearly in sight and a search of the far past for the causes that so distinctly belong to the here and now.

The author touches on the subject of transmutation. Power, he says, does not depend upon grossness, upon substantiality, as the materialist would have us believe:

The progress in artificial lighting will serve as an illustration. The pine-knot, coarse and crude in material, burns with much smoke, giving little light; next comes the grease lamp, in which fat is burned in a wick; then comes the tallow candle and oil lamps, and then kerosene. There is in every instance an increase in power and brilliancy of the light, in proportion as the crude materiality of the medium decreases. Refinement of material gives refinement of result. The succeeding step is gas, which is much finer, and the volume of light is greater than that of previous grosser mediums of lighting. At last electricity is introduced and the light is more brilliant still: it is the eternal law of the spiritualization of substance. "The greatest degree of power is generated from the smallest quantity of matter," says a great contemporary authority on metaphysics. Power subsists in intelligence, which is the foundation of all substance on all planes and in every conceivable condition. This is the sovereign law of the manifested universe, and was well known to the alchemists and Hermetic philosophers of old. Their teachings were founded upon those universal truths of which the vulgar crowd was ignorant. To the ordinary scientists of all ages matter was the matrix of all power, and the more opaque a substance was the greater was

the force derivable from it supposed to be. The alchemists contended the reverse of this to be true, and modern science is just beginning to vindicate the authority of those much maligned and seldom understood sages. They were said to be dreamers and visionaries, but their dreams do not seem to have been altogether dreams. The latest findings of science point to it that there is a considerable substratum of truth behind all their apparently amusing allegories and parables and fairy tales. Matter, it is now stated on highest authority, is alive and transmutable; in its ultimate state it is force, seemingly inert on the lowest plane of manifestation, but becoming more vivid and more dynamic as it rises in the scale of evolution. In the mineral, vegetable, animal, and human kingdoms we see the gradual rising of the original matter of the universe into ever finer forms, until that which was first primordial dust has by slow degrees evolved into a conscious reasoning being.

The volume is a short one and untechnical. We should like to hear more from Mr. Gewurz.

THE DIARY OF A CHILD OF SORROW. By Elias Gewurz. Chicago: Yogi Publication Society.

## — TWENTIETH CENTURY PROPHECIES.

(By Sefharial.)

From old-time bonds the Russian Bear  
shall break,

And from the dust of bones a living  
thing shall make.

By thirteen lost so much the people gain,  
Then Michael shall resume his earthly  
reign.

The world shall know this prophecy for  
true,

When Ten and Nine shall join twice  
ten and two.

Belgium in Fourteen devastate shall be;  
In Twenty-one a cause of enmity.

But Thirty-eight shall see a king en-  
throned

The Lily-Branch that nations have dis-  
owned.

Her years of increase reach to seventy-  
four,

Then comes the flood: the sun shall shine  
no more.

Byzantium's kings shall pass in Twenty-  
one:

Her palaces by rats are overrun;

In Fifty-two for bread her people groan:  
In Seventy-six she reaps what she has  
sown.

Her strength in Seventeen wasted by the  
sword;

Fifty renews the glory of the Lord!

When Judah's vagrant sons a hove have found,

In Salem shall a British prince be crowned;

For Eighty years and one his tree shall stand,

And milk and honey overflow the land.  
The dynasty begun in Twenty-four,  
Four times renewed ere it shall reach  
fourscore. —

Though world-wide strife shall leave her undismayed—

Fires of affliction by her waters stayed—  
In Sixty-two her ships shall burn and blaze,

Her coasts aflame shall light her dread amaze:

In Seventy-four her strength shall wasted be.

Thus runs the rote of Holland's destiny.

Two hundred years and more shall not avail

To dim the lustre of the Latin fame:  
Against all enemies shall France prevail  
And add increasing glories to her name.

Then gold shall change to a more ruddy hue

And wider conquests shall her sons pursue.

An age of glory lights Britannia's name,  
In Twenty-four and Thirty-six the same:

While over all the earth her Branches run,

The Root itself is hurt in Forty-one.

Then shall her targe be turned, her arms reversed,

Among the centuries we dread the Twenty-first.

Israel, redeemed, her City shall restore:  
The work begins in Nineteen twenty-four;

And never shall her ramparts fall again  
Till Judah's Lion ends His earthly reign:  
Then wealth shall spread its bounties all around,

Lifted in air and treasured underground.

France leagued with Albion to shelter Spain,

The ancient bond shall be renewed again.  
Across the frozen plains the Bear shall run

To taste the honey from the rising Sun:  
Then furthest East and furthest West shall be  
United in a bond of amity.

In Sixty-three is Judah's power restored.  
His eyes shall see the Glory of the Lord:  
Shiloh shall come the Scorpion power to wrest,

The Bull shall turn its amble to the West:

The sea is Black, the river Russ is red,  
In Sixty-six the Lion rears its head.

An Anglo-Dutch alliance in the midst of war

Will span a sea and heal an ancient sore:  
In Lower Lands the seed reserved is sown;

Behold it to a mighty nation grown!  
Thrust forth, embarked, long trail and heavy toil,

A forest growth springs up on Afric soil.

Venus Merx and Moon in Sagitta.

The Bull will die in Andalusia:

Taurus on high, with Leo Mars ascends  
For all their woes the Gauls will make amends;

Eighteen is sweet and Nineteen judgment shows,

While Twenty shall decide twixt friends and foes.

Judah in France shall find a home and friends,

Reaping a rich reward for what it lends:  
Out of her desolation and her pain,  
By Judah's power, shall France be raised again:

In Forty joined shall two Republics be  
And France shall lead the way in Sixty three.

Erin, detached, and nervous as the roe.  
From Twelve to Twenty-five no rest shall know:

Then Hestia comes and o'er the Emerald Isle

Peace and Prosperity attend her smile.  
But Thirty-seven renews her old alarm  
And Forty-one brings trouble to her arms.

The earth shall tremble in the distant West

And change of clime shall bring a great unrest;

Then certain people, born to larger fate  
Forth from the Northwest Isles shall emigrate.

How they were led by One of gentle  
hand  
But few of that great flock will under-  
stand.

Judgment shall come upon the old  
régime;  
What Peter built will prove a maniac's  
dream:  
What Saturn binds, prolific Jove shall  
loose,  
Bread shall be scarce and ruddy wine  
profuse.  
Chaos and strife for thirty years shall  
reign;  
The Little Child shall then be born again.

When lead and tin are in the Urn com-  
bined  
The soul of Russ shall search its heart  
and mind:  
The Slav reborn then France shall test  
her power  
And Shuleh rises in the selfsame hour:  
Michael enthroned, revolt shall have an  
end,  
Then rich and poor together make  
amend.

Two thousand years and six revulsion  
comes,  
Alba regards her devastated homes:  
In Seventy-six the Turkish rout begins  
And Ninety-nine shall wipe away her  
sins:  
In Twenty-eight shall Gaul renew her  
stress  
Emerging on an age of happiness.

Fair Poland knows no peace while Merx  
doth reign;  
In Twenty-five it suffers less of pain:  
In Thirty-seven it springs forth fierce  
and strong,  
And seeks redress of yet another wrong:  
Sixty reduced, twelve years of durance  
vile;  
And then for ninety years her fortunes  
smile.

Archangels fight while Spaniards lie su-  
pine;  
Above, below, Holland and Spain be-  
tween:  
The mischief done begins in Forty-four,  
By insurrections vexed for twelve years  
more:  
Stricken in Fifty-two by scourge of  
Heaven;

Reduced, undone, and lost in Sixty-seven.

Out of the West the Aquarian Child shall  
hie,  
Saturn and Mars to meet in Gemini:  
Seven years reviled and twelve in place  
of trust,  
Then Draco gets the Sagittarian thrust:  
Nineteen shall hurt and Twenty-four un-  
fix;  
His star shall disappear at sixty-six.

Grey Dove without, satanic Red within,  
A mouth of swelling words, a heart of  
sin:  
Though high the Babel of ambition's  
craze,  
A felon's grave, and none to sing his  
praise;  
Debased, outcast; Peace comes a year too  
late  
To quench the fires of his malignant hate.

The light no more from East to West  
shall flow  
But turn at seventy-five and backward  
go:  
A subtle thing is this and hard to fix,  
The fact is recognized in Twenty-six;  
For then will shine a message through  
the night  
And when the sun has set it shall be  
light.

A vain attempt the old régime to raise  
Gives vogue in France to puppet-making  
craze;  
A sweep on horseback, so the people say,  
Should not pretend to sway our destiny.  
In Twenty-three, the seventh uplifts the  
fool;  
And Twenty-nine shall terminate his rule.

Wondrous in Labor as in arts of War  
Britain shall be reborn in Twenty-four:  
Riot in London reaps in Twenty-three  
By fire and orge a hapless destiny:  
The Charter floated on Hepatic pool  
By gold and purple is the Merse made  
full.

In Twenty-one shall Turkey's power be  
spent,  
In Twenty-four by red revolt be rent;  
In Twenty-seven she rails against the  
Cross,  
Thirty reveals the measure of her loss;  
Her treasure squandered and her life-  
blood spilled,  
The Week of Prophecy is now fulfilled

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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MAR 7 1919

# Theosophical Outlook

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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## GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an extract from Mr. Asquith's Romanes Lectures on the giants of the Victorian era. Mr. Asquith asks why these great men came so closely together. He says that there is no theory of causation that can adequately explain the indisputable fact.

But Mr. Asquith might have gone farther afield and he would have found similar phenomena all the way through history. Sometimes the giants come singly, but more often they come in groups, as though they were inseparable companions summoned from some limbo for the accomplishment of a common purpose. In the market place of ancient Athens we find philosophers enough to stock a world, thinkers who, as it were, supplied the philosophy for the consumption of ages. There have been similar collections of artists and statesmen and soldiers. Sometimes the groups mingle as in the Elizabethan age, when we find the greatest of writers, the greatest of explorers, and the greatest of sailors. At one moment the stage is crowded with mighty men, and at the next moment it is empty. The American revolution called forth a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude, and then with the exception of the solitary figure of Abraham Lincoln the lights are dimmed and a dreary mediocrity holds sway. Is it the greatness of the age that produces the greatness of human genius? Or is there in

some mysterious way a synchronization of demand and supply, a conscious and intended fulfillment of a nation's need?

In the light of reincarnation we incline toward the latter theory. If nature is a harmonious unity there must be a law of periodicity in the movements of its parts. If the same drama is played again and again upon the stage of human evolution there is no reason why we should not expect the reappearance of the same actors. Indeed it would seem that they must reappear, if we realize that death can produce no fundamental change in the great characteristics of human nature. The dead poet is as much a poet as the living poet. The soldier does not change his traits because he has passed through the portals of death. The artist remains an artist, and the saint remains a saint, even though their dominant tendencies sink for a time under the tide of sleep. And those characteristics can be expressed only in human communion, amid the affairs of life, in the storm and stress amid which they were nurtured.

It is not more astonishing that the giants of genius should appear in groups than that members of Congress should assemble at the opening of a legislative session and at no other time. Or that armies should congregate when war is threatened. That we are not able always to discern the cause is no evidence that no cause exists. The workings of a loom with its thousands of parts, its maze of flashing shuttles, is a mystery to one un-



skilled in mechanics, but he would indeed be foolish who would deny the mutual dependence of the parts, or the plan that guides the shuttles. The dependence and the plan are alike proved by a glance at the finished product, in which every thread is in its place and every color is harmonious. Great men are born in groups because the stage of human events is ready and set for them. It is their drama and no other that is to be played.

## THE SEVEN SELVES.

(By Kahlil Gibran.)

In the stillest hour of the night, as I lay half asleep, my seven selves sat together and thus conversed in whispers:

First Self: Here, in this madman, I have dwelt all these years, with naught to do but renew his pain by day and recreate his sorrow by night. I can bear my fate no longer, and now I rebel.

Second Self: Yours is a better lot than mine, brother, for it is given me to be this man's joyous self. I laugh his laughter and sing his happy hours, and with thrice winged feet I dance his brighter thoughts. It is I that would rebel against my weary existence.

Third Self: And what of me, the love-ridden self, the flaming brand of wild passion and fantastic desires? It is I the love-sick self who would rebel against this madman.

Fourth Self: I, amongst you all, am the most miserable, for naught was given me but odious hatred and destructive loathing. It is I, the tempest-like self, the one born in the black caves of hell, who would protest against the serving of this madman.

Fifth Self: Nay, it is I, the thinking self, the fanciful self, the self of hunger and thirst, the one doomed to wander without rest in search of unknown things and things not yet created; it is I, not you, who would rebel.

Sixth Self: And I, the working self, the pitiful laborer, who, with patient hands and longing eyes, fashion the days into images and give the formless elements new and eternal forms—it is I, the solitary one, who would rebel against this restless madman.

Seventh Self: How strange that you all would rebel against this man, because each and every one of you has a pre-

ordained fate to fulfill. Ah! could I but be like one of you, a self with a determined lot! But I have none, I am the do-nothing self, the one who sits in the dumb, empty nowhere and nowhen, while you are busy recreating life. Is it you or I, neighbors, who should rebel?

When the seventh self thus spake the other six selves looked with pity upon him, but said nothing more; and as the night grew deeper one after the other went to sleep enfolded with a new and happy submission.

But the seventh self remained watching and gazing at nothingness, which is behind all things.—From "*The Madman*." Published by Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.25.

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, . . . so with the external or manifested Universe.—*Secret Doctrine*.

## EDUCATION.

President Eliot of Harvard University regrets the lack of religious teaching in our public schools. Because there is no religious teaching the road is left open to materialism. Materialism is taken for granted in an atmosphere that has been cleared of everything but materialism. In this way the evils of our social life are perpetuated and the road is cleared for injustice, wrongs, and war.

But, asks President Eliot, what can you do about it? The sectarians will not allow religion to be taught school children unless it be their own peculiar versions. And then the other sectarians object. They veto one another, and the sick man is allowed to die while the medical schools dispute.

President Eliot would like to see the teaching of ethics as distinct from doctrine. The war, he says, has taught ethics to the soldiers engaged in it. They have learned to suffer for one another and to die for one another. Can not children be taught the same? Religion of the right kind does not depend upon the authority of some one who is supposed to have promulgated it. Religion is not true because a Savior taught it.

The Saviors taught it because it was true. May we not avoid the pitfalls of sectarianism and at the same time teach to children the beauties of service? Nothing more than this is needed. The child does not ask for authorities. It is only foolish adults who do that. The child grasps an ethical principle without difficulty and without a demand for chapter and verse.

President Eliot deserves all the applause that he is likely to get for his wise suggestions. But they are not likely to be accepted. The churches are watching the schools as cats watch mice. Any attempt to teach ethics would result in an instant demand, a dozen instant demands, to supply the teachers, and we all know just what that would mean. It would mean the Thirty-Nine Articles, and the Westminster Confession, and goodness only knows what else. The schools must be quarantined against the sectarians.

The remedy, of course, must be found in the home, and not in the schools. There are some duties that parents can not delegate, and the duty of religious instruction is among them. And actually it is a very simple duty. Let children be taught the difference between right and wrong, not because rights and wrongs are to be found catalogued in some supposedly sacred book, but because their recognition is within the sphere of a universal intuition to which no appeal is ever vainly made, and that is peculiarly active in children. Let children be taught the duality of their own nature, and the unending conflict between the animal and the divine. Let them be taught to obey the higher impulses because they *are* the higher impulses, and not because it is the will of a god or the precept of a scripture that they should so obey. And let them identify those higher impulses with the desire to serve their fellows, and not to prey upon their fellows. It may be that adults can not always understand these things, but it will be found that children invariably understand them, that they regard them as self-evident facts, and that they will not demand authorities nor sanctions. The child that has been encouraged to discriminate between its higher and its lower nature will not later on be found in the "gang," and still less in gaol.

Teach children not to be afraid either

of gods or microbes. Teach them the beneficences of nature, and not its supposed hostilities. Teach them something of the "divine carelessness" which is the best of all prophylactics, the surest shield against misfortune. Teach them to love beautiful things. It will be easy because they already love them.

The child is not a new creation waiting to be shaped and molded by schools and teachers. Growth is the law of its being, and all we can do is to provide the light and the nurture. Usually we provide darkness and starvation, so far as its higher nature is concerned. We carefully teach it the poison of self-interest, and self-assertion, and self-indulgence. We teach it to be afraid, hedge it around with terrors, and then complain when the fruit is bitter. And yet it should be easy so to train a child that it will instinctively choose the right long before adulthood.

### MEDIUMSHIP.

(By W. B. YEATS)

Only in rapid and subtle thought, or in faint accents heard in the quiet of the mind, can the thought of the spirit come to us but little changed; for a mind, that grasps objects simultaneously according to the degree of its liberation, does not think the same thought with the mind that sees objects one after another. The purpose of most religious teaching, of the insistence upon the submission to God's will above all, is to make certain of the passivity of the vehicle where it is most pure and most tenuous. When we are passive where the vehicle is coarse, we become mediumistic, and the spirits who would mould themselves in that coarse vehicle can only rarely and with great difficulty speak their own thoughts and keep their own memory. They are subject to a kind of drunkenness and are stupefied, old writers say, as if with honey, and readily mistake our memory for their own, and believe themselves whom and what we please. We bewilder and overmaster them, for once they are among the perceptions of successive objects, our reason, being an instrument created and sharpened by those objects, is stronger than their intellect, and they can but repeat with brief glimpses from another state, our knowledge and our words.—From "*Per Amica Silentia Lunae*." Published by the Macmillan Company.

## PARACELSUS.

Be sure that God  
 Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he  
 deigns impart.  
 Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at  
 once  
 Into the vast and unexplored abyss.  
 What full-grown power informs her  
 from the first,  
 Why she not marvels, strenuously  
 beating  
 The silent boundless regions of the sky!  
 Be sure they sleep not whom God needs.  
 Nor fear  
 Their holding light his charge, when  
 every hour  
 That finds that charge delayed is a new  
 death.

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 sends His hail  
 or blinding fire-balls, sleet, or stifling  
 snow,  
 In some good time—His good time—I  
 shall arrive:  
 He guides me and the bird. In His good  
 time.

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!

Progress is  
 The law of life, man's self is not yet  
 Man!  
 Nor shall I deem his object served, his  
 end  
 Attained, his genuine strength put fairly  
 forth,  
 While only here and there a star dispels  
 The darkness, here and there a towering  
 mind  
 O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: when the  
 host  
 Is out at once to the despair of night,  
 When all mankind alike is perfected,  
 Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till  
 then,  
 I say, begins man's general infancy!

—Robert Browning.

By paralyzing his lower personality, and arriving thereby at the full knowledge of the *non-separateness* of his Higher Self from the One Absolute Self, man can, even during his terrestrial life, become as "one of us."—*Secret Doctrine*.

## LOGIA OF THE LORD.

In response to various inquiries the following may be said regarding the sayings of Jesus that have been found recorded upon scraps of manuscript, and that are either variants of the canonical documents or additions to them.

An interesting fragment was found in 1905 in a mound at Oxyrhynchus. It consists of a single vellum leaf, practically complete except at one of the lower corners. The book to which the leaf belonged was of remarkably modest dimensions, but though the written surface only slightly exceeds two inches square the scribe has succeeded in compressing forty-five lines into the two pages. He used a small and not very regular uncial hand, round and upright of a type pointing to a fourth rather than a fifth-century date. The following is a translation of the fragment:

... before he does wrong makes all manner of subtle excuse. But give heed lest ye also suffer the same things as they; for the evil-doers among men receive their reward not among the living only, but also await punishment and much torment.

And he took them and brought them into the very place of purification, and was walking in the temple.

And a certain Pharisee, a chief priest whose name was Levi (?), met them and said to the Saviour, Who gave thee leave to walk in this place of purification and to see these holy vessels, when thou hast not washed nor yet have thy disciples bathed their feet? But defiled thou hast walked in this temple, which is a pure place, wherein no other man walks except he has washed himself and changed his garments, neither does he venture to see these holy vessels.

And the Saviour straightway stood still with his disciples and answered him, Art thou then being here in the temple, clean?

He saith unto him, I am clean; for I washed in the pool of David, and having descended by one staircase I ascended by another, and I put on white and clean garments, and then I came and looked upon these holy vessels.

The Saviour answered and said unto him, Woe ye blind, who see not. Thou hast washed in these running waters wherein dogs and swine have been cast night and day, and have cleansed and wiped the outside skin which also the harlots and flute girls anoint; and wash and wipe and beautify for the lust of men; but within they are full of scorpions.

and all wickedness. But I and my disciples, who thou sayest have not bathed, have been dipped in the waters of eternal life which come from . . . But woe unto thee. . . .

Two years earlier, in 1903, another fragment had been found at Oxyrhynchus, consisting of forty-two incomplete lines on the back of a survey list of various pieces of land. The survey list, says Dr. Grenfell, of the Egypt Exploration Fund, was written in a cursive hand of the end of the second or early part of the third century. The following is the translation :

These are the (wonderful!) words which Jesus the living (Lord) spake to . . . and Thomas, and he said unto (them), Every one that hearkens to these words shall never taste of death.

Jesus saith, Let not him who seeks . . . cease until he finds, and when he finds he shall be astonished; astonished he shall reach the kingdom, and having reached the kingdom he shall rest.

Jesus saith, (ye ask? who are those) that draw us (to the kingdom, if) the kingdom is in heaven? . . . the fowls of the air, and all beasts that are under the earth, and the fishes of the sea, (these are they which draw) you, and the Kingdom of Heaven is within you; and whoever shall know himself shall find it. (Strive therefore?) to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the (almighty?) Father; (and?) ye shall know that ye are in (the city of God?), and ye are (the city?).

Jesus saith, A man shall not hesitate . . . to ask . . . concerning his place (in the kingdom. Ye shall know) that many that are first shall be last and the last first and (they shall have eternal life?)

Jesus saith, Everything that is not before thy face and that which is hidden from thee shall be revealed to thee. For there is nothing hidden that shall not be made manifest, nor buried which shall not be raised.

His disciples question him and say, How shall we fast and how shall we (pray?) . . . and what (commandment) shall we keep . . . Jesus saith, . . . do not . . . of truth . . . blessed is he. . . .

The following are the Logia discovered in 1897 at Oxyrhynchus and published for the Egypt Exploration Fund:

Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and except ye make the sabbath a real sabbath, ye shall not see the Father.

Jesus saith, I stood in the midst of the world and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them, and my soul grieveth over the sons of men, because they are blind in their heart and see not. . . .

Jesus saith, Wherever there are (two) they are not without God, and wherever there is one alone, I say, I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I.

Jesus saith, A Prophet is not acceptable in

his own country, neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him.

Jesus saith, A city built on the top of a high hill and stablished, can neither fall nor be hid.

Jesus saith, Thou hearest with one ear, (but the other thou hast closed).

In addition to the foregoing the excavators found eight fragments of a papyrus in roll form containing a lost Gospel and of which the following is a translation:

(Take no thought) from morning until even nor from evening until morning, either for your food what ye shall eat or for your raiment what ye shall put on. Ye are far better than the lilies which grow but spin not. Having one garment, what do ye (lack?) . . . Who could add to your stature? He himself will give you your garment. His disciples say unto him, When wilt thou be manifest to us, and when shall we see thee? He saith, When ye shall be stripped and not be ashamed.

He said, The key of knowledge ye hid; ye entered not in yourselves and to them that were entering in ye opened not.

Dr. Grenfell points out that the answer ascribed in the papyrus to Jesus bears a striking resemblance to the answer made to a similar question in a passage of the Gospel according to the Egyptians which is referred to several times by Clement of Alexandria, and which ran thus: "When Salome asked how long death would prevail, the Lord said, So long as ye women bear children. For I have come to destroy the works of the female. And Salome said to him, Did I therefore well in bearing no children? The Lord answered and said, Eat every herb, but eat not that which has bitterness. When Salome asked when those things about which she questioned should be made known, the Lord said, When ye trample upon the garment of shame; when the two become one, and the male with the female neither male nor female." A similar reference is found in the Second Epistle of Clement xii. 2, "For the Lord himself being asked by some one when his kingdom should come, said, When the two shall be one, and the outside as the inside, and the male with the female neither male nor female."

The theosophical student may test his intuition as to the meaning of these strange sayings.

The first manifestation of the Kosmos in the form of an Egg was the most widely diffused belief of Antiquity.

## GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

In the intellectual sphere it will be found that most of the great names of the Victorian Age are those of men and women born in the ten years between 1809 and 1819. Carlyle, Macaulay, Disraeli, J. S. Mill are all a little earlier, and Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, Millais, George Meredith a little later. But the calendar of those ten years is worth recounting:

In 1809 Darwin, Gladstone, Tennyson.

1811 Thackeray.

1812 Dickens, Robert Browning.

1816 Charlotte Brontë.

1819 (the birth year of Queen Victoria herself), George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Ruskin.

I have included Disraeli and Gladstone, not because, but in spite of their being politicians.

At the queen's accession the eldest of these was twenty-eight and the youngest eighteen. That year (1837)—the opening scene of the Victorian drama—fitly heralded the future; for in it were given to the English world two immortal works, opposite as the poles in character, but each disclosing for the first time the real genius of its author: Dickens "Pickwick Papers" and Carlyle's "French Revolution." During the decade which followed our literature was enriched by "Vanity Fair," "Jane Eyre," the first volume of "Modern Painters," and the first two volumes of Macaulay's "History of England."

Sir Edward Clarke has recently produced an interesting autobiography. . . . I will not go through his catalogue, but every one should read and study; but I will take two or three years as samples, sometimes omitting one or two of Sir E. Clarke's specimens, and sometimes adding one or two, for which he has not found a place.

Take first 1850—the year of "Pendenis," "In Memoriam," and "Christmas Eve and Easter Day." Or again, 1855, with "Maud," "Men and Women," "The Virginians," Macaulay's third and fourth volumes, and Herbert Spencer's "Psychology." Or, lastly, 1859, with the "Idylls of the King," "Adam Bede," "The Tale of Two Cities," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," Edward Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat," and (in some ways the most epoch-making of them all)

Darwin's "Origin of Species." Even this marvelous and almost unexampled array gives an inadequate idea of the resources of Victorian genius when the age was at its zenith. For, within the same ten years, we have the first published poems of Matthew Arnold and William Morris, Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," the first novel of Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," Mill's "Liberty," and the best work of Charles Kingsley. . . . The stream, if never afterward quite so full and strong, did not dry up; it was for years later being constantly reinforced and vitalized by new tributaries, down to the very confines of the Victorian Age.

The wind blows where it lists: and no theory of causation with which I am acquainted—whether of heredity, or environment, or of any combination or permutation of possible or imaginable antecedents—can adequately account for these indisputable facts. It is right, moreover, to record that the Victorian public, the men in the street at whom Matthew Arnold giped, the subscribers to the circulating libraries, which then went far to make or unmake the fortunes of an author, were neither unappreciative nor exclusive in their appreciations. It is true that the two greatest of the women writers of the age—Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot—were, at the outset of their careers, roughly handled by the orthodox and fashionable critics. But both came very soon into their own. In the case of another pair of the most gifted authors of the time, Robert Browning and George Meredith, each of whom had to wait before he could make good his claims to pass, from the worship of a coterie, into the recognized Pantheon, the fault lay perhaps as much with the perversity of the writer as with the dullness of the public.—*From Mr. Asquith's Romanes Lecture, "Some Aspects of the Victorian Age."*

Cronus with his scythe cuts down even the longest and, to us, seemingly endless cycles, which, for all that, are limited in Eternity, and with the same scythe destroys the mightiest rebels. Aye, not one will escape the scythe of time. Praise the God or Gods, or flout one or both, that scythe will not tremble one-millioneth of a second in its ascending or descending course.

### THE PILGRIM.

I am my ancient self,  
 Long paths I've trod,  
 The luring light before,  
 Behind the red;  
 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 *"Soul Spur."*

### WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

This Doctrine teaches that the whole Universe is ruled by intelligent and semi-intelligent Forces and Powers.

The religious and esoteric history of every nation was imbedded in symbols; it was never expressed literally in so many words. All the thoughts and emotions, all the learning and knowledge, revealed and acquired, of the early Races, found their pictorial expression in allegory and parable. Why? Because the spoken word has a potency not only unknown to, but even unsuspected and naturally disbelieved in, by the modern "sages." Because sound and rhythm are closely related to the four Elements of the Ancients; and because 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.

Satan never assumed an anthropomorphic, individualized shape, until the creation by man of the "one living personal God" had been accomplished, and then merely as a matter of prime necessity.

A screen was needed; a scapegoat to explain the cruelty, blunders, and but too evident injustice, perpetrated by him for whom absolute perfection, mercy, and goodness were claimed.

One can not claim God as the synthesis of the whole Universe, as Omnipresent and Omniscient and Infinite, and then divorce him from Evil. As there is far more Evil than Good in the world, it follows on logical grounds that either God must include Evil, or stand as the direct cause of it, or else surrender his claims to Absoluteness.

### KAMARUPA.

Metaphysically, and in our esoteric philosophy, it is the subjective form created through the mental and physical desires and thoughts in connection with things of matter, by all sentient beings, a form which survives the death of their bodies. After that death three of these seven "principles" or let us say planes of senses and consciousness on which the human instincts and ideation act in turn—viz., the body, its astral prototype and physical vitality—being of no further use remain on earth; three higher principles, grouped into one, merge into the state of Devachan, in which state the Higher Ego will remain until the hour for a new re-incarnation arrives; and the *eidolon* of the ex-Personality is left alone in its new abode. Here the pale copy of the man that was vegetates for a period of time, the duration of which is variable and according to the element of materiality which is left in it, and which is determined by the past life of the defunct. Bereft as it is of its higher mind, spirit and physical senses, if left alone to its own senseless devices, it will gradually fade out and disintegrate. But, if forcibly drawn back into the terrestrial sphere, whether by the passionate desires and appeals of the surviving friends or by regular necromantic practices—one of the most pernicious of which is mediumship—the "spook" may prevail for a period greatly exceeding the span of the natural life of its body. Once the Kamarupa has learnt the way back to living human bodies, it becomes a vampire, feeding on the vitality of those who are so anxious for its company. In India the *eidolons* are called *Pisachas*, and are much dreaded.—*Theosophical Glossary*.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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  
MAR 17 1919

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## THE EARY CHURCH.

(By H. G. Wells.)

The entire history of the growth of the Christian doctrine in those disordered early centuries is a history of theology by committee; a history of furious wrangling, of hasty compromises, and still more hasty attempts to clinch matters by anathema. When the muddle was at its very worst, the church was confronted by enormous political opportunities. In order that it should seize these one chief thing appeared imperative: doctrinal uniformity. The emperor himself, albeit unbaptized and very ignorant of Greek, came and seated himself in the midst of Christian thought upon a golden throne. At the end of it all Eusebius, that supreme Trimmer, was prepared to damn everlastingly all those who doubted that consubstantiality he himself had doubted at the beginning of the conference. It is quite clear that Constantine did not care who was damned or for what period, so long as the Christians ceased to wrangle among themselves. The practical unanimity of Nicæa was secured by threats, and then, turning upon the victors, he sought by threats to restore Arius to communion. The imperial aim was a common faith to unite the empire. The crushing out of the Arians and of the Paulicians and suchlike heretics, and more particularly the systematic obstruction by the orthodox of all heretical writings, had about it none of that quality

of honest conviction which comes to those who have a real knowledge of God; it was a bawling down of dissensions that, left to work themselves out, would have spoilt good business; it was the fist of Nicolas of Myra over again, except that after the days of Ambrose the sword of the executioner and the fires of the book-burner were added to the weapon of the human voice. Priscillian was the first human sacrifice formally offered up under these improved conditions to the greater glory of the reinforced Trinity. Thereafter the blood of the heretics was the cement of Christian unity.

It is with these things in mind that those who profess the new faith are becoming so markedly anxious to distinguish God from the Trinitarian's deity. At present if any one who has left the Christian communion declares himself a believer in God, priest and parson swell with self-complacency. There is no reason why they should do so. That many of us have gone from them and found God is no concern of theirs. It is not that we who went out into the wilderness which we thought to be a desert, away from their creeds and dogmas, have turned back and are returning. It is that we have gone still further, and are beyond that desolation. Never more shall we return to those who gather under the cross. By faith we disbelieved and denied. By faith we said of that stuffed scarecrow of divinity, that incoherent ac-



cumulation of antique theological notions, the Nicene deity, "This is certainly no God." And by faith we have found God.—*From "God the Invisible King."*  
*Published by the Macmillan Company.*

### KARMA.

Consider with me that the individual existence is a rope which stretches from the infinite to the infinite and has no end and no commencement, neither is it capable of being broken. This rope is formed of innumerable fine threads, which, lying closely together, form its thickness. These threads are colorless, are perfect in their qualities of straightness, strength, and levelness. This rope, passing as it does through all places, suffers strange accident. Very often a thread is caught and becomes attached, or perhaps is only violently pulled away from its even way. Then for a great time it is disordered, and it disorders the whole. Sometimes one is stained with dirt or with color; and not only does the stain run on further than the spot of contact, but it discolors other of the threads. And remember that the threads are living—are like electric wires, more, are like quivering nerves. How far, then, must the stain, the drag awry, be communicated! But eventually the long strands, the living threads which in their unbroken continuity form the individual, pass out of the shadow into the shine. Then the threads are no longer colorless, but golden; once more they lie together, level. Once more harmony is established between them; and from that harmony within the greater harmony is perceived.

This illustration presents but a small portion—a single side of the truth; it is less than a fragment. Yet, dwell on it; by its aid you may be led to perceive more. What it is necessary first to understand is, not that the future is arbitrarily formed by any separate acts of the present, but that the whole of the future is in unbroken continuity with the present as the present is with the past. On one plane, from one point of view, the illustration of the rope is correct.

It is said that a little attention to occultism produces great Karmic results. That is because it is impossible to give any attention to occultism without mak-

ing a definite choice between what are familiarly called good and evil. The first step in occultism brings the student to the tree of knowledge: He must pluck and eat; he must choose. No longer is he capable of the indecision of ignorance. He goes on either on the good or on the evil path. And to step definitely and knowingly even but one step on either path produces great Karmic results. The mass of men walk waveringly, uncertain as to the goal they aim at; their standard of life is indefinite; consequently their Karma operates in a confused manner. But when once the threshold of knowledge is reached, the confusion begins to lessen, and consequently the Karmic results increase enormously, because all are acting in the same direction on all the different planes: for the occultist can not be half-hearted, nor can he return when he has passed the threshold. These things are as impossible as that the man should become the child again. The individuality has approached the state of responsibility by reason of growth; it can not recede from it.

He who would escape from the bondage of Karma must raise his individuality out of the shadow into the shine; must so elevate his existence that these threads do not come in contact with soiling substances, do not become so attached as to be pulled awry. He simply lifts himself out of the region in which Karma operates. He does not leave the existence which he is experiencing because of that. The ground may be rough and dirty, or full of rich flowers whose pollen stains and of sweet substances that cling and become attachments—but overhead there is always the free sky. He who desires to be Karmaless must look to the air for a home; and after that to the ether. He who desires to form good Karma will meet with many confusions, and in the effort to sow rich seed for his own harvesting may plant a thousand weeds, and among them the giant. Desire to sow no seed for your own harvesting; desire only to sow that seed the fruit of which shall feed the world. You are a part of the world; in giving it food you feed yourself. Yet in even this thought there lurks a great danger which starts forward and faces the disciple who has for long thought himself working for good, while in his inmost soul he has perceived

only evil; that is, he has thought himself to be intending great benefit to the world while all the time he has unconsciously embraced the thought of Karma, and the great benefit he works for is for himself. A man may refuse to allow himself to think of reward. But in that very refusal is seen the fact that reward is desired. And it is useless for the disciple to strive to learn by means of checking himself. The soul must be unfettered, the desires free. But until they are fixed only on that state wherein there is neither reward nor punishment, good nor evil, it is in vain that he endeavors. He may seem to make great progress, but some day he will come face to face with his own soul, and will recognize that when he came to the tree of knowledge he chose the bitter fruit and not the sweet; and then the veil will fall utterly, and he will give up his freedom and become a slave of desire. Therefore be warned, you who are but turning towards the life of occultism. Learn now that there is no cure for desire, no cure for the love of reward, no cure for the misery of longing, save that which is invisible and soundless. Begin even now to practice it, and so a thousand serpents will be kept from your path. Live in the eternal.

The operations of the actual laws of Karma are not to be studied until the disciple has reached the point at which they no longer affect himself. The initiate has a right to demand the secrets of nature and to know the rules which govern human life. He obtains this right by having escaped from the limits of nature and by having freed himself from the rules which govern human life. He has become a recognized portion of the divine element, and is no longer affected by that which is temporary. He then obtains the knowledge of the laws which govern temporary conditions. Therefore you who desire to understand the laws of Karma, attempt first to free yourself from these laws; and this can only be done by fixing your attention on that which is unaffected by them.—*From "Light on the Path."*

Even to speak of Cosmic Ideation—save in its *phenomenal* aspect—is like trying to bottle up primordial chaos, or to put a printed label on Eternity.—*Secret Doctrine.*

## ACCIDENT.

The late J. H. Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant," discusses in an apologue the law of accident, and he does it with a clarity that is worthy the attention of students of Karma. The speakers are supposed to be the King of Diamonds and the King of Clubs, cards in a game of bezique. The King of Diamonds says:

"I think it must be plain to every one . . . even to the most stupid, that we are governed by a higher intellect than our own; that as the cards fall from the pack . . . they are immediately subjected to analysis and arrangement, by which the utmost possible value is extracted from these chance contingencies, and that, not infrequently, the results which chance itself seemed to predict are reversed. This analysis and arrangement, and these results, we cards have learnt to call intellect (or mind), and to attribute it to an order of beings superior to ourselves, by whom our destinies are controlled.' . . . But what I wish to call your attention to is a more abstruse conception which I myself have obtained with difficulty. . . . It has occurred to me that even the fall of the cards is the result merely of more remote contingencies, and is resolvable into laws and systems similar to those to which they are afterwards subjected. I was led at first to form this conception by an oracular voice which I once heard, whether in trance or vision I can not say. The words I heard were somewhat like these:

"If we could sufficiently extend our insight we should see that every apparently chance contingency is but the result of previous combinations infinitely extended, that the relation of the cards in that pack, so mysterious to us, is not only by a higher intellect clearly perceived, but is seen to be the only possible result of such previous combinations; that all existence is but the result of previous existence, and that chance is lost in law. But side by side with this truth exists another of more stupendous import, that, just as far as this truth is recognized and perceived, just so far step by step springs into existence a power by which the law is abrogated, and the apparent course of its iron necessity changed. To these senseless cards . . . doubtless the game appears nothing but

an undeviating law of fate. We know that we possess a power by which the fall of the cards is systematized and controlled. To a higher intelligence than ours, doubtless, combinations which seem to us inscrutable are as easily analyzed and controlled. In proportion as intellect advances we know this to be the case, and these two would seem to run side by side into the Infinite—Law, and Intellect which perceives Law, until we arrive at the insoluble problem, whether Law is the result of Intellect, or Intellect of Law! These were the remarkable words I heard."

### THE ANCIENT SAGE.

A thousand summers ere the time of Christ

From out his ancient city came a Seer  
Whom one that loved, and honour'd him,  
and yet

Was no disciple, richly garb'd, but worn  
From wasteful living, follow'd—in his  
hand

A scroll of verse—till that old man be-  
fore

A cavern whence an affluent fountain  
pour'd

From darkness into daylight, turn'd and  
spoke.

This wealth of waters might but seem to  
draw

From yon dark cave, but, son, the source  
is higher,

Yon summit half a league in air—and  
higher,

The cloud that hides it—higher still, the  
heavens

Whereby the cloud was moulded, and  
whereout

The cloud descended. Force is from the  
heights.

I am wearied of our city, son, and go  
To spend my one last year among the  
hills.

What has thou there? Some deathsong  
for the Ghouls

To make their banquet relish? let me  
read.

"How far thro' all the bloom and brake  
That nightingale is heard!

What power but the bird's could make  
This music in the bird?

How summer-bright are yonder skies,  
And earth as fair in hue!

And yet what sign of aught that lies  
Behind the green and blue?

But man today is fancy's fool

As man hath ever been.

The nameless Power, or Powers, that  
rule

Were never heard or seen."

If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and  
wilt dive

Into the Temple-cave of thine own self.  
There, brooding by the central altar,  
thou

May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a  
voice,

By which thou wilt abide, if thou be  
wise,

As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not  
know;

For Knowledge is the swallow on the  
lake

That sees and stirs the surface-shadow  
there

But never yet hath dipt into the abysm,  
The Abysm of all Abysms, beneath, with-  
in

The blue of sky and sea, the green of  
earth,

And in the million-mollionth of a grain  
Which cleft and cleft again for ever-  
more,

And ever vanishing, never vanishes,  
To me, my son, more mystic than my-  
self,

Or even than the Nameless is to me.

And when thou sendest thy free soul  
thro' heaven,

Nor understandest bound nor boundless-  
ness,

Thou seest the Nameless of the hundred  
names.

And if the Nameless should withdraw  
from all

Thy frailty counts most real, all thy  
world

Might vanish like thy shadow in the  
dark.

"And since—from when this earth be-  
gan—

The Nameless never came

Among us, never spake with man,

And never named the Name!"—

Thou canst not prove the Nameless. O  
my son,

Nor canst thou prove the world thou  
movest in,

Thou canst not prove that thou art body  
alone,

Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit  
alone,

Nor canst thou prove that thou art both  
in one:  
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal,  
no  
Nor yet that thou art mortal, nay my  
son,  
Thou canst not prove that I, who speak  
with thee,  
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,  
For nothing worthy proving can be  
proven,  
Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be  
wise,  
Cleave ere to the sunnier side of doubt,  
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of  
Faith!  
She reels not in the storm of warring  
words,  
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and  
"No,"  
She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the  
Worst,  
She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,  
She spies the summer thro' the winter  
bud,  
She tastes the fruit before the blossom  
falls,  
She hears the lark within the songless  
egg,  
She finds the fountain where they wail'd  
"Mirage"!

"What Power? aught akin to Mind,  
The mind in me and you?  
Or power as of the Gods gone blind  
Who see not what they do?"

But some in yonder city hold, my son,  
That none but Gods could build this  
house of ours,  
So beautiful, vast, various, so beyond  
All work of man, yet, like all work of  
man,  
A beauty with defect—till That which  
knows,  
And is not known, but felt thro' what  
we feel  
Within ourselves is highest, shall descend  
On this half-deed, and shape it at the  
last

According to the Highest in the Highest  
"What Power but the Years that make  
And break the vase of clay,  
And stir the sleeping earth, and wake  
The bloom that fades away?  
What rulers but the Days and Hours  
That cancel weal with woe,  
And wind the front of youth with  
flowers,  
And cap our age with snow?"

The days and hours are ever glancing  
by,  
And seem to flicker past thro' sun and  
shade,  
Or short, or long, as Pleasure leads, or  
Pain;  
But with the Nameless is nor Day nor  
Hour;  
Tho' we, thin minds, who creep from  
thought to thought  
Break into "Thens" and "Whens" the  
Eternal Now:  
This double meaning of the single  
world!—  
My words are like the babblings in a  
dream  
Of nightmare, when the babblings break  
the dream.  
But thou be wise in this dream-world of  
ours,  
Nor take thy dial for thy deity,  
But make the passing shadow serve thy  
will.

"The years that make the stripling wise  
Undo their work again,  
And leave him, blind of heart and eyes,  
The last and least of men;  
Who clings to earth, and once would  
dare  
Hell heat or Arctic cold,  
And now one breath of cooler air  
Would loose him from his hold;  
His winter calls him to the root,  
He withers marrow and mind;  
The kernel of the shrivell'd fruit  
Is jutting thro' the rind;  
The tiger spasms tear his chest,  
The palsy-wags his head;  
The wife, the sons, who love him best  
Would fain that he were dead;  
The griefs by which he once was wrung  
Were never worth the while!"—

Who knows? or whether this earth-  
narrow life  
Be yet but yolk, and forming in the  
shell?  
—Tennyson.

The spoken word has a potency not  
only unknown to, but even unsuspected  
and naturally disbelieved in, by the mod-  
ern "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.—*Secret Doctrine*

# ASTROLOGY.

A correspondent asks if the Theosophical student is advised to study Astrology. To this it may be replied that the Theosophical student is not advised to study anything but himself. But the study of himself may lead him to Astrology, or Alchemy, or in a dozen other directions to be determined by his own tendencies or inclinations. Let us rid ourselves of the idea that Theosophy is like a course at a university with its schedules and curricula.

By all means let the student study Astrology if he thinks that it will aid him to study himself. But let him be careful as to the kind of astrology that he studies or it may do him more harm than good. We shall carry away from such a study only what we bring to it. A mistake here may be somewhat serious, because to a certain extent we are dealing with spiritual forces and there is a penalty for their misuse. If we look upon Astrology as a means to ascertain our future fate and fortune in a material sense it is likely to increase selfishness. If we allow ourselves to profit in such a way we may be doing so at the cost of others and then perhaps we shall find ourselves moving in the direction of sorcery. There is no doubt that Astrology, if properly understood, would reveal many of the coming insignificances and trivialities of our lives. We may laugh at the warnings against the "dark man" and the promises of the legacy, but if Astrology will reveal large things it will reveal also small things. Any law that includes the movements of suns must include also the movements of atoms. If Astrology can predict the Avatar it can predict also the "dark man" and the legacy. In nature there is no great or small. The atom becomes a solar system and the solar system an atom. It is a matter of choice for the student. If he shall use Astrology in such a way as to strengthen his lower nature, to stimulate the personality, to increase his interest in things and in possessions he will find that it will retard his progress and not hasten it.

Astrology has suffered much from superstition, perhaps more than any other occult science, and most of the astrological superstitions are to be found in what is called Hororary Astrology. For example, in some current astrological magazines we find that figures have been

erected to determine the destiny of the peace congress. Some of these figures have been set up for the moment when President Wilson set his foot on the ship that was to carry him to Europe. But why should that particular moment be chosen? Why not the moment at which the ship sailed? Or the moment at which she arrived? Or the moment at which President Wilson determined to go to Europe, which must certainly be the most important moment of all, but one that can not be ascertained? There are other figures for the assembly of the congress, although all congresses must necessarily assemble at certain convenient hours, and never, for example, at 2 a. m. Here we see the elements of crude superstition, the greatest of all foes to the science of Astrology.

There is still another stumbling block against which the student would do well to be on his guard. The Western astrologer uses a Zodiac that has no reference to the stars that compose the Signs. For example, if he says that Taurus is in a particular part of the heavens he is referring to an arbitrary division of space, and actually there may be no stars at all there. If he says that Taurus is rising in a nativity it will be useless to look on the eastern horizon for that particular configuration of stars to which the name of Taurus has been given. Those stars will not be there. They will be about 60 degrees distant. There may be no stars at all on the eastern horizon. None the less we are told that Taurus is rising, and all sorts of inferences will be drawn from a non-existent fact.

When our Zodiac was formed by the early astrologers, thousands of years ago, the group of stars known as Aries occupied a space of 30 degrees measured from the point of the Vernal Equinox. But the point of the Vernal Equinox moves at the rate of one degree every seventy-two years and completes the circles in 25,920 years. As a result of this movement the constellation of Aries is no longer at the equinoctial points, but has fallen back some 60 degrees. None the less our astrologers continue to measure a space of 30 degrees from the equinoctial points and to call that space Aries. And they call the next 30 degrees Taurus, and so on all around the Zodiac, irrespective of the stars themselves, which are to be found in quite

another part of the heavens. Now it may be that there is an occult influence attaching to each division of the great circle irrespective of the stars that are to be found therein. It is quite likely. But in that case there must be another set of influences attaching to the stars themselves, but as to the stars themselves the astrologers say nothing. There must be something wrong in a system that combines the influences of the planets, which are definite bodies moving in space, and the influence of arbitrary divisions of space irrespective of the stars that they contain, while wholly disregarding the stars that were once contained in those spaces, but that are there no longer. The astrologer is led into further inconsistencies when he attributes influences to certain of the fixed stars, as most good astrologers do. Alcyone, for example, is a star of the Pleiades, and the Pleiades are in Taurus. But when the astrologer is considering the influence of Alcyone he must lift it bodily away from Taurus and put it in some other "Sign," inasmuch as the constellation of Taurus is nowhere near the place at which he has marked it on his nativity. He must be guilty of the almost incredible heresy of saying that Alcyone is not in Taurus at all, but in some other "Sign," whereas Alcyone can not be anywhere else but in Taurus. The Hindu astrology is not so inconsistent as this. It deals with the groups of stars that make up the Zodiac, and not with the arbitrary divisions of space that once contained those stars.

It may be possible to say something more about astrology in a future issue.

Pantheism manifests itself in the vast expanse of the starry heavens, in the breathing of the seas and oceans, and in the quiver of life of the smallest blade of grass.

### WAR.

Men said the War was over. And I wondered!

The end had come so swiftly; I was confused, bewildered—it did not seem to have ended.

Instead of the roar of guns there was silence. No shells were screaming. The birds flew overhead undisturbed.

There was nothing but that silence apparently—a dreadful pall of silence that covered one knew not what. I was con-

fused, bewildered. I waited, anxious, suspicious.

Across the waste of desolate country I saw two angels passing. Brothers, I cried, men say the War has ended.

They looked at me and at one another; their eyes were red with weeping. Then, seeing my trouble, with tender compassion one said: Men live in a world of shadows; they see a dream for a fact, and a truth for a fancy. They soared to heights of valor, but they did not perceive the issues. Now their hearts are weary. Have patience with them and take courage. Christ and His hosts are still fighting; the battle wages fiercely. We go to join them; and all the dead are fighting. Help with your prayers and your strivings. The end is yet far off.—*Cavé in Theosophical Quarterly.*

### ABOU BEN ADHEM.

About Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, amid the moonlight in the room,

Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem  
bold,

And to the vision in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised  
its head,

And with a voice made all of sweet accord,

Replied, "The names of them that love  
the Lord."

"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay,  
not so,"

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee,  
then,

Write me as one who loves his fellow-  
men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next  
night

He came again with a great wakening  
light;

He showed the names whom love of God  
had blest,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the  
rest.

The Solar substance is immaterial. In the sense, of course, of Matter existing in states unknown to Science.—*Secret Doctrine.*

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# The Theosophical Society

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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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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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## Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED  
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

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VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

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MAR 26 1919



# Theosophical Outlook

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

Vol. IV. No. 10.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, March 8, 1919.

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## A LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4, 1919.

EDITOR OUTLOOK: In regard to the discussion following the lecture Sunday evening, am craving indulgence for a short voice also, as there is a certain division of humanity totally unable to be happy unless they at least try to have the "last word." And that word is taken from Wendell Phillips, who has said, "What you gain by force—you always lose half, but what you gain by argument is yours forever."

This seems applicable in a sense, for surely the passing of laws is an appeal to force. And I think the attitude back of that spirit of eternally passing laws is an attitude of looking Outward. We are all so anxious to reform our neighbor, it is somebody else or conditions outside that are at fault. Who now attempts to gaze inward at his own imperfections, stupidities, and impotencies, and point the finger of accusation at himself?

Surely he who is said to be the greatest of all those born of women, and who represents the Intellect—John the Baptist—would have demanded "primaries" or an amendment to the Constitution at least if there were any efficacy in legislation. And yet we find the flaming lamp of his argument held the light on one path only—the INWARD. "Repent ye," turn inwards—for there only can be found the well-being all crave. And if humanity would turn about face and actually do this—looking inward for the

Prince of Peace instead of at a ballot-box, I think we might have the millennium yet in spite of Mr. Huxley.

If you ask an architect what is the first thing to do in erecting a building he will tell you to "excavate"—and the spiritual architects all say the same thing. "Repent ye; turn inwards, throw out the dirt—abase yourselves; look at your own imperfections, stupidities, and impotences—Thou art the man."

Aren't "sacrifices" something in the nature of law-making? Surely it seems so when we give up the cherished rights and the laws restrict our liberty. At least I felt it so in the "mask" epidemic (I wanted oxygen). And yet we are expressly told that "God does not require sacrifice." It is "Love, and do what you like."

How Isaiah railed at the congresses of his day. "What unto me is the multitude of your sacrifices? . . . away with the solemn meeting—the calling of assemblies . . . they are a trouble unto me . . . I am weary of bearing them . . . I have had enough!"

Personally, in looking over the field of scientists I prefer Isaiah to Mr. Huxley, and Isaiah was in no doubt as to the millennium. In fact he described it in detail and said the leopard would lie down with the lamb, and the people would beat their swords into plowshares and the whole earth would be full of the knowledge and understanding of God.

But how this pleroma of wisdom and



joy is to come I don't know except through St. John—the intellect, for it is he alone that ushers in the Divine and he has only one weapon—argument—“for what you gain by argument is yours forever” and that argument has only one method of advance—inward, the only possible route to the Kingdom of Heaven.

In gratitude, A VISITOR.

#### A NEW BOOK BY “A. E.”

“The Candle of Vision” is the title of a new book by George W. Russell, more generally known, perhaps, as “A. E.” Its general character, with something of the viewpoint from which the essays were written, is indicated in the following passages from the preface:

“When I am in my room looking upon the walls I have painted I see there reflections of the personal life, but when I look through the windows I see a living nature and landscapes not painted by hands. So, too, when I meditate I feel in the images and thoughts which throng about me the reflections of personality, but there are also windows in the soul through which can be seen images created, not by human, but by the divine imagination. I have tried according to my capacity to report about the divine order and to discriminate between that which was self-begotten fantasy and that which came from a higher sphere. These retrospects and meditations are the efforts of an artist and poet to relate his own vision to the vision of the seers and writers of the sacred books, and to discover what element of truth lay in those imaginations.”

Esoteric Philosophy admits neither good nor evil *per se*, as existing independently in Nature.

#### THE NEMESIS OF MEDIOCRITY.

Why, asks Dr. Cram in “The Nemesis of Mediocrity,” have we no leaders? Why are there no great men left to us? A generation ago we had Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Bismarck, Disraeli, Cavour, Wagner, Browning, William Morris, Tourgenieff, Stevenson, Leo XIII, Newman, and Karl Marx. They came at the end of a century that had been full of great men. But now the stage is swept clean. Why?

We need not follow Dr. Cram through

his indictment of a false democracy, a democracy that postulates an equality of capacity, and relentlessly crushes all human superiorities. But from this false democracy has come a mechanistic theory alike of government, education, and religion that ignores and denies the human soul, and this is a portent to which Theosophy can not be indifferent. The war is the child of materialism. It is the materialism engendered by this false democracy with its attribution of all human inequalities to a machine that can presently be tinkered into perfection if only tinkered long enough. Here is what Dr. Cram has to say about modern science:

The nineteenth-century superstition, erected by the doctrinaire protagonists of “evolution,” that human progress was both automatic and constant, through the acquisition of new qualities by education, the force of environment, and “natural selection,” has been the scientific justification for the supposedly “democratic” principle of free immigration and free mating. Were the theory demonstrably true it would indeed negative the chief arguments for the scrupulous recognition and preservation of race values both in marriage and control of immigration. If character is determined by education and environment, and is transmitted in substance generation after generation, the question is manifestly only one of enough education, of the right kind, and distributed with sufficient generality. Mongol and Slovak, Malay and Hottentot, stand on the same plane with Latin and Saxon and Celt, for it is merely a question of education, environment, and continued breeding; good is cumulative, automatically transmitted, and time is the answer to all.

On this superstition has been erected the great modern system of universal state education. With a mechanical exactness it has failed to produce appreciable results. State education, secularized, standardized, compulsory, has left native character untouched, furnishing only a body of faculties, used to good ends if such was the character-predisposition of the individual, for base ends if this race or family predisposition so determined. Nor is there any evidence whatever that what the father acquires the son inherits. It is a commonplace of sociology that the American-born son of the foreign-born immigrant of a decadent race or inferior blood who himself had reacted to the stimulus of a new environment and unprecedented educational opportunities is not in general an advance over his progenitor either in character or capacity, but rather, however great his educational acquirement, a retrogression and a return to type.

Empirical “science” of the nineteenth century yields to the more exact science of the twentieth century, and it is now admitted that acquired characteristics are not heritable. That which persists is some indefinable quality of blood or of race, modified by the conjunction of two germ plasmas in generation; while new species are not the result of the building

up of one characteristic added to another by inheritance and the process of "natural selection" and the "survival of the fittest," but of some cataclysmic action the nature and source of which no scientist has determined or dared to assume.

There we have the whole problem. We have assumed everything to be important except the soul, and we have ignored the soul. We have assumed that good men and women can be obtained by pressing buttons, adjusting levers, and regulating valves. But the soul is indifferent to all of these things, and it is the soul that counts. None the less the Theosophist will prefer the law of Karma to the "cataclysmic action" of an undetermined nature.

Whatever the outcome of the war, there appears to be no salvation. Life would go on as before with industrialism and capitalism versus proletarianism the continuing condition:

The best that one can say, if peace really comes again and man returns once more to his old ways of life, is that this return will be for the briefest of periods. The war is only the first of a series, for one war alone can not undo the cumulative errors of five centuries. Either after a year or two for the taking of breath or merging into it without appreciable break, will come the second worldwide convulsion, the war for the revolutionizing of society, which will run its long and terrible course in the determined effort to substitute for our present industrial system of life (in itself perhaps the worst man has devised) something more consonant with the principles of justice. And the third, which may also follow immediately after the second, or merge into it, or even precede it, will be the war between the false democracy, now everywhere in evidence, and whatever is left of the true democracy of man's ideal. From these three visitations there is no escape. The thing we have so earnestly and arduously built up out of Renaissance, Reformation, and Revolution, with industrialism and scientific determinism as the structural material, is not a civilization at all, and it must be destroyed in order that the ground may be cleared for something better. At first it seemed that one war might do the work, when we considered the glorious regeneration of France and the heroism and self-sacrifice of all the Allies. We know better now. We can see that the war has not touched the industrial problem at all, nor the religious nor the social, nor the political.

In other words the war has not changed the human heart. Its lessons have been lost. We look on it as an unfortunate interlude to the material essentials of life, an interruption that must be spanned as quickly as possible in order that we may continue on the old road of material acquisition and mechanical

tinkering. And then Dr. Cram gives us his interpretation of cyclic law as it affects nations:

It would seem that there is in the world at any one time only a certain amount of available spiritual energy, which may be preserved and made effectively operative through concentration, or lost through dissipation, while the physical energy, stored up out of endless ages, is limited in its original quantity, and only added to, if at all, in a very small degree. At the beginning of each new era this spiritual force is precipitated in the form of great leaders who translate it, and transmit it in available form (and directed toward productive ends) to the general mass of men. Later, the specific era having reached its meridian, the leaders pass as the prophets before them, and the force once concentrated in them, and made operative, spreads thin and ineffective, and at last is dissipated through the general mass of men. At the end the prodigal majority, having wasted its inherited substance in riotous living, falls into puerile contests and finally destroys itself, and another era takes its place in history to the accompaniment of war and anarchy. So Greece lost its leaders and squandered its intellectual heritage; so Rome dissipated its imperial force and succumbed to barbarism; so Mediævalism played fast and loose with its spiritual capital, and so modernism is now wasting all it had inherited from these three antecedent periods, and prepares to take its place with antiquity.

The Theosophist will have no substantial disagreement with this view. Certainly there are cycles of spiritual energy and great men express them, but the great men are driven forth by the return of materialism. Great men are not the product of times and seasons. They come in response to human spirituality, and they are always ready to come whenever they shall be summoned forth by human spirituality—that is to say by human fraternity. But Dr. Cram is not without hope, although it is a slender hope. The great man may yet arise:

And if the miracle happens; if the leader comes who can shatter the Brummagen efficiency of Prussia, and so the world is saved from a fate it richly deserves, can we say that we have a better hope? Yes, if with victory comes realization of what the war means, and why it came upon us. For this realization one of two things is necessary; either such a spiritual regeneration of the great mass of people, through suffering and sorrow and privation and the bitter schooling of the trenches, that they will follow up their victory over the enemy in the field by an even greater victory over the enemy at home in religion, philosophy, and society, purging a chastened world of the last folly and the last wickedness of modernism; or the coming once more of the great prophets and captains of men who alone can lead as their predecessors have always led, and so build up a

new life on the ruins of an old that has passed in blood and flame and dishonor.

If none of these things happens, if there is a German peace, or an inconclusive "peace through negotiation," or a victory in the field for the Allies that is followed by no attainment of a new vision; if in the end the world returns to the same system, the same basis of judgment, the same standard of comparative values that held before the war—what then?

Russia has already given the answer.

We can say nothing higher in praise of Dr. Cram's book than to wish that it might be read by the whole world.

THE NEMESIS OF MEDIOCRITY. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

### "DEATH, THE GATE OF LIFE?"

A book that is likely to arouse as much interest as did Sir Oliver Lodge's account of the communications he believed he had received from his son Raymond, after the latter had been killed in battle in Flanders, is announced for immediate publication by E. P. Dutton & Co. It contains spirit communications purporting to come from Frederic W. H. Myers, with an account of how they were received and a discussion of their significance by H. A. Dallas. The volume has an introduction by Sir William F. Barrett, whose "On the Threshold of the Unseen," recently published in the *United States* by E. P. Dutton & Co., is known to all those interested in the discussion of the future life in both America and England. As professor of physics for nearly forty years in the Royal College of Science, Dublin, and as an investigator of scientific problems and author of books about them Professor Barrett was widely known among scientists before he began investigation of the borderland of life; and as one of the founders and for a long time the president of the Society for Psychical Research and as author of books upon that subject he has won a large and interested audience outside of his scientific specialty. Frederic W. H. Myers, from whom the spirit communications of the new book, which is to be called "Death, the Gate of Life?" are supposed to come, died in 1901, after a long life devoted to literature and psychical investigation. He was the author of some of the most delightful essays written in English during the last half of the nineteenth century and his volumes of verse are of a quality which places

him among the best of the minor English poets of his time. He took an active part, with Professor Barrett, in the founding of the Society for Psychical Research and was its president for several years. He also wrote much on the experiences and conclusions of his psychical investigations. Since he was a man of so much culture and so distinctive a personality, the communications purporting to come from him will be subjected to a peculiarly severe test.

### DARK WORLDS.

There are sounds that we can not hear. At either end of the scale are notes that stir no chord of that imperfect instrument, the human ear. They are too high or too grave. I have observed a flock of blackbirds occupying an entire tree-top—the tops of several trees—and all in full song. Suddenly—in a moment—at absolutely the same instant—all spring into the air and fly away. How? They could not all see one another—whole tree-tops intervened. At no point could a leader have been visible to all. There must have been a signal of warning or command, high and shrill above the din, but by me unheard. I have observed, too, the same simultaneous flight when all were silent among not only blackbirds, but other birds—quail, for example, widely separated by bushes—even on opposite sides of a hill.

It is known to seamen that a school of whales basking or sporting on the surface of the ocean, miles apart, with the convexity of the earth between, will sometimes dive at the same instant—all gone out of sight in a moment. The signal has been sounded—too grave for the ear of the sailor at the masthead and his comrades on the deck—who nevertheless feel its vibrations in the ship as the stones of a cathedral are stirred by the bass of the organ.

As with sounds, so with colors. At each end of the solar spectrum the chemist can detect the presence of what are known as "actinic" rays. They represent colors—integral colors in the composition of light—which we are unable to discern. The human eye is an imperfect instrument; its range is but a few octaves of the real "chromatic scale." I am not mad; there are colors that we can not see.

## A GREAT LITTLE SOLDIER.

Under the above title Mr. Charles Johnston relates a curious story in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He tells us that he received a note signed Eugene Lee to the effect that the writer was interested in Oriental books and, knowing that Mr. Johnston had been in India, he begged leave to visit him. Lee turned out to be short and slight and bent in the shoulders, but the fierce flame of enthusiasm blazed in his small frame. It seemed to him, he said, that the war was like that other war described in the *Bhagavad Gita*, a war of spiritual forces, a war of principalities and powers, a war against Tamias and Rajas. "Tell me," he said, "how did the *Bhagavad Gita* happen?"

"When I was out in India," I told him, "under the palm trees and the blaze of the open sky, I found the Brahmans everywhere in power—men white as we are, under the sunburn; some of them with heads and faces like ancient Romans; men full of intellect, but full also of priestcraft and guile: spiritual tyrants over the lesser castes, the brown folk and yellow and black, that make India's hundreds of millions. But I found, too, that the Brahmans were not the true spiritual lords of India, creators of her deathless splendor. The Rajputs were that—one of the lordliest races on earth: great men, warriors, bronzed like the most ancient Egyptians. From the Rajputs came the Buddha, holiest of mankind, and Rama, the divine hero, and Vishvamitra, creator of the Veda's noblest prayer. And from the beginning the Rajputs had set their faces like flint against idolatry and priestcraft, and all the dark forces that have brought India to eclipse and shame.

"But civil war sprang up among them—five thousand years ago, if the Indian tradition be true—a war of brother against brother, an internecine war of kindred blood. And the Pandus, with the hero Krishna as their spiritual leader, stood for the divine ideals, and the old splendor of the Rajputs, while the Kurus fought for anarchic tyranny and the powers of darkness. The great battle was fought and won, on the sacred plain of Kurukshetra; but, in that supreme victory, the Pandus gave their lifeblood; the great race of the Rajputs, weakened for ages to come, was eclipsed, and the lesser race, the men with priestly tyranny in their veins, won dominance over India.

"The mighty battle was first recorded in war songs and martial ballads. Then wise men saw that this battle was the type of that far greater battle, waged in the heavens, with God and his angels on the one side, and the powers of evil on the other—the endless battle for immortal souls. So they made the *Bhagavad Gita* the Scripture of that eternal war.

Lee is much impressed and fully persuaded that the present war may be com-

pared with that between the Pandus and the Kurus. He searches for a confirmatory passage:

"Here it is!" he said, after a concentrated search; "listen!—'Those of demoniac nature know not right action or right abstinence; nor is purity or discipline or truth found in them. This world, they say, is without truth or firm foundation, without a Lord; not ruled by mutual law, driven only by willfulness. Resting in this view, self-destroying, devoid of wisdom, they come forth violent and hostile, for the destruction of the world.'—Isn't that exactly Germany?" he exclaimed triumphantly, "all except about discipline. But I suppose it means spiritual discipline. And isn't this exactly like the Kaiser: 'This foe has been slain by me, and I shall slay yet others. I am lord, I am master of feasts, I have won success and might and happiness. I am rich and of high estate; what other is like unto me?'"

Lee has no doubt that the spiritual forces—angels and demons—are hard at it on the two sides, and that would account for all the stories of apparitions, although he did not remember seeing that the Germans had been visited by any angels.

Lee writes to Mr. Johnston from somewhere in France. He had seen some hard fighting, but he was quite sure that it had been against the Kurus, and he had fought all the better for it. The *Gita* had taught him:

"You remember that fine passage—wait a minute, I'll look it up!" So he had his *Gita* with him, in a his knapsack! "Here it is! It's where Krishna says to Arjuna, 'I am Time, grown ripe for the destroying of the worlds. Even without thee, they shall all cease to be, the enemies who stand there in the opposing armies. Therefore armies win glory, conquering thy foes, enjoy thy splendid kingdom! For these are slain already by Me.' You know the passage? Well, that's what I feel, and so I am enjoying my kingdom.

"You know, I think, when I entered the army, I left myself behind—lost self-centredness, in a way; and now, in France, in the actual fighting, I've found myself. You know what the *Gita* says, 'Unborn, eternal, immemorial, this Ancient is not slain when the body is slain!' So, though I can get the Boches, they can't get me. 'Swords cut Him not, nor may fire burn Him'; that's what I feel, now. Do you know, I've come to think that Krishna and the Lord are all one. I said that to the chaplain the other day, when he came on me reading my *Gita*. He didn't say anything, but he looked a bit shocked—I wonder why?"

Mr. Johnston does not know what became of his great little soldier, but he is well assured that, alive or dead, in the body or out of the body, he would fight on, an unconquerable soldier in the Lord's war.

## APOSTROPHE TO DEATH.

Great silent Angel of the Brooding  
Brows  
That gleam, moon-silver, thru the vigiled  
night!

Presence Inscrutable, whom men call  
"Death"!

O, I have seen how tenderly thine arms  
Cradled the fevered forms as mothers  
do;

And how thy plumed wings patterned  
the grey gloom

With arabesque of fancy—dreams of  
home—

And the first lilac's blue, and willow-  
buds,

And crocus' sheen. What should the  
dying know

Of the wan asphodel that springs to  
bloom

Where, swift, thy beneficent feet do go?

Yes, I have seen thy pallid face un-  
veiled,

And dared th' unfathomed midnight of  
thine eyes

Probing my own. Altho' the solemn  
hour

Ordained for our last encounter strikes  
Not yet awhile, I flung the gage, and  
matched

With thy vast power my will. For, long  
ago,

My soul had said to me, "Thou shalt  
search but

The Wonder that is Death, and, for thy-  
self,

Discover and it hide or weal or woe."

And I obeyed, the while Heav'n's light-  
nings played

About my head; while nether worlds  
yawned wide

And fearfully at my advancing tread;

While chaos shrieked insanely at the  
bars

Of my exploring mind. But I obeyed,  
And thru obedience won the fateful key  
To thy imponderable, thy vast domain.  
Upon its inner threshold I have stood  
Wrapped in astonishment and awe, for  
there

I've watched the mystic birth of souls,  
earth-shriv'n;

I've seen new bodies form, like clouds  
in June,

All shining white, and instant to their  
needs.

As Pallas from the head of Zeus, so  
they—

Born out of thee, O marvelous Death!—  
became

The denizens of that strange world  
where thou

Art Lord and King. That swiftly swing-  
ing sphere

Whose orbit lies within the arc of Earth,  
And, at the moment of dread impact,

Nations are shattered, races are mown  
down

Under the glittering edges of its sharp  
scythe.

And yet, O Angel of the Brooding  
Brows,

Surely the magic of a mighty peace  
Dwells 'neath the shadow of thy ample  
wings.

I fix my gaze on those dark folds, intent  
To wrest the final secret from the scroll!  
Wherever they are writ. Almost I  
swoon

Into that larger life that waits the ones  
Sealed by thy touch; but firm my purpose  
holds,

And tho' thou slay'st me, by that slaying.  
Death,

I shall be conqueror of self and thee.

But well I know thou art no unkind foe.  
Malign and treacherous. Thou hast dis-  
closed,

Ere this, the deep wells of thy tender  
ness,

Thy large compassion. Stand, O kingly  
friend,

The while I read the enduring, primal  
Word

That bound thy destiny with that of  
Earth,

Thereon to be The Gatherer of Men,

The Power none may hope to flee;

Scourge and Deliverer in one,

O, Thou, The Inexorable,

Thou, The All-potent Angel: Death!

—J. G. H.

Though "the book volume" of the  
*physical* brain may forget events within  
the scope of one terrestrial life, the bulk  
of collective recollections can never de-  
sert the Divine Soul within us. Its whis-  
pers may be too soft, the sound of its  
words too far off the plane perceived by  
our physical senses; yet the shadow of  
events *that were*, just as much as the  
shadow of events *that are to come*, is  
within its perspective powers, and is  
ever present before its mind's eye.

## THE NEW HELL.

(The New York *Sun* prints—or perhaps re-prints—a poem that expresses the reaction of the writer against the vision of the hereafter that is opened up for us in the seances of the professional spiritualistic medium. Many even of those who have found comfort and faith in spiritistic phenomena will sympathize with Miss Widdemer's revulsion against the sordid exploitations of that faith that go on all the time.)

*If this be the end of all I know,  
All that I sow and reap,  
Lords of the Gateways, let me go,  
Let me not wake from sleep!*

Unknown Masters of Life and Death,  
My soul is afraid of the dark,  
Afraid to be done with its flesh and  
breath,  
Borne beyond bound or mark;

Afraid of the blank, still weariness  
Of a place the wise uplift,  
Where chattering ghosts, blind, purpose-  
less,  
Brainlessly dead we drift.

I would go back to the flaming floors  
Where my safe-dead fathers dwell,  
Homing behind the high-barred doors  
Of the old bright Heaven and Hell.

For tho' fire of hell was a searing thing  
And the end was a grievous end,  
Yet a man might remember still, and  
fling  
A friendly word to a friend;

And tho' saintly music played long above  
For our souls unused to sing,  
Yet the wise of old were our own to love  
And our brothers, remembering;

And tho' this earth was a weary earth  
And our ending a chill surprise,  
Yet once past the doors of Death and  
Birth  
A soul might grow great and wise. . . .

But to wander dazed, neither ghost nor  
man,  
And slink to the earth again  
Through the foolish lips of a charlatan  
Trading in grief for gain,

Begging of fools for belief and grace,  
Babbling of foolish things. . . .  
My soul is shamed with this fear to face,  
My soul that had toiled for wings!

Let me go back to the wet black ground,  
One with the grass and dew,

One with the seasons' turning round,  
One with earth-things I knew. . . .

*If this be the end of life and breath,  
Thought of Delight and Pain,  
Unknown Masters of Life and Death,  
Let me not wake again!*

—Margaret Widdemer.

The pure Object apart from conscious-  
ness is unknown to us, while living on  
the plane of our three-dimensional world,  
for we know only the mental states it  
excites in the perceiving Ego.—*Secret  
Doctrine.*

There is one Eternal Law in Nature,  
one that always tends to adjust con-  
traries, and to produce final harmony.  
It is owing to this Law of spiritual de-  
velopment superseding the physical and  
purely intellectual that mankind will be-  
come freed from its false Gods, and find  
itself finally—Self-redeemed.

The Doctrine teaches that the only dif-  
ference between animate and inanimate  
objects on Earth, between an animal and  
a human frame, is that in some the vari-  
ous "Fires" are latent, and in others  
they are active. The *Vital Fires* are in  
all things and not an atom is devoid of  
them.

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 Causa-  
tion"; the *effect* of an act produced ego-  
duced egotistically, in face of the great  
Law of Harmony which depends on al-  
truism.

The body is simply the irresponsible  
organ, the tool of the Psychic, if not of  
the Spiritual, Man.

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 phenomena.

It would be curious if we should find  
science and philosophy taking up again  
the old theory of metempsychosis.—  
*James Freeman Clarke.*

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## Theosophical Outlook

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VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED

APR 3 1919

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Price Five Cents

## MENTAL MALPRACTICE.

(By Upton Sinclair.)

This is the other side of the fair shield of religious faith. Why, if there be a power which loves and can be persuaded to aid us, may there not also be a power which hates, and can be persuaded to destroy? No religion has ever been able to answer this, and therefore none has ever been able to escape from devil-terrors. Even Jesus was pursued by Satan, and the Holy Catholic Church has its ceremonies for the exorcising of demons, and a most frightful formula for cursing. And here are our friends the Christian Scientists, proclaiming the unreality of all evil, their ability to banish disease by convincing themselves that they are perfect in God—yet tormented by a squalid phobia called "Mental Malpractice," or "Malicious Animal Magnetism."

Christian Science is the most characteristic of American religious contributions. Just as Billy Sunday is the price we pay for failing to educate our baseball players, so Mary Baker Glover Patterson Eddy is the price we pay for failing to educate our farmer's daughters.

That she had a power to curse disease I do not doubt, because I have a little of it myself. At first my opinion was that her "Science" made its way by curing the imaginary ailments of the idle rich. If a person has nothing to do but think that he is sick, you can work easy miracles by persuading him to think that he is well; and if he has nothing to do

but think that he is well, he will help you to build marble churches and maintain propaganda societies. But recently I have experimented with mental healing—enough to satisfy myself that the subconscious mind which controls our physical functions can be powerfully influenced by the will.

I told the story of some of these experiments in *Hearst's Magazine* for April, 1914. Suffice it here to say that if you will lay your hands upon a sick person, forming a vivid mental picture of the bodily changes you desire, and concentrating the power of your will upon them, you may be surprised by the results, especially if you possess anything in the way of psychic gifts. You do not have to adopt any theories, you do not have to do it in the name of any divinity, ancient or modern; the only bearing of such ideas is that they serve to persuade people to make the experiment, and to make it with persistence and intensity. So it has come about that "miracles" of healing are associated with "faith"; and so it comes about that scientists are apt to flout the subject. But read of the work of Janet and Charcot and their followers at the Salpêtrière; they have proven that all kinds of seeming-organic ailments may be entirely hysterical in nature, and may be cured by the simplest form of suggestion. Understanding this, you may find it more easy to credit the fact that cripples do sometimes throw away their crutches in the grotto of



Lourdes. For my part, I can believe that Jesus performed all the miracles of healing attributed to him—including the raising up of people pronounced to be dead by the ignorance of that time. I am convinced that in the new science of psycho-analysis we have a universe as vast as the universe of the atom or of the stars.

The Christian Scientists have got hold of this power; they have mixed it up with metaphysic and divinity, and built some four or five hundred churches, and printed the Mother Church alone knows how many million pamphlets and books. I once invested three of my hard-earned dollars for a copy of the Eddy Bible, and let myself be stunned and blinded by the flapping of metaphysical wings. It is unadulterated moonshine—as the Platonist and Berkeleyan and Hegelian and other orthodox collegiate metaphysical magi can prove to you in one minute. What interests me about the phenomenon is not the slinging of tremendous words, but the strictly Yankee use which is made of them. There is no nonsense about saving your soul in Christian Science; what it is for is to remove your wen, to nail down your floating kidney, and to enable you to hustle and make money. We saw in our politics the growth of a Party of the Full Dinner-Pail; contemporaneous therewith, and corresponding thereto, we see in our religious life the development of a Church of the Full Pocket-Book.

It is a strict religion—strictly cash. The heads of the cult do not issue cheap editions of "Science and Health, With a Key to the Scriptures," to relieve the suffering of the proletariat; no—the work is copyrighted, in all its varying and contradictory editions, and the price is from three to seven-fifty, according to binding. Treatments cost from three dollars to ten, whether you come and get them or take them over the telephone. And we have no nonsense about charity. we don't worry about the poor who fester in our city slums; because poverty is a product of Mortal Mind, and we offer to all men a way to get rich right off the bat. You may come to our marble churches and hear people testify how through the power of Divine Mind they were enabled to anticipate a rise in the stock-market. If you don't avail your-

self of the opportunity, the fault is yours, and yours also the punishment.

As to the management of the Church, the Roman Catholic hierarchy is a Bolshevik democracy in comparison. The Church is controlled by an absolutely irresponsible self-perpetuating body of five men, who alone dictate its policy. I have in my hand a letter from a Christian Science healer who was listed as an "authorized practitioner," and who withdrew from the Church because of its attitude on public questions. He sends me a copy of his correspondence with the editors of the *Christian Science Monitor*, containing a detailed analysis of the position of that paper on such issues as the Ballinger land frauds. He writes:

"I am thoroughly convinced that the policy of the Church is consciously plutocratic. The only recommendation I have heard of the latest appointee to the board of directors is that he is one of the richest men in the movement."

After the *Titanic* disaster, Senator La Follette brought in a carefully drawn bill to compel steamship companies to provide lifeboats and trained crews. The *Christian Science Monitor* opposed this bill; and when my correspondent cited the fact he brought out a quaint bit of metaphysical logic, as follows:

"One would prefer to travel on a vessel without a single boat, rather than on some other vessels which were loaded down with lifeboats, where the government of Mind was not understood."—*From "The Profits of Religion."* Published by the author at Pasadena, California.

## ASTROLOGY.

A correspondent is somewhat dissatisfied with the strictures upon astrology that appeared recently in these columns. How, he asks, should astrology be studied if not through the medium of the ordinary textbooks?

It is a question that we might reasonably evade. The study of astrology is not an essential part of Theosophy, although it may be bent to that end, and this is equally true of all other sciences. The question might be answered by another. We might ask our correspondent with what object he wishes to study astrology. So much depends upon the motive. If he has no more than a personal

wish to pry into the future, then the ordinary text-books will doubtless do very well for such a purpose, although he will find that many disappointments are bound up with their pages. But if he goes to astrology in order to sustain and strengthen a spiritual philosophy he will find that the text-books do not serve his end, and that the kingdom of heaven comes no more by mathematical calculations than it does by observation.

Let us suppose that he has the high motive that has been indicated, and that he is seeking some sort of realization of the unity of nature. Unquestionably he can find this in astrology if he goes the right way to work. In this case let him begin by visualizing the solar system and its movements so that he can summon up at will a mental picture of the sun with his retinue of planets, with their approximate distances and rates of motion. It will be a valuable mental exercise, if nothing else. Let him study an elementary book on astronomy, and so obtain a clear grasp of the material facts about the heavens as a basis for what may come afterwards.

He will find that the process soon becomes a complicated one. It is comparatively easy, for example, to understand the motions of the moon so far as they relate immediately to this earth. These notions can be expressed spirally with a pencil and paper, but they will by no means represent the whole of the lunar movements. For if the moon travels around the earth we must remember that the earth travels around the sun, and carries the moon with it. Moreover, the sun travels around a centre of his own, carrying with him alike the earth and the moon. At once we have a lunar motion of extraordinary complexity, but it is none the less reflected in the cycles of our terrestrial life, and if you can identify these cycles you will have earned a great deal of astrology, more than you will ever learn from any book that was ever written.

Merely by way of indicating the extent of the astrological field, let us look for a moment at some of the significances of the lunar motions. The moon governs and controls the tides, but it also governs and controls the watery principle throughout nature, and this principle must respond to every lunar cycle, however complicated. Now the astral

nature of man belongs to the watery principle, and therefore corresponds with the moon, and must also respond to all lunar cycles and phases. And if you will study man's astral nature you will see at once the significance of this.

Here is another suggestion. The moon, we say, governs the tides of the ocean. But this governing influence must be universal over the whole surface of the earth, no matter whether there is any water there to register it or not. It is known that the water in disused mine shafts ebbs and flows precisely as does the water of the Pacific Ocean. If there were only one drop of water in the centre of the desert the tides would ebb and flow in that drop of water just as they do in the ocean. And even if there were no water whatsoever the influence of the moon would still be there and the lunar tide would sweep to and fro. Now if you will remember that the human body consists very largely of water you will have a clue to much that is interesting, and that throws an extraordinary light upon physical processes as well as upon the operations of the lower mind and the many forces that it embodies. As soon as you understand something of the relationship between the moon and the lower mind you will see that no lunar motion can be insignificant. And now you may extend the process to the other planets, remembering that they, too, have their correspondences in man, and that the whole of the solar system is in very truth a Heavenly Man indissolubly connected with the microcosm.

There is still another highly fruitful field for thought, although it can be only touched upon here. The rays of any two planets falling upon the earth make an angle unless they happen to be in true opposition or in true conjunction. The various rates of motion of the planets produce a constant variation in the size of angle made by their rays as they fall upon the surface of the earth, and you will see the significance of this if you know anything of occult geometry and mathematics. The rays of any two planets in conjunction make a single shaft of influence upon the earth, but as those planets separate they constitute an angle that grows continually wider until at last the planets are in opposition. The angle then narrows until the planets are again in conjunction. If you try

and visualize these movements, relating the planets to the principles of human consciousness, and interpreting their influence in the light of occult geometry, you may find that you are on the path of discovery. At least you will be studying a true astrology.

### THE CREED OF BUDDHA.

A uniquely illuminating book: one that every student of Buddhism (or Christianity) should read. Lucid, logical, simple, and philosophical, we know of nothing in the range of English writing so calculated to give a clear understanding of Buddha or to correct the prevalent misinterpretation of his teachings. The chapters on "The Misreading of Buddha," "The Silence of Buddha," "The Secret of Buddha," are convincing from every point of view, and the author's assurance that the centre of Buddha's thought was "the spiritual idealism of ancient India," is self-evident to any one who has first absorbed the essence of that thought.

But a few quotations from the book itself are better than any comment:

"One will do well to suggest to oneself at the outset that the Western way of looking at things may not be the only way which is compatible with sanity, that the Western standard of reality may not be the final standard, that the world which is encircled by the horizon of Western thought may not be the whole universe. The student of Buddhism who is bound hand and foot by the quasi-philosophical prejudices of the Western mind will be unable to survey his subject from any Eastern standpoint or to approach it along the line of Eastern thought. This fundamental disability will be fatal to his enterprise. There is a special reason why the student of Buddhism should be able (on occasion) to look at things from Eastern standpoints, and to enter with sympathy into Eastern modes and habits of thoughts. The teaching of Buddha can in no wise be dissociated from the master-current of ancient Indian thought. The dominant philosophy of ancient India was a spiritual idealism of a singularly pure and exalted type, which found its truest expression in those Vedic treatises known as the Upanishads. The great teacher is always a reformer as well as an innovator; and his work is, in part at least, an attempt to return to a high level

which had been won and lost. That Buddha had been deeply influenced by the ideas of the ancient seers can not be doubted, and the serious and sympathetic study of their teaching should therefore be the first stage in the attempt to lift the veil of silence and interpret his unformulated creed. When one has solved the problem of the indebtedness of Buddha to the philosophy of the Upanishads, he will be confronted by another problem which for us of the West is of even greater importance: the problem of the indebtedness of Western thought—to Pythagoras, of Xenophanes and Parmenides, of Plato, of Plotinus, of Christ Himself and those who caught the spirit of His teaching—to the same sacred source."

"I would ask any one who can approach the question with a genuinely open mind to make the following single 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. 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."

"Buddha's ethical scheme was a practical interpretation, an exposition in terms of human conduct and human life of the paramount idea of the Upanishads."

"The essence of Nirvana is the finding of the ideal self in and through the attainment to oneness—living, conscious oneness—with the All and the Divine."

"We place at the centre, the sovereign dogma of Indian idealism. Nirvana, the admitted end of Buddhist desire and endeavor, is a state of self-realization through union with the Divine or Universal Soul."

We might indeed say that of the three Paths of Yoga, or Union, of which Krishna tells in the *Gita*—Jnana (Knowledge), Bhakti (Devotion), Karma (Action)—though each in its perfection implies the other, and all great Teachers must in their own personality unite the three, yet in his *teachings* Buddha might be said to be the great exponent of Karma, the Path of Action, of "knowing the doctrine through living the life." And

the very practical precepts which he gave for "soul-growth" might be summed up on the one hand (the negative side) as "self-control," the training of the will to mould one's own character and destiny in accordance with natural law; on the other hand (the positive side) as sympathy, kindness, compassion toward all creation: in other words, "selflessness," the expansion of the self till it reaches conscious oneness with the All—Nirvana—Yoga—At-Onement. At the end, all Paths must merge in the one Path—Love.—*From "A Voice of India."*

THE CREED OF BUDDHA. By Edmund Holmes. New York: John Lane Company.

### REMINISCENCES?

(It is very seldom that artists give us a glimpse into the mechanism of their creations. But sometimes they do, as in the case of Mr. Edward Lucas White, who writes the following preface to the volume of short stories just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title of "The Song of Sirens." It is hard to resist the conviction that these stories are based upon reminiscences of a past incarnation and that the distinguished author recognizes their source.)

A day-dreamer I have been from boyhood, haunted, no matter what my task, by imaginations, mostly approximating some form of fictitious narrative; imaginations beyond my power to banish and seldom entirely within my power to alter, modify, or control.

Besides, I have, in my sleep, dreamed many dreams which, after waking, I could remember: some dimly, vaguely, or faintly; others clearly, vividly, or even intensely. A majority of these dreams have been such as come to most sleepers, but a minority have been such as visit few dreamers.

Sometimes I wake with the most distinct recollection of a picture, definite and with a multitude of details. Such was the dream, on the night of February 17, 1906, in which I saw the vision on which is based the tale of "The Song of Sirens": saw it, not as painted picture, but as if I had been on the cross-trees of a vessel under that intense blue sky, gazing at the magic islet and its portentous occupants. The dream was the more marvelous, since there is nothing, either in literature or art, suggesting anything which I beheld in that vision of the two living shapes.

Often I wake with the sensation of having just finished reading a book or story. Generally I can recall the form

and appearance of the book and can almost see the last page: size, shape, quality of paper and kind of type; with every letter of the last sentences.

Such a dream was that from which I woke shuddering, tingling with the horror of the revelation at the end of "The Flambeau Bracket," with the last three sentences of it, word for word as they stand in the story, branded on my sight. Yet I was not able to recall in its entirety the tale I had just read; for, in the dream, the whole action took place on the window-sill, and what was done and said there disclosed all that had gone before and implied, unmistakably, all that was to come after. This superlative artistry I could not attain to in writing the tale.

It has happened that I have dreamed the same dream over and over. Some of these recurrent dreams have repeated themselves many times; a few have recurred at intervals varying from a few nights to many months over periods running into years. The story called "Dislova" is told almost exactly as I dreamed it; the ending, from getting my eyes above the level of the window-sill, once only, on the night of February 20, 1911; the earlier portion as I dreamed it, sometimes twice weekly, sometimes once in six months or so, over a period of more than twelve years, from early in 1899. Three or four times the dream began with my escape from the massacre of my company by turning on my pursuers in the wood and killing the foremost; generally, however, it began when I woke in the dark in the dream and saw the light twinkling far away across the valley; I, in the dream, recalling all that had gone before. No existent path which my living feet have trod is better known to me than that dream-path from my hiding-place, down to the river-ford and up to the castle-wall; especially the latter part, which, in the dream, I knew already by touch from my memories of my youthful acquaintance with it.

During the twelve years throughout which this dream recurred to me my waking meditations dwelt often on conjectures as to what I should find inside that window, if I ever got inside it. But, after all that pondering, the climax of that dream amazed me even more than the climax of the tale will probably startle a sensitive reader. In my

dream, did not read it; it happened to me. The diabolical ingenuity of it still gives me spinal intuitions.

In many of my dreams I have noted that, while dreaming, I seem to retain no trace of my waking individuality. In this dream I knew nothing, in respect to food, clothing, housing, or any other of the circumstances of life, beyond what would have been known to an Italian condottiere of the fourteenth century. As the dream recurred I came to recognize it for a dream and, while experiencing it in my dream-personality, was able to look on, as it were, in my own personality and con the whole. I was over and over impressed with the entire absence of any feature inappropriate to the locality and period in which the dream seemed to belong, and struck with the uncanny raciness of the Italian in what was said to me. I never could, after waking, recall more than a word or two; but I retained and retain a distinct impression of knowing vastly more Italian in that dream (as in many other dreams) than I know in my proper person.

Stevenson, somewhere, writes of dream-words and of the warped and enhanced significance which real words take on in dreams. So in this. "Bauro," as far as I know, is no Italian name, nor an Italian word, at all. In the dream it appeared, somehow, a well-known dialectic variant of "paura," "fear," and seemed to imply Bauro's ferocity and the dread which he inspired universally.

The title of this tale is taken from a dream wholly unrelated to the dream of this story, a dream in which I was being shown portfolios of etchings and others of cheap reproductions of the same etchings; my mentor, talking Italian, saying of the reproductions:

"Non sono tavole, sono disvole."

In the dream these words meant: "These are not pictures, merely near-pictures." Now "tavola" in Italian is used of no kind of picture except an altar-piece, and "disvola" is not Italian at all, merely a dream-word. Which is just the way in which words behave in dreams, as Stevenson noted.

The six tales which follow the first in this collection are, I believe, veracious glimpses of the past, without any marring anachronisms. But "The Skew-

bald Panther" is a product rather of creative impulse than of ripe scholarship. It is, however, to my thinking, too good a story to be spoiled in an attempted rewriting. Accurate later knowledge does not lure me to alterations. The tale's plot pivots on my fantastic youthful misconceptions as to seating regulations in the Colosseum; and these, while wholly baseless and infinitely improbable, are by no means impossible nor are they out of key with the period-atmosphere; which atmosphere, both social and conversational, is, I believe, veraciously conveyed.

#### SAYINGS OF RAMAKRISHNA.

Gurus (teachers) can be had by hundreds, but good chelas (disciples) are very rare.

There are two egos in man, one ripe and the other unripe. The ripe ego thinks, "Nothing is mine; whatever I see, or feel, or hear, nay, even this body is not mine, I am always free and eternal." The unripe ego, on the contrary, thinks, "This is my house, my room, my child, my wife, my body, etc."

Samadhi is the state of bliss which is experienced by a live fish, which, being kept out of water for some time, is again put into it.

He who at the time of contemplation is entirely unconscious of everything outside has acquired the perfection of contemplation.

Visit not miracle workers. They are wanderers from the path of truth. Their minds have become entangled in the meshes of psychic powers which lie in the way of the pilgrim towards Brahman as temptations. Beware of these powers and desire them not.

How does the soul stay in the body? As the piston stays in a syringe.

The soul reincarnates in a body of which it was thinking just before its last departure from this world. Devotional practices may therefore be seen to be very necessary. When, by constant practice, no worldly ideas arise in the mind, then the god-idea alone fills the

soul, and does not leave it even when on the brink of eternity.

It is one and the same Avatara that, having plunged into the ocean of life, rises up in one place and is known as Krishna, and diving again rises in another place and is known as Christ.

### THE NEW MAN.

Standing among the waiting crowds

When soldier boys were coming back,  
I saw men walking in their shrouds—

All, all in shrouds of black!

I looked, and I, too, had a shroud,  
But no one saw it, in the crowd.

Happy we were and yet there fell

A shade upon our happiness,  
And every one looked down to find

Some trouble in his dress.

None knew but I, in all that crowd,  
That each of us had on his shroud.

The soldiers came and women wept

And men, too, cried, and laughed, and  
cried.

(And some there were who stood apart,  
Because their sons had died.

These separate watchers wore no  
shrouds,

And they alone of all the crowds.)

I looked and turned my head away—

There was a flame about the place,  
Unbearable, as if we saw,

Like Mosca, face to face . . .

I looked again, and cried aloud,

Forgetting that I wore a shroud!

For we had read in common men—

Our saviors—what the Scripture saith,  
That he who gives himself puts off

The body of this death.

They walked as angels in the crowds,  
But we—must still go, wearing shrouds.

—*Dorothy Leonard, in New York Times.*

All omens point towards the steady continuance of just such labor as has already taught us all we know. Perhaps, indeed, in this complex of interpenetrating spirits our own effort is no individual, no transitory, thing. That which lies at the root of each of us lies at the root of the Cosmos, too. Our struggle is the struggle of the Universe itself; and the very Godhead finds fulfillment through our upward striving souls.—*Myers.*

### AS TURNS THE WHEEL.

"Come," said my soul to me,

"That which hath been, appears again,  
And I am here to claim the pledge  
You made beneath a northern star  
When Egypt's sands were young.

"Come! For, once more, the Nile's  
brown flood

Begins to rise; and in the heav'ns  
The Water Bearer kneels to bathe the  
feet

Of his bright guest, the Sun.

"Banished the iron reign of cold,  
And, lo: the vernal equinox is set  
As a fair queen upon the throne  
Of a stupendous consellation.

"Isis, wife of Osiris, smiles

To see the infant Horus play  
Upon the celestial floor.

And now a feather drops

From wing of the Great Bird who  
broods

Over the circling spheres,

And the sweet babe speeds after it;

The firmament a garden-plot,

The earth a bloom, pallid and small,

Whereon the feather lights.

"So doth a falling feather's weight de-  
cide

The karmic balance's swing!

Horus, the darling of the skies,

Is come to earth again.

Still Isis smiles, serene,

Knowing that her lord's power will keep

The wandering one, and bind

The near and far.

"And shall the earth

Scorn the dear presence whom the stars  
obey

In confident delight?

Come! For our star hath wheeled

To its appointed, ancient place.

Hark! How the sands repeat

The ghostly fragments of an old, old  
song. . . ."

"Come," said my insistent soul to me,

"Now is the hour that I have waited long.

Come! Make thee ready for the mar-  
riage morn." —*J. A. Hyde.*

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.—*Secret Doctrine.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## INTROVERSION.

Some interesting experiments have recently been tried by Mr. F. W. H. Myers and his colleagues of the Psychic Research Society of London, which, if properly examined, are capable of yielding highly important results. With the details of these we are not at present concerned; it will suffice for our purpose to state, for the benefit of readers unacquainted with the experiments, that in a very large majority of cases, too numerous to be the result of mere chance, it was found that the thought-reading sensitive obtained but an inverted mental picture of the object given him to read. A piece of paper, containing the representation of an arrow, was held before a carefully blindfolded thought-reader, who was requested to mentally see the arrow as it was turned round. In these circumstances it was found that when the arrowhead pointed to the right, it was read off as pointing to the left, and so on. This led some to imagine that there was a mirage in the inner as well as on the outer plane of optical sensation. But the real explanation of the phenomenon lies deeper.

It is well known that an object as seen by us and its image on the retina of the eye are not the same in position, but quite the reverse. How the image of an object on the retina is inverted in sensation is a mystery which physical science is admittedly incapable of solving. West-

ern metaphysics, too, with regard to this point, hardly fares any better; there are as many theories as there are metaphysicians. The only philosopher who has obtained a glimpse of the truth is the idealist Berkeley, who says that a child does really see a thing inverted from our standpoint; to touch its head it stretches out its hands in the same direction of its body as we do of ours to reach our feet. Repeated failures give experience and lead to the correction of the notions born of one sense by those derived through another; the sensations of distance and solidity are produced in the same way.

The application of this knowledge to the above-mentioned experiments of the Psychic Research Society will lead to very suggestive results. If the trained adept is a person who has developed all his interior faculties, and is on the psychic plane in the full possession of his senses, the individual who accidentally, that is, without occult training, gains the inner sight, is in the position of a helpless child—a sport of the freaks of one isolated inner sense. Such was the case with the sensitives with whom Mr. Myers and his colleagues experimented. There are instances, however, when the correction of one sense by another takes place involuntarily and accurate results are brought out. When the sensitive reads the thoughts in a man's mind this correction is not required, for the will of the thinker shoots the thoughts, as it



were, straight into the mind of the sensitive. A difficulty may here suggest itself with regard to the names of persons or the words thought of for the sensitive's reading. But allowance must in such cases be made for the operation of the thinker's will, which forces the thought into the sensitive's mind, and thereby obviates introversion. It is abundantly clear from this that the best way of studying these phenomena is when only one set of inner faculties, that of the sensitive, is in play. This takes place always when the object the sensitive has to abnormally perceive is independent of the will of any other person, as in the case of its being represented on paper.

Applying the same law to dreams, we can find the *rationale* of the popular superstition that facts are generally inverted in dreams. To dream of something good is generally taken to be the precursor of something evil. In the exceptional cases in which dreams have been found to be prophetic, the dreamer was either affected by another's will or under the operation of some disturbing forces, which can not be calculated except for each particular case.

In this connection another very important psychic phenomenon may be noticed. Instances are too numerous and too well authenticated to be amenable to dispute, in which an occurrence at a distance—for instance, the death of a person—has pictured itself to the mental vision of one interested in the occurrence. In such cases the double of the dying man appears even at a great distance, and becomes visible usually to his friend only, but instances are not rare when the double is seen by a number of persons. The former case comes within the class of cases under consideration, as the concentrated thought of the dying man is clairvoyantly seen by the friend, and the incident correctly reproduced by the operation of the dying man's will-energy, while the latter is the appearance of the genuine Mayavi Rupa, and therefore not governed by the law under discussion.—*Mohini M. Chatterji, in "Five Years of Theosophy."*

### TRANSMUTATION.

It is sometimes hastily assumed that the work of the late Sir William Ramsay on the so-called transmutation of ele-

ments has come to nought, or has been relegated to the poetry of science. Such an attitude is premature. Now that the return of peace permits a resumption of the experiments to which Ramsay devoted so many years, there is every likelihood of the verification of his results in the famous laboratories of physics in England. The announcement is made by Sir William A. Tilden, who concedes in his memoir of Ramsay that the position of these speculations is still unsettled. Even if it be conceded that other experimenters have failed to confirm Ramsay's results, physicists of experience and insight are convinced of the soundness of Ramsay's conclusions and believe that the next series of researches may vindicate him completely.

Radium salts were isolated some twelve years ago by Mme. Curie. The physical and chemical properties of these substances attracted many investigators. Ramsay desired to examine the spectrum of the "emanation" which is evolved from radium, and with the coöperation of Dr. Frederick Soddy experiments were begun with this object. The emanation was recognized as possessing the properties of a true gas, obeying Boyle's law like other gases. It had been previously shown by Rutherford and Soddy to be chemically inert like argon. This production of helium from the emanation Ramsay spoke of as the first observed case of transmutation, for radium and its emanation, as well as helium, must be counted as among the substances known as elements. This idea developed later into conviction that radio-active change might be made use of to effect the molecular transmutation of the common elements.—*Current Opinion.*

### ANOTHER PLANET.

When the brilliant electrician, Nikola Tesla, was informed by a newspaper reporter some weeks ago that William Marconi had received strong wireless signals seeming to come from beyond the earth something like corroboration resulted. Nikola Tesla, as he is quoted in the *New York Evening Post*, remembered that years ago he recorded extra-planetary signals in his laboratory at Colorado Springs. These extra-planetary signals were barely perceptible at the time, but their measured regularity was such that they could not, in Tesla's

opinion, have been accidental static disturbances. They possessed order. Mr. Tesla admits that he could not say with certainty that they came from Mars, although, as quoted in the New York newspaper, this remains his belief. In our solar system, he adds, Venus, the earth and Mars represent respectively youth, full growth, and old age.

"Venus, with its mountains rising dozens of miles into the atmosphere, is probably as yet unfitted for such existence as ours, but Mars must have passed through all terrestrial states and conditions.

"Civilized existence rests on the development of the mechanical arts. The force of gravity on Mars being only two-fifths of that on the earth, all mechanical problems must be much easier of solution. The planet being much smaller, the contact between individuals and the mutual exchange of ideas must have been much quicker. There are many other reasons why intellectual life on that planet should have been phenomenal in its evolutions."

Tesla is certain that the signals he transmitted in reply to those he detected years ago must have produced disturbances on the planet Mars. Whether there were instruments there to receive them or intelligence to recognize them as interplanetary messages is another question. He thinks the first step in communication with another planet must be made through the science of mathematics, as suggested by Marconi. Tesla feels that it will be difficult, however, to advance far by means of cosmic Esperanto because conversation can not be carried on with figures. It is not likely that anywhere in the universe there can be "knowledge without form." In mental or in physical vision is comprised the foundation of all knowledge. Now, pictures have been transmitted by telegraph. Why not by wireless?

#### FROM THE PHILOSOPHERS.

Resurrection means continuity of individuality, utter abolition of death as a concrete reality, the exposure of death as a sham and a delusion.—*Archdeacon Wilberforce.*

Often when I come to myself on awakening from bodily sleep, and, turning from the outer world, enter into myself, I behold a wondrous beauty. Then

I am sure that I have been conscious of the better part of myself. I live my true life. I am one with the divine order and rooted in the divine. I gain the power to transport myself beyond even the super-world. After thus resting in God, when I descend from spiritual vision and again form thoughts, I ask myself how it has happened that I now descend and that my soul even entered the body at all, since, in its essence, it has just revealed itself to me? Man learns about divine things by leading his soul to know itself as spiritual that it may find its way, as a spirit, into the spiritual world.—*Plotinus.*

The soul has the power to extend her activity to any locality she may desire. She is a power which has no limits, and each part of her, being independent of special conditions, can be present everywhere, provided she is pure and unadulterated with matter.—*Porphyrus.*

From the facts here brought together it may be inferred that the spirit body is not a mere hypothesis; it is proved by the phenomena and the inductions of evidence; by the objective appearance of spiritual beings; by the testimony of clairvoyants who can see them, and by the testimony of spiritual beings themselves, who claim not only a super-ethereal organism, human in its form, but the power of assuming visible bodies like those which at different stages of the earth life they had while here; by the phenomena of somnambulism and clairvoyance giving evidence of spiritual senses, for as the bodily senses imply their object, so do the spiritual senses imply *theirs*, and are prophecies of an endless life; by all the analogies that reason and experience supply; and by the belief of men in all ages and climes—a belief founded on the actual reappearance of those who have died.

Add to these considerations the facts of a manifold consciousness pointing to a complex but unique organism; also the marvels of memory, in which faulty impressions inhere and persist which are inexplicable under the theory of materialism, involving as it does a constant flux and removal of the molecules of the organs of thought. Only the existence of a spiritual body can account for these things.—*Epes Sargent.*

## FROM THE DHAMMAPADA.

By ourselves is evil done,  
 By ourselves we pain endure.  
 By ourselves we cease from wrong,  
 By ourselves become we pure.  
 No one saves us but ourselves;  
 No one can, and no one may,  
 We ourselves must walk the path—  
 Buddhas merely teach the way.

Creatures from mind their character obtain,  
 Mind-made they are, mind-marshaled they remain;  
 Thus him whose mind corrupted thoughts imbue,  
 Regret and pain unfailing will pursue.  
 E'en so we see draught-oxen's heavy heel  
 Close followed by the cart's o'erburdened wheel.

Into an all-thatched house the rains  
 Their entrance freely find;  
 Thus passion surely access gains  
 Into an untrained mind.

Into a well-thatched house the rains  
 Their entrance can not find;  
 Thus passion never access gains  
 Into a well-trained mind.

As fields are damaged by a bane,  
 So 'tis conceit destroys the vain.  
 As palaces are burned by fire,  
 The angry perish in their ire.  
 And as strong iron is gnawed by rust,  
 So fools are wrecked through sloth and lust.

Cut off the stream that in thy heart is beating;  
 Drive out lust, sloth, and hate;  
 And learnest thou that compounds things are fleeting,  
 Thou know'st the uncreate.

## Question—

Oh! Where can water, where can wind,  
 Where fire and earth no footing find?  
 Where disappears the *mine* and *thine*,  
 Good, bad; long, short; and coarse and fine;

And where do name and form both cease  
 To find in nothingness release?

## Answer—

'Tis in the realm of radiance bright,  
 Invisible, eternal light,  
 And infinite, a state of mind,

There water, earth, and fire, and wind,  
 And elements of any kind,  
 Will nevermore a footing find;  
 There disappears the *mine* and *thine*,  
 Good, bad; long, short; and coarse and fine.

There, too, will name and form both cease,

To find in nothingness release.

If like a broken gong  
 Thou utterest no sound:  
 Then only will Nirvana,  
 The end of strife, be found.

With goodness meet an evil deed  
 With loving kindness conquer wrath.  
 With generosity quench greed,  
 And lies, by walking in truth's path.

Hate is not overcome by hate;  
 By love alone 'tis quelled.  
 This is a truth of ancient date,  
 Today still unexcelled.

Nowhere in the sky,  
 Nowhere in the sea,  
 Nor in the mountains high,  
 Is a place where we  
 From the fate of death can hide,  
 There in safety to abide.

Nowhere in the sky,  
 Nowhere in the sea,  
 Nor in the mountains high,  
 Is a place where we  
 From the curse of wrong can hide  
 There in safety to abide.

But where'er we roam,  
 As our kin and friends  
 Welcome us at home  
 When our journey ends,  
 So our good deeds, now done, will  
 Future lives with blessings fill.

A hater makes a hater smart,  
 The angry cause alarm,  
 Yet does an ill-directed heart  
 Unto itself more harm.

Parents will help their children, sure,  
 And other kin-folks will;  
 But well-directed hearts procure  
 A bliss that's greater still.

Earnestness leads to the State Immortal;  
 Thoughtlessness is grim King Yama's  
 portal.

Those who earnest are will never die,  
While the thoughtless in death's clutches  
lie.

---

What should be done, ye do it,  
Nor let pass by the day;  
With vigor do your duty,  
And do it while you may.

---

*Mara, the Evil One—*  
So long as to the things  
Called *mine* and *I* and *me*  
Thy anxious heart still clings,  
My snares thou canst not flee.

---

*The Disciple—*  
Naught's mine and naught of me,  
The self I do not mind!  
Thus, Mara, I tell thee,  
My path thou canst not find.

---

The king's mighty chariots of iron will  
rust,  
And also our bodies resolve into dust;  
But deeds, 'tis sure,  
For aye endure.

---

Naught follows him who leaves this life;  
For all things must be left behind:  
Wife, daughters, sons, one's kin, and  
friends.

Gold, grain, and wealth of every kind.  
But every deed a man performs,  
With body, or with voice, or mind,  
'Tis this that he can call his own,  
This will he never leave behind.

Deeds, like a shadow, ne'er depart:  
Bad deeds can never be concealed;  
Good deeds can not be lost and will  
In all their glory be revealed.  
Let all then noble deeds perform  
As seeds sown in life's fertile field;  
For merit gained this life within,  
Rich blessings in the next will yield.

---

Oh, would that the doer of right  
Should do the right again!  
Oh, would that he might take delight  
In the constant doing of right;  
For when  
A man again and again does the good  
He shall enjoy beatitude.

Oh, would that the doer of wrong  
Should not do wrong again!  
Oh, would that he did not prolong  
His career of doing wrong;  
For when

From wrong a man will not refrain  
At last he'll have to suffer pain.

---

So blest is an age in which Buddhas arise  
So blest is the truth's proclamation.  
So blest is the Sangha, concordant and  
wise,  
So blest a devout congregation;  
And if by all the truth were known,  
More seeds of kindness would be sown,  
And richer crops of good deeds grown.

---

Happy is the Buddhist's fate  
For his heart knows not of hate.  
Haters may be all around,  
Yet in him no hate is found.

Happy is the Buddhist's fate,  
He all pining makes abate.  
Pining may seize all around  
Yet in him no pining's found.

Happy is the Buddhist's fate,  
Him no greed will agitate.  
In the world may greed abound,  
Yet in him no greed is found.

Happily then let us live,  
Joyously our service give,  
Quench all pining, hate, and greed:  
Happy is the life we lead.

---

Bright shineth the sun in his splendor  
by day  
And bright the moon's radiance by night.  
Bright shineth the hero in battle array,  
And the sage in his thought shineth  
bright.

But by day and by night, none so glori-  
ous, so bright,  
As Lord Buddha, the source of all spir-  
itual light.

—From "*The Dharma*," by Dr. Paul  
Carus. Published by the Open Court  
Publishing Company.

## DEATH AND THE WAR.

From the publishing house of John M. Watkins in London comes a little pamphlet entitled "Sudden Death and the War," by Minnie B. Theobald. Although the title suggests a limitation of topic it is actually a treatise on death in general and on the occult causes of war. Without assenting to the scheme that the author sketches for us it is none the less worthy of attention and study.

Both birth and death, says the author, are extended and complicated processes.

nor can we consider either as unrelated to the mechanism of the universe. Man is a combination of time and eternity, of body and soul, of substance and consciousness. He belongs to the World Order and to the Eternal Order:

In astrology the two great polarities or opposing natures in man, the male and female, consciousness and substance, are represented by the sun and the moon, and it is by means of the interplay of these two forces that man nets himself up in matter. We all recognize that the sun is our great life-giver, it is also a scientific fact that the periodicity of the moon controls functions connected with human birth, also the growth of flowers and other interesting phenomena connected with the creative life principle throughout all the various kingdoms. So it seems plausible that the union of our temporal part and our eternal portion might be studied and in some fashion understood by considering the interplay of these two.

To rivet a personal consciousness down into substance seven lunar months must elapse after conception before the birth; and it is usually ten. Similarly may it not be necessary for certain time periods to elapse after death before we are born into the Eternal Order? We probably do not rise straight out of this World Order into the Eternal Order upon one breath, any more than we come down to earth from heaven upon the spur of a single moment. Even as a child is hidden away in a womb of matter for ten lunar months during the interweaving of its two opposing natures, its soul and its body, so is the soul of man hidden away in some other womb for a definite time period while it un-nets itself from the bondage of matter prior to its release into Eternity.

Consciousness and substance may be compared with Sound and Form. Sound submits to limitation, and the limitation becomes form. Consciousness is similarly limited by the body, and the soul on its way to birth must take on many such limitations:

In coming to birth, the Spirit or Breath may perhaps be thought of as submitting to some conditioning prior to entering the regions of concrete and separated form, and then there comes about a change analogous to the change of breath into sound. This is the music of the spheres, the region of pure sound, where in the language of some scriptures man is given his true Name. Astrology suggests that the Zodiac represents this first conditioning of the Life Principle into root types or sounds. At this change man's spirit becomes capable of creating its personal forms. Having entered the zodiacal arena, it comes in contact with the Planetary Spirits, the creators of form. After death the spirit of man leaps into a region of pure sound, sound is transmuted into pure life-breath, and finally the eternal and temporal are separated, each going to its own true home; and "sound" is the pivot upon which turn spirit and form.

How long does it take the soul to net

itself in matter at birth, and how long to un-net itself at death? It is not reasonable to suppose that the process is a simple or immediate one. Indeed we may suppose that it is governed by the cyclic laws that pervail everywhere:

Science teaches us that there are definite time periods when life within evolution tends to repeat itself, sometimes upon a great scale, sometimes upon a small scale. During the ten lunar months of pre-natal existence the child passes through every stage of evolution. it repeats in a nutshell as it were all the epochs through which matter has passed during its long and weary existence, during years, centuries, manvantaras. A thousand years are as a day in the sight of the Lord, we are told. Upon a single stone the psychometrist finds imprinted a record of happenings since the life of that stone began.

The passage through the Zodiac is the first step toward birth, and the final step after death. Having passed the Zodiac, the Soul must now express itself as mind, life-pulse, and body, or mental, astral, and physical:

Can we trace this triple ply yet again? Are the mental, astral, and physical conditionings of man's true Name reflected into matter on coming to birth? Probably they are. During those nine months when the embryo has imprinted on it every phase which substance has taken upon itself since time began; there occurs, as soon as the human formation begins, first a primitive streak which is ultimately to become the spinal cord, next the quickening which is the heart-beat or life-pulse of the in-coming ego, next the birth when the child takes full control of the form. May these not be said to be reflections in matter of the mental, astral, and physical conditioning of the consciousness, the heart-beat corresponding to the astral or life-push, and the drawing of physical breath to the final result, namely the birth into manifestation? Here we have three distinct moments at each of which Time and Eternity embrace, and the soul is riveted down into substance, is crucified upon matter, the triple conditioning of consciousness causing a threefold pulse in substance. At death these three rivets have to be undone before the consciousness can be sufficiently simplified to rise into the more abstract regions of the heavenly spheres.

The process is thus reversed at death. He must shed the envelopes of the soul, and the stages of this process would be governed by the movements of the heavenly bodies. Three full moons will be needed to rid him of matter. For a year he will be disentangling himself from the Zodiac, and for three years he will still be subject to national influences connected with Karma:

In pre-natal existence we have the formation of the spinal cord, the quickening and the birth reckoned according to lunar time, all exceedingly important epochs when mental, astral, and physical first imprint themselves

on matter. After birth we have a fourteen-year period during which time the child is securing a physical hold; at puberty the astral nature or creative life-push is born; after double that period, another twenty-eight years, at the age of 42, the true higher mind is born, the mind which can see beyond the personality into the cosmos; at double that age again, namely at 84, it is perhaps permissible to die.

Besides these lunar epochs there are three great solar epochs found by dividing a century into two and three. The solar breath, being connected with consciousness and eternity rather than with substance and time, will be found to be regulated by these root numbers rather than by the number seven. These solar epochs occur at the ages of 33 1-3, and 66 2-3. At 33 the creative power of the eternal regions enters man and should raise him into a state of ecstasy, shattering his little mental forms, creating for him greater symbols connected with the higher life. It is surprising how many people can notice about this age a complete change in their fate bringing a different outlook upon life; others at this age have a spiritual experience of illumination or conversion such as they never forget. At 50 the solar tide turns back. At 66 there is another phase of the solar breath, an urge to return into the highest spiritual mind. The less developed find this a fatal stage, but it need not be if we can rise with the tide. The more one studies inner things the more one feels oneself to be sailing upon a tide of birth and death. The more one watches the more can one see one's friends bringing into manifestation various modes of consciousness; and even if they withdraw from physical life altogether, they may yet be found in the Sideral Surround, they may still be dwelling in the region of the stars, in the region of pure sound.

Both birth and death, says the author, must be synchronized with the cosmic processes of friction, and delays are to be avoided. It must be done during bodily life by the intelligent coördination of thought with the universal mechanism as indicated by a spiritual astrology.

The war itself was due to these same cosmic processes and to the manifestation of a periodic creative power seeking human vehicles for its reception and finding few or none:

Let us now consider war. Why do nations go to war? Not because Germany tears up scraps of paper, nor because England is arrogant over the freedom of the seas, nor because Russia needs a port; these are only symptoms. What is the inner happening? Many believe that this war is the forerunner of a Great Birth, it is the passion of conception. It is a life-pulse which should have raised us to the greatest states of exaltation, but to which we have been unable to rise, and we are instead wallowing in the bestial side of a wonderful inner mystery. Every thousand years is a time-period connected with the Greater Worlds, with what has here been called the region of Pure Sound, the Virgin

Mother, or the birthplace of the Great Ones; and every hundred years the nations become sensitive to the happenings within this further Zone of Fate. At the turn of the century the Great Æon became passionate, the passion has reached our world of men, the curative life force is now taking root in matter. In its transition from plane to plane it is as liable to upset the balance of power in the national Zone of Fate as it is liable in the personal life to upset the mental balance. The nations have not taken sufficient care of their health to be able to bear the extra strain put upon them by this inworking of the divine creative spirit into the national soul-substance, into the sidereal aura of the nations.

At this descent of the Great Æon the Church has been found wanting. The mystics have not been numerous enough to supply what was needed, so the warriors have had to die to make good the deficiency. What was needed? Mind-forms into which the Greater Life-Force might pour to bring itself to birth. Where were the priests who could stand aside from their personal minds? Where were the mystics, the contemplatives? Were they watching as the wise men of the East for the Great Coming? Were they willing at the first sign to sacrifice life, fate, all, that their cups might be empty and ready to receive the mighty outpouring? Did they pray, not for material victory, but for life over death, for inner meaning in place of blind obedience? Were they willing to do what the Christ bade all do who would receive of his greater life? Did they love their enemies and so make themselves into vehicles of compassion capable of catching that outpouring of Life which comes forth periodically to bear the sorrows of all men and take upon itself the sins—even of Germany? Which of our churches preached this? Many, before the war. Which of them has practiced it since the war? There were not enough and we see the result. *War is the superfluity of the divine descent.* We were unprepared. We were unable to catch the spirit in the Holy Grail.

The spiritual creative power reached the Zodiac and sought for forms through which it might manifest itself. Those forms should have been furnished by human minds, swept clean and empty of the personal life. But there were no such minds, or not enough of them, and so the creative power became a destructive and a devastating one.

Better keep yourself clean and bright: you are the window through which you must see the world.—*Bernard Shaw.*

Spiritual Mind, the upper portion or aspect of the impersonal Manas (Mind) takes no cognizance of the senses in physical man.

Is the flood of life really beating against matter till it forces an entry through the narrow slit of undifferentiated protoplasm.—*A. J. Balfour.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

Mr. Claude Bragdon, author of "Architecture and Democracy," finds it easy to explain why he should seek a metaphysical base for his exposition of what is usually supposed to be a material art. A skyscraper, he says, is a symbol of a condition of consciousness, or a state of the soul. So is democracy. All creations, all institutions, are the concretions of thought. Looking at the things that men have made, we know what manner of men they were, the nature of their thoughts, the quality of their souls.

Mr. Bragdon is, of course, well aware that he will be charged with an unscientific viewpoint. But the threat does not lie heavily on his mind. He admits that science advances, but none the less science always walks backward. How, then, can it have prevision of an inspired future? The old methods will not answer any more. War has compelled us to look out upon an unfamiliar landscape, a devastated landscape. The land has been plowed for the harvest, but what shall the harvest be? Says Mr. Bragdon: "It is the end of the age, the Kali Yuga—the completion of a major cycle: but all cycles follow the same sequence: after winter, spring; and after the Iron Age, the Golden." But it is to be feared that the Kali Yuga has still some venom in its tail.

Architecture, therefore, is closely allied to metaphysics. Ornament is psy-

chological, as an externalization of an inner life:

It is clear that consciousness is moving away from its absorption in materiality because it is losing faith in materialism. Clairvoyance, psychism, the recrudescence of mysticism, of occultism—these signs of the times are straws which show which way the wind now sets, and indicate that the modern mind is beginning to find itself at home in what is called the *fourth dimension*. The phrase is used here in a different sense from that in which the mathematician uses it, but oddly enough four-dimensional geometry provides the symbols by which some of these occult and mystical ideas may be realized by the mystical mind. One of the most engaging and inspiring of these ideas is that the personal self is a projection on the plane of materiality of a metaphysical self, or soul, to which the personal self is related as is the shadow of an object to the object itself. Now this coincides remarkably with the idea implicit in all higher-space speculation, that the figures of solid geometry are projections on a space of three dimensions, of corresponding four-dimensional forms.

Mr. Bragdon thinks that there may soon be an avatar who will build new forms in the minds of men, and these new forms will then be expressed in architecture. Almost all of the beautiful ornaments, he says, have been sacred symbols, the "Eye of Buddha," the "Shield of David," the wheel, the lotus, and the cross.

The trinity of nature is form, color, and sound, and these, says Mr. Bragdon, are related:

It is clear that a correspondence can be established between the colors of the spectrum and the notes of a musical scale. That is, the spectrum, considered as the analogue of



a musical octave, can be subdivided into twelve colors which may be representative of the musical chromatic scale of twelve semitones: the very word, *chromatic*, being suggestive of such a correspondence between sound and light. The red end of the spectrum would naturally relate to the low notes of the musical scale, and the violet end to the high, by reason of the relative rapidity of vibration in each case: for the octave of a musical note sets the air vibrating twice as rapidly as does the note itself, and roughly speaking the same is true of the end colors of the spectrum with relation to the ether.

Spirituality, says Mr. Bragdon, will give us the architecture of the future, but we must search for the inspiration within ourselves. We must go in quest of the soul and we must do this in ways that are spiritually scientific:

This secret is Yoga, the method of self-development whereby the seeker for union is enabled to perceive the shining of the Inward Light. This is achieved by daily discipline in stilling the mind and directing the consciousness inward instead of outward. The Self is within, and the mind, which is normally centrifugal, must first be arrested, controlled, and then turned back upon itself, and held with perfect steadiness. All this is naively expressed in the *Upanishads* in the passage, "The Self-existent pierced the openings of the senses so that they turn forward, not backward into himself. Some wise man, however, with eyes closed, and wishing for immortality, saw the Self behind." This stilling of the mind, its subjugation and control whereby it may be concentrated on anything at will, is particularly hard for persons of our race and training, a race, the natural direction of whose consciousness is strongly outward, a training in which the practice of introspective meditation finds no place.

Yoga—that "union" which brings inward vision, the contribution of the East to the spiritual life of the West—will bring profound changes into the art of the West, since art springs from consciousness. The consciousness of the West now concerns itself with the visible world almost exclusively, and Western art is therefore characterized by an almost slavish fidelity to the ephemeral appearances of things—the record of particular moods and moments. The consciousness of the East on the other hand, is subjective, introspective. Its art accordingly concerns itself with eternal aspects, with a world of archetypal ideas in which things exist, not for their own sake, but as symbols of supernal things. The Oriental artist avoids as far as possible trivial and individual rhythms, seeking always the fundamental rhythm of the larger, deeper life.

Mr. Bragdon seems to think that architecture, of all the arts, is the most sensitive and responsive to the inner consciousness. When religion languishes we build the Paris Opera House, but not the Parthenon or Notre Dame. The Higher Mind, he says, can be reached by

effort, but it must be scientific and continuous:

The method consists in silent meditation every day at stated periods, during which the attempt is made to hold the mind to the contemplation of a single image or idea, bringing the attention back whenever it wanders, killing each irrelevant thought as it arises, as one might kill a rat coming out of a hole. This turning of the mind back on itself is difficult, but I know of nothing that "pays" so well, and I have never found any one who conscientiously practiced it who did not confirm this view. The point is that if a man acquires the ability to concentrate on one thing he can concentrate on anything: he increases his competence on the mental plane in the same manner that pulling chest weights increases his competence on the physical. The practice of meditation has, moreover, an ulterior as well as an immediate advantage, and that is the reason it is practiced by the Yogis of India. They believe that by stilling the mind, which is like a lake reflecting the sky, the Higher Self communicates a knowledge of Itself to the lower consciousness. Without the working of this Oversoul in and through us we can never hope to produce an architecture which shall rank with the great architectures of the past, for in Egypt, in Greece, in Mediaeval France, as in India, China, and Japan, mysticism made for itself a language more eloquent than any in which the purely rational consciousness of man has ever spoken.

Here we must leave a most suggestive book, and one that shows the extent to which occult thought is taking its place in the mental fabric of the day.

ARCHITECTURE AND DEMOCRACY. By Claude Bragdon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

## A NEW BOOK.

In *Claude's Book*, endorsed by Sir Oliver Lodge, the spirit of this martyred young British aviator gives some startling news of the life beyond. In one place he tells us of "the souls of those who had no wish to live anything but a life of animal gratification, and still hang about the world and their old haunts continually, trying to get a kind of second-hand, indirect pleasure from the doings of the people who follow in their footsteps." He is cheerful, addresses his mother as "Mum," believes in reincarnation, and tells her how he saw them both as Egyptians in weird clothes.

When Claude came to, he found himself in a hospital bed, but the doctor said, "You are not on earth now." Later two guides lead him to his mother on earth, and at times he was even sent down to care for the Germans on the battlefield. Instead of a harp, he plays a piano, and

has a "jolly little den." Henry Holt & Co., publishers of *Patience Worth*, have just issued *Claude's Book*.

### JACOB BOEHME.

(In answer to many inquiries as to the personality of Jacob Boehme the following account by Clifford Bax may be found of interest. It is from the introduction to Boehme's "Signatura Rerum," published in Everyman's Library.)

There are few figures in history more strange and beautiful than that of Jacob Boehme. With a few exceptions the outward events of his life were unremarkable. He was born in 1575 at the village Alt Sidenberg, two miles from Goerlitz in Germany and close to the Bohemian border. His parents were poor, and in childhood he was put to mind their cattle. It was in the solitude of the fields that he first beheld a vision, and assuredly his contemplative spirit must have been well nourished by the continual companionship of nature.

Physically he was not robust (though he never had a sickness), and for this reason his parents, when he was fourteen, apprenticed him to a shoemaker. Of his apprenticeship nothing is recorded, I think, except a story about a mysterious man who came once, to the shop when the master was away, and taking Jacob by both hands foretold to him the great work that he should accomplish.

In 1599, when he was four and twenty, he became a master shoemaker, and in the same year he married the daughter of a butcher. The girl deceived into a capable, considerate woman, and they lived together happily until Boehme died. They had four sons and probably two daughters, but his children do not figure prominently in the story of his life. Already he had been visited by a sudden illumination of mind, and in 1600 he experienced the second of those marvelous ecstasies that gave splendor to the whole of his after-life. This, also, was followed by a third and still more brilliant illumination that made clear and complete much that in his previous visions had been obscure and unrelated.

The more dramatic portion of his life begins, however, with the publication of his first book (about 1612). At first he called it *Morning-Glow*, but at the suggestion of a friend he altered the title

to that under which it has become world-famous—*Aurora*.

Now although Lutheranism had severely shaken the old orthodoxy, it had itself become, in Boehme's time, an orthodoxy just as rigid. Quite naturally the book was read by the pastor of Goerlitz, one Gregorius Richter. He was a man intolerant, conceited, violent of temper, and obtuse of intellect. He despised and feared the shoemaker. The book ruffled him into a self-righteous passion, and hurrying to the city council he demanded that Boehme should be banished. The council was afraid to refuse, and Boehme (like nearly all the truth-bringers) was exiled from his native town.

On the morrow, however, the council convened again. Its members were stirred by a fine shame when it was put to them that they had banished a citizen of stainless reputation, and one, indeed, who regularly attended church. They recalled him at once, but on condition that he should write no books.

In the following year he changed his occupation. Literary work had caused his business to decline, and having sold the shop he journeyed to the larger cities of the neighborhood (such, for instance, as Prague and Dresden) selling woolen gloves; but after a while it was no longer possible for him to disobey the inner command that he should give to men his revelations, and in these last ten years he composed the unique and shining books of which we have a selection in this volume.

Gregorious Richter, as we should expect, by no means left him at peace. He was denounced from the pulpit and in his own hearing. Scurrilous treatises were flung at him, treatises full of personal abuse and ignoble sneers at his profession. "His writing," observed those who represented the Son of the carpenter, "smells overmuch of cobbler's pitch"; and again we read, "Will ye have the words of Jesus Christ or the words of a shoemaker?" The shoemaker answered them gently and with dignity, as when he declared, "Not I, the I that I am, knows these things, but God knows them in me."

In 1624 his friend Abraham von Frankenburg republished a selection of his writings under the title of *The Way*

to Christ. Its radiant beauty impelled the respect of many who belonged to the orthodox church, and this very fact inflamed the Tertullians of his native town. Again they banished him on the charge of impiety, and even refused that he should say farewell to his wife and sons. He went to Dresden. There already he had found a friend in Dr. Hinkelmann. It is pleasant to record that while he was at Dresden the emperor convened a meeting of eminent divines, that Boehme was invited, and that the depth and spirituality of his thought, together with the charm and modesty with which he expressed it, were received with admiration by many and with enthusiasm by the learned doctors Gerhard and Meissner.

But at the end of the year (November 20, 1624) he died, happily and in the presence of a loving and beloved son. He had foretold the very hour of his death. So relentless were his opponents in Goerlitz that, until the intervention of the powerful Count Hannibal von Drohna, they refused a burial service, and the very priest who had attended him in death, being forced by the council to make an oration, began by declaring that he would rather walk twenty miles than praise the gentle Boehme. The elaborate cross, too, which was put upon his tomb was torn down in anger.

We are told by Frankenburg, his friend, that he was short in stature, "worn and very plain," with "gray eyes, that lightened into a celestial blue, a low forehead, a thin beard, and an aquiline nose."

Jacob Boehme, the last of the great European mystics, having imagined the spirit which pervades the universe, knew well how little was the stature of his human personality; but he had realized that God was verily within him, and he spoke with the uprightness of a divine being. Unflaggingly he counsels men (as in *The Supersensual Life*) to turn away from the worthless and separated self which hungers for honor or for bodily comfort, in order that they should rediscover within themselves "what was before nature and creature." And he means by this phrase "that light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world." It is here, he says, now and always; we have but to extricate our consciousness from all that is the effect of

our time and place. We have but to quiet our own thoughts and desires, and we shall hear at once the harmonies of heaven.

### WHO SAYS "THE GODS ARE DEAD"?

Who says "The Gods are dead"?  
As withered branch hung loose  
Against a vigorous tree  
Are such lack-lustre thoughts  
From native truth divorced.

But yesterday, as I walked down the street,  
I, with amazement, saw a path  
Near to the corner of the Stock Exchange,  
Where, surely, path had never been before.

As tho' on magic mischief bent,  
That little path re-wound  
Upon a spiral course, and I  
Quite foolishly intrigued, turned 'round  
And followed it.

And, presently,  
It coaxed me into crossing a clear stream  
And led me thru a clover field,  
And then,  
With rush and shout, that darling path  
Ran straight as string, uphill!

I swore it mocked at me, and dared  
Me climb! I, with my city-shortened breath.  
And patent boots! But I puffed on,  
Determined I would win the gage  
Flung by that upstart trail.

And I had ardent company,  
For it was June, and the hot sun  
Of full mid-summer climbed the sky  
Above my head. So I was glad  
When my sprite beckoned me thru woods  
Where waters dripped from tiny falls  
That were like little goddess-girls  
Whom Pan had pipe  
To their undoing, that they stood  
Forever locked in stone, and wept  
Forevermore their silver tears.

Thus thru the day. Then, on the heights  
Unspeakably remote from city street,  
I watched the sun sink in etheric sea,  
And saw the earth flare into wonderous gold.  
Its dross transmuted by an alchemy  
Wrought in the crucible of sun-set sky.

Then, ere the final glory was withdrawn,  
And lest the world be too forlorn,  
From out the purpling dusk there shone  
A fountained torch;  
The evening star.

(I am convinced, that, in the star  
Of twilight hour, an angel stands,  
Praying, with faithful tenderness,  
For every man.)

And soon the rounded moon stepped down  
The velvet floor of heav'n;

before her feet the Milky Way  
 as like a wisp of gossamer veil  
 ripped by the flying, furthest stars.

And now," thought I,  
 The path will be all blurred  
 and eerie 'neath the light o' moon;  
 & I will sleep awhile, and with the dawn  
 I'll rise up and fare me forth on this  
 enchanting, idle quest."

This was my thought.  
 But scarcely had I stretched  
 upon a bed of boughs, when, lo:  
 the witching trail did beckon me,  
 and I rose up, refreshed  
 and girded all mysteriously.

Before me the path leaped,  
 escaped sheer and clear of earth,  
 up, thru the spired tree-tops,  
 up, to the shining stars;  
 and I sprang with it, shod with wings,  
 to where, beyond the dip of earth  
 it widened to a great plateau,  
 widened and leveled to a cosmic plain.

There I saw, yes, saw, with my own eyes,  
 the Gods, splendid and awful.  
 The wonder of their primal energy  
 touched me with quickening impact, that I  
 stood

Akin to them, and buoyant on the airs.

They gathered to their wild assembly place,  
 A peak of waiting winds, and there  
 they called with clarion call the dawn.  
 Out of the darkness they commanded day!

Up sprang the sun, obedient;  
 sprang with a single bound from his retreat.  
 I heard the far, faint chant of welcome rise  
 from sentient earth. I even thought  
 the motion of her swing became more marked,  
 and that she drew  
 visibly nearer to her blazing lord.

Read me this riddle:  
 Was it then I woke? or was it then  
 I, really, fell asleep? 'Twas then,  
 At any rate, I seemed to wake.  
 The sun streamed in across my bed,  
 And I sat up, and yawned, and thought:  
 "A jolly dream; I think I'll walk to town."

Now I've walked down  
 that commonplace, that usual street,  
 A thousand times or more, with thoughts  
 no whit above its commonness.  
 But on that sunny morning I looked 'round  
 for faery, just as children do.

And, presently, (I do believe  
 a fairy whispered me)  
 I turned my back upon the Stock Exchange,  
 and took the lumbering boat across the bay,  
 and climbed the friendly hills.

'Twas there I had good evidence  
 that all my dream was true.  
 "The proof?" you ask.

I may not tell it all; indeed,  
 I can not, for it does not lend  
 itself to patter of mere words.

But this I know:  
 That I can comprehend, somewhat, those  
 things

I did not credit 'till I dreamed my dream.  
 I am wiser now, if to be wise  
 is to surmise the boundless depths  
 Of one's own ignorance.

He who hath deep within his heart  
 A yearning to be truly wise,  
 O let him seek companionship with those  
 Who know so well that gracious hour  
 When the high Gods pass by.  
 For, in the contact with such men  
 Vision and knowledge will unfold  
 Their perfect treasures to his soul.

And that his commune with great ones  
 Be free and fair, I warn him now,  
 To cast aside the motley crew  
 Of half-gods that he calls his faith:  
 Those clumsy toys with which he plays  
 At momentary ease, and patches up  
 With daubs of weak theology,  
 Or affirmations, or denials,  
 Or other absurd ritual of the day.

Who says "the Gods are dead"  
 But mouths a lie. Let him search well  
 Within the chamber of his heart;  
 For there, writ in enduring cypher, he shall  
 find

That which shall yield to him full proof  
 That the real Gods can not be juggled with:  
 They ARE. And thru the ages they remain  
 Watching with patient kindness puny men,  
 Guiding their footsteps when they may.  
 (Perhaps a bit inclined to smile  
 In wise derision at our pert, smug ways  
 And strutting pride.)

The Gods, my brothers, can not die.  
 Moreover, they are close at hand  
 Quick to respond to human call,  
 And succor human need.  
 Dare the adventure of the soul!  
 Invite it forth  
 From its abashed retreat!  
 When it hath grown less shy,  
 And you have learned, somewhat, its speech,  
 Then, with a full conviction you shall know:  
 Only the half-gods die;  
 The GODS ARE HERE! —J. A. Hyde.

## THE WAR AND MORALITY.

Morality is shaken, especially sex  
 morality. The old Victorian order was  
 passing, had to pass, as its best exemplar  
 prophesied—

The old order passeth, giving place to new.  
 And God fulfills Himself in many ways.  
 It is not God, however, but some hap-  
 hazard chance that seems to be fulfilling

itself in the general slackening of the moral sense. I mean no more than I say. I do not mean decadence; I do not mean corruption; but it is certain that men and women are confused and doubtful in their judgments of sex relations, inconsistent in their actions, less sure of right and wrong than before in this generation. As the church has vacillated, now choosing one moral attitude towards war, now another, so men and women—whose lives may be unexceptionable—are vacillating, feeling their moral sanctions and inhibitions melting beneath them. I think that this had to come. Perhaps it is a blessing, not an evil. Much of it, I know, is transitory and due to the mixing of races and the state of war. But it is not a happy condition; habits formed under it will be hard to cure. No one blamed the soldier for recklessness as regards wine, women, and song, when the next week his shell might burst; but that does not lead us to praise the exigency. We shall leave Puritanism in its undue emphasis upon sex behind us as one result of the war; that is clear, and good. But just now we waver on the edge of new moral standards whose bounds and sanctions are not fixed.—*Henry Seidel Canby in the April Yale Review.*

### LIGHT ON THE PATH.

(Mabel Collins gives the following explanation of the writing of *Light on the Path*. It is taken from her later volume, "When the Sun Moves Northward.")

It was inevitable and essential that, at a certain point in the history of the human race, these rules should be brought from the ethereal into the material world, written down in human language, and given to those who desired them. That I myself, who wrote these pages, was given the great privilege of performing this task, was the result of the endurance of many bitter ordeals in successive incarnations. The experiences of human life bring the disciple continually to the places where an effort will raise him into another state. These experiences are repeated until the effort is made. A tragedy occurred in my life which I recognized, when in the midst of it, as being one I had endured many times before. This recognition enabled me to make the great effort, and climb the step indicated to me.

The amazing shock and joy of the higher consciousness fell upon me; *One* stood beside me, in my room, and said to me. "Come, you are able to read now." I left my body, retaining a clear connection with it and recording in my physical brain all that I did, while I was doing it. Only by a great access of consciousness can such a task be accomplished. The knowledge of what is being done must be complete and full on all planes of the being. The Master took my hand in his, and, in full recognition of what I was doing, I held to him, and went forth from my body, passing from matter into the ethereal space. We entered the Hall, crossed the great floor, and reached that door with the flashing diamond handle—a veritable point of light. I knew then that I had been here many times before, and I passed the message back to my physical brain that I was in a familiar, well-known place, and that all was very well with me. The Master opened the door, and entering it, closed it behind us. We were alone in this marvelous chapel of light. The peace and sense of strength, the ineffable consciousness of being in my own place, to which I had earned the right, the inalienable right, was an overpowering reward for the sufferings and ordeals of earth lives. The Master, still holding my hand, led me across the floor of the chapel to the wall, and I saw clearly the first rules of *Light on the Path* appear at the top of it. Looking up I read them plainly; below, the jewels still flashed in glorious colorings and points of light.

"Fix these in your memory," he said to me, "take them back with you to earth, and write them down. The Teachers of the human race have decided to put these rules into human language, and you are chosen for the work. Return again and again, until you have read them all, and written them down in words upon earth."

I returned to my body, and found myself in clear possession of full memory of what I had done, and what I had seen and read. I was in a state of consciousness known to the occultists of Southern India as *jagrat of suapna*, which is the consciousness of waking clairvoyance. Only a person ignorant of occultism could suppose that it was in any way possible to bring this knowledge to earth, except by the work of a disciple, who had at-

tained to this consciousness. In no state of unconsciousness of the scribe, by no overshadowing or control of the Master, can teaching of this absolute character be obtained. I committed to memory, in that state, the first lines of the ancient, mystic writing, now known to all students of occultism under the title of *Light on the Path*. I brought it down into physical consciousness, and recorded it. I obeyed the order given to me, and, again and again, entering into the state of waking clairvoyance, returned to the chapel of light, bringing back the rules one by one, and writing them down, until I had obtained the whole.

---

Look on the spirit as the rider! take  
The Body for the chariot, and the Will  
As charioteer! regard the mind as reins,  
The senses as the steeds; and things of sense

The ways they trample on. So is the Soul

The lord that owneth spirit, body, will,  
Mind, senses,—all; itself unowned. Thus think

The wise! He who is unwise drives with reins

Slack on the neck o' the senses; then they ramp,

Like restive horses of a charioteer.

He that is wise, with watchful mind and firm,

Calms those wild Five, so they go fair and straight,

Like well-trained horses of a charioteer.

—*Sir Edwin Arnold, in "The Secret of Death."*

---

All omens point towards the steady continuance of just such labor as has already taught us all we know. Perhaps, indeed, in this complex of interpenetrating spirits our own effort is no individual, no transitory, thing. That which lies at the root of each of us lies at the root of the Cosmos too. Our struggle is the struggle of the Universe itself; and the very Godhead finds fulfillment through our upward striving souls.—*Myers.*

---

We wake and find ourselves on a stair.  
There are other stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight.—*Emerson.*

### The Realms of Gold.

(Written after hearing a line of Keats repeated by a passing stranger under the palms of Southern California.)

Under the palms of San Diego,

Where gold-skinned Mexicans loll at ease,

And the red, half-moons of their black-pipped melons

Drop from their hands in the sunset seas.

And an incense, out of the old brown missions,  
Blows through the orange trees;

I wished that a poet, who died in Europe

Had found his way to this rose-red West;

That Keats had walked by the wide Pacific

And cradled his head on its healing breast

And made new songs of the sunburned sea-folk.

New Poems—perhaps his best.

I thought of him, under the ripe pomegranates

At the desert's edge, where the grapevines grow,

In a sun-kissed ranch between gray-green sage-brush

And amethyst mountains peaked with snow,

Or watching the lights of the City of Angels

Glitter like stars below.

He would walk at dawn by the lemon orchards,

And breathe at ease in that dry bright air;

And the Spanish bells in their crumbling cloisters

Of brown adobe would sing to him there;

And the old Franciscans would bring him their baskets

Of apple and olive and pear.

And the mandolins, in the deep blue twilight,

Under that palm with the lion's mane,

Would pluck once more at his golden heart-strings

And tell him the old sea tales of Spain;

And there should the daughter of Hesperus teach him

Their mystical songs again.

Then the dusk blew sweet over seas of peach bloom,

The moon sailed white in the cloudless blue.

The tree toads purred, and the crickets chirruped,

And better than anything dreamed came true—

For under the murmuring palms a shadow

Passed with the eyes I knew.

A shadow perhaps of the tall green fountains,

That rustled their fronds on that glittering sky;

A hungering shadow, a lean dark shadow,

A dreaming shadow, that drifted by.

But I heard him whisper the strange dark music

That found it so "rich to die."

And the murmuring palms of San Diego

Shook with stars as he passed beneath.

The Paradise palms and the wild white orchards,

The night and its roses were all one breath,

Bearing the song of a nightingale seaward,

A song that had outsoared death.

—*Alfred Noyes, in New York Tribune.*

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We wake and find ourselves on a stair.  
There are other stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight.—*Emerson.*

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## "THEY WHO UNDERSTAND."

Miss Lilian Whiting is among those very numerous authors who are aware of what they call the "great spiritual awakening" and who feel impelled to write about it. Miss Whiting has written books along the same line and she now gives us a new volume entitled "They Who Understand," finely written as is all her work, but none the less marred by the emotionalism that leaves the intelligent reader with a sense of frustration and disappointment.

In point of fact Miss Whiting gives us nothing that the mind can lay hold upon and possess. Spirituality for her seems to mean nothing more than vague and undefined yearnings mingled with a liberal allowance of rather sickly spiritualism. It is true that we have some vague reflection on what Miss Whiting calls the "spiritual body," but we are not told what this is, its nature, source, or functions. One would suppose that the main object of all human endeavor is to converse with the dead, although what there is about the dead that makes them such desirable companions we are not informed.

As an example of Miss Whiting's methods we may cite her chapter on "Evidential Communication and Proof." Now even if the possibility of communicating with the dead were established we are not able to see in what way humanity would benefit. We are able to

see many ways in which humanity would suffer. The plea that actual proofs of survival would in itself have a sort of redemptive effect is a weak one. It is not likely to have any such result. As a matter of fact there is hardly any one who now doubts such survival with the exception of a few pseudo-scientific *poseurs* who have quite lost their influence on the public mind. A number of insufficiently employed and neurotic people would doubtless indulge in a debauch of sickly and emotional astralism, but then they are doing that now and are obviously the worse for it. We can see no advantage in increasing their numbers.

Miss Whiting says, "Communication between those in the unseen and in the seen is so abundantly proven that from this time on, in all discussion of the matter in these pages, it will be taken for granted. . . . Communication is as well attested as is the working of the telegraph. Its experience in some form is an almost universal one." With such a preface we wonder why there should be any chapter on "Evidential Communication and Proof."

Now Miss Whiting must surely be aware that the case for communication is by no means so settled as she represents. To say that it is as well attested as the working of the telegraph is a flagrant misuse of terms. No civilized person has the smallest doubt about the telegraph, but a great many persons, and



among them the keenest and most conscientious of researchers have grave doubts about *post mortem* communication. It is still very much *sub judice* and Miss Whiting has no right to assail the inexperienced mind by asserting that the verdict has been delivered, while as a matter of fact the jury are still deliberating.

But let us look at Miss Whiting's "proofs." And so we are told that a Mrs. Parker of England, whose son was in the army, heard his voice calling her as though in great pain. Soon after she received a notification of his death. That is all. There is not even an attempt to show that the times and dates coincided. Mrs. Parker heard her son's voice and subsequently she heard that he was dead. And this insignificance is not only advanced as evidence of survival, but in some amazing way it is supposed to be "spiritual." One would like to know how many mothers have heard their sons' voices and have afterwards welcomed their sons home again. And how many mothers are there who have heroically given their sons to war and who have stilled their own fears by smilingly giving their aid to others, content to wait in confident darkness upon the workings of the Law? There is more spirituality in one such mother than in a thousand sickly stories of astral voices. Why is the word spirituality so disgustingly profaned. Let us suppose that this particular mother did actually hear her son's voice "as if in great pain." Probably she did, but what of it? At best it would be a simple and everyday case of telepathy, just such a fact as may easily be established by any two living experimenters. Is it likely that any other mother would be comforted by the horrid experience of poor Mrs. Parker? Would any one be comforted? Does it make life easier, or death more welcome? What is there about it that is "spiritual"? It seems to us the negation of the spiritual, a merely horrid incident, and one calculated to keep all other mothers awake, o' nights dreading lest they, too, shall hear their sons' voices "as if in great pain."

There are other stories, equally inconclusive, proving nothing, helping no one, and of course filled with the emotionalism that finds expression in "ohs" and

"ahs." There are "cold waves" and "Sweet Maries" that want to send messages to their mothers, and all this dreary and creepy rubbish is supposed to confirm "our faith in God and faith in immortality." It does nothing of the sort. If we are to spend our immortality in this way we much prefer the Nihilism of materialism.

THEY WHO UNDERSTAND. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

## THE SOUL AND ITS LETHE.

"The body is for the soul the stream of Lethe. To the soul alone belongs memory."  
—Plotinos.

How much, O soul of man, hast thou forgot?

Ere thou didst stoop to drink this Lethe—what?

If sad thou art sometimes—nor knowest why,

It is, thou asketh this, with no reply.

When thou didst dwell alone with The Alone,

The things eternal also were thine own  
And thou hadst Memory—or, no need hadst thou,

Whose touch could then lay hold upon a Now.

Here, Beauty maddens with its broken clues;

And at some turning thou the thread dost lose!

But, once, with Beauty was thy bond entire,

In a boon place beyond the empyreal fire.

It chanced, into a Mirror thou didst bend  
Thy gaze—O foolish one, that must descend!

Why didst thou love thy floating image so

Thou must make one with it in realms below?

Thy wings discarding lightly, here thou art,

Hast thine own kingdom. . . . Dost thou love thy part,

Imperial in a petty court and sway,

Wild, outland Passions watching—to betray?

O Soul within the body—and without!  
How often thou hast held one brooding doubt:

If this—thou bruised and wingless wanderer,

Has been the only time that thou didst err;

Or, oft, thine imaged self a lure has been,

Within the Mirror of Enchantment seen—

Soul, Soul, when next detached, thou shalt have scorn

Of some of these poor rôles that thou hast borne!

But thou—my Little Love, confess thee, here,

Life has intrigued thee—Life has oft seemed dear . . .

Yet, all as gladly, wilt thou leave this Dream—

This long forgetting by the Lethe stream.

—*Edith M. Thomas, in New York Times.*

### THE THREE CROSSES.

Three crosses rise on Calvary,

On Calvary, on Calvary;

And of the wormwood there be two,

And one is of the Tree that grew

In Eden's garden long ago;

It is upon this Tree our Lord

Is crucified, is crucified.

(Nay, what I thought were crosses there

On Calvary, on Calvary,

Are but the lingering shadows where

The crosses rotted long ago.)

The winding centuries have passed

O'er Calvary, o'er Calvary;

And two are dead, but Christ lives on:

Earth will not loose the heaven-born Son.

Nor give His body to be wrapped

In burial-sheet and myrrh.

Still, still, there rise on Calvary

Of shadow crosses three;

Still round their base the people flock

To taunt the lonely God, and mock

At Him, who thru the ages dies

On Calvary, on Calvary.

—*Julia A. Hyde.*

### EMILE BOUTROUX ON BOEHME.

In forming an opinion of this man, whose sole aim was to set the spirit free from the letter, it would be unbecoming to judge by appearances. In reality Boehme is not the simple, ignorant man he tells us he is. He was open-minded and possessed of a keen intellect, as his first teachers immediately recognized. He lived in a country and at an epoch in

which the greatest of all problems were being discussed. The mysticism of old was still flourishing in Germany during the times of Schwenckfeld and Sebastian Franck. At the same time, ever since Nicolas de Cusa, there had been developing, beneath the influence of Italian naturalism, a profound and brilliant Theosophy represented by Agrippa von Nettesheim and Paracelsus, the rehabilitation and deification of that nature which the mystics of the Middle Ages were destroying. In another direction, over against the moral optimism of Eckhart and his disciples, Luther had recently set up a doctrine of a positive, radical evil, rising up to oppose God and incapable of being brought within the compass of mere diminution or deprivation. The new principles had early entered either into connection or into conflict with the principle of ancient mysticism. Protestantism was already attempting that reconciliation of its mystical with its Pauline origins, its spiritualistic monism with its moral dualism, and its principle of liberty with that of discipline, which she is still following. Theosophy was united with mysticism in Valentin Weigel, who submitted as matter for the subjective reflection of Eckhart, the man of Paracelsus, a *résumé* and perfection of the three natures, the terrestrial, sidereal, and the divine, of which the created universe consists.

From his youth onwards, Boehme eagerly took an active part in this movement of ideas. In his wanderings to and fro as a journeyman before becoming a shoemaker, he conversed of things religious and theosophical; he observed, read, and reflected. Though he read but little, what he did read was important and full of profound thought. The Bible was for him the book of books, that thrilling, deep word which, especially since the days of Luther, has ever been the most powerful incentive to reflection. But Boehme read the writings of many other masters besides. He read Schwenckfeld, noting his objections to that doctrine of vicarious atonement which tends to replace by external and accidental action the internal working of grace, the only possible source of essential conversion. He read Paracelsus, and was delighted to find in him an enthusiastic apostle of life, a revealer of the

magic power of imagination, a seer who finds, in the world and in natural man, that image of God which mystics had ceased to find therein. He studied alchemy, trying to discover its true, its spiritual meaning. To him transmutation was the symbol of the new birth to which man is called; the philosopher's stone found its realization for him in the power of faith and of surrender to God. . . .

Boehme read not only books of written characters, he also read the book of nature. Every manifestation of nature is instruction for him; matter is not a being apart, foreign to spirit; it is spirit itself, revealed and visible. The stars, the sun, the elements of the earth, life everywhere, in its origin and in every one of its phases, the growing tree, the animal with its desires and disinterested instincts, man with his inner life, his struggle with evil, his defeats and triumphs—all these things Boehme contemplates and meditates upon, and in this immediate and religious communion with nature waits for her to infuse into him her own spirit and reveal the mysteries of being.—*From "Historical Studies in Philosophy," by Emile Boutroux. Published by the Macmillan Company.*

#### FROM H. P. B.'S "GLOSSARY."

ST. GERMAIN, *the Count of*. Referred to as an enigmatical person by modern writers. Frederic II, King of Prussia, used to say of him that he was a man whom no one had ever been able to make out. Many are his "biographies," and each one is wilder than the other. By some he was regarded as an incarnate god, by others as a clever Alsatian Jew. One thing is certain, Count de St. Germain—whatever his real patronymic may have been—had a right to his name and title, for he had bought a property called San Germano, in the Italian Tyrol, and paid the Pope for the title. He was uncommonly handsome, and his enormous erudition and linguistic capacities are undeniable, for he spoke English, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Russian, Swedish, Danish, and many Slavonian and Oriental languages, with equal facility with a native. He was extremely wealthy, never received a sou from any one—in fact never accepted a glass of water or

broke bread with any one—but made most extravagant presents of superlative jewelry to all his friends, even to the royal families of Europe. His proficiency in music was marvelous: he played on every instrument, the violin being his favorite. "St. Germain rivaled Paganini himself," was said of him by an octogenarian Belgian in 1835, after hearing the "Genoese maestro." "It is St. Germain resurrected who plays the violin in the body of an Italian skeleton," exclaimed a Lithuanian baron who had heard both.

He never laid claim to spiritual powers, but proved to have a right to such claim. He used to pass into a trance from thirty-seven to forty-nine hours without awakening, and then knew all he had to know, and demonstrated the fact by prophesying the future and never making a mistake. It is he who prophesied before the King Louis XV and XVI, and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Many were the still living witnesses in the first quarter of this century who testified to his marvelous memory: he could read a paper in the morning and, though hardly glancing at it, could repeat its contents without missing one word days afterwards; he could write with two hands at once, the right hand writing a piece of poetry, the left a diplomatic paper of the greatest importance. He read sealed letters without touching them, while still in the hand of those who brought them to him. He was the greatest adept in transmuting metals, making gold and the most marvelous diamonds, an art, he said, he had learned from certain Brahmans in India, who taught him the artificial crystallization ("quickening") of pure carbon. As our brother Kenneth Mackenzie has it: "In 1780, when on a visit to the French ambassador at the Hague he broke to pieces with a hammer a superb diamond of his own manufacture, the counterpart of which, also manufactured by himself, he had just before sold to a jeweler for 5500 louis d'or." He was the friend and confidant of Count Orloff in 1772 at Vienna, whom he had helped and saved in St. Petersburg in 1762, when concerned in the famous political conspiracies of that time; he also became intimate with Frederick the Great of Prussia.

sia. As a matter of course, he had numerous enemies, and therefore it is not to be wondered at if all the gossip invented about him is now attributed to his own confessions: *e. g.*, that he was over five hundred years old; also, that he claimed personal intimacy "with the Savior and his twelve Apostles, and that he had reproved Peter for his bad temper"—the latter clashing somewhat in point of time with the former, if he had really claimed to be *only* five hundred years old. If he said that "he had been born in Chaldaea and professed to possess the secrets of the Egyptian magicians and sages," he may have spoken truth without making any marvelous claim. There are Initiates, and not the highest either, who are placed in a condition to remember more than one of their past lives. But we have good reason to know that St. Germain could never have claimed "personal intimacy" with the Saviour. However that may be, Count St. Germain was certainly the greatest Oriental Adept Europe has seen during the last centuries. But Europe knew him not. Perchance some may recognize him at the next *Terreur*, which will affect all Europe when it comes, and not one country alone.

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### "RAYMOND."

A correspondent asks for some comment on the evidences of identity furnished by "Raymond" and advanced by Sir Oliver Lodge in the book to which he has given that title. It will be remembered that Sir Oliver's son, Raymond, was killed in battle and that the communications purporting to come from him since his death have given rise to much discussion. Our correspondent is particularly interested in the facts concerning the photograph of the young soldier, facts which Sir Oliver himself considers to have "evidential value."

The matter has been dealt with by Mr. Alfred W. Martin, author of "Psychic Tendencies of Today." Mr. Martin reminds us of the results of two sittings at which Raymond is supposed to have mentioned the existence of a group photograph of officers including himself. The Lodge family were unaware of the existence of such a photograph, but a few weeks later Lady Lodge received a letter from a Mrs. Cheves to the effect

that she had a group photograph in which her own son and Raymond appeared, and offering a copy to Lady Lodge. But in the meantime, and before the arrival of the photograph, Sir Oliver had a sitting with a Mrs. Leonard, a well-known medium, and he asked Raymond several questions about this photograph. The questions, of course, were put to the medium, as is usual. Sir Oliver asked, "Do you recollect the photograph at all?" The reply was, "He thinks there were others taken with him, not one or two, but several." As a matter of fact there were twenty-one officers in the picture.

Sir Oliver then asked, "Does he remember how he looked in the photograph?" and the reply came, "No, he does not remember how he looked." But this photograph was taken only twenty days before his death and Raymond had made a note of it in his diary.

Then followed the question, "Were they soldiers?" and the reply was, "Yes, a mixed lot. Somebody called C— was in it with him, and somebody called R—, K—, K—, K—, he says something about K—." But there was not a single one in the group whose name began with K.

"Did he have a stick?" was the next question. "He does not remember that," said the medium, although every member of the group carried a stick, including himself. "He remembers that somebody wanted to lean on him, but he is not sure whether he was taken with some one leaning on him." The officer behind Raymond has his arm lightly on Raymond's shoulder, but there were other officers in a similar position—a quite common one. Other replies were of a similarly unsatisfactory kind and Mr. Martin says: "Why can not Raymond give the name of a single friend in that group? He is asked for it in vain. Yet just one name would have had some degree of evidential value. We are told that the memory of the dead is imperfect. But while Myers can remember an ode of Horace as well as the difficult name 'Faunus' Raymond can not remember the name of a single soldier, although he has been separated from them only twenty days."

Elsewhere, says Mr. Martin, the same vague, elusive, halting character of

Raymond's answers to questions impresses us anew and with cumulative force. Indeed, one gets the impression as one reads that the medium is guessing at the answers to Sir Oliver's questions, an hypothesis not to be considered as illegitimate.

Why this fretful anxiety, asks Mr. Martin, to settle *at once* upon an explanation, rather than wait till research has been pushed beyond its present limits?" Strange as it may seem, even the realm of science is not free from men with a passion for settling upon an explanation rather than suspending judgment till *all* the evidence is in."

Not only do we place an undue emphasis upon the evidence that we have, but we display irritation and resentment when its deficiencies and weaknesses are pointed out. Or we quickly invent theories to explain them, such as the theory that the dead have weak memories. Why should the dead have weak memories, and in what way is this consistent with the claim that the dead are qualified to guide and control the living? Now it may be that Raymond was actually in communication with his father. Let us dogmatize neither for nor against such a belief. But at least let us ask for proofs of identity, proofs that shall be as rigorous as those demanded by the cashier of the bank before he pays a check. And at the moment it does not seem that any such proofs are forthcoming in the case of "Raymond."

### THE SLEEP WALKERS.

In the town where I was born lived a woman and her daughter who walked in their sleep.

One night, while silence enfolded the world, the woman and her daughter, walking, yet asleep, met in their mist-veiled garden.

And the mother spoke, and she said:

"At last, at last, my enemy! You by whom my youth was destroyed—who have built up your life upon the ruins of mine! Would I could kill you!"

And the daughter spoke, and she said:

"O hateful woman, selfish and old! Who stand between my freer self and me! Who would have my life an echo of your own faded life! Would you were dead!"

At that moment a cock crew, and both

women awoke. The mother said gently, "Is that you, darling?" And the daughter answered gently, "Yes dear." From "*The Madman*," by Kahlil Gibran.

### SPIRITUALISM.

The principal doctrines of what is commonly known as Spiritualism are familiar, and Mr. Leaf's restatement of them need not detain us here. For the rest, he insists on the unique position of Spiritualism as not only a religion, but a science. Its claims, he holds, "rest upon an entirely different basis from that of other religious beliefs. Whereas, faith is the particular foundation of Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Hinduism, experiment is the foundation of Spiritualism. . . . In one sense its devotees regard it as a science throwing fresh light on the great problem of existence. In another sense it is an illumination, leading to a clearer appreciation of the spiritual and philosophical value of life." This being the case, all that the spiritualist asks is that his discoveries and theories shall be fairly and honestly investigated in the way that they have been investigated in the past by such eminent inquirers as Crookes and Lombroso, and as they are being investigated at the present time by such men as Dr. W. J. Crawford and Sir Oliver Lodge.

Against the attitude assumed by Huxley, who said that even supposing the phenomena to be genuine, they did not interest him; and by Herbert Spencer when he declared: "I have settled the question in my own mind on a priori grounds," Mr. Leaf justly protests, pointing out in this connection that most of the persistent opponents of Spiritualism are people who have never made any first-hand investigation of the subject, while the list is a long one of the men, trained in scientific observation, who, starting as skeptics, have in the end become convinced believers. Such a one is Dr. Crawford, who in his last book said: "I am perfectly certain that all humanity, of whatever race or creed, survives death and passes at once to another state of existence or plane of being." Mr. Leaf goes a step further than this when he asserts: "No rational person can deny the existence of spiritual intelligences behind the marvelous hap-

penings of the seance room; and no fair-minded person can deny that the evidence proves that those intelligences are what they claim to be—disembodied human beings."

In his chapter entitled "Why I Became a Spiritualist" he relates some striking psychic experiences of his own, including several involving cross correspondence. Mr. Leaf maintains that such experiments as those of Dr. Crawford in levitation promise to lead to valuable discoveries even if the phenomena in question should prove not to be produced by disembodied spirits. Merely as new aspects of natural law they may prove far more valuable to humanity than any yet known. "The lifting of heavy objects without visible means, . . . the ability to see what is happening at a distance, to discover lost objects, to communicate directly from mind to mind, surpass in their possibilities such immensely important discoveries as the telephone and wireless telegraphy."—*New York Evening Post*.

WHAT IS THIS SPIRITUALISM? By Horace Leaf. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

### RAJA YOGA.

The following extracts are from the *Crest-Jewel of Wisdom* of Shri-Sankaracharya:

One who, having with difficulty acquired a human incarnation and in that manhood a knowledge of the Scriptures, through delusions does not labor for emancipation, is a suicide destroying himself in order to attain illusive objects.

Who is there on this earth with soul more dead than he who, having obtained a human incarnation and a male body, madly strives for the attainment of selfish objects?

He may study the Scriptures, propitiate the gods, perform religious ceremonies or offer devotion to the gods, yet he will not attain salvation even during the succession of a hundred Brahma-Yugas except by the knowledge of union with the spirit.

Sons and others are capable of discharging a father's debts; but no one except one's self can remove his own bondage.

Others can remove the pain caused by the weight of burdens placed on the head,

but the pain that arises from hunger and the like can not be removed except by one's self.

The nature of the one reality must be known by one's own clear spiritual perception, and not through a learned man; the form of the moon must be known through one's own eye, how can it be known through the medium of others?

Who but one's self is capable of removing the bondage of ignorance, passion, and action even in a thousand million of kalpas?

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.

Disease is never cured by pronouncing the name of the medicine without taking it; liberation is not achieved by the pronouncement of the word Brahm without direct perception.

Without the conquest of enemies, without command of the treasure of a vast country, by the mere words "I am a king," it is impossible to become one.

Therefore wise men should endeavor by using all efforts to free themselves from the bondage of conditioned existence, just as all efforts are made for the cure of disease.

Those deluded ones who are bound to worldly objects by the bonds of strong desire, difficult to be broken, are forcibly carried along by the messenger, their own karma, to heaven, earth, and hell.

If the desire for liberation exists in thee, sensuous objects must be left at a great distance as if they were poison, thou must constantly and fervently seek contentments as if it were ambrosia, also kindness, forgiveness, sincerity, tranquillity, and self-control.

This bondage is incapable of being severed by weapons of offense or defense, by wind, or by fire, or by tens of millions of acts, but only by the great sword of discriminative knowledge, sharp and shining, through the favor of Yoga.

Without dissolving the world of objects, without knowing spiritual truth, where is eternal liberation from mere external words having no result beyond their mere utterance?

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## DR. STEINER'S NEW BOOK.

Dr. Rudolph Steiner in his introduction to "The Threshold of the Spiritual World," just published by G. P. Putnam's sons, says that the object of his book is to give some descriptions of those parts of the universe and of the human being which come into view when spiritual knowledge crosses the boundary between the physical and spiritual worlds. We do not know what Dr. Steiner's credentials may be for such a work as this nor are we qualified to express an opinion upon them. This, and all works of its kind, must stand upon their own merits and readers must form their own conclusions. It is enough to say that Dr. Steiner writes with evident sincerity and with an enviable intellectual power.

Dr. Steiner has many recommendations to offer on the subject of meditation. He advises an effort to identify oneself with the stream of cosmic events and to attain to a sense of security in their ceaseless and measured flow:

It may be a good preparation for the apprehension of spiritual knowledge to have felt frequently what invigorating force there is in the attitude of soul which says, "I feel myself to be one in thought with the stream of cosmic events." In this case it is less a question of the abstract value of this thought as knowledge than of having often felt in our souls the powerful effect which is experienced when such a thought flows with force through the inner life and circulates like a breath of spiritual oxygen through the

soul. It is not only a question of recognizing what there is in a thought of this kind, but of experiencing it. The thought is recognized when once it has been present in the soul with sufficient power of conviction; but if it is to ripen and bear fruit which shall promote understanding of the spiritual world, its beings and facts, it must, after having been understood, be made to live in the soul again and again. The soul must again and again be filled with the thought, allowing nothing else to be present in it, and shutting out all other thoughts, feelings, memories, and so forth. Repeated concentration of this kind on such a thoroughly grasped thought draws together forces in the soul which in ordinary life are to some extent dissipated. The soul concentrates and strengthens these forces within itself, and they become the organs for the perception of the spiritual world and its truths.

The soul looking for the first time into the spiritual world may see in it an absolute void and thus comes something like fear and dread. Its search for reasoned evidence against the spiritual world is actually the search for a kind of narcotic that shall dull this dread. From this comes an inclination to materialism which is a "psychic phenomenon of fear":

This dread of the spiritual becomes intelligible when we have won our way through to a recognition of the spiritual; when we have come to see that the events and beings of the physical world are the outward expression of supersensible, spiritual events and beings. We arrive at this understanding when we can see that the body belonging to man, which is perceptible to the senses and with which alone ordinary science is concerned, is the expression of a subtle, supersensible, or etheric body, in which the



material or physical body is enclosed, like a denser nucleus, as though in a cloud.

Man is always experiencing the etheric body, although ordinarily he knows nothing of it. When he becomes conscious of it, the consciousness is quite different from that of ordinary experience. It comes with clairvoyance:

Now in his ordinary consciousness man calls himself "I," signifying the being which presents itself in his physical body. The healthy life of his soul in the world of the senses depends on his thus recognizing himself as a being separated from the rest of the world. That healthy psychic life would be interrupted if he characterized any other events or beings of the outer world as part of his ego. When man realizes himself as an etheric being in the elemental world, things are different. Then his own ego-being blends with certain occurrences and beings around him. The etheric human being has to find himself in that which is not his inner being, in the same sense as "inner" is conceived in the physical world.

Until we acquire clairvoyance we have a natural dread of recognizing our spiritual environment. But then comes the knowledge of an etheric human being behind the physical and also of an elemental world filled with life of its own kind:

Clairvoyant consciousness finds in the elemental world real beings which up to a certain point have independence, just as physical consciousness finds thoughts in the physical world which are unreal and have no independence. Growing familiarity with the elemental world leads to seeing these partially independent beings in closer connection with each other. Just as some one may first look upon the limbs of a physical human body as partially independent, and afterwards acknowledge them to be parts of the body as a whole, so to clairvoyant consciousness are the several beings of the elemental world embraced within one great spiritual body, of which they are living members. In the further course of clairvoyant experience that body comes to be recognized as the elemental, supersensible, etheric body of the earth. Within the earth's etheric body an etheric human being feels himself to be a member of a whole.

Clairvoyance brings with it the recognition of other lives. In the nucleus of the soul the latter is able to feel the germ of a new human life and into that life the germ will carry over the results of the present one:

From this thought there necessarily results another, namely, that the present physical life between birth and death is the product of other lives long past, in which the soul developed a germ which continued to live on in a purely spiritual world after death,

till it was ripe for entering upon a new earthly life through a new birth; just as the germ of the plant becomes a new plant when, after having been detached from the old plant in which it was formed, it has been for a while in other conditions of life.

Our ordinary consciousness is not aware of the existence of a second self which rises out of the waves of the soul's life in the form of a picture essentially different in different human individualities:

Now even if the soul in ordinary consciousness knows nothing about its being inspired by its other self, yet that inspiration is nevertheless there, in the depths of the soul. It is, however, not expressed in thoughts or inner words; but takes effect through deeds through events, or through something that happens. It is the other self that guides the soul to the details of its life's destiny, and calls forth capacities, inclinations, aptitudes, and so forth within it. This other self lives in the sum total or aggregate of the destiny of a human life. It moves alongside of the self which is conditioned by birth and death, and shapes human life, with all that it contains of joy and sorrow. When clairvoyant consciousness joins the other self, it learns to say "I" to the total aggregate of the life-destiny, just as physical man says "I" to his individual being. That which is called by an Eastern word Karma, grows together in the way that has been indicated, with the other self, or the spiritual ego. The life of a human being is seen to be inspired by his own permanent entity, which lives on from one life to another; and the inspiration operates in such a way that the life-destiny of one earthly existence is the direct consequence of previous ones.

The soul that enters the super-sensuous world will meet therein various beings whose nature can be understood only by appropriate thinking. Such are the Ahrimanic and Luciferic beings, but we must understand that the author uses these terms somewhat in a sense of his own:

The physical world conceals from view such beings as the Luciferic ones. Therefore, within that world they are not able to mislead the consciousness. They are simply no-existent as far as this consciousness is concerned, and, not being misled by them, it is able to strengthen itself adequately by thought. It is one of the instinctive peculiarities of healthy consciousness that it only desires to enter the spiritual world in proportion as it has sufficiently strengthened itself in the physical world for beholding the spiritual world. Consciousness clings to the way in which it experiences itself in the physical world. It feels itself to be in its own element when it can experience itself by means of the thoughts, feelings, emotions, etc., which it owes to the physical world. The tenacity with which consciousness clings to this kind of

experience is especially apparent at the actual moment of entering supersensible worlds. Just as a person at particular moments of his life clings to dear memories, so at the entrance to supersensible worlds do there of necessity ascend from the depths of the soul all possible affections of which the individual is capable. We then become aware how strongly we cleave to that life which connects man with the physical world. This attachment to earth-life then appears in its full reality, stripped of our usual illusions.

Elsewhere the author has something more to say about these supersensuous beings that disclose themselves to the clairvoyant consciousness:

If the soul enters the supersensible world with clairvoyant consciousness, it learns to know itself there in a way of which in the physical world it can have no conception. It finds that through its faculty of transformation it becomes acquainted with beings to whom it is more or less related; but in addition to this it becomes aware of meeting beings in the supersensible world to whom it is not only related, but with whom it must compare itself, in order to know itself. And it further observes that these beings in supersensible worlds have become what the soul itself, through its adventures and experiences in the physical world, has become. In the elemental world beings confront the human soul who have developed within that world powers and faculties which man himself can only unfold through still having about him his physical body, in addition to his etheric body and the other supersensible principles of his being. The beings here alluded to have no such body with physical senses. They have so evolved that through their etheric body they have a soul-nature such as man has through his physical body. Although to a certain degree they are beings of like nature to himself, they differ from him in not being subject to the conditions of the physical world. They have no senses of the kind which man possesses. Their knowledge is like man's; only they have not acquired it through the gateway of the senses, but through a kind of ascent, or mounting-up of their ideas and other soul-experiences out of the depths of their being. Their inner life, as it were, at rest within them, and they draw it up out of the depths of their souls, as man from the depths of his soul draws up his memory-pictures.

Clairvoyant consciousness "finds itself" not only in the etheric and astral bodies, but also in the real ego, which, of course, is not created by clairvoyance, but which exists in the depths of every human soul:

After physical death man gradually lives himself into his spiritual environment. At first his being emerges into it with memories of the physical world. Then, although he has not the assistance of his physical body, he can nevertheless live consciously in those memories, because the living thought-beings corresponding to them incorporate themselves

into the memories, so that the latter no longer have the merely shadowy existence peculiar to them in the physical world. And at a definite point of time between death and re-birth, the living thought-beings of the spiritual environment exert such a strong influence that, without any act of will, the oblivion which has been described is brought about. And at that moment life emerges in the real ego. Clairvoyant consciousness, by strengthening the life of the soul, brings about as a free action of the spirit that which is, so to speak, a natural occurrence between death and re-birth. Nevertheless, memory of previous earth-lives can never arise within physical experience, unless the thoughts have, during those earth-lives, been directed to the spiritual world. It is always necessary first to have known of a thing in order that a clearly recognizable remembrance of it may arise later. Therefore we must, during one earth-life, gain knowledge of ourselves as spiritual beings if we are to be justified in expecting that in our next earthly existence we shall be able to remember a former one.

Dr. Steiner gives us a *résumé* of man's collective beings as set forth in his work:

I. *The physical body in the environment of the physical world.* By its means man recognizes himself as an independent individual being or ego. This physical body was formed, at its first beginning, from that universal cosmic essence during a long-past Saturn period of the earth, and through its development during four planetary metamorphoses of the earth has become what it now is.

II. *The subtle, etheric body in the elemental environment.* By its means man recognizes himself as a member of the earth's elemental or vital body. This body was formed, at its first beginning, from the universal cosmic essence during a long-past Sun period of the earth, and through its development during three planetary metamorphoses of the earth has become what it now is.

III. *The astral body in a spiritual environment.* Through it man is a member of a spiritual world. In it is situated man's other self which realizes itself in repeated earth-lives.

IV. *The real ego in a super-spiritual environment.* In this man finds himself as a spiritual being, even when all experiences of the physical, elemental, and spiritual worlds, and therefore all experiences of the senses and of thinking, feeling, and willing, sink into oblivion.

Sometimes Dr. Steiner uses an unfamiliar phraseology, but it does not matter. He has something definite to say and he says it. The individual reader must weigh and measure it for himself.

A wise man must acquire the discrimination of spirit and not spirit; as only by realizing the self which is absolute being, consciousness and bliss, he himself becomes bliss.

## THE SHINING CHOIR.

The shining choir  
Gathers in lilac dawn,  
And at the chancel of the east  
Breaks forth in song.

And who shall say  
Of that seraphic lay,  
What certain note  
Wakes the great harp of wind  
To lovely echoing?

And who can tell  
What interval  
Beats like a flail  
Of golden hail  
Upon the waterfall,  
So that each drop  
Is, instant, wrought  
Into a fairy gong,  
Summoning the elfin throng?

What silver note  
On forest airs afloat,  
Doth titillate  
The little ear  
Of drowsing deer,  
And coax it to the pool?

What solemn vow,  
What invocation,  
Makes the tall trees to bow  
The wide world over?

Why do the mountains shout:  
"Hail! It is day, my brother!"  
Why does the gray sea leap  
As to a lover?

Angels and Nature sing  
The birth of sun;  
Homage and love they bring  
To the resplendent one.  
But man, strange man, alas,  
Heeds not the Wonder past,  
Nor cares, that, wistfully,  
At every dawn,  
The shining choir looks down  
Toward men, ere they  
From out the east, from out the day,  
Are, straightway, gone.

—J. A. Hyde.

THE VOICELESS RHYTHM OF  
THE BUDDHIST CYCLE.

Buddhist art has traveled a long way in seven hundred years, from a naïve and pagan consciousness (I speak only of what is expressed in the actual works

of art), through a hieratic phase, at its best of great austerity, to an art that does not so much express a fear of life as a sense of its frailty and transparency. The scenes of the Ajanta paintings seem to be passing by like the waters of a clear flowing river; but even in delineating sunny landscapes such as this (to continue the metaphor), the Buddhist spirit, the sense of those who have experienced everything and are disillusioned, rather than disgusted, finds expression—we are reminded that we can not see the same scenes twice, because fresh waters are ever flowing by. "Who can be a friend, and unto whom?" as Shanti Deva asks us. Behind the mask of life there is the timeless Void. We can not hold fast youth or love or health or life itself; and to cling to life will only bring us back again and again to similar conditions. This is the sorrow of the world, the *Dukka* or Evil or *Weltschmerz* of the old doctrine, the mortality from which the Lion of the Sakya clan, as Buddha is often called, sought a way of escape, finding it in the attainment of Sanctity here, and in Unqualified Deliverance of the saint after death. But something has changed, for the emphasis is now no longer on the immediate release; Nirvana is, so to say, postponed, and in the meanwhile the Bodhisattva has many births before him, in which, indeed, he will constantly sacrifice himself for the sake of others, but which will at least be "favorable." He will be born a king, for example, in order that he may exhibit one of the great virtues of his kind, the supernatural generosity of a superman. For those whose feet are on the Path, this life, or many lives, is after all to be regarded as a blessed thing, and as such it is accepted in this later Buddhist art.—From "*Buddhist Art in Asia*," by Ananda Coomaraswamy.

This *atma* was before birth and death and is now; and how can it, the true self, the knower of condition and modification, be ephemeral, changeable, differentiated, a mere vehicle of consciousness?

When the five sheaths are removed the pure *pratyagatma* (the *Logos*) the eternal happiness, all-pervading, the supreme light shines forth.

## OUT OF THE BLUE.

Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.  
 Lord, I behold, enlighten Thou my vision.  
 Lord, I bow down, reveal Thou thy glory.

Through the ages Thou has striven with me!

Through the ages Thou has pointed upward.

Through the ages Thou hast whispered "Love."

Thine has been the task stupendous  
 With one lone and hampering instrument

To make thy Being felt.

All else was mine, wherein my blind

Desire and selfhood reigned supreme.

The heart alone was thine,

And there Thou couldst no more than overshadow

And impinge. This the great handicap—

These the terms Thou didst accept,

These the conditions mete for Thee.

So vast and great Thy power.

But Lord, what love! What patience!

Can one breath of irritation soil again

The dwelling Thou hast so divinely hallowed?

Shall aught withhold my hand from grasping

All Thou dost right royally extend?

Mine eyes are opened.

I know, and I know that I know.

This is the Vision.

I have seen the Crucifixion.

Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

Lord, I behold, enlighten Thou mine eyes.

Lord, I bow down, reveal Thou thy glory.

## LITERATURE UNVEILED.

(Lawrence Gilman in the *North American Review*.)

The Comic Spirit is a tethered filly these days—or at most she is goaded into becoming an Irish bull and uttering a horse laugh of cynical derision at the international spectacle; yet we can not but think (to change again the metaphorical gear) that one of her old-time silvery peals would result from her observation of that moment in Mr. Albert Mordell's psycho-analytical unveiling of the Literary Great wherein he seeks to give us the Freudian view of Browning. Reading Mr. Mordell's blithely Boccaccioistic diagnosis of *The Last Ride Together*,

and remembering the generation of austere Puritan Browning clubs that guilelessly exposed themselves to this apparently innocent poem of the master's, one can not but join in concert with those relaxing peals of pure joy. Browning, Mr. Mordell remarks, "wrote rarely of sex"; but he warns us against "those innocent poems of the poet where we have no doubt there must be sex symbolism." Of course it is precisely in these seemingly "innocent" æsthetic expressions (as every good Freudian knows) that that ubiquitous Bolshevik, Suppressed Libido, is most divertingly concealed.

We shall not dull the edge of the classic Browningite's reaction to Mr. Mordell's interpretation of *The Last Ride Together* by attempting a conveyance of it. We should perhaps not be thanked. Certainly Mr. Mordell will not be. But then he is not writing primarily for the Elderly Virgins of Culture, either male or female.

Mr. Mordell's investigations provide rare sport. Mainly because of the joyous enthusiasm with which he seeks to demonstrate his thesis that "many writers who were deemed respectable and pure because they never dealt with sexual problems are full of sex symbolism. They consciously strove to conceal their sex interest, but their unconscious use of sex symbolism shows that they were not as indifferent to the problems as they would lead us to imagine." Obviously his book would have been comparatively unrewarding if he had confined himself to such easy game as Burns, Byron, Rousseau, D'Annunzio, Heine, De Musset, Whitman, Verlaine, and the rest of the passional declaratives. Mr. Mordell deals with this familiar type, as a matter of course, but his principal quarry lies in other fields. Packing his complete set of Freud in a not too cumbersome grip, stuffing in his pocket a capacious notebook already crammed with voluminous observations on the Technique of Psychoanalysis, the Compulsion Neurosis, the Œdipus Complex as an Explanation of Hamlet's Mystery, the Nature and Mechanism of the Obsessional Neurosis, Unconscious Consolatory Mechanisms, the Reaction Impulse and Infantile Regression, etc., and emitting the glad cry of the pursuing

Freudian following a scent, he sets forth hot-foot after such unsuspecting victims as Dickens, Wordsworth, Cowper, Keats, Tennyson, Longfellow, Charles Lamb.

The chase is delectable indeed. Let us see, for example, how Mr. Mordell goes after the author of that earliest of Prohibition lyrics, *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes*: "It is well known in science what a great part odor plays in sexual attraction. In this poem the poet, after having received the returned rose breathed upon by Celia, smells her perfume, which now submerges the natural fragrance of the rose. In other words, the poet's "unconscious" says that he wishes to possess Celia physically. He is talking symbolically in the poem." That is as pretty a demonstration as one could desire, is it not?

Then, again, take Tennyson. Recall the song in *The Miller's Daughter*. The poem begins innocuously: "It is the miller's daughter." But Mr. Mordell is too shrewd a Freudian to be deceived by such Victorian window-dressing. There is more here than meets the eye. The poet says—naïvely enough, discreetly enough, you would think—that he would like to be the jewel in the ear of the miller's daughter in order to touch her cheek, the girdle about her waist—"I'd clasp it round so close and tight"—and the necklace upon her bosom to fall and rise—"I would lie so light, so light."

At this point Mr. Mordell engages his victim, wielding his scalpel with exquisite deftness. "The unconscious sexual feelings here are only to apparent," he says. "The symbols of the carrying, girdle, and necklace are unmistakable. The poet is saying in a symbolical manner that he would possess the miller's daughter."

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### LIFE.

The suicide returns for a twelvemonth are just in and published—those relating to the United States, a region of civilization and enlightenment. It is carefully estimated that 12,517 people "took their lives," the favorite methods being poison, firearms, and hanging, in the order named. The suicide rate is reported as being "decidedly excessive and on the increase." Besides those who actually took this step a much vaster number contemplated it. I personally know fif-

teen people who have spoken of suicide as something they were seriously thinking about.

Now, back of this mania to *evade life*, or get rid of it, there is a fundamental misconception of the *meaning* of life, and ignorance of the fact that the tenure or duration of life is not in human keeping. Whether we live or not is a matter of our own whim. We are born into flesh willy-nilly—probably more than once—and willy-nilly we must keep at the task of existence whether we occupy this or that body for a season, or no body at all. If we have life once we must always have it and always deal with it, and our glory is that it is ours. Over our bodies we have some power to destroy, but our lives we may not destroy. My body is not my life. It is only the machine in which I ride around for awhile as a man rides around in an automobile. I can smash it and get out of it, but I can not smash my life and get out of that. My life can not be poisoned with arsenic, shot with a pistol, or hung with a rope. I can not "end" it, even if I wanted to. Therefore I might as well accept it, try to understand it, and do the best I can with it, gratefully and patiently. For with the *tenure* of my life I have nothing whatever to do—that is fixed without any say of mine—but over the *quality* of it I have a certain jurisdiction; its wholesomeness and onwardness are to a considerable degree within my own will.

Those twelve thousand people who spoiled their bodies as you would spoil an automobile with an ax—how surprised they must have been, when their work of destruction was ended, to find that their life was still intact, with a different setting perhaps, but with the same old problems, sensations, emotions, and the same capacity for happiness and suffering, and that they would have to go on with it after all.

It is not likely that the perishing of the body imparts to a human soul any sudden wisdom or social immunity. A man one moment after his body ceases to be useful to him through the decay and demolition which we call death is probably just about the same kind of a man he was a moment before death happened—neither much better nor much worse, and only a little wiser. He has learned

what it means to have his body go back on him, and that is about all. The rest of his wisdom will come as usual—slowly, through continued experience and pain.—From "*Soul Spur*," by Richard Wightman. Published by the Century Company.

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### WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Spiritual Mind, the upper portion or aspect of the impersonal Manas (Mind) takes no cognizance of the senses in physical man.

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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.

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Though "the book volume" of the physical brain may forget events within the scope of one terrestrial life, the bulk of collective recollections can never desert the Divine Soul within us. Its whispers may be too soft, the sound of its words too far off the plane perceived by our physical senses; yet the shadow of events *that were*, just as much as the shadow of events *that are to come*, is within its perspective powers, and is ever present before its mind's eye.

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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. The *Vital Fires* are in all things and not an atom is devoid of them.

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The body is simply the irresponsible organ, the tool of the Psychic, if not of the Spiritual, Man.

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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 Causa-

tion"; the *effect* of an act produced ego-tistically, in face of the great Law of Harmony which depends on altruism.

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As the water in the tank covered by a collection of moss does not show itself, so the atma enveloped by the five sheaths, produced by its own power and beginning with the annamaya, does not manifest itself.

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The body is possessed of hands, feet, and the rest; not so the true self, which, though without limbs, by reason of its being the vivifying principle and the indestructibility of its various powers, is the controller and not the controlled.

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If the soul rises to the gods she becomes godlike, and able to know the above and below; she then obtains the power to heal diseases, to make useful inventions, to institute wise laws. Man's intuition is the result of the connection existing between his soul and the Divine Spirit; the stronger this union grows the greater will be his intuition or spiritual knowledge. If the mind of man is illumined by the Divine Light, the ethereal vehicle of his soul becomes filled with light and is shining.—*Iamblichus*.

He who lives only to nourish his own body is like one who crosses a river on an alligator thinking it to be a log of wood.

Whoever attends only to the feeding of his own body, doing no good to others, and constantly avoids his own duties, and not seeking liberation from the bondage caused by ignorance, kills himself.

Bondage is the conviction of the "I" as being related to the non-ego; from the ignorance arising out of this spring forth the cause of the birth, death, and suffering of the individual so conditioned. And it is from this error alone that he nourishes, anoints, and preserves this body, mistaking the unreal for the real, and gets enveloped in objects of sense in the same way as a cocoon-maker (larva) gets enveloped in its own secretion.

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A man there was, tho' some did count him mad.

The more he cast away the more he had.

—Bunyan.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 SUPERSENSUOUS WORLD.

The true object of the mystic is to become conscious on a supersensuous plane, or perhaps it would be better to say to become conscious of a supersensuous plane. Obviously the first thing that he has to do is to realize that he is not now conscious of a supersensuous plane, but only of a sensuous plane. The traveler who would find his way by means of a map must first of all identify his own present situation on the map, and he may then plan his advance toward his destination. But first of all he must know where

is. It is just here that the tyro makes his initial mistake. The forces that he must overcome are not material forces. They are much more powerful than material forces. They are preconceived ideas and false assumptions, and although no effort can actually be lost they will prove an effective bar to the realization of success.

The most usual mistake is the persistence with which we regard the material world as a real one and the supersensuous world as a continuation of it. Actually we have no right to any expectation with regard to it. We can know nothing of it until we reach it. And a false expectation is a bar to the supersensuous world.

The world that we see around us and from which we wish to escape is an unreal world. That does not mean that it does not exist and that there is no such thing as objectivity. But it does

mean that it is not what we suppose it to be. It is a picture displayed by the senses for the observation of the mind, but the mind is looking at the picture and not at whatever causes the picture. The only thing that the mind actually knows is its own state or condition—fear, anger, joy, grief, indifference. It does not experience the outside world. It experiences only its own states as they are produced by what it supposes to be objectivity. The child describing its experiences of an earthquake will speak of the trembling of the ground and the fall of buildings. The adult will group all those phenomena under the single word earthquake. The scientist will go still further back and his concept of an earthquake will be subterranean steam and rock pressures. The mystic philosopher may go further back still and conceive of psychic conflicts resulting in seismic disturbances. To him the trembling ground and the falling buildings will not constitute the earthquake. They are the results of the earthquake which is actually psychic or spiritual. In a somewhat similar way we may say that the senses themselves create the material world, or at least the only conception of the material world that is at all possible to us. The mind, imprisoned within the body, looks at the perpetual panorama of pictures presented to us by the senses, just as the photographer looks at the image of the landscape thrown by the lens on the ground glass of his focussing



screen. He knows nothing of the landscape except what the lens will transmit. He is wholly at the mercy of the inaccuracies and the inadequacies of the lens.

The object of the mystic is to rise above the senses and to look at things as they are. But he can not do this so long as he clings to sense convictions, any more than a child can grasp the real nature of an earthquake so long as he assumes that it must necessarily comprise falling buildings, and in fact is constituted of falling buildings. Nor can we ever reach the supersensuous world so long as we assume that sensuous things are comprised in it. For example, the man who pictures the supersensuous world in terms of time, space, or quantity is either endeavoring to translate the untranslatable or he is ignorant of what he speaks. Because there can be neither time nor space nor things in the supersensuous world. There can be neither past, present, nor future, neither within nor without, neither height, length, nor breadth. These are sensuous terms, and inapplicable to a supersensuous world. We can not equip ourselves for the supersensuous plane in any such way any more than we can fly through the air in a diving bell. So long as we insist upon the diving bell we must give up all thoughts of flying. And the first of all steps will be to emerge from the diving bell. The man who is actually flying may remember that he once used a diving bell, but it will probably then appear to him as something almost unreal and its mechanism as something that no longer concerns him. In some such way must the ideas of time, space, and quantity seem to him who has reached the supersensuous world. His body becomes a memory, a phantom, a dream. It becomes unreal, almost an absurdity and an impossibility. He may find himself still in a body of a sort, but the physical body will seem to him like a fantastic dream.

Our task, then, is to escape from the sensuous world, and this is not to be done by picturing the supersensuous world, which we can in no way do, any more than a deep-sea fish can picture the life of a jungle. And this task of escape must be attempted by means of meditation.

To say that it does not matter what

form our meditation takes would be to exaggerate. It does matter. None the less the important factor of meditation is that it shall have the effect of withdrawing the mind from the sensuous mechanism and from the material plane. We need not worry much about the movements of the mind when it has thus been released. The balloon always ascends toward the sky when its anchor rope has been cut. The task is to cut it. The mind is anchored to the five senses and to an extent that we can hardly realize. It looks eternally through its five sense windows and upon an objective world that is practically the creation of those sense windows. The pictures of that objective world are flashed inward upon the mind and the mind studies them with no realization of the distortions, the colorations, and the eliminations that the senses have effected. We look on the world through sense prisms and with the limitations and mutilations of prisms, and we speak vainly of realities that the senses will never permit us to see. It is only the mind that looks steadily upon an idea that has been withdrawn from the sensuous world, and the mind that is thus withdrawn is the clairvoyant mind. The mind that is wholly in the world of ideas is freed from the illusions of sense and thus it finds itself in a world that can not be described in a sense terminology and to which all sense conceptions are a bar.

### MATERIALISM.

In the light, then, of what science has disproved as well as discovered, the faith in a future life can not be set down as irrational or unwarrantable. Since science has proved that mental processes are only accompanied by, not produced by, material processes, that an impassable gulf separates thought from the physics of the brain, that the problem of the connection of soul with body is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in prescientific ages—to quote Tyndall's phrase—no one need be ashamed of his faith. Until science can prove that thought is impossible *apart from* brain-physics, faith remains in possession of the ground. All we know is that brain and thought go together in our experience, without being able to say that the latter is caused by the former. Borrowing an illustration from Professor Adler.

we may liken their relation to two citizens, walking arm in arm into a town and through the town, but parting company when they pass the city limits. So brain and thought come arm 'in arm, as it were, into the town of life, but there is no known reason why they may not separate when they pass out of sight of the citizens because their relation is *not* one of cause and effect, but only of concomitance or simultaneity. And while these facts prove that the faith in a future life is devoid of *objective* foundation, they do *not* disprove the faith. Nay more, it is inconceivable that any future advance in physical discovery can impugn it.

Just here let me interject the statement that with materialists, as men, one can have no quarrel. I respect each according to his individual character, for one may respect a thinker while repudiating his thought even as one may love a sinner while hating his sin. Many a materialist have I met, incorruptible, unselfish, humanitarian; but materialism, in my judgment, is neither a science nor a philosophy, but a reactionary theory following upon an extravagant transcendentalism. No longer is it left to theology to decry materialism. Science herself has sounded its death knell. Today it is as difficult to find a genuinely scientific champion of its thesis as it was fifty years ago to find an opponent.—From "*Faith in a Future Life*," by Alfred W. Martin. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

### EN-DOR.

Behold there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor.—*I Samuel* xxviii, 7.

The road to Endor is easy to tread  
For Mother or yearning Wife,  
There, it is sure, we shall meet our Dead  
As they were even in life.

Earth has not dreamed of the blessing in store

For desolate hearts on the road to Endor.

Whispers shall comfort us out of the dark—

Hands—ah God!—that we knew!

Visions and voices—look and heark!—

Shall prove that our tale is true,  
And that those who have passed to the further shore

May be hailed—at a price—on the road to En-dor.

But they are so deep in their new eclipse

Nothing they say can reach,

Unless it be uttered by alien lips

And framed in a stranger's speech.

The son must send word to the mother  
that bore,

Through an hireling's mouth. 'Tis the rule of En-dor.

And not for nothing these gifts are shown

By such as delight our dead.

They must twitch and stiffen and slaver  
and groan

Ere the eyes are set in the head,

And the voice from the belly begins.

Therefore,

We pay them a wage where they ply at En-dor.

Even so, we have need of faith

And patience to follow the clue.

Often, at first, what the dear one saith

Is babble, or jest, or untrue.

(Lying spirits perplex us sore

Till our loves—and our lives—are well-known at En-dor). . . .

*Oh the road to En-dor is the oldest road*

*And the craziest road of all!*

*Straight it runs to the Witch's abode,*

*As it did in the days of Saul,*

*And nothing has changed of the sorrow in store*

*For such as go down the road to Endor!*

—From "*The Years Between*," by Rudyard Kipling. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co. (Copyright.)

### FROM THE THEOSOPHICAL GLOSSARY.

(By H. P. B.)

*Argha*. The ark, the womb of Nature; the crescent moon, and a life-saving ship; also a cup for offerings, a vessel used for religious ceremonies.

*Astral Light*. The invisible region that surrounds our globe, as it does every other, and corresponding as the second Principle of Kosmos (the third being Life, of which it is the vehicle) to the *Linga Sharira* or the Astral Double in Man. A subtle essence visible only to a clairvoyant eye, and the lowest but one (viz., the earth) of the Seven Akasic or Kosmic Principles. Eliphas Levi calls it the great Serpent and the Dragon from which radiates on humanity every evil influence. This is so; but why not

add that the Astral Light gives out nothing but what it has received; that it is the great terrestrial crucible, in which the vile emanations of the earth (moral and physical) upon which the Astral Light is fed, are all converted into their subtlest essence, and radiated back intensified, thus becoming epidemics—moral, psychic, and physical. Finally, the Astral Light is the same as the Sideral Light of Paracelsus and other Hermetic philosophers. "Physically, it is the ether of modern science. Metaphysically, and in its spiritual or occult sense, ether is a great deal more than is often imagined. In occult physics, and alchemy, it is well demonstrated to enclose within its shoreless waves not only Mr. Tyn-dall's "*promise* and potency of every quality of Life," but also the *realisation* of the potency of every quality of spirit. Alchemists and Hermetists believe that their astral, or sidereal ether, besides the above properties of sulphur, and white and red magnesia, or *magnes*, is the *anima mundi*, the workshop of Nature and of all the Kosmos, spiritually as well as physically. The "grand magisterum" asserts itself in the phenomenon of mesmerism, in the "levitation" of human and inert objects; and it may be called the ether from its spiritual aspect. The designation *astral* is ancient, and was used by some of the Neo-platonists, although it is claimed by some that the word was coined by the Martinists. Porphyry describes the celestial body which is always joined with the soul as "immortal, luminous, and star-like." The root of this word may be found, perhaps, in the Scythic Aist-aer—which means star, or the Assyrian *Istar*, which, according to Burnouf has the same sense." —*Isis Unveiled*.

*Elementals.* Spirits of the Elements. The creatures evolved in the four Kingdoms or Elements—earth, air, fire, and water. They are called by the Kabbalists, Gnomes (of the earth), Sylphs (of the air), Salamanders (of the fire), and Undines (of the water). Except a few of the higher kinds, and their rulers, they are rather forces of nature than ethereal men and women. These forces, as the servile agents of the Occultists, may produce various effects; but if employed by "Elementaries"—in which case they enslave the medium—they will deceive the credulous. All the lower in-

visible beings generated on the 5th, 6th, and 7th planes of our terrestrial atmosphere, are called Elementals: Peris, Devs, Djins, Sylvans, Satyrs, Fauns, Elves, Dwarfs, Trolls, Kobolds, Brownies, Nixies, Goblins, Pinkies, Banshees, Moss People, White Ladies, Spooks, Fairies, etc., etc.

*Elementaries.* Properly, the disembodied *souls* of the depraved; these souls having at some time prior to death separated from themselves their divine spirits, and so lost their chance for immortality; but at the present stage of learning it has been thought best to apply the term to the spooks or phantoms of disembodied persons, in general, to those whose temporary habitation is the Kama Loka. Eliphas Levi and some other Kabbalists make little distinction between elementary spirits who have been men, and those beings which people the elements and are the blind forces of nature. Once divorced from their higher triads and their bodies, these souls remain in their *Kama-rupic envelopes*, and are irresistibly drawn to the earth amid elements congenial to their gross natures. Their stay in the Kama Loka varies as to its duration; but ends invariably in disintegration, dissolving like a column of mist, atom by atom, in the surrounding elements.

#### WHERE FROM?

The Czarina of Russia received a message at a spiritualistic séance to the effect that her son could never regain his health while the war lasted. She was further advised as to the means by which the war might be brought to an end. At that time Roumania was preparing to enter the struggle on the side of the Allies, but she was not ready. Germany knew of her intention and was resolved to force her to show her hand at once in order that she might be the more easily crushed. The Czarina, thus inspired from the "other side," cooperated with the Russian premier, Stuermer, who was already receiving his orders from Berlin, and an ultimatum was sent by Russia to Roumania demanding that she put her armies at once into the field against Germany. Roumania complied with an order that she was not in a position to resist, and with the result that her forces were swept away, her country overrun, her people subjected to unmeasured out-

rage. Germany enheartened and encouraged, and the war prolonged. Roumania had been sacrificed by as black and treacherous an artifice as is to be found in the annals of the world.

These facts are enumerated, not for their political significance, but as an introduction to a question not without its interest to the student, and particularly to those who allow themselves to be beguiled by modern spiritualism.

*What was the source of the message communicated to the Czarina at the fatal séance?*

Apart from her mediumistic vagaries, the Czarina was an intelligent woman. There is no reason to suppose that she was peculiarly credulous, at least not more credulous than the vast majority of those who allow their actions to be influenced as she allowed her actions to be influenced. We may suppose that she demanded the usual "tests," in fact we know that she was in the habit of so doing. Doubtless she was satisfied that her "guides" were reliable. And those "guides" led her straight to immeasurable disaster, to an action that culminated in the loss of thousands of lives, and to a situation that is now so full of portents for the future.

*What was the source of that message?*

Was it one of those reckless and irresponsible drivelings that seem to have so amazing a power to paralyze the reason and to defy all the laws of evidence? Was it of the same kind as the "communications" that are now filling so many pretentious volumes of psychic research? Or was it something more than this?

We do not know, but it may have been. At least we see a wide-open door through which the dark forces might enter to the destruction of the world. We see a single woman with almost unnumbered millions of human lives in her hands, with an immeasurable influence upon the fate of humanity, deliberately subjecting herself to the "guidance" of forces of which she knows nothing, and who are easily able to answer any "test" of which the mind of man can conceive. Indeed, it does not matter very much whether the Czarina was the victim of an unintelligent "spook" or of a malignant intelligence. We none of us know what we are confronting when we follow these devious paths. But we do

know that the Czarina allowed herself to be passive to influences beyond the reach of her intelligence, and we know that the tragedies ensuing implied the graves of a million men, her own destruction, and the murder of the son whom she had hoped to save.

### WHITMAN'S PROPHECY.

American readers have found prophets of today's world situation in Shakespeare, in Victor Hugo, and in various other foreign writers, but an Englishman calls attention to Walt Whitman. Dr. C. W. Saleeby, writing to the London *Times*, makes an extract from Walt's "Years of the Modern," first published in "Drum Taps" in 1865, and asks, "Is not this indeed prophecy—the human utterance of the Divine?"

I see not America only—I see not only Liberty's nation, but other nations preparing: I see tremendous entrances and exits—I see new combinations—I see the soldiarity of races;

I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the world's stage; (Have the old forces, the old wars, played their parts? are the acts suitable to them closed?)

I see Freedom, completely armed, and victorious, and very haughty, with Law on one side and Peace on the other,

A stupendous Trio, all issuing forth against the idea of caste;

—What historic dénouements are these we so rapidly approach?

I see men marching and counter-marching by swift millions;

I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocracies broken;

I see the landmarks of European kings removed;

I see this day the People beginning their landmarks (all others give way);

—What whispers are these, O lands, running ahead of you, passing under the seas?

Are all nations communing? is there going to be but one heart to the globe?

Is humanity forming, en masse?—for lo! tyrants tremble, crowns grow dim;

The earth, restive, confronts a new era.

The perform'd America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me,

The unperform'd, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance upon me.

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.

## SWEDENBORG'S VISION.

In September, 1759, Swedenborg was one of a party of sixteen guests at the house of Mr. William Castel, at Gottenburg, where he had arrived from England at 4 p. m., says Borowsky's "Darstellung des Lebens und Charakters Immanuel Kants." About 6 o'clock he went out, and returned to the company quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm, at the Sodermalm (Gottenburg is about fifty German miles from Stockholm), and that it was spreading very fast. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes; and that his own was in danger. At 8 o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God, the fire is extinguished; the third door from my house." This news occasioned great commotion throughout the whole city. . . . It was announced to the governor the same evening. On Sunday morning Swedenborg was summoned to the governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely, how it had begun and in what manner it had ceased, and how long it had continued. On the same day the news spread throughout the city, and as the governor thought it worthy of attention, the consternation was considerably increased; because many were in trouble on account of their friends and property. . . . On Monday evening a messenger arrived at Gottenburg who was dispatched by the Board of Trade during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On Tuesday morning a royal courier arrived at the governor's with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the losses which it had occasioned, and of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given at the very moment when it happened; for the fire was extinguished at 8 o'clock.

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 chronol-

ogy 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.

## A SOMETIME PRESENCE.

Unseen, unheard, unfelt—you dwell outside of every sense—  
Whoever you may be, within the enfolding Immanence!  
Were I not of It, too, how should I be aware you *are*?  
As one in part divines beyond the noon-day sun a star,  
You, I divine at times—and then, I lose you for an age. . . .  
Where are you now—as I set hand to this unwritten page?  
For you have come (no doubt!) when I encompassed was by gloom—  
You were that shaft of light—that joy, shot through my soul's dark room!  
You—far above all words—gave words that did my thoughts release  
And paced the thought to music—and you made the music cease!  
But, when I would complain, what shadow of light laughter fell—  
That such as I could dream that you would always with me dwell!

A Sometime Presence—you can be entertained not by prayer;  
Nor, though I made my soul an altar, would you heed or care.  
You come but when you will; but, when you come, I make no doubt:  
"Ah, you are *there!*" I cry . . . but *not within, and not without.*  
I know you when you come, but know not in your slipping hence—  
Whoever you may be, within the enfolding Immanence.

—Edith M. Thomas, in *New York Times*.

## RESPONSIBILITY.

The King said, "Reverend Nagasena, what is re-born?" The elder replied, "Mind and body, O King, are re-born." "Is it just this mind and body that is re-born?" "Not just this mind and body, O King, but with this mind and body a man does deeds (karma), either good or evil, and through these deeds another mind and body is re-born." "If, reverend sir, it is not just this mind and body that is re-born, surely he will be liberated

rom his evil deeds?" The elder replied, "If he were not re-born, he would be liberated from his evil deeds, but just because he is re-born he is not liberated from his ill-deeds."

"Give me an example." "Just as if, O King, a man were to steal a mango from another man, and the owner of the mango were to take him and bring him before the king, saying, 'Your majesty, my mangoes have been stolen by this man'; and the thief were to reply, 'Your Majesty, I did not take his mangoes. The mangoes that he planted are not the same as those I stole. I am not liable to punishment.' How would the man, O King, be liable to punishment?" "Yes, reverend sir, he would." "Why?" "Whatever he might say, he could not deny the first mango, and he would be liable to punishment for the last." "Even so, O King, through his mind and body a man does good or evil deeds, and through these deeds another mind and body is re-born. Hence he is not liberated from his evil deeds."

"Give me a further example." "Just as if, O King, a man were to buy a pot of milk from a cowherd, and were to leave it in his charge and go away, saying, 'I will come and take it tomorrow'; and he were to come the next day, when it had turned to curds, and say, 'Give me my pot of milk,' and he should give him the curds, and the other were to say, 'I did not buy curds from you; give me my pot of milk.' The other would reply, 'Without your knowing it, the milk has turned to curds.' If they came disputing before you, in whose favor would you decide?" "In favor of the cowherd, reverend sir." "Why?" "Because whatever he might say, nevertheless it is just from the milk that the curds are derived." "Even so, O King, through this mind and body a man does good or evil deeds, and through these deeds another mind and body is re-born. Hence he is not liberated from his evil deeds." "You are a clever man, Nagasena."—*From 'Buddhist Scriptures,' translated by E. J. Thomas, M. A., in Wisdom of the East Series.*

#### WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Occultists . . . having the most perfect faith in their own exact records, astronomical and mathematical, calculate

the age of humanity and assert that men (as separate sexes) have existed in this Round just 18,618,727 years, as the Brahminical teachings and even some Hindu calendars declare.

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.

A monad . . . is not of this world or plane, and may only be compared to an indestructible star of divine light and fire, thrown down on to our Earth, as a plank of salvation for the Personalities in which it indwells. It is for the latter to cling to it; and thus partaking of its divine nature, obtain immortality.

Atma neither progresses, forgets, nor remembers. It does not belong to this plane; it is but the Ray of Light eternal which shines upon, and through, the darkness of matter—when the latter is willing.

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 perception, because it is outside the range of the laws known to those who reject Occultism.

The whole Kosmos is guided, controlled, 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.

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 phenomena.

Upon the removal of the moss is seen the pure water capable of allaying heat and thirst, and of immediately yielding great enjoyment to man.

Esoteric Philosophy admits neither good nor evil *per se*, as existing independently in Nature.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## ISIS UNVEILED.

The following article is reprinted from the *Occult Review* for November, 1918. It was written by Edward Russell, and based on his experiences with Mme. Blavatsky. It forms a fitting recognition of White Lotus Day and is here reproduced to that end:

*(L'aspect en est colossal, mystérieux. Dans l'intérieur règne un clair-obscur d'un saisissant effet. Des ponts conduisent à des voûtes latérales dont les ténèbres sont restées impénétrables. Ailleurs, au-dessus des plates-formes, des péristyles, s'étend le ciel velouté; et tout à tour le globe de feu aux rayons éblouissants, ou le disque argenté des nuits et les étoiles étincelantes en sont les divins flambeaux. Ici, un radieuse lumière, là une épaisse obscurité. En général les divinités du panthéon hindou sont représentées sous ces formes bizarres, monstrueuses que l'homme imprime à ses dieux quand le symbole a devancé l'art.)*

She was the last of the mammoths.

Only the cave-temples of India can describe her.

She was *Elephanta*, its sculptured gods in ruins. *Ajunta* domed with faded frescoes of golden glory.

Why in ruins? That is the tragedy of our present earth-condition. That is what we are fighting for today. It will not always be thus. There shall be no more shattered Parthenons, no more devastated Louvains. But the Kingdom of Heaven Within, the much-talked-of League of Nations, will not come till pan-humanity can build a temple beyond destruction—impervious to decay.

I have known many near in stature to the gods—Salvini, Gladstone, Robert Browning, William Morris, Rodin, Sarah Bernhardt—none had her cosmic sweep of power, though all carried the same infantine charm when away from the treadmill. The great always remain children and occasionally let themselves out of the cage.

She was certainly the greatest personality I ever met. Even her enemies—and she had many—acknowledged this. Those of consistent conventionality could not understand her absence of pose. Her instantaneous change from laughing childhood to grave old age. It was indecent. They never dropped the mask. They saw her naked but inscrutable and could not comprehend.

Baba Bharati, now too gone from us, once told me a story of as a boy entering a concealed cavern in the Himalayas and finding three great seated beings, silent, alone, with long beards flowing over their knees like silver streams. One a hundred and fifty feet high who had sat there in holy meditation for thousands of years and forgot to die—one a hundred—one fifty feet. He could never find the entrance to the cave again. She seemed akin to such. One felt in the shadow of the everlasting hills when beside her. Shadow and sadness were in the droop of her chrysoberyl eyes. The ineffable despair of being great and living. She put this aside in her long day of work. She climbed over it in her



short evening of frolic. But it was always with her. Alone as Dante—as Victor Hugo or Turner or Wagner.

I occasionally hear of some one who "didn't like" or was jealous of her. As well not like the Elgin Marbles or be jealous of the Sphinx. She was yet as sweet and radiant in spirit as William Blake, who when a very old man after endless privation and unappreciation, said to a little girl: "My dear, I can only hope that your life may be as beautiful and happy as mine has been."

Storm and sunshine, source, torrent, and silent pool; tangled grasses and trembling tree, were to be found in the mysteries of her jungle depths; the snarl of savage beasts or hiss of serpents. One felt that her heart held the gem-starred altar of the only God however pan-and-polytheistic the frieze might be. Scarred and mutilated the approach. Of dazzling splendor the hidden arcana. Some called her uncouth and monstrous. Most discovered her kind, interesting, and lovable. Some played on the mountain top and did not penetrate the mystery beneath. Some who had been searching for years crossed the seas and then did not find their idol-dream though all the veils of Isis were lifted for their view.

She looked ilke man, woman, beast—a lioness—a toad. She was all. Had been all. Outwardly she suggested the *monsterism* of those strange forms Blake drew; whose clothes, hair, gestures, seem part of the rocks and trees which surround them; who walk girdled with the Zodiac and hold converse with the gods.

The sacred books of India repeatedly state the *Jiva* has no sex. Only the enveloping sheaths put on from time to time have it. It is indicated also that all jivas must pass through both kinds of sheaths turn by turn, and by action and re-action from one lesson of experience to another.

Those who did not reach the altar were of whom Christ said, "Let the dead bury their dead"—meaning of course the living-dead.

Brutal blows have been rained by iconoclasts, but her mark is on the world and will stay. She burst the bands which held souls apart. She broke seals only to uncover new beauties. She tore down images only to reveal nobler gods. No woman, no mind of modern times, has

had wider influence. We must not only count the thirty thousand members of the Theosophical Society. The whole body of the Christian Church is broader from her enlightenment.

In America that remarkable lady, Mary A. Livermore, and I happened to be speaking in the same city. A dinner was given in our joint honor to which most of the clergymen of the town were invited. Of course Mrs. Livermore went in on the arm of the host. I with the hostess. The table was very long. We were very far apart. The reverend ones were of different denominations. It was dreadfully dull.

The only way to make a big dinner a success is for the conversation to shoot across the table. I let things drift till the middle of the repast, then in a lull:

"Mrs. Livermore! Did you ever meet Mme. Blavatsky?"

The effect was magical. All awoke. Every one was brilliant from that moment in attack or defense and I marveled to find how deeply the leaders of the church had studied her thought. How familiar they were with her work. Though disapproving *en bloc* her doctrines, her light had penetrated to their very sanctuaries and her "Reply to the Archbishop of Canterbury" had struck home.

\* \* \* \* \*

As a boy I knew her well in the last few years of her life and was often at her house in Lansdowne Road. There I had the opportunity to observe her under every circumstance. I never belonged to her working associates, but was a member of her private Esoteric Circle. Though the youngest of her followers, I had already lived much in Europe; I suppose I amused her and she talked very frankly to me. Perhaps nothing more characteristic can be given than the now historic anecdote of how the famous photograph was taken:

The Schmeichen portrait at Adyar I have always liked. A suggestion of prophethood in the dim cave. It was just this that did not please her. She thought it made her look too much like a Sybil.

In spite of all testimony to the contrary she was more than honest. Pose detestable to her.

The whole world clamored for her likeness. I persuaded her to go with me

to a photographer. What a day! Wind and rain and scurries of autumn leaves. She had no out-of-door clothes. Everything was given away as soon as brought to her. Once arriving at the Liverpool steamer, she sacrificed both her ticket and money in exchange for the steerage passage of a poor family she found weeping on the wharf who had been robbed of theirs. She might remain till some miracle took her to New York.

I never could have accomplished it without the aid of Countess Wachtmeister. Appointment made, the cab was kept waiting for hours. Unaccustomed to go out she would not move. "You want my death. I can not step on the wet stones." Shawls, scarfs, furs were piled on. A sort of Russian turban tied over her head with a veil. Rugs spread from door to carriage. These were lifted and blown about by the storm so the Countess with the help of the coachman had to hold them down while I raised the umbrella over her head and helped her in. Afterwards the Countess told me that when she first came to London, wife of an ambassador from Sweden, two powdered footmen in livery followed wherever she went. "If my poor husband could know the day had come when I held carpets for another women to tread upon he would turn in his grave." This only smiling—she would have lain herself down for Madame to walk over.

Van der Weyde was a friend of mine. There disembarkation even more terrible! They don't unroll red carpets in Regent Street for nothing. A crowd soon collected. "Come along. Your Majesty!" I said to keep up the illusion.

Once up the stairs she flatly refused to be taken. She was not an actress. What had I brought her to such a place for? Finally she was held as I knew she would be by the story of Van der Weyde's own experiments in the adaptation of electricity to photography. How he had first attempted with a crystal bowl of water through which the light filtered. One day the intense heat broke the bowl and a fragment of the glass severing an artery of his arm it spouted to the ceiling and he was found senseless on the floor deluged with water and covered with blood.

"I will sit for you—only one—he quick—take me just as I am."

I bent over her and whispered: "Now

let all the devil in you shine out of those eyes."

"Why, child, there is no devil in me."

She laughed, so the sitting was spoiled, but then all went well and we got the famous likeness. She was pleased with it. I was not. She is there, but not all of her. I would have wished something at her writing-table—taken by chance—in the long folds of her seamless garment—vibrations of light all around. She really enjoyed the adventure I think, for she told of being "bossed" and "carried as a bundle" for a long time, especially of the "Come along, your Majesty."

\* \* \* \* \*

All was alive to her except herself. As the human body is an aggregation of atoms of which each molecule has a separate consciousness and does its work apart though in perfect coördination with directing force—every primordial particle a trinite chord of matter, energy; and impulse—so the universe was to her a vast conscious-subconscious-nonconscious organism. The divinity and life of sun and stars as real as the divinity of the soul of man. This soul incarnate was the Logos, but the incarnation extended to every atom and she read the antithetical repetition of the highest in the lowest, and the lowest in the highest—the "Double-Procession" from man to God as well as God to man—Father, Son; Son, Father. She argued and taught this constantly and believed in a continuous chain of intermediate intelligences. Pre-Christian hierarchies together with Angels, Archangels, Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones; in different orders and with different ranks of recognized laborers.

Still she remained what Dickens called "A flabby mass of mortality." She had no patience with personal care and personal culture. Her limitation was that of most of our instructors. She could not manifest for herself or Death's hunters would not have trapped her so soon. The body was only a slave too low for consideration. She seemed to regard herself as a kind of telephonic machine which of course would one day go to pieces. She told me no philosophy worthy of the name had ever taken the slightest notice of the human body. I dared to reply that was the reason why philosophies rot on our bookshelves in-

stead of being our *vade-mecums*. Brain-consciousness is only a pin-prick compared to the real life of this world, which in future incarnations we may grow fully conscious of. Then, one with the universal soul—body—mind. The real meaning of *Nirvana*—Holy Ghost—Kingdom-of-Heaven-Within.

No realist could have painted her. She needed rather the jagged rock of sculpture. Mestrovic might best render some suggestion of the incarnations which gleamed through her. Something large—unfinished as a symbol. It need not look at all as she did yet be all she was. George Sand, who much resembled Madame, may never have been like her statue in the Luxembourg Gardens. But she is that to the lovers who have never seen her. Alfred de Musset, Swinburne, Chopin, Shelley must be sculptured as they are to the Muses, not as they were to the mob. Spurgeon would not let his extempore sermons be taken down in shorthand. He always revised as he wittily said, "Altering to keep the same."

The Real of the Real is the Sun-behind-the-Sun. In India a shrine may contain but a shapeless stone daubed with paint. It is God to the worshiper. If red, *Mahadeo-Shiva* stands in awful glory. If blue, *Shri-Krishna*, night-born, lifts his enchanted flute and calls to enchantment.

\* \* \* \* \*

She was of noble birth and relation. Her grandmother one of the celebrated Princess Dolgoroukys. Five of her uncles at court. I remember well her sister, Mme. Jelihowsky, who used to visit her for long periods. *Très grande dame*, a gray-haired woman of aristocratic poise and dignity well known to the highest Russian society. Madame herself could be most elegant of manner when she chose, but seldom gave herself the trouble. She had the simplicity of those who knowing they are royal do as they please.

It is said that as a child she could mount the fiercest Cossack horse. A dramatic raconteuse, she lived the events she related and would have been a great actress, but enjoyed holding a sceptre more personal. Once she told me some stories of her childhood days. Her relatives owned a château where the children of the different families used to

spend the summer. The central hall was a museum of natural history. At night when they were all tucked in their dormitory cots they would beg little Hélène to "make the animals talk." Bringing to life the forms below, she would speak as from their mouths: "I swam the frozen deep—I roved the jungles of Assam—And I—" "Mlle. Hélène! Mlle. Hélène!" the voice of the governess in the next room would cry: "If you do not stop exciting the children I will come in and punish you." Silence for a time, then the man-eating tiger would begin to prowl again, the little heads cower beneath the sheets in terror. Once she dragged the polar bear from the hall and propped him up against the door so when the governess opened he would fall on her, then talked her worst—and waited.

In the Park their favorite game was bandits and captive-maiden. "I always wanted to be one of the bandits. One day they said I must be captive-maiden sometimes. Bandits never had such work to capture a maiden. I fought. I kicked, I bit, and after that they were glad enough to cast me for bandit the rest of the year. As a child I loved to fight. You know the Russian hatred of the Jews. How often have I crossed the street to slap some Jew boy in the face, saying, 'How dare you look at me, a Christian?' I wish I could find that little boy to beg his pardon and tell him how short-lived was my secular pride after I went out into the world."

\* \* \* \* \*

Conflict and combat were always with her. She would have been a great force in the new awakening of this war today. Legend said she fought with Garibaldi dressed as a man through his campaigns for the liberation of Italy—even that she carried a never-healing wound in her breast.

I have read many articles about Helen Petrovna Hahn-Blavatsky and from most of them would never dream the writers had so much as seen her. They write with as little appreciation of personal qualities as the African hunter for the quarry he slaughters, mad in the endeavor to trap the beast. Everything suppressed in the effort to prove her a charlatan. Which emphatically she was not. Or a divinity which as emphatically she refused to be. She was indeed

big game. It is easy to glean from books. Especially with a nature of many facets like hers one is tempted to have recourse to apocryphal stories. Of these there are thousands.

\* \* \* \* \*

She worked like a Balzac. At her desk 6 o'clock in the morning she wrote till 6 at night—lunch being brought to her there. Often she did not go out of the house for half a year. Not even for a walk in her garden. The influence of such example was the secret of the astonishing growth and expansion of the Theosophical Society. Four or five magazines of which she sometimes wrote the contents, cover-to-cover, as many many books and her great Secret Doctrine piled their proofs around her.

After dinner she would move to the big drawing-room and spread her cards. She always played the game of "Patience." I do not quite understand this accompaniment to thought, but very great people play it and I have never known an insignificant one to do so. Does it occupy the *manas* that the *buddhi* be left free to soar.

Thus she welcomed a constant stream of guests every night of her life. Saturday afternoons were more general receptions. Thursday evenings reserved for her personal Esoteric Circle, of which I was a member.

She analyzed with keen-probing scalpel, not maliciously, mere vivisection. She only interpreted good and evil as pairs of opposites, from the teachings of Krishna in the Bhagavadgita, and had no conventional idea of "sin."

Utterly indifferent to gossip, she never bothered to deny. She once said to me: "Mud has rained down so long I do not attempt even to open an umbrella." On a lady remonstrating that she let some damaging stories go on without denial she replied: "I have never posed as an example of feline cleanliness." Questioned about the so-called exposé at Madras, she simply said: "I asked the gods to perform for him and they refused."

I am careful only to record what I heard from her own lips, instead of miracles reported by others. Whatever her purpose or interest in the material wonders of early years when dazzled by the glamour of symbolism, in later days

she took a very different and definite stand, and my testimony must be only as I knew her. She changed and grew and outgrew mystification for mystery, neither apologized for mistake, nor change, nor growth. "Magic was, and is, an endeavor to recover the state of primitive-consciousness once prevalent in the dawn of the world." What we call unitive-consciousness belongs to the dawn of the church. In grasping one we lost the other. She searched the secrets of both. Creative-consciousness she did not claim, nor even attribute to man.

*Samadhi* or god-consciousness was her ideal. She knew all *yogas*. In the *Jana-yoga* or right-discrimination she had attained the first state of super-consciousness. She was the bar of iron heated red-hot which becomes as fire, forgetting its own nature. Most people occupy themselves with the needs or pleasures of the lower all the time. She seemed not to have needs or pleasures of her own. To live only in the glow of the furnace by which she gave light.

To the fashion of the moment in thought or form she was indifferent. It mattered not to her if the bow were pinned high or low. If one wore one bead or forty. All she cared for was truth.

It seemed as if she were holding three threads. That game of Patience. The chatter of life around. Some deeper communion within. She was like a Marconi wire, all the time receiving vibrations others knew nothing of, though the waves played around all.

At her work she was very serious. There she battled for and throned with the gods—the conquering heroine. But in her playtime all the world was a joke and the joke began at 6 p. m. She felt deeply the tragedy of life. How little we have really learned in this existence. How little our much-strived-for attainments can possibly count. This because they are not based on anything in the divine spiral of ascent. They are mere tangents—flea jumps. She liked nonsense for a change, and never going out or taking any form of physical exercise, the evening gatherings were her only form of relaxation and diversion. Then she seemed to say with Disraeli: "I'm not thinking now, I'm enjoying myself."

She frolicked as in the château park of her childhood. Let off steam in profane explosions. Rode on all the merry-go-rounds of the village fair and was her own Charlie Chaplin. Perhaps he was cruel. The dog tears the object he plays with. But she contradicted the saying that the great leader laughs never or seldom. The pendulum swings both ways. The world should not weep all the time.

Some left thinking they had passed an hour with the devil, but their vision was ever after clearer, their hearts more open. One of the worst enemies "knowledge" ever had, she carried little respect for the *corpus dogmaticum* and was indeed a *saccageuse de rêves* and pitiless in these evening gambols. Especially when some keen journalists or foxy professor thought he could play with her. He found a greater openness of mind than he had allowed for. I have seen her stop suddenly, strike her forehead with her fist, and cry: "What an old fool I am! Dear friend [she had never met him before perhaps] you are right and I am wrong. Forgive me and come to dinner tomorrow." She might shake the rat, but for anything she took she more than gave. Her roars were only part of the game. She enjoyed the whipping, whichever side got it. We used to revel in her parry with the lean mental cross-examiner who had come to trap her. At such times she would put on that stupid look Loie Fuller uses so effectively, as if only a *little* brighter she might be called half-witted. Then, leading him to play out all his rope, she would regain her trenches step by step, dropping her bombs till she wiped up the floor with him! She forgave everything but stupidity. With that the gods themselves contend in vain. She had the quick transition of the Oriental from radiant sunshine to convulsive storm. But there was nothing mental and evil in her tempests. With some a passion reveals undreamed-of depths of malignity. You never think the same of them again. She was the child who lays on the hearth-rug and screams and kicks. One picks it up, kisses, and all is as before.

Self-control is neither of animals nor of angels. She was both. Our respect for the artificial and the arbitrary was not for her. It would have stunted her

powers, and it stunts ours, while perhaps keeping us more useful members of society. Her rages—tantrums one might better say—were purely animal and physical. She ruled by love, not fear. The recipient of a blast might be shell-shocked for the moment. He soon found it was quite impersonal. She appreciated the real affection she aroused and expected her friends to understand her slabs of comic relief.

In her first public years she gave herself up to the charm of lifting veils, but as I have said, much was changed, for she realized that the more veils lifted the more secret do the mysteries become.

One Thursday evening I witnessed an explosion before her Esoteric devotees which should set at rest forever her attitude towards vulgar mystery-making. The words are exact and never to be forgotten. They ring in my ears as if of yesterday. Some one had tried to recall the materialization, the *yogamaya* of earlier days. Blavatsky arose in her Isis robes, apoplectic, apocalyptic:

"I beg of you never to repeat those stories in this circle. They have done me enough harm already. If at that time you had given my explanations instead of your impressions I should not stand before the world the old fool I do now. I told you they were tricks on the psychic plane, as the juggler performs his tricks on the material plane. But no, you wanted to make me out a goddess, which I never pretended to be. I may as well let you know though that there *were* spiritual things happening too at that moment which passed right under your nose and you could not see them."

Frank, brutal!—Blavatsky!

### THE SEPULCHERED.

There is a vast, precipitous wall  
Whose awful slides descend  
Into a tombéd plain where dwell  
The congregation of the dead.

Void of all understanding,  
Shorn of the power to hear, to see,  
(Surely 'tis Sheol's pit!) these wan  
ghosts be

The dissolution of humanity.

Nor staved ladder ere is lent  
By noon-day sun whereon the ghosts  
May, when the cycle's span is spent,  
Ascend to wholesome airs.

Tho' from high heav'n the Gods are  
borne

Upon the Dragon's coiled eight  
They shall not heed. The larvæ-lethe  
Of many sins hath rotted them.

From that dark pivot-hinge released,  
The radiant Lucifer wings free  
Into the bosom of the Infinite,  
To rest in unconditioned peace.

Such is the final end of men  
Who thought to ravish their own souls,  
To wrest by magic power The Star  
And wear it as a diadem.

Forevermore the self-doomed stalk  
In aimless company,  
Proceeding endlessly  
From nothingness to nothingness.

—Julia A. Hyde.

### WHAT PASSES?

What is it that passes over to you when you hear an excellent orchestra play a moving number, such as the march from "Tannhäuser" or the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," or any of the familiar thrillers? Some spiritual intoxicant enters into you and you feel its heady fumes throughout your soul. What is it?

What is it that passes over to you when you see a landscape that exalts you, such as the view of the sweet English valley seen from the high road from London to Maidstone, or the glorious panorama you get from the car platform going from Martigny to Chamonix?

And do you remember the first time you read "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "Les Misérables" and "Dombey and Son"? What was that thing that passed from these books into your life? Do not say it was nothing, or just a sensation, thinner than air, fugacious as a mood; for, whatever it was, it has stayed with you, and in your spirit life is as permanent and unmovable as a huge boulder in a Colorado field.

What is that something that rayed out from the Mona Lisa picture in the Louvre and touched the soul of Walter Prater as a harper sweeps his harp?

You can analyze the sea, doubtless. Oh learned and expert physicists, weigh its salt and gauge its iodine, but tell us what is the most important product of the ocean, the sense of majesty, power,

and infinitude that comes from it and grips the soul of man?

Neither is it in botany to say what message the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" sends to plowboy Burns, and he in turn sings to all the world; nor is it in geology to explain how the sombre giant Matterhorn pierces the mind; nor in chemistry to make clear what is that soft, sleepy, loving spirit hand laid upon the listener's heart who hears the soft autumn rain come whispering and tip-toeing over the dead leaves.

What is that psychic something that passes to you from one friend entirely different from that which you get from another? What is that communicable flavor of personality?

Define for us, chemically, oh skillful test-tubists the material composition of patriotism, religion, aversion, ambition, vanity, and loyal love!

You can not. Project your inquiries a million years in the direction they now take and you will come no nearer.

You do not satisfy us when you say that nothing "passes" in all the above instances, and that they are but "cerebrations," movements of brain matter. The fact remains that these movements are those of most vital import to the thinking world.

Did it ever occur to you that science is not necessarily chained to matter, and that there are psychic data, spiritual phenomena, wholly non-material facts, waiting to be weighted, noted, and set in order?

Says Richard Jeffries: "Research proceeds upon the same old lines and runs in the ancient grooves. Further, it is restricted by the ultra-practical views which are alone deemed reasonable. But there should be no limit placed on the mind. The purely ideal is as worthy of pursuit as the practical, and the mind is not to be pinned to dogmas of science any more than to dogmas of superstition.—From "Just Human," by Dr. Frank Crane. Published by the John Lane Company.

The wisest and best men in the Pagan world are unanimous in this, that the Mysteries were instituted pure, and proposed the noblest ends by the worthiest means.—Dr. Warburton.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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# Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,  
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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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Price Five Cents

AS TO THE CAUSES OF WAR.  
(From the San Francisco Argonaut.)

During the decade or the two decades preceding the war there were certain voices raised in protest against some tendencies of world thought that seemed to promise disaster. They were not political voices, nor military. They were unconcerned with trade advantages or with balances of power. They did not appeal to the sacred principle of competition nor stimulate the rivalries of nationality. And for these reasons they were nearly unheard amid the din against which they protested.

None the less they were notable utterances. They came from such men as Arthur Grierson, Thomas Carlyle G. K. Chesterton, Alfred Russell Wallace, Ferrero, and Ralph Adams Cram. These men said more or less implicitly that a world war with ensuing revolution and anarchy had become nearly inevitable, and that no matter what its immediate causes might be its actual source would be the slough of materialism into which we had fallen. Civilization, they said, had become a thing so unclean, so evil, that it would perish because it was becoming too hateful to survive. The neglect that we gave to their predictions and that they were tremendously solemn predictions, can hardly be continued in view of so tragic a fulfillment.

It was a scientific materialism and the filtration of its poison through all the

social strata against which these men and a dozen others protested. The elaborate demonstration by Haeckel and his like that man was no more than a tiger with an intellect and a halo, and that, like the tiger, he must govern himself by the laws of a glorified jungle, was hailed with delight by a civilization eager for voluptuous debasement. Haeckel had destroyed the human soul and therefore he had destroyed individual responsibility. Henceforth only the "fit"—that is to say those with long teeth and sharp claws—were to "survive." Honor, virtue, and duty were myths for children, since there was no moral law, no surviving principle in man, nothing anywhere but a vast and soulless mechanism, engendered by chance, sustained by "force," without guidance or destination. Self-preservation had become the first law of nature. It was taught to children, it became the axiom of the school and university, the unchallenged pilot of human relationship.

These poisonous teachings saturated the world. Germany put them into practice, but it was only because she "got there first." Religiously and philosophically we were all headed the same way. We are all headed the same way still. We are materialists, but when materialism reaches its inevitable destination of the battlefield we stand aghast. We believed that we could restrain the law of the jungle within a rampart of national constitutions and acts of legislatures, that



we could applaud it while it was within the ring and beat it back with police clubs when it trespassed beyond the ring and became war, and Socialism, and Bolshevism. It can not be done. If Haeckel is right, if man is no more than a piece of material mechanism fortuitously wound up to run like an eight-day clock and then to stop, we may elaborate criminal laws at home and Leagues of Nations abroad, but they will not save us from the steep place of the Gadarene swine.

Are we to continue forever to measure all human advance in terms of wealth, to consider the acquisition of wealth, the ownership of things, as the be-all and the end-all of human endeavor? If so, then we have no cause of quarrel with Socialism and Bolshevism, for that is what they teach, and we taught it to them. That is why they hate all forms of religion because the tradition of religion—unfortunately not its practice—is one of hostility to the gospel of things. Wars of aggression, Socialism, Bolshevism, all the midnight brood of rapine and murder, were born of Haeckelism, of the scientific materialism that science herself has now repudiated, but of which the fumes are asphyxiating us.

These things are true. Germany was the awful expression of a habit of thought that was, and is, world wide. It was born of a science invented in Germany and eagerly received from her. It has given us a standard of values that the war has not uprooted. It will end in things still more evil than war unless there shall be enough individuals strong enough to repudiate it.

#### LIBRARY TREASURES.

Antiquarians and historians, says an Associated Press dispatch, are now to have for the first time since the Turks took possession of Constantinople the opportunity for making a thorough investigation of the literary treasures stored away in the great libraries there.

The contents of the bookshelves of the St. Sophia and Palace libraries are known, but in the cellars under the Palace library there are many manuscripts in Arabic, Greek, Latin, and Eastern languages. These manuscripts are in hopeless confusion and no person with special aptitude for research work

has been permitted to examine them in recent years. About thirty years ago a German dragoman obtained permission from the Sultan to spend a week in those cellars. In that time he was able to make only a very superficial examination of the manuscripts, but his search, short as it was, revealed many books in Greek and Arabic of great value. Among the discoveries he reported were the lost books of Livy, the great Roman historian.

Among celebrated British scholars who are planning to go to Constantinople to delve among the long-hidden manuscripts is Sir Edwin Pears, the historian, who has spent many years in Constantinople. Sir Edwin told the Associated Press correspondent that at least six months would be required for the investigation. He does not think the libraries have been damaged by the Turks, who, he says, are utterly indifferent to their value. His only fear is that the manuscripts will be found in a sad state as a result of neglect.

The fine libraries of the Byzantine Empire were taken by the Turks in 1453. The greatest number of books are deposited, not in St. Sophia's, as popularly believed, but in the Imperial Palace, about a quarter of a mile from the church. Under Turkish rule these libraries were added to from time to time, the most notable acquisition resulting from the defeat by the Turks of the King of Hungary, whose collection of books was brought to Constantinople and placed either in St. Sophia or the Palace library.

#### FROM THE GLOSSARY.

(By H. P. Blavatsky.)

**HALLUCINATION.** A state produced sometimes by physiological disorders, sometimes by mediumship, and at others by drunkenness. But the cause that produces the visions has to be sought deeper than physiology. All such visions, especially when produced through mediumship, are preceded by a relaxation of the nervous system, invariably generating an abnormal magnetic conditions which attracts to the sufferer waves of astral light. It is the latter that furnishes the various hallucinations. These, however, are not always what physicians would make them, empty and unreal dreams. No one can see this

which does not exist—*i. e.*, that which is not impressed—in or on the astral waves. A Seer may, however, perceive objects and scenes (whether past, present, or future) which have no relation whatever to himself, and also perceive several things entirely disconnected with each other at one and the same time, thus producing the most grotesque and absurd combinations. Both drunkard and Seer, medium and Adept, see their respective visions in the Astral Light; but while the drunkard, the madman, and the untrained medium, or one suffering from brain-fever, see, because they can not help it, and evoke the jumbled visions unconsciously to themselves, the Adept and the trained Seer have the choice and the control of such visions. They know where to fix their gaze, how to steady the scenes they want to observe, and how to see beyond the upper outward layers of the Astral Light. With the former such glimpses into the *waves* are hallucinations; with the latter they become the faithful reproduction of what actually has been, is, or will be, taking place. The glimpses at random caught by the medium, and his flickering visions in the deceptive light, are transformed under the guiding will of the Adept and Seer into steady pictures, the truthful representations of that which he wills to come within the focus of his perception.

**MATERIALIZATIONS.** In Spiritualism the word signifies the objective appearance of the so-called "Spirits" of the dead, who reclothe themselves occasionally in matter; *i. e.*, they form for themselves out of the materials in hand, which are found in the atmosphere and the emanations of those present, a temporary body bearing the human likeness of the defunct as he appeared, when alive. Theosophists accept the phenomenon of "materialization," but they reject the theory that it is produced by "Spirits," *i. e.*, the immortal principles of the disembodied persons. Theosophists hold that when the phenomenon is genuine—and it is a fact of rarer occurrence than is generally believed—it is produced by the *larvæ*, the *cidola* of Kamalokic "ghosts" of the dead personalities. As Kamaloka is on the earth plane and differs from its degree of materiality only in the degree of its plane of consciousness, for which reason it is concealed from our normal sight, the occa-

sional apparition of such shells is as natural as that of electric balls and other atmospheric phenomena. Electricity as a fluid, or atomic matter (for Theosophists hold with Maxwell that it *is* atomic), though invisible, is ever present in the air, and manifests under various shapes, but only when certain conditions are there to "materialize" the fluid, when it passes from its own on to our plane and makes itself objective. Similarly with the *cidola* of the dead. They are present, around us, but being on another plane do not see us any more than we see them. But whenever the strong desires of living men and the conditions furnished by the abnormal constitutions of mediums are combined together, these *cidola* are drawn—nay, *pulled* down from their plane on to ours and made objective. This is *necromancy*; it does no good to the dead, and great harm to the living, in addition to the fact that it interferes with a law of nature. The occasional materialization of the "astral bodies" or *doubles* of living persons is quite another matter. These "astrals" are often mistaken for the apparitions of the dead, since, chameleon-like, our own "Elementaries," along with those of the disembodied and cosmic "Elementals," will often assume the appearance of those images which are strongest in our thoughts. In short, at the so-called "materialization" seances, it is those present and the medium who create the peculiar likeness of the apparitions. Independent "apparitions" belong to another kind of psychic phenomena. Materializations are also called "form-manifestations" and "portrait statues." To call them materialized spirits is inadmissible, for they are not spirits but animated portrait-statues, indeed.

#### SAMOAN PRAYER.

Sail by, O gods, and leave us be.  
Ye unknown gods who rule the sea.  
Sail by, O gods, in storm or calm  
Nor touch our isles of reef and palm.  
'Tis to the great that gods should go,  
Not to the poor or few or low.  
Keep far away, spare us from fear  
That cometh when the gods are near.  
We are not fit, nor strong, nor wise  
Or worthy of the gods' emprise,  
So leave us be and pass us by.  
Dread rulers of the sea and sky!

—Don C. Seitz, in *New York Sun*.

## THE JUDGMENT OF OSIRIS.

(By E. Clement d'Art.)

In the dark halls of Amenta, great Osiris sat, judging the shades. Before him kneeled the soul of a most wretched man and, between them, was the scale whereon weighed the hearts of men.

Standing before forty-two dread divinities, Thoth, the Recorder, coldly perused the papyrus that, in strange symbols, told the tale of the life of the one who now cowered at the feet of Osiris.

To one side sat Amam, the Mistress, the Beast of the Amenti, the Wrathful Avenger, the Devourer of the Condemned, hungrily glaring at the spirit.

Near the entrance stood a few trembling shades.

"O ye Lords of Truth," began the wretched soul, "I have brought you truth. O, Lord Osiris, let thy favor be poured out upon thy servant, for I am not a doer of wrong to men."

Ibis-headed Thoth, the Scribe, turned to him, saying:

"When thy name was Tat-Bennu, in the Double Kingdom, in the Land of the Nile, truly thou were known as an evil-doer. Proceed and defend thyself."

"I am not one who telleth lies instead of truth."

"Darest thou speak thus in the presence of Osiris, the Lord?" asked Thoth. "Hast thou forgotten the day when apt Otep demanded if thou knewest of the whereabouts of his only son?" Thy reply was 'Nay—I know not.' Yet wert thou aware that the son of Otep had died at the hands of thy companions who robbed him. Hast thou forgotten the many untruths that have passed thy lips?"

"I am not a murderer and I gave no order for murder," stammered the spirit.

"Nay," returned Thoth, "thou art not a murderer but, ledest thou not, in treachery, the son of Otep to those who slew him—and thou tookest thy share of the spoils. Thou hast done worse than he who kills for 'tis indeed better to be a tiger than to be a jackal."

"I snatched not the milk from the mouth of babes——"

"This thou hast not done but thine own children died of starvation in the arms of their mother—and she, too, died and, for this, wert thou not responsible?

Said not Ptah-Hotep, the Wise: 'Honor thy wife, and love her exceedingly; feed her belly and clothe her back, for this is the duty of a husband?'"

"I lent not a deaf ear to words of righteousness, but words of righteousness were denied me. The Gates of the Temple were shut upon me. The doors of houses were not opened in answer to my knock. And yet, whenever I could afford to give, I gave. In days of prosperity my hand has ever been opened to the needy. But when the hour came when I was in need those whom I had helped knew me no longer or said: 'Go thy way, thou wretch, thou who art an evil doer——' They left me to my fate—and my wife died—and my children died—and I loved her and I loved them exceedingly——"

Hearing this, Thoth relented and, for the first time, glanced at the trembling soul with a sentiment akin to pity for this once, the spirit had spoken the truth.

But the scale inclined towards the side that meant eternal death, and with growing hunger and eyes that glared, Amam the Annihilator, watched the Egyptian.

Yet, alike to the beams of Ra, the Mighty Sun, kindness radiated from the face of Osiris.

Addressing the shades who stood behind the prostrate soul, he said:

"How, as men, would ye judge him who now cowers before me?"

"I dare not," declared the first, "express to the High One what my conscience should dictate. I, myself, await judgment and, perchance, would not judge severely, lest severe judgment be my reward."

"Thou art selfish and cowardly at heart," exclaimed Osiris, "and shall be judged accordingly."

The second spoke, saying:

"I have led a life of righteousness. Where then would be justice, where my reward, should this miscreant be forgiven? Because he is an evil doer, destroy him, O Lord!"

"Thou who wouldst destroy art hard and unforgiving. Thou who art good by profession and a meddler by trade art perchance worse than he who now trembles, awaiting judgment, for thou hast been the cause of much evil. And thy virtue, be it high as are the mountains and, in its strength like bronze, will be of but little weight in the scale. Who-

soever has never known temptation has not acquired merit through virtue."

The third who, till then, had silently remained behind, now stepped forward and said simply:

"He hath suffered greatly."

And Osiris gazed upon him and smiled as but a God can smile, of a smile that meant comfort and joy to all who beheld it. Then his glances glided to where stooped the object *Ka*, the dejected soul of Tat Benu.

The man's sufferings were thrown in the balance and it seemed that a great weight caused it to incline in the direction that meant life.

Osiris spoke:

"This, then, shall be my judgment: Tat Benu will return to the realms of Pharaoh. There he shall be born again, among surroundings of a different sort. I have no doubt but that, in his new life, he will amend. When he returns I shall then be able to guide him to the Glorious Kingdom wherein there is no birth, no death."

And, turning to the shade who had spoken last:

"Thee I need not judge. Thou hast understanding. Come! I shall open the Golden Gate and lead thee to peace everlasting."—*Overland Monthly*.

### SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Dr. Rudolph Steiner undertook a difficult task when he tried to explain the nature of supersensible consciousness to those without experience of its mysteries. His new book, "A Road to Self-Knowledge," makes the attempt, and it may be said that it is as successful as the nature of the task will permit.

Only by the attainment of a consciousness that transcends the body can we actually know the facts of the material world, says Dr. Steiner:

Now an experience that occurs when outside the body is of a quite different nature from one made when in the body. This is shown by the very opinion which may be formed about the experience described, when, after it is over, the ordinary waking condition of the soul is reestablished and memory has come into a vivid and clear condition. The physical body is felt by the soul as separated from the rest of the world, and seems only to have a real existence in so far as it belongs to the soul. It is not so, however, with that which we experience within ourselves and with regard to ourselves when outside the body, for then we feel ourselves linked to all that may be called the outer world. All our

surroundings are felt as belonging to us just as our hands do in the world of sense. There is no indifference to the world outside us when we come to the inner soul-world. We feel ourselves completely grown together, and woven into one with that which here may be called the world. Its activities are actually felt streaming through our own being. There is no sharp boundary line between an inner and an outer world. The whole environment belongs to the observing soul just as our two physical hands belong to our physical head.

Dr. Steiner seems to mean that the whole material world becomes the body for the consciousness of the mystic and that his own physical body ceases to limit him, or indeed to invade at all what may be called his awareness. But we may wish that Dr. Steiner had more fully explained the processes by which this state may be reached.

Care must be exercised, says Dr. Steiner, not to form preconceptions of the supersensible world. Otherwise, when supersensible experiences occur, we may allow them to slip past unnoted, merely because they were not of the kind anticipated. But the prerequisite is that the body shall become mentally imperceptible.

Thus we feel how through the activity of the soul we can influence and remodel our own body. In the beginning the body acts as a strong counterpoise to the life of the soul; we feel it as a foreign body within us. But presently we notice how it always adapts itself more and more to the experiences of the soul; until, finally, we do not feel it any more at all, but find before us the supersensible world, just as we do not notice the existence of the eye with which we look upon the world of colors. The body then must become imperceptible before the soul can behold the supersensible world.

Dr. Steiner attaches great importance to preconceptions, and these may take the form of rules of thought about science and religion that may prove themselves to be insurmountable barriers. This, he says very truly, is a form of self-love:

What ought to take place is this, that the pupil on entering the supersensible world should make himself able to renounce that which in ordinary life he considers as the deepest truth and to adapt himself to a different way of feeling and judging things. But at the same time he must keep in mind that when he again confronts the physical world, he must make use of the ways of feeling and judging that are suitable for this physical world. He must not only learn to live in two different worlds, but also to live in each in quite a different way, and he must not allow his sound judgment, which he needs for ordinary life in the world of reason and of the senses, to be encroached upon by the

fact that he is obliged to make use of another kind of discernment while in another world.

To take up such a position is difficult for human nature, and the capacity for doing so is only acquired through continued energetic and patient strengthening of our psychic life. Any one who goes through the experiences of the threshold realizes that it is a boon to the ordinary life of the soul not to be led so far. The feelings that awaken are such that one can not but think that this boon proceeds from some powerful entity, who protects man from the danger of undergoing the dread of self-annihilation at the threshold. Behind the outer world of ordinary life there is another. Before the threshold of this world a stern guardian is standing, who prevents man from knowing what the laws of the supersensible world are. For all doubts and all uncertainty concerning that world are, after all, easier to bear than the sight of that which one must leave behind when we want to cross the threshold.

Experience of the supersensible world shows us that what we have previously supposed to be our Ego was not so actually, but only a thought body. It was a reflection in a mirror, but now that we have changed our standpoint the reflection changes also:

Only when clairvoyant consciousness has arrived at the point where it experiences, as a sum of recollections, that which it formerly considered to be itself, does it become possible to acquire real experience of what is hidden behind the phenomenon of death. For then we have arrived at a truly hidden world in which we feel ourselves as beings who are able to retain, as though in a memory, what has been experienced in the world of the senses. This sum total of experiences in the physical world needs—in order to continue its existence—a being who is able to retain it in the same way in which the ordinary ego retains its recollections. Supersensible knowledge discloses that man has an existence within the world of spiritual beings, and that it is he himself who keeps within him his physical existence as a recollection. The question what after death will become of all that I now am, receives the following answer from clairvoyant investigation: "You will continue to be yourself just to that extent to which you realize that self to be a spiritual being amongst other spiritual beings."

But the author does not leave us wholly without advice as to the most fruitful ways by which to arise to the supersensible world. He suggests various alternatives that remind us of Patanjali's "favorite deity":

The best path of knowledge will always be the one that leads to the supersensible world through strengthening or condensing the life of the soul by means of concentration on inner meditations during which certain thoughts or feelings are retained in the mind. In this case it is not a question of experiencing a thought or an emotion as we do in order to find our way in the physical world, but the point is to live entirely with and

within the thought or emotion, concentrating all the powers of our soul in it, so that it entirely fills the consciousness during the time of retirement within ourselves. We think, for instance, of a thought which has given to the soul a conviction of some kind; we at first leave on one side any power of conviction it may have, and only live with it and in it again and again so as to become one with it. It is not necessary that it should be a thought of things belonging to the higher worlds, although such a thought is more effective. For inner meditation we can even use a thought which pictures an ordinary experience. Fruitful, for instance, are emotions which represent resolutions with regard to deeds of love, and which we kindle within ourselves to the highest degree of human warmth and sincere experience. Effective—especially where knowledge is concerned—are symbolic representations, gained from life, or accepted on the advice of such persons as are in a certain way experts in these matters, because they know the fruitfulness of the means employed from what they themselves have gained from them.

It is a personal pilgrimage that must be undertaken by those in search of the supersensual consciousness, and it is only after attainment that the student actually knows the facts of his true life and can relegate the physical consciousness to its own place:

When we have come so far in our psychic pilgrimage that we carry within ourselves as a memory all that we call "ourself," namely, our own being in physical life, and experience ourselves instead in another, newly-won superior ego, then we become capable of seeing our life stretching beyond the limits of earthly life. Before our spiritual sight appears the fact that we have shared in another life, in the spiritual world, prior to our present existence in the world of the senses; and in that spiritual life are to be found the real causes of the shaping of our physical existence. We become acquainted with the fact that before we received a physical body and entered upon this physical existence we lived a purely spiritual life. We see that that human being which we now are, with its faculties and inclinations, was prepared during a life that we spent in a purely spiritual world before birth. We look upon ourselves as upon beings who lived spiritually before their entrance into the world of the senses, and who are now striving to live as physical beings with those faculties and psychic characteristics which were originally attached to them and which have developed since their birth. It would be a mistake to say: "How is it possible that in spiritual life I should have aspired to possess faculties and inclinations which now, when I have got them, do not please me at all?" It does not matter whether something pleases the soul in the world of senses or not. That is not the point. The soul has quite different points of view for its aspirations in the spiritual world from those which it adopts in the life of the senses. The character of wisdom and will is quite different in the two worlds. In the spiritual life we know that for the sake of our total

evolution we need a certain kind of life in the physical world, which when we get there may seem unsympathetic or depressing to the soul; and yet we strive for it, because in the spiritual existence we do not prefer what is sympathetic and agreeable, but what is necessary to the right development of our individual being.

A ROAD TO SELF-KNOWLEDGE. By Rudolph Steiner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

### THE BEATIFIC VISION.

This then must be the meaning of the Divinity's mystery-injunction forbidding one to divulge aught to the uninitiated:—namely, because it is incommunicable to any whose sight and hearing was not prepared for it. For this Vision did not consist of an objective duality, but only of a subjective union of seer and seen. Hence it was not something tangible, but a communion; and only those persons that had, through such a communion, once experienced at-one-ment, could, on recalling the experience, form any conception of it.

In that experience the seer became attuned to a unified harmony, being conscious of no opposition toward others or in himself—no anger, no desire, no conception, no thought—nay, so to speak, even no self. Rapt and inspired hangs he there, well-poised in solitary calm, without a quiver in his own essence, settling nowhere, not wheeling around, brooding motionless until he himself becomes a pause. Nay, not even about Beauty cares he, having soared far beyond it—yea, even beyond the choric graciousness of the Virtues.

He is like unto a man who has penetrated into the innermost shrine, thus having left behind him in the outer temple the statuesque images of the Gods which greet him again only when he comes out after interior vision and intercourse with the very Being of the Divine—not merely forms or images which, after all, are objects of vision in a secondary sense only. As to this interior experience, however, it is not a vision, perhaps, but another kind of seeing, an extasy, a simplifying attunement, a self-surrender, a yearning for intimate touch, a hush, a longing for at-one-ment—and it is very doubtful whether such an experience of beholding Being could be had even in any sanctuary.

The Secret lies in the manner of seeing, for should a man look in some other man-

ner, he would remain unconscious of anything. This Sanctuary is but a figurative analogy. The wisest prophet no more than hints how God might be perceived. True, a priest wise enough to understand the secret might well effect a veritable vision within an actual sanctuary; but would it not be simpler and more likely, when he realizes that a sanctuary no more than represents an invisible origin and source of inspiration, a condition or principle—would it not, I say, be simpler for him to save himself the trouble of penetrating the sanctuary by merely laying hold of the condition by his likeness to the Divine; and this direct method will not hinder him from attaining any divine results within the natural limitations of his soul. Hence even before his vision he already claims its results—which for him who would transcend all limitations consist of That-which-is-before-and-beyond-All.

But why should the condition of lucidity be an equilibrium? Because any disturbance thereof results in either of two disastrous extremes:

On the one hand, the nature of the soul is so material that, if it descends, it will not simply evanesce, but will proceed to destruction through real evil.

What is the fruit of this poised vision? A forgnation—but of what? Not a formation of substance by the soul, for souls exceed substance by as much as they hold communion with the Divinity.

However, as soon as a man notices that he has achieved this communion, he will find that he has thereby formed in himself an Image of that Divinity: and he has reached the goal of his Journey whenever he finds himself proceeding beyond from himself as if from an Image to an archetypal Original. Whereafter, falling from his vision, he will in himself awaken Virtues, and behold himself on all sides adorned. Thus will he again swing himself upwards through the Virtues to Intellect, and through wisdom to GOD.

Thus it happens that the life of the Gods and of divine and happy men consists of a gradual Liberation from all earthly bonds; a life without earthly hankerings; the flight of the single attuned One to the single tuning One.—*From "The Philosophy of Plotinus," by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie. Published by the Prophet Publishing Co., Philadelphia.*



## The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## FROM THE GLOSSARY.

(By H. P. Blavatsky.)

**BULL-WORSHIP.** The worship of the Bull and the Ram was addressed to one and the same power, that of generative creation, under two aspects—the celestial or cosmic, and the terrestrial or human. The ram-headed gods all belong to the latter aspect; the bull—to the former. Osiris, to whom the bull was sacred, was never regarded as a phallic deity; neither was Siva with his bull *Nandi*, in spite of the lingham. As *Nandi* is of a pure milk-white color, so was *Apis*. Both were the emblems of the generative, or of evolutionary power in the Universal Kosmos. Those who regard the solar gods and the bulls as of a phallic character, or connect the Sun with it, are mistaken. It is only the lunar gods and the rams, and lambs, which are priapic, and it little becomes a religion which, however, unconsciously, has still adopted for its worship a god preëminently *lunar*, and accentuated its choice by the selection of the lamb, whose sire is the ram, a glyph as preëminently phallic, for its most sacred symbol—to vilify the older religions for using the same symbolism. The worship of the Bull, *Apis*, *Hapi Ankh*, or the living Osiris, ceased over 3000 years ago; the worship of the lamb and ram continues to this day. Mariette Bey discovered the *Scrapeum*, the Necropolis of the *Apis* Bulls, near Memphis, an im-

posing subterranean crypt 2000 feet long and twenty feet wide, containing the mummies of thirty sacred bulls. If 1000 years hence, a Roman Catholic Cathedral with the Easter lamb in it, were discovered under the ashes of Vesuvius or Etna, would future generations be justified in inferring therefrom that Christians were "lamb" or "dove" worshippers? Yet the two symbols would give them as much right in the one case as in the other. Moreover, not all of the sacred "bulls" were phallic, *i. e.* males; there were hemaphrodite and sexless "bulls." The black bull *Mnevis*, the son of Ptah, was sacred to the God Ra at Heliopolis; the Pacis of Hermonthis—to Amoun Horus, etc., etc., and *Apis* himself was a hermaphrodite and not a male animal, which shows his cosmic character. As well call the *Taurus* of the Zodiac and all nature *phallic*.

**KARMA.** Physically, action; metaphysically, the Law of Retribution, the Law of cause and effect or Ethical Causation. Nemesis, only in one sense, that of bad Karma. It is the eleventh *Nidana* in the concatenation of causes and effects in orthodox Buddhism; yet it is the power that controls all things, the resultant of moral action, the metaphysical *Samskara*, or the moral effect of an act committed for the attainment of something which gratifies a personal desire. There is the Karma of merit and the Karma of demerit. Karma neither punishes nor rewards, it is simply *the*



one Universal Law which guides unerringly, and, so to say, blindly, all other laws productive of certain effects along the grooves of their respective causations. When Buddhism teaches that "Karma is that moral kernel (of any being) which alone survives death and continues in transmigration" or reincarnation, it simply means that there remains nought after each Personality but the causes produced by it; causes which are undying, *i. e.* which can not be eliminated from the Universe until replaced by their legitimate effects, and wiped out by them, so to speak, and such causes—unless compensated during the life of the person who produced them with adequate effects, will follow the reincarnated Ego, and reach it in its subsequent reincarnation until a harmony between effects and causes is fully reestablished. No "personality"—a mere bundle of material atoms and of instinctual and mental characteristics—can of course continue, as such, in the world of pure Spirit. Only that which is immortal in its very nature and divine in its essence, namely, the Ego, can exist forever. And as it is that Ego which chooses the personality it will inform, after each Devachan, and which receives through these personalities the effects of the Karmic causes produced, it is therefore the Ego, that *self* which is the "moral kernel" referred to and embodied Karma "which alone survives death."

MESMER, *Friedrich Anton*. The famous physician who rediscovered and applied practically that magnetic fluid in man which was called animal magnetism and since then Mesmerism. He was born in Schwaben, in 1734, and died in 1815. He was an initiated member of the Brotherhood of the *Fratres Lucis* and of *Lukshoor* (or *Luxor*), or the Egyptian Branch of the latter. It was the Council of "Luxor" which selected him—according to the orders of the "Great Brotherhood"—to act in the XVIIIth century as their usual pioneer, sent in the last quarter of every century to enlighten a small portion of the Western nations in occult lore. It was St. Germain who supervised the development of events in this case; and later Cagliostro was commissioned to help, but having made a series of mistakes, more or less fatal, he was *recalled*. Of these three men who were at first regarded as quacks, Mesmer is

already vindicated. The justification of the two others will follow in the next century. Mesmer founded the "Order of Universal Harmony" in 1783, in which presumably only animal magnetism was taught, but which in reality expounded the tenets of Hippocrates, the methods of the ancient *Asclepica*, the Temples of Healing, and many other occult sciences.

## HOW TO CONCENTRATE.

(By Annie Besant.)

Having understood the theory of concentration, the student should begin its practice.

If he be of a devotional temperament his work will be much simplified, for then he can take the object of his devotion as the object of contemplation, and the heart being powerfully attracted to that object, the mind will readily dwell on it, presenting the beloved image without effort and excluding others with equal ease. For the mind is constantly impelled by desire, and serves constantly as the minister of pleasure. That which gives pleasure is ever being sought by the mind, and it ever seeks to present images that give pleasure and to exclude those that give pain. Hence it will dwell on a beloved image, being steadied in that contemplation by the pleasure experienced in it, and if forcibly dragged away from it will return to it again and again. A devotee can then very readily reach a considerable degree of concentration; he will think of the object of his devotion, creating by the imagination, as clearly as he can, a picture, an image of that object, and he will then keep his mind fixed on that image, on the thought of the Beloved. Thus a Christian would think of the Christ, of the Virgin-Mother, of his Patron Saint, of his Guardian Angel; a Hindu would think of Maheshvara, of Vishnu, of Uma, of Shri Krishna; a Buddhist would think of the Buddha, of the Bodhisattva; a Parsi of Ahuramazda, of Mithra; and so on. Each and all of these objects appeal to the devotion of the worshipper, and the attraction exercised by them over the heart binds the mind to the happiness-giving object. In this way the mind becomes concentrated with the least exertion, the least loss of effort.

Where the temperament is not devotional, the element of attraction can still be utilized as a help, but in this case

it will bind to an Idea and not to a Person. The earliest attempts at concentration should always be made with this help. With the non-devotional the attractive image will take the form of some profound idea, some high problem; such should form the object of concentration, and on that the mind should be steadily bent. Herein the binding power of attraction is intellectual interest, the deep desire for knowledge, one of the profoundest loves of man.

Another very fruitful form of concentration, for one who is not attracted to a personality as an object of devotion, is to choose a virtue and concentrate upon that. A very real kind of devotion may be aroused by such an object, for it appeals to the heart through the love of intellectual and moral beauty. The virtue should be imaged by the mind in the completest possible way, and when a general view of its effects has been obtained the mind should be steadied on its essential nature. A great subsidiary advantage of this kind of concentration is that as the mind shapes itself to the virtue and repeats its vibrations, the virtue will gradually become part of the nature, and will be firmly established in the character. This shaping of the mind is really an act of self-creation, for the mind after a while falls readily into the forms to which it has been constrained by concentration, and these forms become the organs of its habitual expression. True is it, as written of old: "Man is the creation of thought; what he thinks upon in this life that, hereafter, he becomes."—*Chhandogyanishat*.

When the mind loses hold of its object, whether devotional or intellectual—as it will do, time after time—it must be brought back, and again directed to the object. Often at first it will wander away without the wandering being noticed, and the student suddenly awakes to the fact that he is thinking about something quite other than the proper object of thought. This will happen again and again, and he must patiently bring it back—a wearisome and tiring process, but there is no other way by which concentration can be gained.

It is a useful and instructive mental exercise, when the mind has thus slipped away without notice, to take it back again by the road along which it traveled in its strayings. This process increases

the control of the rider over his runaway horse, and thus diminishes its inclination to escape.

Consecutive thinking, though a step toward concentration, is not identical with it, for in consecutive thinking the mind passes from one to another of a sequence of images, and is not fixed on one alone. But as it is far easier than concentration, the beginner may use it to lead up to the more difficult task. It is often helpful for a devotee to select a scene from the life of the object of his devotion, and to picture the scene vividly in its details, with local surroundings of landscape and color. Thus the mind is gradually steadied on one line, and it can be led to and finally fixed on the central figure of the scene, the object of devotion. As the scene is reproduced in the mind, it takes on a feeling of reality, and it is quite possible in this way to get into magnetic touch with the record of that scene on a higher plane—the permanent photograph of it in the cosmic ether—and thus to obtain very much more knowledge of it than is supplied by any description of it that may have been given. Thus also may the devotee come into magnetic touch with the object of devotion and enter by this direct touch into far more intimate relations with him than are otherwise possible. For consciousness is not under the physical space-limitations, but is wheresoever it is conscious—a statement that has already been explained.

Concentration itself, however, it must be remembered, is not this sequential thinking, and the mind must finally be fastened to the one object and remain fixed thereunto, not reasoning on it, but, as it were, sucking out, absorbing, its content.—*From the Theosophical Review*.

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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.

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The wise men who . . . invented a method to make the incomprehensible assume a tangible form, could only do so by resorting to numbers and geometrical figures.

## AN ARRAIGNMENT.

The New York *Herald* of Sunday, April 27th, devotes six columns of small type to a copyrighted statement regarding the internal dissensions that have arisen in the Christian Science movement. The validity of Christian Science as a healing medium is not at all at issue. It is a question of business management, of irresponsibility in power and place, of authority misused, and of extravagances in finance. The situation, we are told, has now reached such a point as to threaten disruption to the movement as a whole.

The government of the Christian Science Church is intricate and involved. It is a government of divided authority and responsibility, and there is no need here to present its details. But with regard to the Publishing Society the *Herald* has the following to say:

The deed of trust provided that the profits of the Publishing Society be turned over, semi-annually, to the board of directors to be expended by them in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Manuel. This has been done, and for the six months ending October 1, 1918, the trustees handed over the sum of \$450,000 as profits. It has been shown, however, that only some \$287,000 of this amount represented profits of the Publishing Society for the six months' period, and that the remainder represents royalties due Mrs. Eddy's estate, an entirely different matter.

The question naturally will arise in the public mind regarding what becomes of this money. To this it may be answered that it is used for the promotion of the cause of Christian Science throughout the world; that there is no question of the honesty and integrity of those who disburse it, so far as a strict accounting is concerned, for a partial and inadequate statement of receipts and disbursements is rendered each year in June at the annual meeting of the Mother Church in Boston. That there has been mismanagement and waste and lack of wisdom is openly charged, at least by those opposed to the trustees.

The Publishing Society seems to bear the brunt of the attack and some of the disclosures are, to say the least of it, surprising. Thus we read:

During the incumbency of the present trustees of the Publishing Society it is charged that gross mismanagement and incompetency have occurred, and that ordinary common business sense has not been observed. Among the extravagances that are mentioned is that of the purchase of an expensive motor-car to be used in taking the trustees and their intimates to and from their work. The directors protested this outlay, whereupon they were indirectly told to mind their own business.

It is also charged that the business is badly run; that the trustees have eliminated old and tried employees who were thoroughly compe-

tent, and have installed satellites of their own, who knew nothing of the business, and were without experience. As an instance is noted the appointment of minor employees who have demonstrated their inefficiency.

Paramount in the list of mismanagement is charged the conduct of the daily newspaper of the movement, the *Christian Science Monitor*. This publication has been conducted at a loss during the ten years of its life. That loss is now estimated at about \$1,300,000. That this is a serious matter is readily seen when it is understood that Mrs. Eddy's estate, bequeathed by her in her will to the Christian Science organization, amounted to about \$2,000,000. In other words 65 per cent. of that legacy, left for the purpose of increasing the spread of Christian Science throughout the world, has been lost in trying to establish the *Monitor*. This is probably the first time that Christian Scientists will get these facts.

Some months ago it was openly stated at a meeting of Christian Scientists in New York that there had been practical falsification of the circulation records of the *Monitor*. It was then said, and since reiterated by those in a position to know, that whereas the circulation statement, sworn to in accordance with Federal provision, gives the circulation at 123,000, the facts are that the net paid circulation—that is, the circulation actually subscribed for by individuals—is a little more than 50,000.

It is not denied that 123,000 copies of the paper are printed and circulated, but specifically charged that the War Camp activities of the Christian Science movement purchase en bloc an amount that reached 40,000 copies, and that committees on publication and distribution committees all over the world account for another 30,000 also purchased in large quantities, and this is distributed free—a distribution which circulation men and advertisers call "give away" circulation, and which is not regarded as being the basis upon which advertising is properly sold.

Speaking from the purely secular point of view it may be said that the *Monitor*, in the opinion of many competent judges, is the best daily newspaper in America and that it should not even now be on a paying basis must be a matter of regret to those interested in journalistic purity. But it seems that a great many Christian Scientists do not approve of its policies, and so we are told:

During the last year and a half Mr. Dixon has conducted in the *Monitor* attacks upon the political activities, so called, of the Roman Catholic Church, and upon the methods of the Red Cross. These have disturbed thousands of Christian Scientists who took the ground that the *Monitor* was intended by Mrs. Eddy, by her own statement, "to injure no man, but to bless all mankind," as expressed in an editorial in the first issue of the newspaper.

The protest is directed not only against the business management of the move-

ment, but also against its autocracy, and here we should suppose that a highly vulnerable spot may have been found. Says the *Herald* writer:

Earlier in this writing was mentioned the statement of a prominent New Englander that, familiar as he was with methods of government, he had never found a more autocratic body than the Christian Science board of directors. In amplification of this statement this gentleman, who bears an international reputation, and who is thoroughly familiar with the Christian Science movement, said:

"Here is a body composed of millions of people having no voice in their own religious affairs. Here is a group of five men who dominate and control every phase of the activity of a great religion; who are answerable to no one but themselves; who control the mental food of millions; who have enormous sums of cash in their control, and who expend it according to their own interpretations of what is best; who, when one of their number drops out for any reason, themselves elect a successor, and who are not compelled to mention the fact unless they see fit. I can not conceive that such a situation can go on."

The New York *Herald* tells us that its statement has been prepared after careful investigation by those having accurate sources of information, and that it aims to tell the facts and those only. It should be read in its entirety.

### JEWELS FROM RUSKIN.

And he has set above the souls of men on earth, a great law or Sun of Justice or Righteousness, which brings also life and health in the daily strength and spreading of it, being spoken of in the priest's language as having "healing in its wings"; and the obedience to this law, as it gives strength to the heart, so it gives light to the eyes of souls that have got any eyes, so that they begin to see each other as lovely, and to love each other.—*Fors Clavigera*.

The seeds of good and evil are sown broadcast among men, just as the seeds of thistles and fruits are: and according to the fruit of our industry and the wisdom of our husbandry the ground will bring forth to us figs or thistles. So that when it seems needed that a certain work should be done for the world, and no man is there to do it, we have no right to say that God did not wish it to be done, and therefore sent no men able to do it. When the need for them comes, and we suffer for the want of them, it is not that God refuses to send us deliverers, and

specially appoints all our consequent suffering; but that He has sent, and we have refused, the deliverers; and the pain is then wrought out by His eternal law, as surely as famine is wrought out by eternal law for a nation which will neither plow nor sow.—*A Joy For Ever*.

One thing only you can know, namely, whether this dealing of yours is a just and faithful one, which is all you need concern yourself about respecting it; sure thus to have done your own part in bringing about ultimately in the world a state of things which will not issue in pillage or in death.—*Unto This Last*.

No human actions were ever intended by the Maker of man to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. . . . No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and an unjust act. And all of us may know also that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to ourselves and others, though we can neither say what is best, nor how it is likely to come to pass.—*Unto This Last*.

Human conduct is not likely, in every case, to be purer, under the conviction that all its evil may in a moment be pardoned, and all its wrongdoing in a moment redeemed, and that the sigh of repentance which purges the guilt of the past will waft the soul into a felicity which forgets its pain: then it may be under the sterner, and to many not unwise minds, the more probable apprehension, that "what a man soweth that shall he also reap"—or others reap—when he the living seed of pestilence, walketh no more in pestilence, but lies down therein.—*Croan of Wild Olives*.

Believe me, no good work in this world was ever done for money, nor while the slightest thought of money affected the painter's mind. Whatever idea of pecuniary value enters into his thoughts as he works will, in proportion to the distinctness of its presence, shorten his power.—*A Joy For Ever*.

Be assured of this, sense in human creatures is shown, not by cleverness in

promoting their own ends and interests, but by quickness in understanding other people's ends and interests, and by putting our own work and keeping our own wishes in harmony with theirs.—*A Joy For Ever.*

Consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruelest man would not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfolded. Raise the veil boldly; face the light; and if as yet the light of the eyes can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread, and bequest of peace, shall be "unto this last as unto thee."—*Unto This Last.*

## STORIES OF THE FAR NORTH.

Long, long ago, before the white men came to North America, the Indians used to wonder what made the sun come up every morning, and how fire came into the world, and where the birds and animals got their colors—used to wonder, in fact, all the things that most children wonder. And because there was no one who could explain to them, they tried to explain things for themselves by making up little stories about them.

Now, as often happens with people who make up stories, the Indians, after telling these tales for some time, grew to believe them. Even after the white men came and said the stories weren't true, the Indians kept on telling them, for they had grown to love them. And there are still Indians—although not many are left, to be sure—who know and tell these old, strange tales.

The Indian legends are often as pretty and as interesting as some of our fairy tales. They say that first the Great Spirit made trees, and after he had made them he was very much pleased with their green loveliness, and used to watch them every day, delighting in the rustling leaves and the tender buds and beautiful blossoms. But when autumn came the

strong winds blew the leaves to the ground, where they lay in great heaps, and the trees were left bare. When the Great Spirit saw this, he was very sad, for he loved his beautiful leaves, and could not bear to see them die. And as he looked at them, each leaf drew new life from the Great Spirit's gaze, and floated up and up into the sky, and took wings, and flew back to the tree from which it had fallen, and rested on its old branch, and sang. And so there were birds.

The white man knows that there were animals before there were people. But most Indians believe that the people were made first. They say that long, long ago there were people living in a dark, cold valley, where there was no sun or light or heat. And the valley people were very unhappy. But one of the people—a very brave and thoughtful man—had heard that far away from the valley there were people called sun-people, who had warmth and light, for they had the sun. So the brave man decided to go into the land of the sun-people. When he had finished his long journey and come to the land of the sun-people he saw that because they had the light and heat of the sun they were very happy. So he went home and told his people of what he had seen and said he would buy the sun and bring it home to them. But they did not understand about the sun, and said they did not want it. And the brave valley-man became sad, and after a while went back to the sun-people, and stayed with them for a long time. But always he thought of his people in their dark, cold valley. So in time he went back to them and told them again that he would bring them the sun to make them happy. But again they said they did not want the sun. Several times the brave man went back to the sun-people, and then returned to his people, telling them how good the sun was. But they would not listen.

At last, however, some of them said: "Bring us the sun, then." So the man went again to the sun-people and tried to buy the sun. But they told him: "We can not sell it." Then the man stole the sun and took it to the valley-people. And when they saw it they were afraid, for it was so bright, and they covered their eyes. They complained that there was always light, and they could not sleep. And the sun-people, left in the

dark, were also unhappy. Then the man who had stolen the sun was sorry. So he said to the sun: "You must shine in our valley all day, but at night you must go through the hole in the western sky and leave us in the dark so that my people may sleep. And while they are sleeping you must go to the sun-people and shine on them, so that they may be warm again and have light and be happy. But every morning you must come back to my people through the hole in the eastern sky. So we shall all be happy." The sun did as the man had said, and most of the people were satisfied and happy. And the people who were still afraid of the sun and covered their eyes and turned away from it changed into animals. And today the sun rises in the east every morning and sets in the west every night, and there are both people and animals. So you may know that this story is true.—*New York Evening Post.*

#### A WORKMAN TO THE GODS.

Once Phidias stood, with hammer in his hand,  
Carving Athene from the breathing stone,  
Tracing with love the winding of a hair,  
A single hair upon her head, whereon  
A youth of Athens cried, "O Phidias,  
Why do you dally on a hidden hair?  
When she is lifted to the lofty front  
Of the Parthenon, no human eye will see."

And Phidias thundered on him: "Silence, slave:  
Men may not see, but the Immortals will!"

—From "*The Shoes of Happiness*," by  
Edwin Markham.

And how man hath no fate except past deeds,  
No Hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high  
For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.  
—*Light of Asia.*

When the spiritual state is arrived at,  
I and Mine, which belong to the finite mind, cease.—*Peary Chand Mitra.*

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.

#### CAN SUCH THING BE!

Compassionate One! And can it be  
Now that the evil of the earth  
Looms an incarnate, monstrous thing,  
O'ertopping that which gave it birth,  
Thou, The Adored of the three worlds,  
Art moved to put Thy glories by,  
And in some quiet Bethlehem  
Be born again, to die?

Can such things be:  
That Thou wilt lay  
Thy perfect God-head down,  
Wilt subject it to spiked crown?  
Wilt suffer a descent to hell,  
And teach, once more, the shades of them

Who in their lives denied Thee  
Twice ten thousand times, in the same breath

That praised the churchly effigy?

Nay, Lord:  
There is not left on earth enough  
Of solid ground to bear the weight,  
The intolerable, the awful weight,  
Of a new Calvary's defiant cross;  
A cross that surely would be raised  
To crucify divinity!

There is on earth no place prepared,  
No place to shelter Thee.  
Refuse the cup? Spare us the shame  
Of Thy pure sacrifice, a sacrifice  
That Thou hast made in many lands,  
And made in vain.

Let our red evil have its way  
With us. Let us go down to death,  
If death we choose; or let us find  
Thru night of our Gethsemane  
The everlasting day.

Lord! Lord! It is not mete  
That any more the ages roll  
About Thy piteous, scarrèd feet!

—*Julia A. Hyde.*

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 contains the most occult and formidable potencies.

The silent worship of abstract or noumenal Nature, the only divine manifestation, is the one ennobling religion of humanity.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 BOOK.

A certain malign influence seems to overshadow the average student of psychic phenomena. In all other branches of human research we find that keen intelligence is directed without prejudice toward the assembling of facts and their interpretation. But not here. It would seem that to approach the borderland is to say farewell to the open mind and the impartial vision. A few half-digested facts justify a verdict that becomes at once a dogma to be defended with emphasis and even passion. It may be the dogma of denial or it may be that of affirmation. That will depend upon the actors other than those of testimony. But indefensible dogma of some kind, unwarranted assumption, unsustained conviction, seem to bar the portals to psychic research.

For these reasons it is pleasant to find such a volume as the one just given to us by Mr. Henry Frank and published by the Stratford Company of Boston. It is entitled "The Challenge of the War," and it attempts to answer some of the questions that have never been absent from the human mind, but that have now come once more clamorously to the front in this crisis of a world tragedy. Do the dead survive? Is the human soul something that can exist independently of the human body? Can we look to science for a solution to the problem of death?

It is not religious assurances that we need. We have them in abundance. It

is intellectual proof that we demand. And yet, perhaps, one should not say proof. There can be no communicable proof. But there may be evidence. If it can be shown that the human mind possesses unsuspected powers, that it can communicate at a distance, that it can force its way into worlds other than the world of matter around us, then we are the more justified in believing that it may survive the body. But let us be cautious. Let us not say that survival has been proved when actually it is something quite other than survival that has been proved. Let us not be satisfied overmuch with the seeming of things. Let us be careful that we do not label as proof what is actually no more than inference.

For example, Mr. Frank deals with the question of thought photography and spirit identity. He believes that a thought can be photographed, that it has been done. But what, he asks, is a thought? Is it a material something? It would seem so, since it can impress the photographic plate.

But it is necessary to be more precise. It is not actually the thought that is photographed. It is something that is created by thought, something that lies midway between thought and the brain:

The mind, by this hypothesis, does not act directly on the brain and the cells and the nerves, but on a much finer substance. The action of the will is exercised directly through the medium of "radiant matter," or streams of electrons, a substance which exercises tre-



mendous energy on the coarser and less responsive substance of the microscopic cells.

When a bell strikes we hear a sound; but the sound does not pass directly from the striking bell to the ear; it passes through a stratum of ether, and it is the vibrations of the ether thus energized that effect the tympanum, and cause us to hear.

Thus, likewise, when we think or exercise the power of the will, the thought or volition does not by our hypothesis directly affect the nerve or brain cell; what the energy of our thought and will does is first to set up particular groups of vibrations among the electrons that surround the nerve and the brain-cells and through the energy thus directed causes the functioning of the muscles and the organs. By this hypothesis the will-energy resides and moves in the body of electrons or radiant matter that surrounds the cells and nerves.

By our hypothesis thought is the energy of an idea taking specific shape among the myriad electrons that surround the brain cells. A thought then would have shape, form, figure—"a local habitation and a name." It is not only a "thing," but it is an appreciable and apprehensible object; not opaque, it is true, not visible, not even microscopically detectable. Yet it is actual.

But if a thought may thus exist as a picture inside the brain, as an actual thing, may it exist as a picture outside the brain? May it maintain its integrity outside of the brain? If so, why should it not be photographed? Such a photograph would, of course, be what is now regarded as a spirit photograph, "which has so long been utterly denied as a possibility or accepted as a supernatural phenomenon."

Mr. Frank asks us to examine the facts of "spirit photography" and to ask ourselves if these are actually pictures of the dead, or of thought forms. The invitation is, of course, wasted on those who have already made up their minds. It will be wasted on preconceptions and credulities. It will be wasted on those whose vanity is subtly flattered by the assumption that they are in some way favored as the possessors of passports to the "spirit world":

Certainly some such explanation is far more within the natural methods of the universe, within the rational possibility of physical agencies, than the theory that a ghost, an inexplicable and incomprehensible creation, had suddenly manifested itself and accommodated its hosts long enough for them to catch a picture of it. I will shortly present the argument that indicates the application of this theory of thought to the possibility of an after life. But before doing so I should like to acquaint the reader with the fact that there seems to be a growing scientific disposition thus to interpret ghosts and psychic mani-

festations, without recourse to supra-natural agencies or supernatural spirits.

Now it need hardly be said that the Theosophist believes firmly and unchangeably in human survival. But this does not mean that he will allow the label of proof to be applied to evidence and facts that are not proof. No truth can ever be really sustained by error. No cause is aided by credulity.

## FROM "THE GLOSSARY."

(By H. P. B.)

**ZODIAC.** From the word *zodion*, diminutive of *zoon*, animal. This word is used in a dual meaning; it may refer to the fixed and intellectual zodiac, or to the movable Zodiac. "In astronomy," says Science, "it is an imaginary belt in the heavens 16 to 18 degrees broad through the middle of which passes the sun's path (the ecliptic)." It contains the twelve constellations which constitute the twelve signs of the zodiac, and from which they are named. As the nature of the zodiacal light—that elongated, luminous, triangular figure which, lying almost in the ecliptic, with its base on the horizon and its apex at greater and smaller altitudes, is to be seen only during the morning and evening twilights—is entirely unknown to science the origin and real significance and occult meaning of the zodiac were, and are still, a mystery, to all save the Initiates. The latter preserve their secrets well. Between the Chaldean star-gazer and the modern astrologer there lies to this day a wide gulf in deed; and they wander, in the words of Albumazar, "'twixt the poles, and heavenly hinges, 'mongst eccentricals, centres, concentrics, circles, and epi-cycles, with vain pretense to more than profane human skill. Yet, some of the astrologers, from Tycho Brahe and Kepler of astrological memory, down to the modern Zadkiels and Raphaels, have contrived to make a wonderful science from such scanty occult materials as they have had in hand from Ptolemy downwards. To return to the astrological Zodiac proper, however, it is an imaginary circle passing round the earth in the plane of the Equator, its first point being called Aries O. It is divided into twelve equal parts called "Signs of the Zodiac," each containing 30 degrees of space, and on it is measured the right

sension of celestial bodies. The movable or natural Zodiac is a succession of constellations forming a belt of 47 degrees in width, lying north and south of the plane of the ecliptic. The precession of the Equinoxes is caused by the "motion" of the sun through space, which makes the constellations appear to move forward against the order of the signs at the rate of fifty and one-third seconds per year. A simple calculation will show that at this rate the constellation Taurus (Heb. *Aleph*) was in the first sign of the zodiac at the beginning of the Kali Yuga, and consequently the equinoctial point fell therein. At this time, also, Leo was in the summer solstice, Scorpio in the autumnal Equinox, and Aquarius was in the winter solstice; and these facts form the astronomical key to half the religious mysteries of the world—the Christian scheme included. The Zodiac was known in India and Egypt for incalculable ages, and the knowledge of the ages (magi) of these countries, with regard to the occult influence of the stars and heavenly bodies on our earth, was far greater than profane astronomy can ever hope to reach to. If, even now, when most of the secrets of the Asuras and the Zoroasters are lost, it is still amply shown that horoscopes and judicial astrology are far from being based on fiction, and if such men as Kepler and even Sir Isaac Newton believed that stars and constellations influenced the destiny of our globe and its humanities, it requires no great stretch of faith to believe that men who were initiated into all the mysteries of nature, as well as into astronomy and astrology, knew precisely in what way nations and mankind, whole races as well as individuals would be affected by the so-called "signs of the Zodiac."

**SWEDENBORG, EMMANUEL.** The great Swedish seer and mystic. He was born on the 29th of January, 1688, and was the son of Dr. Jasper Swedenborg, Bishop of Skara, in West Gothland; and died in London, in Great Bath Street, Clerkenwell, on March 29, 1772. Of all mystics, Swedenborg has certainly influenced "Theosophy" the most, yet he left a far more profound impress on official science. For while as an astronomer, mathematician, physiologist, naturalist, and philosopher he had no rival, in psychology and metaphysics he was

certainly behind his time. When forty-six years of age he became a "Theosophist" and a "seer"; but although his life had been at all times blameless and respectable, he was never a true philanthropist or an ascetic. His clairvoyant powers, however, were very remarkable; but they did not go beyond this plane of matter; all that he says of subjective worlds and spiritual beings is evidently far more the outcome of his exuberant fancy than of his spiritual insight. He left behind him numerous works, which are sadly misinterpreted by his followers.

**TAURUS.** A most mysterious constellation of the Zodiac, one connected with all the "First-born" solar gods. Taurus is under the asterisk *A*, which is its figure in the Hebrew alphabet, that of *Aleph*; and therefore that constellation is called the "One," the "First," after the said letter. The Bull is the symbol of force and procreative power—the Logos; hence, also the horns of the head of Isis, the female aspect of Osiris and Horus. Ancient mystics saw the ansated cross, in the horns of Taurus (the upper portion of the Hebrew *Aleph*) pushing away the Dragon, and Christians connected the sign and the constellation with Christ. St. Augustine calls it "the great City of God," and the Egyptians called it the "interpreter of the divine voice," the *Apis-Pacis* of Hermonthis.

### RAJA YOGA.

Through the sole desire of liberation having rooted out attachment to objects and renounced personal interest in action; with reverential purity, he who is devoted to study and the rest, shakes off mental passion.

By inference and according to the Vedas the atma is what remains after the subtraction of the five sheaths. It is the witness, it is absolute knowledge.

This atma is self-illuminated and different from the five sheaths; it is the witness of the three states (waking, dreaming, and dreamless sleep); it is stainless, and unchanging, it is eternal bliss.

That by which everything is known, that which is not known by anything—through the subtle intellect, realize that knower to be the atma.

Thus it is that the individual, abandoning the body, the intellect and the reflection of Ego becomes sinless, passionless, and deathless by knowing the

all-illuminating atma, which is the seer, which is itself the eternal knowledge, different from reality as well as unreality, eternal, all-pervading, supremely subtle, devoid of within and without, the only one, in the centre of wisdom.

The wise man is free from grief and filled with bliss. He fears nothing from anywhere. Without knowledge of the true self there is no other path open to those desirous of liberation for removing the bondage of conditioned life.

When all the differences created by illusion have been rejected there remains a self-luminated something which is eternal, fixed, without stain, immeasurable, without form, unmanifested, without name, indestructible.

The wise know that as the supreme truth which is absolute consciousness, in which are united the knower and the knowledge, infinite and unchangeable.

Realize that thou art "that" which is far beyond caste, worldly wisdom, family and clan, devoid of name, form, qualities, and defects, beyond time, space, and objects of consciousness.

Realize that thou art "that" which is supreme beyond the range of all speech, but which may be known through the eye of pure wisdom. It is pure, absolute consciousness, the eternal substance.

Realize that thou art "that" which is devoid of birth, growth, change, loss of substance, disease, and death, indestructible, the cause of the evolution of the universe its preservation and destruction.

Realize that thou art "that" which is the cessation of all differentiation, which never changes its nature, and is as unmoved as a waveless ocean, eternally unconditioned and undivided.

Realize that thou art "that" which is without modification, very great, indestructible, the supreme, different from all destructible elements and the indestructible logos, eternal indestructible bliss, and free from stain.

Who is there on this earth with soul more dead than he who, having obtained a human incarnation and a male body, madly strives for the attainment of selfish objects?

He may study the Scriptures, propitiate the gods, perform religious ceremonies or offer devotion to the gods, yet he will not attain salvation even during

the succession of a hundred Brahma-Yugas except by the knowledge of union with the spirit.

Sons and others are capable of discharging a father's debts; but no one except one's self can remove his own bondage.

Others can remove the pain caused by the weight of burdens placed on the head, but the pain that arises from hunger and the like can not be removed except by one's self.

The nature of the one reality must be known by one's own clear spiritual perception, and not through a learned man; the form of the moon must be known through one's own eye, how can it be known through the medium of others?

Who but one's self is capable of removing the bondage of ignorance, passion, and action even in a thousand million of kalpas?

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.

Disease is never cured by pronouncing the name of the medicine without taking it; liberation is not achieved by the pronouncement of the word Brahm without direct perception.

Without dissolving the world of objects, without knowing spiritual truth, where is eternal liberation from mere external words having no result beyond their mere utterance?

Without the conquest of enemies without command of the treasure of a vast country, by the mere words "I am a king" it is impossible to become one.

Therefore wise men should endeavor by using all efforts to free themselves from the bondage of conditioned existence, just as all efforts are made for the cure of disease.

Those deluded ones who are bound to worldly objects by the bonds of strong desire, difficult to be broken, are forcibly carried along by the messenger, their own karma, to heaven, earth, and hell.

If the desire for liberation exists in thee, sensuous objects must be left at a great distance as if they were poison; thou must constantly and fervently seek contentment as if it were ambrosia, also

kindness, forgiveness, sincerity, tranquillity, and self-control.

Whoever attends only to the feeding of his own body, doing no good to others, and constantly avoids his own duty, and not seeking liberation from the bondage caused by ignorance, kills himself.

He who lives only to nourish his own body is like one who crosses a river on an alligator thinking it to be a log of wood.

Bondage is the conviction of the "I" as being related to the non-ego; from the ignorance arising out of this spring forth the cause of the birth, death, and suffering of the individual so conditioned. And it is from this error alone that he nourishes, anoints, and preserves this body, mistaking the unreal for the real, and gets enveloped in objects of sense in the same way as a cocoon-maker (larva) gets enveloped in its own secretion.

This bondage is incapable of being severed by weapons of offense or defense, by wind, or by fire, or by tens of millions of acts, but only by the great sword of discriminative knowledge, sharp and shining, through the favor of Yoga.

As the water in the tank covered by a collection of moss does not show itself, so the atma enveloped by the five sheaths, produced by its own power and beginning with the annamaya, does not manifest itself.

Upon the removal of the moss is seen the pure water capable of allaying heat and thirst, and of immediately yielding great enjoyment to man.

When the five sheaths are removed the pure pratyagatma (the Logos) the eternal happiness, all-pervading, the supreme light shines forth.

A wise man must acquire the discrimination of spirit and not spirit; as only by realizing the self which is absolute being, consciousness and bliss, he himself becomes bliss.

This atma was before birth and death and is now; and how can it, the true self, the knower of condition and modification, be ephemeral, changeable, differentiated, a mere vehicle of consciousness?—*Shri Sankaracharya*.

Where is that daring man who would presume to deny to vegetation and even to mineral a consciousness of their own? All he can say is that this consciousness is beyond his comprehension.

## MOON WORSHIP.

I hear them singing in the open spaces  
The old, old rites, the music of the moon;

The rougher and the sweeter voices  
blending

To lift the joyous tune.

I see them dancing in the open spaces

As moonlit nights grew long;

Clasped hands and circling steps and charmed faces,

And witchery of song.

A harmony of hearts to rule the singing

As loud and low they croon:

I see them dancing in the open spaces

The worship of the moon.

—*Edwin Ford Piper, in the Midland.*

## TACTLESS SPIRIT MESSAGES.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

"Absolute frankness, however valuable an indication it may be of honesty of purpose, is sometimes tactless. I feel sure, for instance, that Sir Conan Doyle would have been better pleased if the doctor had not reported the details of an interview in which the spirit of an old friend of his student days borrowed a sovereign from him, and that Sir Oliver Lodge will read with impatience of the experiences which show so clearly the influence of the spirits in the three-card trick, in thimble-rigging, and in various parlor games." This gentle criticism by a writer in the *Westminster Gazette* must voice the feeling of many persons who take a look at the pages of the latest volume they happen to see, purporting to present communications from the spirit world. Some of these recent "communications" are not at all the drivel that made incredibility the most charitable attitude towards earlier ones. But "tactless" they must often be confessed to be. Such is the foreword to a new book, entitled "The Twentieth Plane." The foreword, "received" on December 15th last, reads in part:

"The sincere reader will grant one simple request: Do not prejudge the book, but read it in entirety. Think of it as an entity. You may not believe all; you may not realize it now, yet some truths will energize and guidingly inspire you.

"Whether you partake of this food or not, it still is food. Though you do

not know us, some day you will, and the truth will prevail."

It is signed: "Abraham Lincoln. S. T. Coleridge."

Whom did these distinguished spirits get to compose this foreword? For style does not vanish on the other side. The volume, by its own statement, "contains forty different styles." Nor can the medium be charged with it. He, according to the frank confession of the publishers, "is not considered capable of such thought or such language" as that in the messages, "and," they add somewhat ambiguously, "Dr. Albert Durrant Watson, of Toronto, Canada, under whose supervision the sittings were held, is beyond suspicion." Let us test the matter a little farther. On page 38 we find:

*May 4—Coleridge.*

"One of the most important avocations we follow here is this—get it exact: . . .

" . . . Now in answer to your question as to the avocations of this sphere, I can tell you of nothing we strive to accomplish half as important as being vehicles of the wider light of knowledge to the greater souls of your plane."

On page 121 Coleridge is credited with saying: "When one endeavors to convey truth to another they always suggest a more severe test than they themselves would expect the other to suggest." And on page 174 E. B. Brown-ing remarks: "Now the folks here have another great surprise. Whom do you think will speak?" No one seemed to be surprised at an error of grammar which the poetess while she was on our plane would have been incapable of making, any more than any one was surprised that Coleridge should talk like a careless schoolboy. As the messages were spelled out by means of an indicator which pointed to the letters one after the other in turn, suspicion can not attach to the medium, and the mystery of the composition remains. All we can say is that some one was tactless.

So with Edmund Burke's revelation that he and John Wilkes were the authors of the Junius letters. "I was the phrase-maker, John Wilkins [he corrects it to "Wilkes" later] outlined the thought." Very tactless, Burke. ["Call me 'Burke,'" he enjoins.] Are you sure that the thought was all contributed by Wilkes? And why do you speak of "Chatham the elder"? Then there is

Shakespeare. "Ask him the great question about Hamlet," says one of the party. Before the medium can do so, the dramatist replies: "Hamlet was not insane. He was as lucid as the personification of all the truth in life." Sir, if these are your words, you are yourself as mad as Ophelia, or else very, very tactless. Tactless, too, is the representation of the spirit realm as material. Dorothy Wordsworth tells how Booker T. Washington looks: "As we. No difference in soul. Sometimes one wears a brown suit, others in white. We are nearly all here the pale pink of sea-shells." Ingersoll adds some details: "We have no doors, but keep out intruders with a wish. We eat one meal only. We sleep four hours, like your Edison. We have no jails. We have some delinquents, and cure them. . . . We never smoke." Elbert Hubbard comes right down to brass tacks. Asked "How far are you from us?" he replies: "About 500 miles."

He is, indeed, tactlessness itself. On January 27, 1918, he is asked how he knows the war will end in six months. "Clouds clearing now," he replies. "Which side will be victorious?" "Neither." On February 10th he is asked whether or not he is sure that the war will end in six months. He answers: "Yes. P-o-s-i-t-i-v-e!" The indicator, it is explained, "was emphatic." What is to happen to the Kaiser? "Death by assassination." When? "Do not know exactly, but in this year." On February 18th he says: "There will be a great naval battle in the very near future." "Will it be of great significance?" "Very, very! It will help smash things all to pieces, and the revolution in Germany will immediately follow. Then the glorious end." "Is Germany likely to remain a monarchy after the war?" "Yes, for a short time. Say ten years." "Under Hohenzollern rule?" "Yes: they will explain it for a time." On February 10th he had been asked to tell how he and those he was with knew the future. "We see causes set in motion," he replied. It would be more tactful to say nothing about them.

Life we look upon as the One Form of Existence manifesting in what we call matter; or what, incorrectly separating them, we name Spirit, Soul, and Matter in man.

## EXIT GOD.

Of old our fathers' God was real,  
 Something they almost saw,  
 Which kept them to a stern ideal  
 And scourged them into awe.

They walked the narrow path of right  
 Most vigilantly well,  
 Because they feared eternal night  
 And boiling depths of hell.

Now hell has wholly boiled away  
 And God become a shade.  
 There is no place for him to stay  
 In all the world he made.

The followers of William James  
 Still let the Lord exist,  
 And call him by imposing names,  
 A venerable list.

But nerve and muscle only count,  
 Gray matter of the brain,  
 And an astonishing amount  
 Of inconvenient pain.

I sometimes wish that God were back  
 In this dark world and wide;  
 For though some virtues he might lack,  
 He had his pleasant side.  
 —*Gamaliel Bradford, in Contemporary Verse.*

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WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

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.

Space is the one eternal thing that we can most easily imagine, immovable in its abstraction and uninfluenced by either the presence or absence in it of an objective universe.

The desire for a sentient life shows itself in everything, from an atom to a sun, and is a reflection of the Divine Thought propelled into objective existence, into a law that the Universe should exist.

The idea of Absolute Unity would be broken entirely in our conception had we not something concrete before our eyes to contain that Unity. And the Deity being absolute, must be omnipresent; hence not an atom but contains It within itself.

If the student bears in mind that there is but One Universal Element, which is

infinite, unborn, and undying, and that all the rest—as in the world of phenomena—are but so many various differentiated aspects and transformations (correlations they are now called) of that One, from macrocosmical down to microcosmical effects, from super-human down to human and sub-human beings, the totality, in short, of objective existence, then the first and chief difficulty will disappear and Occult Cosmology may be mastered.

Drs. Jevons and Babbage believe that every thought displaces the particles of the brain and, setting them in motion, scatters them throughout the Universe; they also think that "each particle of the existing matter must be a register of all that has happened." Thus the ancient doctrine has begun to acquire rights of citizenship in the speculations of the scientific world.

The pivotal doctrine of the Esoteric Philosophy admits no privileges or special gifts in man save those won by his own Ego through personal effort and merit throughout a long series of metempsychoses and reincarnations.

Spiritual Mind, the upper portion or aspect of the impersonal Manas (Mind) takes no cognizance of the senses in physical man.

Though "the book volume" of the *physical brain* may forget events within the scope of one terrestrial life, the bulk of collective recollections can never desert the Divine Soul within us. Its whispers may be too soft, the sound of its words too far off the plane perceived by our physical senses; yet the shadow of events *that were*, just as much as the shadow of events *that are to come*, is within its perspective powers, and is ever present before its mind's eye.

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. The *Vital Fires* are in all things and not an atom is devoid of them.

The body is simply the irresponsible organ, the tool of the Psychic, if not of the Spiritual, Man.

Esoteric Philosophy admits neither good nor evil *per se*, as existing independently in Nature.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## AMERICANIZATION.

(From the Nation.)

If the proposed plan to serve genuine educational ends, therefore, we must have clear answers to certain questions. Is it designed to increase or diminish the power of the "administrators" who already overload our schools, from kindergarten to university, by comparison with the power of the teachers who teach? Four-fifths of the so-called "Americanization" work now carried on is an ignorant and narrow attempt to force our immigrants into the strait-jacket of a provincial, materialistic, and inurbane "American" life. Is it for such work that we are to spend seven and a half millions, or is it for the mutual enrichment of their life and ours, and for the sturdy maintenance of the older American ideals that many have been so ready to forget during the war? Is physical education intended to make of the people good working cattle, or is it designed to develop the sound body that shall be the instrument of the sane, keen mind, serving the serene and honest spirit? In "equalizing opportunities," is it planned simply to have better buildings and to "raise the standard" of teachers by requiring a longer period of preparation? In a word, is the proposed Department of Education to be machinery, or is it to be embodied spirit? Is it planned to make our children think more or less alike? Is it intended to produce standardized citizens, guaran-

teed to think right when Washington pushes the button, or is it designed to train thoughtful, independent, kindly men and women, richly endowed in mind and spirit? That is the central question; it can not be too carefully pondered, and the probable working of the proposed plan can not be too narrowly examined with reference to its effect in this direction. For man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

## A PROPHECY.

(From a sermon by the Rt. Rev. Charles Gore, Bishop of Oxford, delivered on March 26th.)

Hilaire Belloc, whose prophecies have not always been fulfilled, ventured on a prophecy which so far has looked horribly like the truth. Please God the omen will not be fulfilled, but in a very clever article, written as in retrospect from the year 3000 A. D. out of a supposed just recovering civilization, looking back upon the dark age of total barbarism which had followed the extinction of our race after the great war, he described how the scattered fragments of information which had been retained through the destruction of that civilization intimated what had happened. That is to say, that after the great war the nations had broken out into social strife and civil war between capital and labor; that meanwhile, in their anxiety to hurry



home, the deputies of the nations had made a peace which seemed satisfactory for the moment, but which had left no security for the organization of a super-national authority. That is, they had got preoccupied with their domestic strife; meanwhile the period of exhaustion was over and another period of conflict, originating from another quarter, had broken out, and Europe was again at war. In its strained and dazed condition this had proved the harbinger of a universal chaos in which the slowly built up fabric of civilization had dissolved.

### YOGA.

(The following is a portion of a summary from the Utpatti-Prakarana of the Yoga Vasishtha contributed by a Hindu student to an early number of the *Theosophical Review*.)

To gain this peace of mind learn the true nature of Bondage and Deliverance. The manifested universe is divided into two great halves, knower and known, desirer and desired, actor and acted on. Pleasures and pains arise from intermixtures of these two. The existence of the known is the bondage of the knower. Its non-existence is the true deliverance of the latter. So long as the seer believes that the seen is real and independent of the seer, so long shall the seer's pains and pleasures, too, be real. Understand that the object world is all illusive; thou shalt understand that the subject world of endless experiences, painful and pleasurable, is also all illusive. Realize that the object-world is *not*, and act independently of the self; thou shalt also realize that pains and pleasures are not, and not imposed on thee by anything outside thyself.

How then may the seen cease to be? If it exists, how can it ever pass out of existence? And if it has no being in reality, how came it then into existence? We see that the seen *is*, palpably. It is not wholly non-existent. It also is always disappearing. From existence it passes into non-existence, and from the latter it emerges back into the former. They say that the non-existent has no existence, and the existent no non-existence. Yet everywhere around us we see this assumed law broken every moment, for change, every change, is a coming into existence of something that was not, and a passing out of existence of something that was. We also see that not until the "seen" ceases can we have peace.

And yet it is not enough at all to say that the seen "is not, is not."

Not even by Nirvikalpa-Samadhi (meditation when there are no mental images remaining) can it be effaced entirely. For the most rock-like Nirvikalpa-Samadhi has an end, as is well known to all who have experience of it. And then the seen wakes up again at the same time as the seer. For the true seer and the source of the seen is in the nature of the seer himself. As a small mirror holds within its narrow limits *yojana* (a measure of length) after *yojana* of mountain, forest, and ocean, so does the subtle Self hold all the universe of the seen within itself. As taste lies hidden in edibles, as oil in the grain of sesamum, as scents lie hidden in the hearts of flowers, so lies the seen concealed in the being of the seer.

Not by mere denials may the seen be abolished, not by any mere turning away of the face from it; but by the resolute facing of it and the grasping of its true nature may it be rendered powerless to oppress the seer. Not by tightly shutting the eyes may the child escape from the fear of the phantom, but by looking at it with a light and understanding that it is something bred by its own foolish fancy. This gigantic phantom of the manifested universe troubles them no more who have examined it with the light of Discrimination.

### A TESTIMONIAL.

A singer who lost her voice, after years of training, when she was on the threshold of success and had been welcomed as an artist of phenomenal gifts, has written to E. P. Dutton & Co. concerning the comfort she has found in the works of Algernon Blackwood during the years since her future went down in ashes and blackness. "He is," she says, "poet, philosopher, prophet, and for me still more, comforter! If I could but say what, I feel I would like to go to every unlightened corner of the universe and preach Algernon Blackwood—reveal him as a new prophet! Do you understand why I feel as I do? Mr. Blackwood has made waiting possible."

Every kind of subjugation to another is pain, and subjugation to one's self is happiness.—*Manu*.

## "MY WANDERING SOUL."

(The following are some stanzas selected almost at random from a poem entitled "My Wandering Soul" that appears in a volume of verse by Lieutenant A. Newberry Choyce, just published by the John Lane Company. The book, that is of high merit throughout, is called "Songs While Wandering.")

Why should I care . . .  
I who have borne from age to age  
So small a share  
Of that predestined agony  
With which the Eternal Plan  
Has burdened Man  
Since Life and Time began?

Why should I care  
If on the page  
Where records of my soul's Today are  
shown,  
Small happiness appears;  
And through these present years  
My bitter tears  
Make dim a memory  
That some great gladness gave to me  
In far-off incarnations I have known?

Why should I care? . . .  
At times half consciously  
I seem to see  
Dim dead lives in which Love lived for  
me.

Comes now great Babylon  
Set with a thousand thousand towers  
Beneath a jeweled sky;  
And in the white dust of the street  
Before the sunbeams die,  
The laughing dancing girls on tiny feet  
Sway through the fading hours.

And here in Egypt with her palace walls  
Placed ponderous stone on stone by  
bleeding hands  
Of captive peoples dragged from foreign  
lands.  
Beneath the lash they labor, and their  
eyes  
Have Fear and Hatred striving in them  
ever.  
Yet undreamed Beauty glorifies  
These pain-placed halls,  
And Love is throned securely in the land.

Why does my half-glimpsed vision flee?  
How many lives have sped  
Until I reached today?  
Ah, who shall say?

Why should I care? . . .  
In some religious building must I kneel  
And make my frightened prayer  
Where righteous priests prate of eternity  
As if they held the very key  
To Heaven's own plan in its entirety;  
For this or that sin, daring now to tell  
Of One All Merciful and Just condemn-  
ing me  
To endless Hell?

Or shall I say  
Silent at times with him alone  
And say:—  
"O Thou Who set my soul  
Upon its way;  
And didst ordain  
That for committed sin  
I should atone  
By measured pain  
When other lives begin,  
I know that Thou wilt hear  
While now I pray.

"From little hour to hour  
My wandering soul draws near  
To its long-promised Goal.  
O Thou Eternal Power,  
Speed then the Destiny  
That leads me back to Thee.  
And when Today's swift life is gone  
To shadowed pasts like Babylon,  
Stay close to me  
In life or lives where I must journey  
on . . .  
O Thou who set my soul upon its way."

## PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

(The following review of "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," by W. J. Crawford, D. Sc., appears in "The Challenge of the War," by Henry Frank, just published by the Stratford Company, Boston.)

Here is a book of genuine merit and worthy of study by those who are seriously interested in occult matters. Many of the books which have been written on this theme have demanded too much faith and trust on the part of the reader to reassure his confidence in the subject matter of the treatises. But in this work Dr. Crawford approaches the subject strictly as a scientist and his conclusions, while they will of course not be accepted by all physicists, are nevertheless most interesting and suggestive. He experimented with an unusually sensitive medium, through a period of extended duration, recording in this book eighty-seven experiments through her that are of so

different a type than what one usually meets in psychic research that they can not be ignored. Preceding him, no other scientist whom I know of, save Sir William Crookes, ever approached the subject from the same angle and undertook similar tests. But Crookes' efforts were of a more limited nature than those of Dr. Crawford. The latter being a mechanical engineer and lecturer in a university was able to invent and utilize most sensitive instruments by which to detect the presence of a strange force that apparently emanated from the body of the medium. By scales which he invented he was able to determine the actual amount of the energy that entered into or departed from her body, determined by the varying weight of her body as the force came and went. The book is illustrated with many plates indicating the instruments invented and used in making the tests, thereby enabling the reader to understand the scientific method employed. One of the most interesting features of the work is the deduction of what Dr. Crawford calls "the cantilever theory." This embodies his scientific hypothesis explanatory of the phenomena. He believes that there passes from the medium during trance states and when under influence of what he calls the operators," a sort of bar or rod (invisible of course) which tends to curve upward at the end and spread out as if it had fingers and could grasp objects which it contacts. His theory is that by this rod, which the "operators" cause to come out of the medium's body the acts of levitation are performed and the many physical phenomena which he sets forth.

But strange to say, though he has hit on as plausible and purely semi-mechanical theory, he supplements, and some may think discounts it by declaring his further belief that all these phenomena are performed by the intervention of ex-carnate spirits, whose identity he believes can be discovered.

This is to me the disappointing feature of this very able work. For until we know all the capabilities and resources of the subconscious mental energy in the human organism we are scarcely justified, it occurs to me, to postulate the intervention of super-planetary agencies. It appeals to me as a possibility that the very energy which he insists must pass from the medium's body

in the shape of a rod or bar (and his reasons for this phase appear to us as plausible) is of just the type and quality that could be operated by the subliminal forces of the human mind. Speaking of the nature of the energy which functions he himself says, "Now what kind of potential energy is it? Is it chemical, pressure, electrical, heat energy, or some form quite unknown to us? Personally—and now the reader must remember I am again in the region of hypothesis, though of hypothesis derived from a considerable amount of observation—I am inclined to think it is a form of chemical energy associated with the human nervous system. . . . At any rate I think there can be little doubt that this psychic energy is associated with particles of matter."

Having said this, it surprised me that the author should look beyond the plane of invisible "immaterial" matter to find an explanatory source of his phenomena. For in my own work, "Psychic Phenomena, Science and Immortality" I have attempted to show that there does exist in the human organism this very energy composed of the minutest particles of matter known in nature, and that these particles escape from the life-cell (whether in the central-nervous, sympathetic, or cranial region).

I there said, "A faint glimpse is already given us of a discovery which yet promises to divulge this deep laid secret. The very latest intimations of physical science would seem to indicate that there exists within the interior of the chemical atom, deeper down even than the electrical corpuscle of which it is composed, a secret force, now called the ultra-atomic force, that may yet clear up many of the mysteries of chemical action as well as the origin and process of living matter."

And this is the force that too may unlock the mystery of so-called occult phenomena.

The work of Dr. Crawford, though disappointing in this detail, will have to be reckoned with by that great class of antagonistic scientific philosophers who refuse even to undertake a study of the occult. Personally I still cling to the belief that these manifestations are the expressions of energy already resident in the human organism, in its present stage of evolution, and that a few more in-

investigators like Dr. Crawford will dig still deeper and so discern the operations and laws of this energy.

The spiritistic hypothesis is naturally the most popular and desirable, as it affords consolation to those who wish to feel assured of an after life. Nevertheless no such assurance should be sought for save what Nature herself evinces and until we have indubitable demonstrations of the spirits or personal "operators," we should patiently pursue our investigations and accept as a working hypothesis that calls for the least faith and distortion of our reason.

### FATAL NUMBER TWO.

The theory is proposed by a correspondent in the *Manchester Guardian* that the number 2, when denoting the succession of monarchs of the same name, has a sinister significance attached to it. We are told that "it is rather curious that the second royal holder of a name has generally proved unfortunate, either in his personal concerns or in his country's." Why this should be so the anonymous sponsor of the hypothesis does not even attempt to explain, but he gives facts. The obvious contemporary examples of Wilhelm II and Nicholas II are quoted; also those of yesterday, Abdul Hamid II, the deposed tyrant of the Ottoman Empire, and Manoel II, the amiable, if not altogether blameless, ex-King of Portugal. Napoleon III, it is pointed out, was in reality the second Napoleon to occupy the throne of France, and the last of the French emperors certainly does not stand for success in kingcraft. It may be noted here that the correspondent overlooked the even more emphatic example of Napoleon II, properly so called, the "young Eagle" of Rostand's tragedy, son of the "Little Corporal," who had been acclaimed King of Rome in his cradle, and died, a mere shadow of a youth, a prisoner of his own grandfather, Francis I, of Metternich.

But we are served with a whole series of instances in support of the strange theory. In England, we read, William II was accidentally killed, Edward II and Richard II were murdered, while Henry II, Charles II, and James II were all decidedly unlucky monarchs. In Scotland we have the same tale. Con-

stant II, we are told, was beheaded by the Danes. There are Malcolm II and Duncan II, murdered; David II, imprisoned in England, and James II, accidentally killed. In France the list continues; Francis II left his country loaded with debt and a prey to the miseries of civil war; Henry II died of wounds accidentally received. In Spain, "Charles II earned the title of 'bad,' Henry II was poisoned, and Philip II died covered with ulcers. Theodor II of Russia was murdered, Peter II was deposed, Alexander II and Nicholas II were both murdered. Surely, a grim record."

It is, without doubt. It is also an incomplete record (says the *New York Tribune*), and can be easily extended with instances adduced from Continental history. There is Sweden. Its greatest ruler, Gustavus II, better known under the name of Gustavus Adolphus, bought his last victory, on the meadow of Lützen, with his life. In Denmark we see Christian II, by far the ablest member of the house of Oldenburg, deposed and imprisoned by rebellious nobles for nineteen years in the castle of Sønderborg. History accords him the epithet "the Bloody." In Germany, Frederick II, the only genius among mediæval emperors, was the last ruler of the house of Staufen, and with his death his entire life's work collapsed.

The history of Hungary alone furnishes enough data to build a theory upon. Bela II, surnamed "the Blind," was not born so, but had his eyes pierced by rebels. Andrew II is the Hungarian John Lackland. While he was away warring for the Holy Sepulchre his queen was assassinated by the very man he had appointed his lieutenant. Later he was compelled by the all-powerful barons to sign a document called the Golden Bull, justly called the Magna Charta of Hungary—a Bill of Rights legalizing armed resistance to a despotic king. This was in 1222, only seven years after the gathering at Runnymede. The clause of "lawful rebellion" was first applied against Andrew II himself. Charles II, of the house of Anjou, nicknamed "the Little," was murdered after a few months' reign. The defeat and death of Louis II on the battlefield of Mohacs mark the greatest disaster in

Hungarian history and ushers in 160 years of Turkish conquest.

Curiously, the inventor of this cabalistic theory also has overlooked what may be called the classical example of the sinister significance of the number 2. There was an ancient belief current in Rome that the city was to fall when a second Romulus would ascend the throne; and in the year 476, when Odoacer, the German soldier of fortune, deposed the young Emperor Romulus Augustulus, the Western Empire came to an end.

### THE ANCIENT SAGE.

(By Tennyson.)

My son, the world is dark with griefs  
and graves,  
So dark that men cry out against the  
Heavens.

Who knows but that the darkness is in  
man?

The doors of Night may be the gates of  
Light;

For wert thou born or blind or deaf, and  
then

Suddenly heal'd, how wouldst thou glory  
in all

The splendors and the voices of the  
world!

And we, the poor earth's dying race, and  
yet

No phantoms, watching from a phantom  
shore

Await the last and largest sense to make  
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,  
And show us that the world is wholly  
fair.

*"But vain the tears for darken'd years  
As laughter over wine,  
And vain the laughter as the tears,  
O brother, mine or thine,  
For all that laugh, and all that weep,  
And all that breathe are one  
Slight ripple on the boundless deep  
That moves, and all is gone."*

But that one ripple on the boundless  
deep

Feels that the deep is boundless, and it-  
self

For ever changing form, but evermore  
One with the boundless motion of the  
deep.

*"Yet wine and laughter friends! and set  
The lamps alight, and call  
For golden music, and forget  
The darkness of the pall."*

If utter darkness closed the day, my  
son—

But earth's dark forehead flings athwart  
the heavens

Her shadow crown'd with stars—and  
yonder—out

To northward—some that never set, but  
pass

From sight and night to lose themselves  
in day.

I hate the black negation of the bier.

And wish the dead, as happier than our-  
selves

And higher, having climb'd one step be-  
yond

Our village miseries, might be borne in  
white

To burial or to burning, hymn'd from  
hence

With songs in praise of death, and  
crown'd with flowers!

*"O worms and maggots of today  
Without their hope of wings!"*

But louder than thy rhyme the silent  
Word

Of that world-prophet in the heart of  
man.

*"Tho' some have gleams or so they say  
Of more than mortal things."*

Today? but what of yesterday? for oft  
On me, when boy, there came what then

I call'd,  
Who knew no books and no philosophies.

In my boy-phrase "The Passion of the  
Past."

The first gray streak of earliest summer-  
dawn,

The last long stripe of waning crimson  
gloom,

As if the late and early were but one—  
A height, a broken grange, a grove, a

flower  
Had murmurs "Lost and gone and lost  
and gone!"

A breath, a whisper—some divine fare-  
well—

Desolate sweetness—far and far away—  
What had he loved, what had he lost, the

boy?

I know not and I speak of what has  
been.

And more, my son! for more than  
once when I

Sat all alone, revolving in myself  
The word that is the symbol of myself.

The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,  
And passed into the Nameless, as a

cloud  
 Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs,  
 the limbs  
 Were strange not mine—and yet no  
 shade of doubt  
 But utter clearness, and thro' loss of  
 Self  
 The gain of such large life as match'd  
 with ours  
 Were Sun to spark—unshadowable in  
 words,  
 Themselves but shawods of a shadow-  
 world.

### THE FAILURES.

We were busy making money  
 In the world's great game;  
 We were "gathering the honey"  
 When the vision came.  
 We greeted it with laughter,  
 Though we frowned upon  
 "The fools" who followed after,  
 When the dream had gone.  
 Oh, we were canny schemers,  
 So we sold and bought;  
 And jeered the silly dreamers  
 And the dream they sought.  
 We gave but fleeting glances  
 To that "hare-brained crew,"  
 For we took no stock in fancies—  
 Till the dream came true!  
 So much had gold imbued us,  
 So had greed been nursed,  
 We'd let the Best elude us  
 And we'd kept the Worst;  
 We long to "do it over,"  
 But we can not try,  
 For every dream's a rover,  
 And our dream's gone by!

—Berton Braley, in *Collier's*.

### ROME ACCLAIMS THE OMEN.

Under the prevailing acute stress of national anxiety respecting the imminent decisions of the peace conference in regard to Italy the ancient Roman belief in omens has been revived with remarkable vigor (says a Milan dispatch to the *New York Times*). When Gabriele d'Annunzio lately unfurled on the heights of the Capitoline Hill the sacred banner brought from Dalmatia, in which had been wrapped the bodies of heroes, it was observed that its embroidered border descended to lap the water in the antique fountain underneath. Then the black band of mourning with which the warrior-poet had draped the banner was

twice blown away, as if in displeasure, by sudden gusts of wind.

"Two first-rate good omens!" exclaimed d'Annunzio. "But our faith must await from this hallowed hill a perfect third."

Surely enough, this was vouchsafed yesterday, when the sacred wolf Haragott, caged on the Capitol, gave birth to a litter of five. The Roman populace is wild with joy, for the latest bulletin announces that the mother and her new offspring are all doing well.

### MISS FINGAL.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's new novel, "Miss Fingal," which has just been published by the Scribners, will doubtless arouse wide discussion, says a press note, since it is a fictional presentation of one of the most subtle and plausible of all psychic phenomena: that of the "reincarnation" of the personality of one individual in another after death. It recalls the historically famous case of the "Watseka Wonder." The "Watseka Wonder," it may be remembered, was a young girl who at a certain age showed herself at various times dominated by a strange personality which was finally identified as that of another girl of similar age who had died some years previous; and the "Watseka Wonder" showed the most startling recollection, when so dominated, of matters with which only the dead girl could have been acquainted. Mrs. Clifford presents in "Miss Fingal" a somewhat similar case: into the colorless life of Aline Fingal comes a vital friendship with a young wife and mother who has separated from her husband though she still loves him. Aline meets with an all but fatal accident and the wife dies—apparently. But in reality the wife's love for her husband and children and various other qualities of her personality have entered Aline Fingal's colorless life and live on in her. The novelist's chief problem, of course, is whether there shall be a dissociation of the two personalities, and what effect it shall have on the union of the second young woman and the bereaved husband, which soon takes place. The London *Daily Express* concludes its review of "Miss Fingal": "It gives a new clue to a baffling mystery of existence nearer to us in dreams than in daylight."

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## SATURN.

(Anonymous.)

I am the First and the Last, I am the Beginning and the End.

I am the Dread Guardian of the Threshold.

I come to you with gaunt and pallid face, cold and lifeless as the dead. I stretch out my arms as a barrier to stop your progress until you have met me face to face.

Come, look into my dead and lusterless eyes. Look at my ghastly face if you dare! Look me in the face and recognize me for what I am; for until you meet me face to face and know me and conquer me ye can not pass on.

I am the Guardian whom all neophytes must meet and recognize before I will let them advance. I am Saturn, the First and the Last, the Great Reaper. I am He that binds, that congeals, that solidifies. I am He that seems like a corpse; for I am all that is dead and lifeless.

Look! Look into my dead face and recognize me! What do I mean? I am the sadness and the darkness and the coldness of death, and these aspects the neophyte must overcome.

The planetary forces that give you life ever push you onward and outward on the Great Spiral of Life. Day after day they push you farther and farther away onward and outward, until ye reach my domains. Here I stretch out my grizzled

arms and bid you halt; for I am He that says, "So far shall ye go and no farther," and not even can the forces of the gods pass my domain. The neophyte meets each planetary condition and evolves with it until the confines of the Spiral of Life reach the domain of Saturn. Here do I meet him and say, "Thus far shalt thou go." Stand, look me in the face! Are you proof against the frozen breath of this dread god? Can you bear to have your Ideals shattered, your advance retarded, all that seemed good and true fail you? Can you meet those forces undaunted, and seize them and turn discouragement into power?

Can ye be still and reach the stage of calm contemplation while all that you love and believe in seems to wither and die in your grasp? For not until ye have grasped my weapons and gained power can ye pass me and go onward.

Think ye there is no reason why Saturn stands at the threshold? At the outpost of Life and Evolution? In the foundation of the Universe it was Saturn who made the cosmic centre and gave stability and inertia upon which the other planetary forces act. It was the force sent out in the beginning and the last to return, the power of holding still, of holding fixed and immovable. It is the dot that expanded into a circle, containing all that can be used in a cosmic manifestation.

It corresponds to the aura of a man.



that which limits and confines his life forces and prevents them from being dissipated. It is the measure of a man.

In the Solar System the planets are ever sending their forces outward into space, and were it not for me (Saturn) they would go onward beyond the confines of this system and be dissipated in space. But when they reach my domain I stop them and say, "So far shalt thou go." I build a wall about the universe and turn back the separate forces and blend them into one.

It is this wall which creates form and number. I am He that binds and that is bound with the three bands (Rings of Saturn). I hold the three forces that bind body, soul, and spirit. It is the force of this calm that can bind and hold that ye must learn; for as long as anything can upset you and disturb your calm ye can not pass on. This is why Saturn is the Guardian of the Portals. The planetary gods leads the neophyte down the Spiral until the last round is reached, and there stand I.

If it were not for my outstretched arms ye might be pushed on over the edge of the Spiral and be lost in space (Outer Darkness)—the dead space between where the force of one planet leaves off and the force of the next begins.

But ye must face this abyss and calmly contemplate its depths without losing your balance before ye have the strength to turn and walk inside the Spiral. Then your path is no longer outward, but ever inward, where you will gather the inner essence of Life. Then, for the soul that has dared to meet me and face me and wrest from me that power of calm and stability and turn and walk upward on the inside of the Spiral, for him do I gather up the planetary forces and send them backward to him as helpers. Saturn is then no longer the Reaper, but Kronos, the god of time. Ye have to see the outward face of Death, the Reaper, before ye can recognize Saturn's real face.

Then does he become benign and his power is the real power of wisdom. But ye must be able to correlate with this Saturn force before you can begin to involve. The neophyte can not pass on until he has learned the lesson of stability (in psychic development if we lose

our power of calm and stability we become insane, *i. e.*, pass into outer darkness), and can conquer by discernment. He must learn to stand still while his vitals are frozen by my icy breath; for I am the winter time when all is cold and dead, and I must be met and passed before the spring can come. Out of this ordeal he must gather the power that binds together into an entity all the forces he has received from the planetary gods. I am He that was sent out in the beginning, hence am I called Lucifer, Star of the Morning. I am he of whom it is said, "I saw Satan (Saturn) as lightning fall from Heaven" (Luke x. 18). I am the Angel of the Revelations that goes forth to weigh and take the measure of all men.

No man is a man until he has been measured, until he has cognized the Saturn force and has gained its stability.

Saturn is also silent contemplation. Saturn is the power to silently contemplate the overthrowing of your most cherished ideals without letting it upset you. No one can gain this power until Saturn has been met and conquered. You must be able to face the world with death, pallid and stark, standing at your elbow. Saturn is the melancholia of the world which if not conquered leads on to insanity and death.

But in his other aspect he is stability even though it appears the calm of death. Ye must become as dead to the world and its changing affairs as though you were in the grave. This test was symbolized in ancient days in the mysteries by placing the neophyte in a coffin for three days. These are the three days or three rings of Saturn that bind you hand and foot, body, soul, and spirit; and the neophyte remains bound until he conquers them, not only physically and outwardly, but also inwardly on the inner rings. And when Saturn is conquered, you will find him Lucifer, the brilliant Angel of Light, the Bright Star of the Morning who shall make all things plain unto you.

But to know me you must first meet me face to face. Ye must see my gaunt arms reaching out for you and boldly walk into those ghastly arms and tear the mask from my dead and frozen face, and warm my cold heart with the warmth of your breasts. Come to me and wrench

from me the power of silence, of quiet contemplation, of standing still.

To know me ye must study me and find out my secret. My message is not to give you my force. I can not. Ye must wrest it from me in battle. I am the dread god of the Threshold guarding all wisdom. How dare ye pass me?

I am placed here at the end of things to weigh and measure you; for after ye pass me there is no other, and ye are free to pass onward and inward toward the fount of all light and all wisdom. No more can the forces assail you nor the terrors of the abyss draw thee down, for ye are inside the Spiral and turn back only of your own free will.

But ye dare not pass on until ye meet me, until ye feel the grip of this grizzly hand at thy throat shutting off thy life's breath, until ye feel my icy hand on thy cheek. Thus must ye wrestle, and if I conquer down in the abyss ye go, but if ye conquer I am your Saviour and your servant.

---

### HINDU MAGIC.

In 1901 when I went to the East I stopped over at Colombo and ran down to Monte Lavinia, where, on the beach, I, with a number of other passengers from the steamship *Hamburg*, witnessed an example of Oriental hypnotism, for such I am satisfied it was (writes J. A. Taber in the *New York Herald*).

At low tide there were some two hundred yards of beach between the water and the nearest fringe of trees and here, in the centre of a crowd of perhaps three hundred spectators, a Hindu went through the preliminary tricks of charming snakes and making a mango bush grow from a mere seed.

He then took a basket, dome-shaped, large enough to cover a small boy, and inverting it on the sand drove a short rapier through it repeatedly. He then covered the basket with a rug and after a weird incantation withdrew the rug from the basket which he raised and I distinctly saw what two English officers who stood by me saw, and which every one whom I afterward asked concerning the trick, saw—a small naked boy whom the Hindu led around the circle of spectators. Once more in the centre of the ring of spectators the Hindu bent down and raised a ladder which the child began to climb and as he climbed the

Hindu lifted the ladder off the ground until he held it at arms' length above his head, when he stepped away, leaving the boy on the ladder without any support from below. In a few moments he drew the ladder down to the ground again, replaced the basket over the boy, and again piercing the basket with the rapier, turned the basket right side up and carrying it around among the crowd showed that it was empty.

I asked at least a dozen of my fellow-passengers what they had seen and each and every one corroborated what I had beheld. And yet when the snap shots, taken while the ladder and boy were in the air, were developed they showed everything clearly, the beach, the crowd, the trees, the Hindu, the basket, the rug, but neither ladder nor boy.

Upon my return trip from the East I met a celebrated Swami, the brother of Swami Anudananda, with whom I had many interesting conversations, and he informed me that it was not at all uncommon in India for these so-called fakirs to hypnotize not only a small number of people, but even as large a crowd as a thousand.

I have spoken to several well-known Japanese, who have all told me the same thing and on one occasion in Paris I saw a Hindu hypnotize the entire audience in a theatre to see a woman who did not exist and yet whose draperies several people in the audience touched.

---

### CONSCIOUSNESS AND SPACE.

(By Annie Besant.)

In the world of form, a form occupies a definite space, and can not be said to be—if the expression may be pardoned—in a place where it is not. That is, occupying a certain place, it is closer to or more distant from other forms also occupying certain places in relation to its own. If it would change from one place to another, it must cross over the intervening space: the transit may be swift or slow, rapid as the lightning flash, sluggish as the tortoise, but it must be made, and it occupies some time, whether the time be brief or long.

Now with regard to consciousness, space has no existence. Consciousness changes its state, not its place, and embraces more or less, knows or does not know of that which is not itself, just in

proportion as it can or can not answer to the vibrations of the non-selves. Its horizon enlarges with its receptivity, *i. e.*, with its power of response, with its power to reproduce vibrations. In this there is no question of traveling, or crossing over intermediate intervals. Space belongs to forms, which affect each other most when near each other, and whose power over each other diminishes as their distance from each other increases.

All successful students in concentration re-discover for themselves this non-existence of space for consciousness. A true Adept can acquire knowledge of any object by concentrating upon it, and distance in no way affects such concentration. He becomes conscious of an object, say on another planet, not because his astral vision acts telescopically, but because in the inner region the whole universe exists as a point: such a man reaches the Heart of Life, and sees all things therein.

It is written in the Upanishads that within the heart there is a small chamber, and therein is the "inner ether," which is co-extensive with space; this is the Atma, the Self, immortal, beyond grief: "Within this abide the sky and the world; within this abide fire and air, the sun and the moon, the lightning and the stars, all that is and all that is not in This (the universe) (Chandogyopanishat, VIII, 1-3).

This "inner ether of the heart" is an ancient mystic term descriptive of the subtle nature of the Self, which is truly one and all-pervading, so that any one who is conscious in the Self is conscious at all points of the universe. Science says that the movement of a body here affects the farthest star, because all bodies are plunged in, interpenetrated by, ether, a continuous medium which transmits vibrations without friction, therefore without loss of energy, therefore to any distance. This is on the form side of Nature. How natural then that consciousness, the life side of Nature, should be similarly all-pervading and continuous.

We feel ourselves to be "here" because we are receiving impressions from the objects around us. So when consciousness vibrates in response to "distant" objects as fully as to "near" objects, we feel ourselves to be with them.

If consciousness responds to an event taking place in Mars as fully as to an event taking place in our own room, there is no difference in its knowledge of each, and it feels itself as "here" in each case equally. There is no question of place, but a question of evolution of capacity. The Knower is wherever his consciousness can answer, and increase in his power to respond means inclusion within his consciousness of all to which he responds, of all that is within his range of vibration.

Here again physical analogy is helpful. The eye sees all which can send into it light-vibrations, and nothing else. It can answer only within a certain range of vibrations; all beyond that range, above or below it, is to it darkness. The old Hermetic axiom: "As above is below," is a clue in the labyrinth which surrounds us, and by a study of the reflection below we can often learn something of the object above which casts that reflection.

One difference between this power of being conscious at any place and "going to" the higher planes is that in the first case the Jiva, whether encased in its lower vehicles or not, feels himself at once in presence of the "distant" objects, and in the second, clothed in the mental and astral bodies, or in the mental only, travels swiftly from point to point and is conscious of translation. A far more important difference is that in the second case the Jiva may find himself in the midst of a crowd of objects which he does not in the least understand, a new and strange world which bewilders and confuses him; while in the first case he understands all he sees, and knows in every case the life as well as the form. Thus studied, the light of the One Self shines through all, and a serene knowledge is enjoyed which can never be gained by spending numberless ages amid the wilderness of forms.

Concentration is the means whereby the Jiva escapes from the bondage of forms and enters the Peace. "For him without concentration there is no peace," saith the Teacher (Bhagavad Gita, II, 66), for peace hath her net on a rock that towers above the tossing waves of form.—From "*Thought Power: Its Control and Culture.*"

(The reader would do well to be a little cautious in his interpretation of the

learned author's statements that "with regard to consciousness, space has no existence," and that "space belongs to forms." These would be correct if applied to *our sense of space*, but not in relation to space itself. The normal mind conceives of space as the distance between objects or forms, but space would be none the less existent if there were no objects or forms contained in it. The ancient philosophers recommended the banishment of forms or bodies by a process that may be roughly described as *thinking them away*. In that event, only space would remain. It would be the one eternal, unchangeable reality.)

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#### FROM THE GLOSSARY.

(By H. P. B.)

**IAMBlichus.** A great Theurgist, mystic, and writer of the third and fourth centuries, a Neo-Platonist and philosopher, born at Chalcis in Coele-Syria. Correct biographies of him have never existed because of the hatred of the Christians; but that which has been gathered of his life in isolated fragments from works by impartial Pagan and independent writers shows how excellent and holy was his moral character, and how great his learning. He may be called the founder of theurgic magic among the Neo-Platonists and the reviver of the practical mysteries outside of temple or fane. His school was at first distinct from that of Plotinus and Porphyry, who were strongly against ceremonial magic and practical theurgy as dangerous, though later he convinced Porphyry of its advisability on some occasions, and both master and pupil firmly believed in theurgy and magic, of which the former is principally the highest and most efficient mode of communication with one's Higher Ego, through the medium of one's astral body. Theurgic is *benevolent* magic, and it becomes goetic, or dark and evil, only when it is used for necromancy or selfish purposes; but such dark magic has never been practiced by any theurgist or philosopher, whose name has descended to us unspotted by any evil deed. So much was Porphyry (who became the teacher of Iamblichus in Neo-Platonic philosophy) convinced of this, yet though he himself never practiced theurgy, yet he gave instructions for the acquirement of this

sacred science. Thus he says in one of his sacred writings, "Whosoever is acquainted with the nature of *divinely luminous appearances* knows also on what account it is requisite to abstain from all birds (and animal food) and especially for him who hastens to be liberated from terrestrial concerns and to be established with the celestial gods." Moreover, the same Porphyry mentions in his *Life of Plotinus* a priest of Egypt, who, "at the request of a certain friend of Plotinus, exhibited to him, in the Temple of Isis at Rome, the familiar *daemon* of that philosopher." In other words, he produced the theurgic invocation by which Egyptian Hierophant or Indian Mahatma, of old, could clothe their own or any other person's astral double with the appearance of its Higher Ego, or what Bulwer Lytton terms the "Luminous Self," the *Augoeides*, and confabulate with it. This it is which Iamblichus and many others, including the mediæval Rosicrucians, meant by *union with Deity*. Iamblichus wrote many books, but only a few of his works are extant, such as his "Egyptian Mysteries" and a treatise "On Demons," in which he speaks very severely against any intercourse with them. He was a biographer of Pythagoras and deeply versed in the system of the latter, and was also learned in the Chaldean Mysteries. He taught that the One, or universal Monad, was the principle of all unity as well as diversity, or of Homogeneity and Heterogeneity; that the Duad, or two ("Principles") was the intellect, or that which we call Buddhi-Manas; three was the Soul (the lower Manas), etc., etc. There is much of the theosophical in his teachings, and his works on the various kinds of daemons (Elementals) are a well of esoteric knowledge for the student. His austerities, purity of life, and earnestness were great. Iamblichus is credited with having been once levitated ten cubits high from the ground, as are some of the modern Yogis, and even great mediums.

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#### KABBALAH.

(By Elias Gewurz.)

When the soul is ready to come down to earth an Angel delegated for this purpose shows her the career which she would have to traverse while in the flesh

in order to return to her appointed place in the spheres. As a rule the soul refuses to descend, but the law having decreed it she has to obey and she comes down involuntarily. The last sound falling upon her ears is the voice of her Guardian Angel saying: "Go thy way in peace and live so that thou turnest darkness into light and bitterness into that which is sweet. Make thy garment white and form of thyself a ladder by which sister souls of thine can some day ascend unto thy Father in Heaven." Throughout life the soul does not remember this admonition, but when death comes, her guardian angel meets her and asks: "What has thou done with my advice?" Blessed is that soul which can answer, "I have let my life be governed thereby."

The Kabbalistic interpretation of the sacrifice of Isaac on Mount Moriah.

After passing through the four kingdoms of nature:

- (1) The mineral kingdom (Motion).
- (2) The vegetable kingdom (Life)
- (3) The animal kingdom (Sense)
- (4) The human kingdom (Thought)

the spirit arrives on the fifth plane, upon which alone the regenerative process for the spiritualization of the soul can commence. This plane is made up of cosmic matter known to Kabbalists as the quintessence and to Occultists as elemental essence. Out of this the atoms for the reconstruction of the spiritual body are collected by the regenerated spirit. But before this new temple can be inhabited it must first be purified from all the gross elements that have perchance been left in it by the elementals constituting the four lower kingdoms of nature, viz., movement, life, sense, and thought. The first three of these offer no appreciable difficulties, but the fourth, the human kingdom with the imagination of man belonging to it, is the hardest to overcome. The reason for this is that all the life essence of the being are concentrated in it. The very consciousness of self resides therein. The Bible, which is (as is well known to all Initiates) a descriptive record of the great work, refers to the imagination as Isaac. This Isaac has to be slain and annihilated before the spirit can return to its source. Abraham, who stands for the

aspirant, must be willing to surrender his lower mind and the imaging faculty pertaining thereto. As soon, however, as he is ready to give it up he is shown a way how to retain it after sanctifying it for the use of the pure soul. When Abraham (the aspirant) is ready to offer Isaac (the self mind) the Angel from heaven says, "No, don't destroy the youngster. I do not desire his destruction, but his purification. Use him, but not for earthly purposes. Let the divine light shine upon it, and let it guide thy steps."

Insect and reptile, fish and bird and beast,

Cast their worn robes aside, fresh robes to don;

Tree, flower, and moss put new year's raiments on;

Each natural type, the greatest as the least,

Renews its vesture when its use hath ceased.

How should man's spirit keep in unison

With the world's law of outgrowth, save it won

New robes and ampler as its growth increased?

Quit shrunken creed, and dwarfed philosophy!

Let gently die an art's decaying fire!

Work on the ancient lines, but yet be free

To leave and frame anew, if God inspire!

The planets change their surface as they roll:

The force that binds the spheres must bind the soul.—*Henry G. Hewlett.*

## AN INDICTMENT.

(By Morrison L. Swift.)

Modern man, I say it not irreverently, is a creature who fouls his own nest. This planet with its natural splendors and sublimities and its transcendent potentialities is his nest, and yet man has made it hardly better than a filthy sepulchre in which, self-crucified, he hastens to bury himself. Look at it. See only that which a clean bird would not have in its nest, which a clean mankind would not have in its world. Disease, poverty, squalor, slums, stuntedness, stupidity, sacramental ignorance, soddenness, the prisoning life of sedentary

decay, blood war, money war, trade war, class war, overwork, no work, parasite idleness, waste, luxury, greed, impoundment of monopolizable beauty selfishly, the reign of rivalry and hate, and the frantic adoration of our effulgent gourmand goddesses, Feasting and Frivolity.

This, masters, is what you have made of your world. Is it alluring? Are you proud of it?—*From "Can Mankind Survive?" Published by the Marshall Jones Company, Boston.*

### THOUGHT FORMS.

The following dispatch appeared in the *New York Times* of August 15, 1911: "Paris, August 11th.—Much interest has been aroused by announcement of the well-known scientific investigator, Commandant Darget, of the success in photographing human thought. Commandant Darget, who has devoted a long time to the study of hypnotism and kindred subjects, stated yesterday to the Academy of Sciences that after many trials he had succeeded in obtaining photographic impression of thoughts of concrete objects. He produced as evidence two photographs, one showing a walking stick and the other a bottle, in each case the image being perfectly distinct. In explanation he gave the following account of the process: After staring a long time on the object to be photographed in a strong red light, he fixed his gaze with all the will power at his command on a photographic plate that had been previously immersed in a weak developer in a dark room. At the end of a quarter of an hour the image of the object appeared on the negative. According to the commandant's theory these astounding results are due to certain obscure light rays which he calls V rays. As the Academy is a highly official body of savants in France, and all Commandant Darget's experiments were made in the presence of six witnesses, it seems difficult to doubt their authenticity."

### IS THE MODERN CHILD SINCERE?

"Good breeding produces good manners," says Prudence Bradish in her latest book, "Mother Love in Action." "And yet I have in mind certain children whose outward manners are perfect, but whom I know to be the embodiment of

selfishness. I know some little gamins over on the East Side of New York who are more comfortable companions. I have seen the modern child carry out to the letter every detail of her French governess' instructions—and be all the time a hateful, selfish, ungrateful, inconsiderate little brat." Prudence Bradish has made a deep study of the manifold problems of the modern child and out of her own experience, and the experience of others, has written "Mother Love in Action." This little book, which is published by the Harpers, deals with the upbringing of children from babyhood to college days.

### REBIRTH.

(By Marion Erwin.)

If we had only one galaxy of systems, and all the outside space be void, all the suns in that system would long since have radiated their heat into space, and by loss of kinetic energy the entire system would be non-luminous and dead. If there are processes going on which will inevitably bring the entire physical universe to a kinetic death, at some definite time in the future (since time in the past is unlimited) the human mind can not escape the conclusion that the death event should long ago have happened.

Nor does it aid us to imagine a beginning of the process, unless we assume that we have under consideration only one system of a still larger universe, and that in this endless universe there is going on by operation of natural laws an endless cycle of birth, death, and resurrection of systems. If one system is going to its death because of the gradual loss of kinetic energy through radiation, outward into space, there must be another system in process of building elsewhere. . . .

We must therefore conceive that in the universe Matter is being created by radiation from other matter all the time; that there is going on all the time the gathering up of this new-born matter by gravitation into clusters and suns; that in time these suns go to a kinetic death, and finally the matter of which they are composed is converted again into ether substance. Thus we have an endless cycle of births, lives, deaths, and resurrections in the material universe.—*From "Universe and the Atom."*

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## IMMORTALITY.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll is presumably a representative theologian. He is editor of the *British Weekly*, a religious periodical published in London, and his name is usually to be found associated with the church movements of the day. These facts give a certain importance to his new book entitled "Reunion in Eternity," just published by the George H. Doran Company.

The book is a disappointment, not only because of its narrow vision, but also because of a certain placid fanaticism that evokes alike surprise and resentment. A collection of Christian utterances on the subject of immortality is not without interest and even importance, and doubtless deserves an audience from those who are sensitive to pious opinions unsustained either by research or knowledge. So far as the author has given us such a collection he has done well. But he should have stopped there.

Unfortunately he goes further afield. As though aware of the criticisms that would be leveled at his book he tells us frankly that the subject of immortality is of interest only to Christians, and that Christians will need no other evidence than the Bible. Why, then, does he give us the evidence of the worthies whose opinions crowd his pages?

One would suppose that an honest anxiety to establish the truth of immortality would produce a favorable, at least a tolerant, attitude toward psychic re-

search. Not at all. That scores of scientists have approached the problem of immortality in a spirit of earnest inquiry has no interest for Sir W. Robertson Nicoll. He has no curiosity as to their methods, their theories, or their results. Unless you are a Christian, and an orthodox Christian at that, you have no right to be concerned with immortality. And if you are an orthodox Christian, still you have no right to be concerned. All that you have to do is to accept the statements of Holy Writ.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll is, of course—be it said respectfully—a theological curiosity. He belongs to a day that has ceased to be. None the less, and in a restricted way, he is representative of a class. Whatever disapproval may be felt for the methods of the scientific researcher, however certainly those methods may be doomed to relative failure so far as a demonstration of immortality is concerned, one would suppose that an orthodox theology would at least be interested. But there are no signs of interest. The scientist goes his way uncheered by clerical applause. He is doing the work that the churches should have been doing for two thousand years. He is doing it clumsily, with gross implements, and ineffectively. But he is doing it. And the theologians remain blankly indifferent.

It is a curious spectacle, these reversed rôles. Science, penitent but stupid, is devoting its best energies to a



demonstration of the immortality of the soul. Saul, veritably, is also among the prophets. The churches, on the other hand, have no thought for anything except a pseudo-ethical sensationalism interspersed with hysterias about social uplift, suffrage, prohibition, and eugenics.

### IMAGINATION.

Behind the panorama of universes, worlds, and the social systems of men stands the creative and sustaining power of imagination. The imagination is the "Word" that was with God in the beginning, and that was God, and that was made flesh. It was the divine thought in the divine mind that assembled the primordial atoms, whirled them into suns and their systems, and arrayed the kingdoms of nature from earth's earliest ages down to the intricate complexities of the material nature that surrounds us. As a musician imagines the harmony that he will produce and then translates it into sound, as the sculptor imagines the statue imbedded in the block of marble, so in the divine imagination was born that progressive picture whose unfolding stages we call evolution.

Man, because he is the microcosm of the macrocosm, is alike a part of that divine picture and the inheritor of the divine creative powers. Those powers are focused upon him, and he may either transmit to his own life and to the governmental systems that he creates, the divine picture that shines within his mind for his imitation, or he may fashion other pictures of his own and solidify them into his environment and into his institutions. Endowed with the god-like power of the imagination, he may use it as a god and for the creation of god-like things, or he may fashion other things that are ungodlike, diabolic.

The divine picture is reflected downward or outward from the universal mind, and is transmitted from plane to plane by the intelligent spiritual potencies presiding over them. Man, in his turn, receives the ideal picture and he, too, may transmit it to the planes downward and outward from himself, molding it anew by his imagination and concreting it into his human systems and institutions. Or he may reject utterly the divine picture, making other ideals of

his own in conformity with his heresy of separateness and self-love, and so creating systems and institutions that act as a barrier to the divine will, and momentarily thwart the accomplishment of its purpose.

The creative imagination is a perpetual potency of the human mind. It is the image-making potency. From it come all hopes and fears. It energizes thought and act. We imagine the thing that he would be, and so create the matrix that molds our purposes and our activities. We can not perform even the smallest physical action until we first make a picture of ourselves in its doing. We imagine ourselves to be fortunate and wealthy, in possession of all things that seem good to us—success, prosperity, health, and happiness. Never for a moment do we lose sight of that picture of ourselves that we have fashioned, and every thought and deed is directed to its fulfillment. That picture becomes the steersman of our lives, the arbiter of our activities. By it we measure good and evil, failure and fortune, happiness and misery. It stands always tantalizingly beyond our reach, because it changes as we approach and seem to seize upon it. It is the ever unattainable, because to fulfill a material hope is but to create a new desire, and many new desires.

From the earliest ages of human evolution we have had our choice between the adoption and transmission of the picture in the divine mind—clearly visible as a reflection on our own mind—or the creation and concretion of pictures of our own. Always we have had that power of choice until the loss of the discriminating faculty blotted the heavenly vision from our view. That vision was so simple and so legible. It was the vision of a humanity built upon mutual service, in which it should be more blessed to give than to receive, in which altruism should produce its perfect harmony. Every spiritual teacher who has ever come into the world has pointed to that picture and to nothing else. It has been alike revelation, initiation, illumination.

The struggle between good and evil is the struggle between these two ideals, the divine and the human. Somewhere on the unseen planes of nature those two pictures are realities, tremendous and ir-

reconcilable. Their conflict means discord in the personal life, and all that panorama of pain that we have supposed to be inseparable from life. It is the pain that comes from conflict with an irresistible force. To live for personal gain, for material possessions, is to make war upon the sun and stars, upon the measureless forces of space, upon the immense orderliness of the universe.

### ESKIMO RELIGION.

Vilhjalmur Stefannson, the Arctic explorer, has something to say about the religion of the Eskimos in an account published by the Bell Syndicate. He tells us:

"To begin with, the Eskimos are very unclear in their religious thinking, a fact which does not, however, differentiate them abysmally from our own race. Skepticism in religious matters is unknown. If they are acquainted with my private character and find me in the ordinary relations of life reliable; if I don't tell lies concerning the number or the fatness of the caribou I have killed, nor about the distance at which I shot them, nor the difficulty I had in stalking them, they will believe anything I say about any subject.

"On the other hand, if I told them there were ten caribou in a band I saw and they later on discovered there were only five, they would be disinclined to believe me if I told them there was but one god. The reasoning would simply be this: 'He did not tell us the truth about the number of caribou, therefore how can we rely on the truth of his statements about the number of the gods?'

"There are among all Eskimos certain persons whom we call 'shamans' and they call 'angatkut.' These persons hold communion with the spirits and are familiar with the things of the other world; they are the formulators of religious opinion. The days of miracles are not yet past among any primitive people, and new miracles happen on the shores of the polar sea daily, but more especially in the dark of winter. . . .

"One day when I am explaining to my Eskimos that there were mountains on the moon and going into details of the moon's physical characteristics, the account I gave did not coincide with the

opinion held by my Eskimo listeners, and they asked me how I knew these things were so.

"I explained that we had telescopes as long as the masts of ships and that through them we could see the things on the moon's surface. 'But had any white man ever been to the moon?' I was asked; and when I replied that no one ever had, they said that while they did not have any telescopes as long as ship's masts, yet they did have men, and truthful men too, that had been to the moon, walked about there and seen everything, and they had come back and told them about it. With all deference to the ingenuity of white men, they thought that under the circumstances the Eskimo ought to be better informed than the white men as to the facts regarding the moon.

"It may seem to you that these notions that we have described are extraordinary and untenable views, and that it ought to be an easy thing to undeceive the men who hold them, but if you have ever tried to change the religious views of one of your own countrymen so as to make them coincide with yours, you will know that the knowledge that comes through faith is not an easy thing to shake. . . .

"At one time I made a short stay at Point Atkinson, where a village of Christianized Eskimo had gathered around the wintering place of a whaler, the *North Star*. The ship's master, Captain Matthew Anderson, and I talked much with a young Eskimo who had lived long in the house of the Church of England missionary, Mr. Fry, and who was considered by the rest of the Eskimos to be an authority on the doctrines of the church.

"I asked him whether he believed his countrymen were able to fly to the moon, or from one village to another, magically. He said, and there were half a dozen other people in the house at the time who agreed with him, that the fact of many people being able to fly to the moon was a matter of common knowledge, just as their ability to walk on snowshoes or to snare ptarmigan was a matter of common knowledge. We asked the boy to specify some of the people who could do this, and he named among others Alualuk, at whose house I would sleep on my way west the first day after

leaving Captain Anderson's place. He also specified a young man whom I knew well, named Kublualuk, who had long been in the employ of the mounted police at Herschel Island.

## PRESERVING THE BIBLE.

(From Travel.)

Although every one is familiar with the Bible, not many persons know much of its history or the way in which it has been preserved to us. There are those who imagine that the original manuscripts of the Hebrews have been handed down to this day, but this is a great error. In fact, there is no manuscript of the whole Bible that is older than the fourth century of this era and no two of them are exactly alike. In some a number of books are missing and in others there are a number of books that are not now considered canonical. The oldest and most famous manuscripts of the Bible are in the Vatican, in Russia, and in the British Museum. But there is one manuscript of a small portion of the Bible which is at least one hundred years older than any of these complete or nearly complete "codices," as they are called. In the University Museum, Philadelphia, is a small fragment of a few verses of the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, which dates back to the third century and is written on papyrus. It was found some years ago in Egypt by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt during their excavations at Oxyrhynchus. This was at the same time that the Logia or sayings of Christ, attributed to Matthew, were found, which are considered by some the basis of the later Gospel written by that disciple.

The fragment in the University Museum is badly torn, but it is possible to make out nearly all of it. It is written in Greek upon a leaf of papyrus which was commonly used in those days for paper. It is from this word papyrus that our word paper is derived.

The verses on the fragment are those of the generations of Jesus as given by Matthew, and have only the slightest variations from those which are found in the later manuscripts. It is presumed that this is the first page of what was the whole Gospel of Matthew, and great pains were taken to discover the rest of it, but without result. Could that entire

manuscript have been recovered it doubtless would have been considered the most precious document in the world and would have aided scholars in many ways.

Beginning with the founding of Alexandria and the assumption of power by the Ptolomies, Greek culture spread rapidly over Egypt as well as over the rest of the civilized world. It became the language of literature almost everywhere except in Italy and even at Rome Greek was studied, and as Greek ideals spread was considered highly important. In Egypt there were many Jews, especially at Alexandria. They spread up the Nile and the fragment recovered is supposed to have belonged to some pious early Christian who may have been a Jew.

The University Museum has been conducting explorations in Egypt for many years and is now excavating in the hope of discerning many new relics of ancient glory. All that pertains to the arts of the ancient Egyptians is of great interest and there is always the hope that some time a grave may be opened containing a library of books belonging to the first or second centuries of this era which may reveal much of ancient Christian literature and also some of the lost classics. The world would give immense sums could it get the lost books of Tacitus, of Livy, of Plutarch, not to mention those of many of the Greek writers whose works have been only partially preserved.

That such a hope is not baseless is shown by the fact that a number of papyrus manuscripts have been recovered and the fragment of the Bible referred to was found loose in the sand, under a few feet of covering. That it was preserved so long is due to the dry atmosphere of rainless upper Egypt.

## A MYSTIC'S CONFESSIONS.

(From the Nation.)

There is no getting behind the logic of the contention that only the mystic can write with authority upon mystical experience. Mr. Russell's own challenge to the rationalist is summed up in the words: "I surmise from my reading of the psychologists who treat of [the imagination] that they themselves were without this faculty and spoke of it as blind men who would fain draw a

though without vision." Only, while listening to "A. E.'s" words, it is but reasonable to retain a tinge of skepticism as to the sincerity of the utterance. There can be no question of deliberate mountebankery; but what of the unconscious workings of the artist's mind? The problem is that which confronts the student of, say, the great opening vision of Ezekiel in which Jehovah is seen to depart in his winged chariot from Jerusalem to dwell with the exiles by the river of Chebar. How much of this is authentic vision? How much hallucination? How much literary art? "A. E." recognizes the difficulty, and has tried "to discriminate between that which was self-begotten fantasy and that which came from a higher sphere." What he records are the customary phenomena of mysticism; a sense of exaltation, of more than human power, of being temporarily uplifted beyond the ordinary limits of our capacities; of proximity to divinities and demi-gods, spirits, and plumed or winged creatures of some other sphere of life that just impinges upon the extreme boundaries to which the human spirit, in moments of intense meditation, is capable of being raised. The land in which he has sojourned from time to time was not known to him in infancy as it was to Blake. "I was not conscious in my boyhood of any heaven lying about me," he says. It was when he was about sixteen that intense imaginations of another world began to crowd in upon him. At first his heart was proud of these visionary powers, but presently he came to realize that pride in beholding these splendors was as though at the sun's rising one should exclaim: "That glory is mine."

He is insistent in explaining that his is no unique experience; to gain this faculty of vision no special genius is necessary; he offers to take us along with him if we will but learn of him. "There is no personal virtue in me other than this that I followed a path all may travel, but on which few do journey. It is a path within ourselves where the feet first falter in shadow and darkness, but which is later made gay by heavenly light." And again: "I know that my brain is a court where many living creatures throng, and I am never alone in it. You, too, can know that if you heighten the imagination and intensify the will,

The darkness in you will begin to glow, and you will see clearly, and you will know that what you thought was but a mosaic of memories is rather the froth of a gigantic ocean of life, breaking on the shores of matter, casting up its own flotsam to mingle with the life of the shores it breaks on. If you will light your lamp you can gaze far over that ocean and even embark on it. Sitting in your chair you can travel farther than ever Columbus traveled and to lordlier worlds than his eyes had rested on. Are you not tired of surfaces? Come with me and we will bathe in the Fountains of Youth. I can point you the way to El Dorado."

Proper exercise of the will, careful development of the faculty of intuition, and regard for what imagination and dreams tell us may bring us, too, into the "Many-colored Land" where dwell the fair archetypes shadowed forth in old philosophy above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, Earth. But it is a laborious task, for the body resists the efforts of the spirit to free itself from its trammels. There must be unwearied concentration of the mind upon some abstraction of form; pride must be cast out, for at the whisper of vanity the opening vision fades; selfishness must be put by before the faculty of will is fully exercised, for once this power is roused it is as capable of vitalizing the darker passions and awakening inextinguishable dread desires as it is of uplifting the pure and selfless soul to the heights of vision. It is this strong power, exercised conjointly with the other noble faculties, that speaks in the beautiful verses with which one chapter closes:

My kinsmen they are, beauty, wisdom, love;

But without me are none may dare to climb  
To the Ancestral Light that glows above  
Its mirrored lights in Time.

King have I been and foe in ages past.

None may escape me. I am foe until  
There shall be for the spirit forged at last  
The high unshakable will.

Fear, I will rend you. Love, I make you  
strong.

Wed with my might the beautiful and wise.  
We shall go forth at last a Titan throng  
To storm his Paradise.

Whence come the visions that break in upon the unshackled spirit? "A. E." has more than one explanation of them; but most important is the "Ancestral

Light" spoken of in these verses. Imagination, he argues, at some length, is no "mosaic of memories," for to say that in vision and in dream we merely re-fashion memories is to surmise a "marvelous artist, to whom all that we have ever seen with the physical eyes is present at once, and as clay in the hands of a divine potter." Rather he believes, with many poets and with at least one distinguished psychologist, that the images he has seen in reverie and dream are part of the memory of Earth. "We have access to a memory greater than our own, the treasure-house of august memories in the innumerable being of Earth." Of some such reveries, drawn, as he holds, from this treasure-house, he gives an exquisite account, as of the early Gaelic civilization that revived before his mind as he wandered amid the duns where his far-off Irish ancestors had dwelt, or as of the vision of Hellenic life evoked by some mysterious symbolism in certain Grecian names found by him in a classical dictionary. At other times it would seem to be a subliminal personality, transcendent to the Self of waking hours, that teaches him. This was the case in the strange experience when, meditating upon the name to give a picture that he was at work upon, symbolizing the first appearance of the Divine Idea of man, a voice whispered to him, "Call it 'The Birth of Æon'"; and some days later he chanced upon the fact that the Gnostic term for the first created beings was "Æon." This experience is memorialized in the mysterious letters "A. E." under which Mr. Russell writes. It prompted him to brood upon the elements of human speech, for he believed that through intuition he could compel the Earth-memory to render up to him some of its secrets. He tried "to arrive at the affinities of sound with thought . . . letter by letter, brooding over them, murmuring them again and again, and watching intensely every sensation in consciousness, every color, form, or idea which seemed evoked by the utterance." The result, which he commends to the consideration of the philologists, is certainly fantastic. We need not follow him into the details of such matters as that R represents motion, that its color correspondence is red, and that its form symbol is a perpendicular line. Nor need we attend to

the bewildering ramifications of his reconstruction of the Celtic Cosmogony, based on the old Gaelic wonder tales, which he claims to have arrived at through authentic vision. But very beautiful, with more than an echo of the opium-inspired rhapsodies of De Quincey, are other visions that ancestral memory brought to him.

THE CANDLE OF VISION. By "A. E." (George W. Russell). New York: The Macmillan Company.

## WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK.

Mr. Rider Haggard in his latest occult story, "When the World Shook," seems to have relied upon fancy rather than imagination—a very different thing. The theoretical outlines of occult science are now so accessible and so fruitful in literary material that there should be small temptation to wander beyond their confines.

The story is a record of the adventures of Humphrey Arbuthnot, Basil Bastin, and Bickley. Arbuthnot, who is the narrator, is mourning the death of his young wife and has decided to make a long sea voyage in the company of his two friends. Bastin is an evangelist clergyman and Bickley is a materialistic scientist, and these three strangely assorted friends charter a yacht and begin their voyage to the Pacific islands.

Arbuthnot has already some leanings toward mysticism, confirmed by a visit to Benares:

No, I will make an exception, the East did interest me enormously. There it was, at Benares, that I came into touch with certain thinkers who opened my eyes to a great deal. They released some hidden spring in my nature which hitherto had always been striving to break through the crust of our conventions and inherited ideas. I know now that what I was seeking was nothing less than the Infinite; that I had "immortal longings in me." I listened to all their solemn talk of epochs and years measureless to man, and reflected with a thrill that after all man might have his part in every one of them.

But his Benares friends could tell him nothing, although they talked vaguely of years of ascetic search. At length it flashes upon Arbuthnot that his own soul is the hidden master from whom he must learn the truth.

The voyage is not without its strange experiences. Jacobsen, the first mate, is a spiritualist with seance-holding propensities:

He insisted on holding seances in the cabin, at which the usual phenomena occurred.

The table twisted about, voices were heard and Jacobsen's accordion wailed out tunes above our head. These happenings drove Bickley to a kind of madness, for here were events which he could not explain. He was convinced that some one was playing tricks on him, and devised the most elaborate snares to detect the rogue, entirely without result.

First he accused Jacobsen, who was very indignant, and then me, who laughed. In the end Jacobsen and I left the "circle" and the cabin, which was locked behind us; only Bastin and Bickley remaining there in the dark. Presently we heard sounds of altercation, and Bickley emerged looking very red in the face, followed by Bastin, who was saying:

"Can I help it if something pulled your nose and snatched off your eye-glasses, which anyhow are quite useless to you when there is no light? Again, is it possible for me, sitting on the other side of that table, to have placed the concertina on your head and made it play the national anthem, a thing that I have not the slightest idea how to do?"

The yacht is wrecked on a cannibal-infested island and the three friends are the only survivors. They manage to impress the imagination of the savages, who become their friends, but they are sternly forbidden to explore the mysterious hill in the middle of the island, where a god is supposed to dwell. None the less they do so, and with strange results. They find two crystal coffins. In one there is the evidently living body of a majestic old man and in the other is the body of a beautiful girl. They restore them to consciousness and are told that they are the adept remnants of an ancient race, and that they have been plunged into a voluntary sleep for 250,000 years, during which period they have been reincarnated many times, while what one may call their permanent or original bodies have been sleeping in their crystal coffins on the Pacific island. Lady Yva explains it for us:

"You tells us, Lady Yva," I said, "that you slept, or should have slept, for two hundred and fifty thousand years." Here Bastin opened his eyes. "If that was so, where was your mind all this time?"

"If by my mind you mean spirit, O Humphrey, I have to answer that at present I do not know for certain, I think, however, that it dwelt elsewhere, perhaps in other bodies on the earth, or some different earth. At least I know that my heart is very full of memories which as yet I can not unroll and read."

"Great heavens, this is madness!" said Bickley.

"In the great heavens," she answered slowly, "there are many things which you, poor man, would think to be madness, but yet are truth and perfect wisdom. These things, or some of them, soon I shall hope to show you."

We need not follow the story to its

end, which is somewhat unduly deferred. There are many conversations on magical powers, astral projection, telepathy, and clairvoyance, but they are not illuminating. In point of fact Mr. Haggard does not seem to know what he is talking about. He should buy a 10-cent primer on occultism.

WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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### "WHAT IS MAN THAT THOU ART MINDFUL OF HIM?"

What, what is man to Thee, great God of Hosts?

Thou the one master of the suns that blaze

With incalculable energies  
Thruout æonic days,

They and the lilies of the field  
Held equal in Thy sight,  
Create within a single beam  
Of Thy supernal light!

Yet on one daring premise  
My unalterable faith thou stand:  
That on some morning man shall know  
Thy thought of him, Thy perfect plan.

And that that vision shall disclose  
Knowledge of lily and of sun,  
Because it witnesseth the shining one  
Who witness bears of Thee.

(Low, low, these words I speak,  
Fearful that thunderous echoes sweep  
Shattering th' unlighted corridors  
Where my soul lies, still half asleep.)

For I believe that on that day  
Rended shall be the veils of mystery,  
And contemplating Thy full measure of  
a man

We know ourselves as Thee, and only  
Thee.  
—Julia A. Hyde.

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Forgetful is green earth; the Gods alone  
Remember everlastingly; they strike  
Remorselessly, and ever like for like.  
By their great memories the Gods are  
known.

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The whole order of Nature evinces a  
progressive march towards a higher life.  
There is design in the action of the  
seemingly blindest forces.

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This thinking of oneself as this, that,  
or the other is the chief factor in the pro-  
duction of every kind of psychic or even  
physical phenomena.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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  
JUN 27 1919



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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 SOUL.

The following suggestive passages are from a little book entitled *The Immortality of the Soul*, published by Sir Oliver Lodge in 1908:

"The theory of a larger and permanent personality of which the conscious self is only a fraction in process of individualization, the fraction being greater or less according to the magnitude of the individual—this doctrine as a working hypothesis, illuminates many obscure facts, and serves as a thread through an otherwise bewildering labyrinth. It removes a number of elementary stumbling blocks which otherwise obstruct an attempt to realize vividly the incipient stages of personal existence; it accounts for the extraordinary rapidity with which the development of an individual proceeds; and it eases the theory of ordinary birth and death. It achieves all this as well as the office for which it was originally designed, viz., the elucidation of unusual experiences, such as those associated with dreams, premonitions, and prodigies of genius. Many great and universally recognized thinkers, Plato, Virgil, Kant, I think, and Wordsworth, all had room for an idea more or less of this kind; which indeed in some form is almost necessitated by a consideration of our habitually unconscious performance of organic function. . . .

"Our present state may be likened to that of the hulls of ships submerged in a dim ocean among many strange beasts, propelled in a blind manner through

space; proud perhaps of accumulating many barnacles as decorations; only recognizing our destination by bumping against the dock wall. With no cognizance of the deck and the cabins, the spars and the sails; no thought of the sextant and the compass and the captain; no perception of the lookout on the mast, of the distant horizon; no vision of objects far ahead, dangers to be avoided, destinations to be reached, other ships to be spoken with by other means than bodily contact—a region of sunshine and cloud, of space, of perception, and of intelligence, utterly inaccessible to the parts below the water-line. . . .

"The analogy pointed to is that whereas we living men and women, while associated with this mortal organism, are ignorant of whatever experience our larger selves may have gone through in the past—yet when we wake out of this present materialized condition, and enter the region of larger consciousness, we may gradually realize in what a curious though legitimate condition of ignorance we now are; and may become aware of our fuller possession, with all that has happened here and now fully remembered and incorporated as an additional experience into the wide range of knowledge which that larger entity must have accumulated since its intelligence and memory began. The transition called death may thus be an awaking rather than a sleeping; it may be that we, still involved in mortal coil, are in the more dream-like and unreal condition."



## ATOMS AND ELECTRONS.

(By Professor Garrett P. Serviss.)

As the great French preacher, Bossuet, pointed out in one of his tremendous funeral orations, nothing that comes to an end, no matter how much it may be prolonged, is anything at all when measured by eternity. It is in the end that the tragedy consists.

Now, the great lesson that radium teaches is the perishableness of all things, with the single exception of that to which the word "thing" hardly applies—energy. Energy flits and flutters, like an intangible butterfly, and can not be permanently imprisoned or destroyed. What we call a thing, or matter, appears to be only a momentary manifestation of energy. Every substance is made up of atoms, but atoms, as radium has helped us to discover, are not the indestructible existences they were formerly supposed to be, but are merely aggregates of electric energy which may, and do, dissolve like morning clouds.

The life of the atom being limited—although it is very, very long—the life of everything made up of atoms must necessarily be limited also. When the scientist stumbled upon the phenomenon of radio-activity, less than twenty years ago, he was like Adam beholding for the first time a dying man. What he had believed to be immortal turned out to be mortal. The atom appeared, of its accord as a witness against its supposed eternity. For centuries the old alchemists had been smiled at as crazy, though fascinating mystics, whose lives were passed in a waking dream. But now the atoms of one substance were seen in scientific laboratories, changing into the atoms of another substance, so that one assumption of the alchemists was proven to be true, viz., that if you can get down to the final elements of matter, you may be able to handle them like building blocks, tearing down one edifice and constructing out of its bricks an entirely different one.

The bricks are not the atoms, as had been supposed, but the electrons, of which the atoms are made up. And the electrons are not matter, but energy. This apparent reasoning in a circle brings us around to the conclusion that, fundamentally, there is nothing in the universe, but energy; that everything we see and touch, including ourselves, is simply a phase or form, of energy, while

in regard to energy itself about all that we can say is that it is that power which does and makes things.

It has not yet been experimentally proved, but it is possible, and even probable, that the same property of self-dissolution which makes radium and its associated substances so wonderful beings in a less conspicuous degree to every kind of matter. Everything is slowly disintegrating. The earth itself is radio-active, and its atoms are dissolving into invisible forms of energy. A rock, a mountain, the great globe itself, according to this view, is no more eternal than a puff of vapor. Mont Blanc is, in its nature, as evanescent as the red cloud that burns over its head in the light of sunset.

The starry universe is like a shower of glittering sparks struck off from a blacksmith's anvil. The constellations that seem to us to glow with unending splendor will be lost in the blackness of space, only to be replaced by another burst of sparks when the hammer falls again. The suns radiate away their heat and light and become dead stars; the atoms of the dead stars dissolve into electrons, which reshape themselves into new atoms and so the circle of change begins.

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## MISS FINGAL.

It has always been a matter for surprise that the novelist has not more fully availed himself of the material that lies ready to his hand in the records of occultism. For how few occult novels exist, and what a large number of those that do exist are inexact and fanciful.

But there are signs of a change. Mr. Rider Haggard has just written an occult novel—rather a foolish one, he it said—while magazine fiction is showing itself unexpectedly sensitive to the currents of the moment. It may be that fiction is to be invaded by the occult, and we can but express the pious hope that it will be well done, and with some attention to fact and truth.

In the meantime we may welcome a very unusual novel by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. It is entitled "Miss Fingal," and its theme is an aspect of reincarnation, or rather the transfer of personality. Mrs. Clifford is not the only writer who has been attracted by this phase of the abnormal, but it has usually been handled with a painfully obvious

straining after the weird and the sensational which detracts alike from its value and its interest.

Miss Fingal is a rather friendless young woman who lives in practical seclusion until the death of an uncle makes her wealthy. In the new life that opens before her she makes the acquaintance of Mrs. Linda Alliston, who has been compelled to divorce her husband and who is now living a retired life with her two beautiful children. Mrs. Alliston is dying of consumption, but a strong affection springs up between the two women, and but for the skill and delicacy of its depiction we might almost call it morbid.

The hinge of the story is to be found in the almost simultaneous death of Mrs. Alliston, and an automobile accident that is nearly fatal to Miss Fingal, and that keeps her unconscious and at death's door for many weeks. When she eventually recovers we are allowed to see that some subtle change has taken place in her character. She develops an intense craving for the care of Mrs. Alliston's children, a craving that becomes almost a passion. The children have been taken by their grandmother, and one of the most pathetic scenes of the story is that in which Miss Fingal begs that they be given to her, and pledges herself to a responsibility for their future. It is evident that her love for them has become maternal, and in a very real sense of the word.

The story is of generous length, and while its central idea is in no way hidden, it is delicately suggested rather than proclaimed. We are allowed to suppose that there has been a transfer of personality at the moment of Mrs. Alliston's death and of Miss Fingal's accident, and that the mother's anxiety for her children finds its solace and satisfaction thereby.

It is high praise to say that the story is neither weird nor morbid. It might so easily be both, and to its own detriment. Nor are we sure that the author intended to suggest a complete and final transfer of personality. The idea of an "overshadowing" may have been in her mind, and this would be far more consonant with the probabilities. None the less we may welcome a thoroughly satisfactory novel, and one of a most pleasing and unobtrusive sincerity.

MISS FINGAL. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

## MOODS.

(By J. A. H.)

Three times in the twenty-four hours of our day a strange change comes over the world.

One is at the moment of sunrise. It is a moment of ecstatic flutterings, of rrescences, of innumerable preenings, of gay adventurings. It is as though the myriad earth-lives were so many butterflies, newly emerged from their dark cocoons; the world a swaying, gigantic flower to which they clung.

Swiftly the Edenic moment passes. Prosaic, stolid, the morning hours stretch before us. Sixty minutes on sixty minutes, on sixty more—and more. What are we doing with those fragments of eternity? Will our labors endure beyond a night? Who are the builders, and who the wasters?

It is come to noon. Again the subtle pause, the all-sufficing instant, the instant amply inclusive of two tremendous aspects of cosmic change. Under the hypnotic ray of the sun the earth is plunged into a mood of profound introversion, of breathless suspense, of emergence into an all-pervading sea of nirvanic calm. It takes on the likeness of a mighty Buddha, seated upon an azure throne, meditating throughout eternities.

But the high noon is a moment of duality. If it mirror the peace of æonic contemplation, it also registers time, and the labors of time.

That chain of mountains: are they not like a huge cavalcade, waiting, with uplifted, burnished lances for some divine command? Will they not, presently, march forward up the wide plain of the sky, to make war upon the evil powers, the hosts of the principalities of the air?

The atmosphere is heavy, earthy, hard to breathe. There is an endless procession of ants along the hot sand. There is an equally endless procession of humans going about their tasks. Tasks, for the most part, self-imposed. Tasks that are the outgrowth of clinging vanities, of rapacious greeds. How pitifully futile the ends for which we spend our strength as water. How inevitable that we shall continue thus to spend for so long as we bow beneath the yoke of things, that we fawn under the lash of insatiable desires, that we are aware of ourselves only as we feel the sting of sensation.

Almost we hear the clink, clink, of the heavy chain that the earth drags with her in her swift flight through space. To what fearful monster is she linked in man-wrought, man-forged bondage? What Frankenstein monster must she conciliate, must feed with her life-blood?

Once more the definite, the perceptible pause. It is twilight. The warrior mountains and the impassive Buddha of the noon, the whirr and perfume of dawn—these symbols of world-consciousness recede into the background of the mind. A new and mysterious figure of the imagination announces its approach.

A Something not of earth has borrowed the garments of Beauty and clothed itself therewith. Or is it Beauty herself, clothed in a thousand veils of melting purples and silver mists? Is that curving river the translucent shell into which she whispers? It may be that that star, just showing in the west, is her divine finger pointing the way back to God and the dear land, the home land, whence we have strayed.

And it is at this moment that the soul of the world casts aside its disfiguring mask, and answers beauty with beauty, communing face to face.

All that has seemed to be wholly ponderous, so impregnable, is now become curiously unstable, undefinable. No longer are we able to ascertain a given length or breadth or thickness. Yet by their very evanescence do all things proclaim an unsuspected quality of eternal endurance, of everlasting essence of being. The long chain of mountains, the ocean that lies beneath them, are the one leveled, the other lifted. They merge: they occupy a single plane, and that plane one of infinite extension. Perspective has vanished. The near is one with the far. There never was, in reality, a "near" or a "far." The idea is understood to have been the merest vagary of an annoying dream. Men are as trees walking: trees are as men. The bars between "animate" and "inanimate" nature are down. The illusion of separateness no longer tricks the unwary mind. The heterogeneous aspect of creation is shown to be but the shifting modes of a vast homogeneity of consciousness.

The premise of a "fourth dimension," that daring and darling dream of a few super-mathematicians, is become co-

herent, basic. It takes on an indisputable authority. It proves itself, beyond all possibility of doubt. The intricate phenomena of nature are seen to be no more than so many points of light upon the surface of a bubble. And this bubble, the earth itself, a tenuous sphere afloat in the ethers—must it not, presently, share the fate of all bubbles? Will it not burst asunder, with a tiny flare and a jet of escaping steam, a hiss and a snap, just as the children's bubbles do? It would seem that it must come to some such end, so frail, so transient it appears to be.

"Moods," you say, "moods, engendered by too much dreaming." Very well. Call them moods if you will. One name is as good as another. But tell me, why do you disdain them? Is it because they have no value in the marketplace? Let it pass. Why should we quarrel, because, for the moment, our points of view happen to be different. Have I not said that I believe all that is manifest, mountain and sea and man, yes, and the thoughts of men, to be but modes of one consciousness? And always that form of consciousness we call "thought" shifts, merges to emerge once more as something akin to, yet unlike that which it had been, the equation of two variables, that stands also as the symbol of that which is to come. So do we live. It is the very essence of our being. And so do we "go from glory unto glory," as Paul puts it. If we be honest and sincere with ourselves.

For myself, as I consider this fragment of the whole of consciousness that I call "myself," and on whose wee island I stand looking out over the world, I know that for me moods are good, are very good indeed.

To me they come like winged birds from overseas, or what I thought to be overseas. They report to me, again and yet again, that consciousness is indeed and in very truth one. That it is forevermore the Indivisible Unit. That in its manifestation it is like a mighty ocean whose tide flows out from God and unto God returns, bearing the millior barks of human thought, as ships are borne to the appointed harbor.

And it is perhaps at the twilight hour, when the clamorous senses are weary, dulled, by their ineffectual battling against the waves of the karmic sea, that the most indifferent, the most unheeding

of mortals, may become aware of an influence that impinges upon our consciousness by way of the soul itself, filtering down, as it were, through unguessed and unexplored avenues of being, to be finally caught by the guardians of the five gates of the senses, and by them flashed to the brain, there to be interpreted clumsily, feebly, as is the way of the inadequate brain. But getting through somehow, if we but give it the slightest opportunity.

For this influence is the "Hound of Heaven," ever pursuing, ever watchful, ever whispering of those intimations of immortality that are manna to the starved and imprisoned, the derided and disregarded soul of man.

(To be continued.)

### THE WISDOM OF BRYNHILD.

Be wise, and cherish thine hope in  
the freshness of the days,  
And scatter its seed from thine hand in  
the field of the people's praise;  
Then fair shall it fall in the furrow, and  
some the earth shall speed,  
And the sons of men shall marvel at the  
blossom of the deed:  
But some the earth shall speed not: nay  
rather, the wind of the heaven  
Shall waft it away from thy longing—  
and a gift to the gods hast thou  
given,  
And a tree for the roof and a wall in the  
house of the hope that shall be,  
Though it seemeth our very sorrow, and  
the grief of thee and me.

When thou hearest the fool rejoicing,  
and he saith, "It is over and past,  
And the wrong was better than right, and  
hate turns into love at the last,  
And we strove for nothing at all, and  
the Gods are fallen asleep;  
And so good is the world a-growing that  
the evil good shall reap";  
Then loosen thy sword in the scabbard  
and settle the helm on thine head,  
For men betrayed are mighty, and great  
are the wrongfully dead.  
Wilt thou do the deed and repent it?  
thou hadst better never been born;  
Wilt thou do the deed and exalt it? then  
thy fame shall be outworn:  
Thou shalt do the deed and abide it,  
and sit on thy throne on high,  
And look on today and tomorrow as those  
that never die.—*William Morris.*

### IMAGINATION.

A correspondent asks what is the most important practice for the student of occultism. In what way can his energies be most fruitfully directed?

So much depends on what one means by occultism. Perhaps of all words this one is the most tortured and misused. The spiritualist uses it when he sees, or thinks he sees, some gibbering ghost. The New Thinker prates about occultism when he "holds the thought" to enrich himself at the cost of others. And there are those who peep and peer into the lesser mysteries of sound and color, the inner substance of things, the finer forces of nature, and call by the name of occultism what is actually no more than a weird and mystic curiosity.

Occultism is that course of training by which the human mind becomes like unto its divine prototype. The path is therefore one that it is easy to comprehend, although by no means easy to follow. The traveler who has a map of the country is in no doubt as to his destination or as to the course that he must pursue. He may not be able to follow that course. He may be overwhelmed by its difficulties and dangers. But at least he knows what it is. He knows in what direction to set his face.

The nature and the activities of the human mind may be summarized by one word. It is Thought. Whatever it has of good or evil, of strength or weakness, of height or depth or breadth, is manifested by Thought. Whatever we would give to the human mind, we must give to it by Thought. Whatever changes we would work in it must be worked by Thought. Immersed in the matter of the brain and of the sense world, its conceptions solidify around it as the crystals of salt solidify around the string suspended in the saline solution. If the human mind is to be made like unto its divine prototype, then it must learn to think like that prototype. It must pass under its mesmerism. It must allow no shade of difference to separate it from its source.

To spend some definite time each day in the practice of meditation is good, but of what avail is it to do this if the steady current of normal thought is allowed to flow the other way and so to neutralize the benefits of the "hour apart"? The heat under the crucible, says the ancient alchemist, must be steady and gentle. The thoughts of the day must be attuned to the Divine proto-

type, and not only the thoughts of the hour. This does not mean that the mind must be diverted from necessary material pursuits, or that there will be any indifference to the duties of life and of human association. Quite the contrary. It is not so much the thought that must be changed, as the motive of self-interest and of attachment behind the thought. The standpoint must henceforth be that of the Divine mind, and not of the human mind.

Consider for a moment what the standpoint of the Divine mind must be. It has the consciousness and the memory of ages of time. Its survey is that of a thousand incarnations. It has witnessed the rise and the setting of dynasties, kingdoms, and empires. It has experienced countless patriotisms and enthusiasms. It has passed through the stagnations of peace and the deliriums of war. It has seen flood and famine, earthquake and fire, pestilence and the sword. It has known death under a hundred forms and it has lived lives of health and sickness, poverty and wealth, fame and disrepute, power and glory and ignominy. For age after age it has created pictures of itself in human brains, and with sparks from its central fire it has inhabited a thousand human bodies. Those sparks become the minds of men, and they forgot their source as they passed under the spell of impotence and limitation.

How many of our thoughts would be at all possible to us but for that spell? Should we be afraid to die if we shared in the memory of the divine mind—our true selves—which has known death a thousand times? So long as we are afraid to die there can be no union with that divine mind. The shadow of difference must ever be between. Should we still cherish our little ambitions if we knew of the ages that have been filled with just those same ambitions, foolish, futile, like dead leaves from trees? Should we still believe that the acquisition of *things* can bring happiness, if we could turn those pages of memory, or trace our steps upon the weary shores of dead seas? Could any one of our hopes and fears survive a single glance at the immeasurable days through which we have come? But the Divine mind, divinely contemptuous, knows them all. It measures all things with the yardstick of eternities, gathering unto itself only the experiences upon

which it sets its own strange and immortal values.

Here, then, is the task for the would-be occultist. Let him value all experiences in the light of a life that has been, and that shall be, continuous. Let him admit no thought to his mind inconsistent with a realization of life forevermore. Let him entertain no hope and no fear except in that perspective. In that way alone will he draw near to the Divine mind which is himself.

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Insect and reptile, fish and bird and beast,

Cast their worn robes aside, fresh robes to don;

Tree, flower, and moss put new year's raiments on;

Each natural type, the greatest as the least,

Renews its vesture when its use hath ceased,

How should man's spirit keep in unison  
With the world's law of outgrowth  
save it won

New robes and ampler as its growth increased?

Quit shrunken creed, and dwarfed philosophy!

Let gently die an art's decaying fire!  
Work on the ancient lines, but yet be free

To leave and frame anew, if God inspire!

The planets change their surface as they roll:

The force that binds the spheres must bind the soul.—*Henry G. Herclott.*

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It is difficult to see much meaning in the term (Chance) except that we are very ignorant of the antecedent conditions. . . . What does fortuitous concourse of atoms mean, unless simply a concourse whose antecedent conditions are unknown to us?—*Professor Thomson.*

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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.—*Glanvil in "Lux Orientalis."*

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The souls of men are capable of living in other bodies besides terrestrial; and never act but in some body or other.—*Joseph Glanvil.*

## SOME NOTES.

Our newspapers print innumerable columns about peace conferences and leagues of nations, but only at rare intervals do we learn anything of the true aftermath of war. We are now told that no children have been left alive in Poland, and no people over sixty years of age. Typhus has been raging in Armenia all through the winter and cholera is now appearing. Mr. Davison of the Red Cross tells us of 275,000 typhus cases in a belt from the Baltic to the Black Sea, "a wave of disease rolling westward." It is notable that our newspapers record these facts only to clamor for "drastic measures" to prevent the wave of disease reaching our shores. It is to be feared that drastic measures mean *carte blanche* for medical tyrannies and superstitions crude enough to make a South Sea Islander blush.

Probably we all remember William James Sidis, who graduated from Harvard at the age of fifteen and whose almost incredible intellectual attainments were heralded as marking a new era in education. We were promised a gratifying crop of youthful prodigies, and the Sunday supplements outdid themselves in their glorification of the age, the advance of science, and the almost immediate advent of the millennium. But of course that was before the war.

William James Sidis, sad to relate, has just been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for assaulting a policeman in the course of a street riot. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Evidently the intellectual prodigy is not also a moral prodigy. And so we may ask ourselves if we should be in any way advantaged by a whole generation of classical and mathematical geniuses if those same geniuses should also display a tendency to riot in the streets and to assault policemen? In the meantime we may observe that no one has come forward with any very promising project for the production of moral geniuses. —

Strange are the ways of the ecclesiastical mind, as witness the following quotation from the columns of the *New York Churchman*:

It has not been given into our hands as individuals or as churches to shape the diplomacy upon which the reconstruction of a shattered world now waits. Statesmen, for better or for worse, are the architects of the

nations' fortunes. We must accept the building as they have planned it. And we must live in the house they build for us—at least for a little while, until other architects devise other plans. But we, as individuals and as churches, have had laid upon us a responsibility heavier than that carried by the statesmen who are mapping the world at this hour. For we must determine the spirit in which men on earth are to live together.

It is true that the shaping of diplomacy and of government has not been given into the hands of the churches. The Allied statesmen—wise in their day and generation—saw to that. With an amazing capacity for blundering, at least they avoided that particular calamity. The churches certainly were not invited to assist in the proceedings at Versailles. Nor are they likely to be, and for this *Te Deum Laudamus*. There was a time when the world was governed by its churches, and the world still shudders at the memory.

But are the churches actually called upon to "determine the spirit in which men on earth are to live together"? Who would have thought it? One would have expected a little more diffidence from institutions that did so much to produce the war by their genuflections to materialism and caste, and that seem to be still unable to detect any sign of the times more sinister than the cigarette.

Four thousand bills were introduced at the last session of the New York legislature. Nearly all the legislatures in the Union were proportionately prolific, and Congress contributed its corresponding quota. All the legislatures of civilization have been grinding out laws during the last two centuries, and all of these laws were benignly intended to make us happy. And now look at us.

Is it possible that we are on the wrong track, and that all this juggling with property and possessions and what we call human rights is landing us ever deeper in the mire if only by its unfruitful direction of our hopes? Supposing we were to think a little less about human rights and a little more about human duties, beginning with our own.

I shall never in the years remaining.  
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you  
statues.

This of verse alone one life allows me;  
Other heights in other lives, God willing.

—Browning.

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Vol. IV. No. 25.

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Price Five Cents

## THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK.

While the world was worrying over the problems of reconstruction, the professional and amateur conjurers of England gathered in solemn conclave and debated the vexed question of the Indian rope trick. And after grave deliberation they failed to come to any satisfactory agreement on the subject. Some were skeptical, and inclined to believe that the trick had never been performed. Some attributed it to hypnotism, while others insisted it would be impossible to hypnotize an entire audience. For once, in fact, the mystifiers admitted themselves mystified (says the London *Times* in describing the meeting).

The history of the trick was interestingly traced by S. W. Clarke, editor of the *Magic Circular*, who said that it was the "most elusive trick in the world, with the peculiarity that nobody who wanted to see it had ever seen it." This statement, however, was later controverted by other speakers who claimed to have seen a version of the trick performed.

Mr. Clarke traced reference to the illusion as far back as 1355, when Ibu Batuta, an Arab, described the trick as performed by one Hang Chua. Batuta wrote, according to the records of the time:

I was entertained by the Emir in his own house in a most splendid manner. At the banquet were present the Khan's jugglers, the chief of whom took a wooden sphere, in which there were holes, and in

these long straps, and threw it up into the air till it went out of sight, while the strap remained in his hand. He then commanded one of his disciples to take hold of and to ascend by this strap, which he did until he also went out of sight. His master then called him three times, but no answer came; he then took a knife in his hand, apparently in anger, laid hold of the strap and also went quite out of sight. He then threw the hand of the boy upon the ground, then his foot, then his other hand, then his other foot, then his body, then his head. He then came down, panting for breath, and his clothes stained with blood. . . . The juggler then took the limbs of the boy and applied them one to another; he then stamped upon them, and it stood up complete and erect. I was astonished, and was seized in consequence by a palpitation at the heart; but they gave me some drink and I recovered. The judge of the Mohammedans was sitting by my side, who swore that there was neither ascent, descent, nor cutting away of limbs, but the whole was mere juggling.

Mr. Clarke was inclined to think that the writer had mixed up the rope trick with the decapitation trick, which, he said, was being performed when the Great Pyramids were being built. He quoted another account of the illusion from a German source in 1550, which, of course, added little to its authenticity. This version stated:

At Magdeburg a certain magical juggler declared that he could get but little money among men, and would therefore go up to heaven. Whereupon he would throw a cord up in the air and his little horse would go up it; he himself, taking hold of the horse's tail, would follow him; he wife, taking hold of him, would follow also, and a maid servant would follow her, and so mount up on the



air, as it were linked together, the spectators standing in great admiration.

There happened to be an unbeliever in the audience who declared that he had seen the juggler go into an inn in the street. "Therefore," says the account, "finding themselves deluded, the spectators went away."

Here is a third record which Mr. Clarke quoted from the memoirs of the Emperor Jahangier:

They produced a chain fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it toward the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up and, reaching the other end, disappeared in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger were successively sent up the chain, and all disappeared at the upper end. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one ever discerning in what way the animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner described.

Other interesting contributions to the debate are thus described in the *Times*:

Lieutenant F. W. Holmes, V. C., said that he had seen a version of the trick on two or three occasions. On the last occasion, in 1917, he was able to take a snap shot of the trick, which he produced. This showed the faker, with a taut rope or pole and the boy balanced at the top of it. Lieutenant Holmes declared emphatically that the boy never disappeared from sight, and his own theory was that the faker substituted for the coil of rope a telescopic bamboo pole.

Mr. A. Yurif Ali, C. B. E., declared that as a boy of seven he saw the rope trick performed, but never since, and he also saw the conjurer cut his own tongue out, chop it up, and replace it. In the rope trick he is convinced that the boy disappeared entirely.

Mr. Chris Van Bern narrated some extraordinary feats which had been performed by a Yogi in Liverpool, including his ability to throw a rope into the air, where it remained absolutely rigid only as long as the Yogi held his breath, while Captain Leon Berreley gave an explanation of the trick which he believes to be absolutely feasible.

However, declares the *Times*, the assembled magicians were unable to conjure up mystic Bagdad carpets with which to defy the strikers, and were forced to disperse in search of trams and omnibuses to take them home without solving the mysteries of the rope trick.—*Literary Digest*.

The metempsychosis is, therefore, the only system of this kind that philosophy can hearken to.—*Hume*.

## AN IRISH MYSTIC.

Foremost among the early Irish Theosophists were George Russell, better known as "A. E.," and William Yeats. Both have now won renown in the domain of letters. Mr. Yeats is poet laureate of Ireland, the land of poets, and Mr. Russell's name is celebrated throughout the world alike for a prose and a verse that worthily represent the high standards of his native land.

Mr. Russell has now given us a new volume entitled "The Candle of Vision." It is well named. It is his own spiritual vision that he pictures for us, and he shows us how it was born, and how it grew stronger as he learned to look for its source and to nourish its flame.

Mr. Russell tells us that he has no other virtue save that he followed a path that is open to all:

None need special gifts or genius. Gifts there are no gifts. For all that is ours we have paid the price. There is nothing we aspire to for which we can not barter some spiritual merchandise of our own. Genius! There is no stinting of this by the Keeper of the Treasure House. It is not bestowed but is won. Yon man of heavy soul might if he willed play on the lyre of Apollo, the drunkard be god-intoxicated. Powers are not bestowed by caprice on any. The formulae the chemist illustrates, making exposition before his students, are not more certainly verifiable than the formulae of that alchemy in which what is gross in us may be transmuted into ethereal fires. Our religions make promise to be fulfilled beyond the grave because they have no knowledge now to be put to the test, but the ancients spake of a divine vision to be attained while we are yet in the body. The religion which does not cry out: "I am today verifiable as that water wets or that fire burns. Test me that ye can become as gods," mistrust it.

It is a test that the modern religionist will avoid, secure in his certainty that he will receive no challenge from beyond death. It is only the mystic who knows that the Kingdom of Heaven must come here upon earth or not at all. The psychologist can not explain the phenomena of the mind, says Mr. Russell. Their theories break down before introspection. Are we ever alone? Are we ever secure from intrusion? When we believe ourselves to be most alone are we not then the nearest to the domain of gods and demons? What and whence are the faces that we see when the eyes are closed?

These faces are sometimes the faces ofimps who frown at them, put out their

tongues at them, grin or gibber. Sometimes not a face, but a figure, or figures, will be seen which, like the faces, seem endowed with life. To call this imagination or fancy is to explain nothing because the explanation is not explained. The more one concentrates on these most trivial mental apparitions, the more certain do we feel they have a life of their own, and that our brain is as full of living creatures as our body is thronged with tiny cells, each a life, or as the blood may swarm with bacteria. I draw attention to the mystery in obvious and common things, and ask that they be explained and not slurred over as if no explanation were necessary. I ask the doubters of my vision to penetrate a little into the mystery of their own thoughts and dreams before they cry out against me, who for many years traveled far and came upon lovely and inhabited regions to which I would also lead them. I know that my brain is a court where many living creatures throng, and I am never alone in it.

Buddha advised his followers to brood with love upon the whole human race, and as we learn to do this we come more and more to permeate, or to be pervaded by the lives of others. And so we discover in ourselves a new sense. We begin to understand:

We realize how profound was that ancient wisdom which told us when we were perfected in concentration we could gain full comprehension of anything we wished by intent brooding. I never attained that perfectness in concentration, but I saw the possibilities in moments of electric intensity of will when I summoned out of the past a knowledge I desired. How is this knowledge possible? Is there a centre within us through which all the threads of the universe are drawn, a spiritual atom which mirrors the spiritual infinitudes even as the eye is a mirror of the external heavens? There is not a pin point in visible space which does not contain a microcosm of heaven and earth.

Mr. Russell gives us some examples of what now would be called telepathy. The brain is populous with the innermost thoughts of others, and we all swim in an ether of deity:

Often in an idle interval in my work I sat with my face pressed in my hands, and in that dimness pictures began flickering in my brain. I saw a little dark shop, the counter before me, and behind it an old man fumbling with some papers, a man so old that his motions had lost swiftness and precision. Deeper in the store was a girl, red-haired, with gray, watchful eyes fixed on the old man. I saw that to enter the shop one must take two steps downwards from a cobbled pavement without. I questioned a young man, my office companion, who then was writing a letter, and I found that what I had seen was his father's shop. All my imaginations—the old man, his yellow-white beard, his fumbling movements, the watchful girl, her color, the steps, the cobbled pavement—were not imaginations of mind in any true sense, for while I was in a

vacant mood my companion had been thinking of his home, and his brain was populous with quickened memories, and they invaded my own mind, and when I made question I found their origin. But how many thousand times are we invaded by such images and there is no speculation over them? Possibly I might have made use of such things in my art. I might have made a tale about the old man and the girl. But if I had done so, if other characters had appeared in my tale who seemed just as living, where would they have come from? Would I have again been drawing upon the reservoir of my companion's memories? The vision of the girl and old man may in reality have been but a little part of the images with which my brain was flooded. Did I see them all, or might not other images in the same series emerge at some later time and the connection be lost?

The romance of the spirit, says the author, is the most marvelous of stories. Your wanderings have been greater than those of Ulysses. Wake up the inner vision and all the lands of Immortal Youth will build themselves up anew. The spirit has inhabited many spheres and their memories crowd into the mind:

Looking back on that other life which began to dominate this there are a thousand things I can not understand except I believe that for myself and for all of us there has been an eternity of being and that many spheres are open to us. If these images are not earth-born, from what land, Elf-land, Heaven-world, or God-world, do they come? I have chosen but a few images out of many to explain why I think our dreams and visions come often in all completeness into our sphere out of other spheres of being and are not built up of memories of earth. Looking back upon that other life through the vistas of memory I see breaking in upon the images of this world forms of I know not what antiquity. I walk out of strange cities steeped in the jewel glow and gloom of evening, or sail in galleys over the silvery waves of the antique ocean. I reside in tents, or in palace chambers, go abroad in chariots, meditate in cyclopean buildings, am worshiper of the Earth gods upon the mountains, lie tranced in Egyptian crypts, or brush with naked body through the long sunlit grasses of the prairies. Endlessly the procession of varying forms goes back into remote yesterdays of the world. How do these self-conceptions spring up? How are they clothed with the state of ancient civilizations? If when I perceived them they were the newest things in the world, and the images were minted that instant by the imagination, out of what treasury of design came the fitting scenery, the always varied buildings, garments and setting of wood, plain, or mountain? Are they not rather, I ask myself, memories of the spirit incarnated many times? And if so, again I ask myself is it only upon earth there has been this long ancestry of self? For there is another self in me which seemed to know not the world, but revealed itself to the listening bodily life in cosmic myths, in remote legends

of the Children of Darkness and the Children of Light, and of the revolt against heaven.

Space forbids further excerpts from a remarkable book. And indeed it should be read in its entirety. Amid veritable wildernesses of psychic rubbish here we find one of those rare oases that are alike a resting place and an incentive to further effort.

THE CANDLE OF VISION. By A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company.

### "SIGNS AND PORTENTS."

Margaret Cameron, writing in *Harper's Magazine* for June, gives us some of the results of her experiments, first with planchette and then with what is known as automatic writing. A few years ago *Harper's Magazine* would have summarily rejected any communication whatsoever bearing the least mark of what it would have called superstition, and irrespective of the nature of that communication. Today it makes its obeisance to popular tendency by printing a long review of psychic occurrences that in themselves are nearly wholly insignificant and that are far surpassed in wonder in hundreds of homes to which, unfortunately, the planchette has found admission.

Most of the communications are of a military nature. On March 21, 1918, the Germans began their offensive toward the Channel ports and won those preliminary successes that nearly always attend a major attack. On March 23d the author received the following communication:

Men are swayed first by one purpose and then by another, and are themselves unable to distinguish between good and evil. This precipitated the Great War with you, the purposes in the Central Empires being more nearly united than elsewhere. Their purposes are fundamentally destructive, because fundamentally autocratic, based on fear, and would ultimately reduce civilization to infamy again. The reason Germany has been able to fight so long is because her purpose is conscious, while the Allies fight blindly, but determinedly, moved by purposes they do not recognize and yet must obey. They talk of unity, but do not perceive its nature. They are misled by phrases hollow but plausible, and do not perceive them to be the enemy in disguise—not the mortal enemy, but the ancient purpose divided into manv. The light is beginning to break now, and the hour has almost come for the forces of construction to unite and smite powerfully. But it must be consciously as the purpose of con-

struction, if the victory is to be permanent or truly for progress.

Now this is seriously offered to us as a sort of superhuman prophecy of the appointment of Foch to the supreme command five days later, a measure already agreed upon and well known to every newspaper proofreader in the country, who would have been able to state that simple fact in ten words.

But there are many other messages of the same sort. For example, we are solemnly told that "Germany can not win. She moves steadily toward her destruction." The author, believing that the loss of the Channel ports would defeat the Allies, inquired more fully of her "guide" and was reassured:

You need not fear the end of the war. It is certain and inevitable. Germany is doomed and must work her way back to light. This is not foreordained, but here we already see the end and are looking toward the battles that will still be raging when the countries of the world seem peaceful.

Now the Channel ports were never actually in danger, and we hardly needed a spirit guide to say so. But the author continues to read the sensational headlines of newspapers concocted by reporters and to seek from the spirit world the solace that she might more easily have obtained from an intelligent glance at a military map. Foch held all the winning cards through the Somme fighting, and if there were many military experts who concealed that fact or minimized it they were actuated by an unwillingness to lessen the energy of preparation or to allay the defensive anxieties of the country.

On May 19th the author asked for news of the impending German offensive. Once more she was told:

Yes, it will be fierce, but futile. All forces here see her doom, and the war will last only as long as unsupported human endeavor can endure against eternal purpose. Germany has no ally here. The forces that have impelled her for these many years are overpowered by world-purpose and have left Germany to her destruction, while they prepare to destroy the finest spiritual fruits of victory. . . . Unless Allied purpose is undermined by forces of spiritual disintegration, Germany is doomed, but the fight must be kept up with confidence and consciously united force and purpose.

Every one knows that the Germans made great advances. Every one knew that they would, as soon as the drive began. The greatest military skill consists not in resistance, but in retreat. But

none the less the "guide" is ready with reassurance. "Germany does not win this drive either. Our forces rally and the end is near." But Germany had no chance to win that drive and she knew it. Her generals have now said so. Once more, Foch held the winning cards. He was much in advance of the "guides" when he said that the Germans would not take Amiens. War is necessarily attended with grave uncertainties, but when Germany began her great drive she was taking the gambler's chance, and with the odds enormously against her. Every tactician knew that, no matter what many of them may have said. Even a "spirit guide" should be able to correct the lamenting headlines of newspaper reporters momentarily diverted from their usual police court duties.

On October 30th the author asks, "Has Germany surrendered?" and was answered, "No, but she will soon." But Germany had already surrendered. She had asked for an armistice three days before, but apparently the "spirits" were uninformed. On an earlier occasion they had said, "The war will end in victory, not in discussion." *Not in discussion!*

The "spirits" do not know what will happen after the war. Of course they do not. They do not know anything except such facts as they can read from human auras mingled with the usual verbiage of Fourth Reader morality. The Socialists, they tell us, "will try to continue certain policies made necessary by the emergency of war." Naturally. We knew that already. The laboring class will try to continue the present wage scale. How surprising! The "spirits" do not approve of government ownership unless "the thing could be absolutely divorced from politics." But there are other great dangers that await us—nature unspecified. But let us be courageous. Let us love one another. Let us help and sustain each other. Let us coöperate. Do we really need an automatic writer to tell us these things? Was it really worth printing? The Society for Psychical Research has been putting forth this sort of thing, and very much better, for forty years.

It is in no way intended to travesty an interesting and amusing, but over-

lengthy, article. The author tells us that she began her serious experiments about a year ago. She has written a book of some value, "The Seven Purposes." But obviously she is a tyro in psychic research. So is the editor of *Harper's*. They are rather in the position of one who has just discovered Euclid, for example, and wants to tell us all about it. The new brooms sweep clean. The "spirits" repeat what they see in human auras and nothing else. Sometimes they are surprisingly accurate. The author gives some good illustrations of this. But the planchette is not new. Nor is automatic writing.

### A CATHOLIC VIEW.

(From the New York Times.)

SPIRITISM AND RELIGION. By Baron Johan Liljencrants. New York: The Devin-Adair Company.

Originating as a dissertation submitted to the faculty of the sacred sciences at the Catholic University of America in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the doctorate in theology, carrying the imprimatur of Cardinal Farley and prefaced by a page of appreciation from the hand of Cardinal Gibbons, this examination of the claims of Spiritism can, it is evident, be regarded as an authoritative pronouncement by all members of the Catholic Church. In effect, its three hundred pages contain an exposition of the present-day attitude of that church toward the question of whether or not it is possible for the living to hold converse with those who have passed into the great beyond.

The author has gone at his task in a scientific way and carries on his examination throughout judicially and with a calm, inquiring, and scholarly method. About half the volume is devoted to a presentation of the claims of Spiritism, its history from its beginning in modern times, and its forerunners in the occult phenomena of ancient and mediæval days, and an account of its important instances of physical and psychical phenomena. All this is very carefully and comprehensively narrated, and includes the investigations and claims of most of the well-known protagonists of Spiritism at the present time. The author, however, has missed one of the most important, significant, and interesting of present-day investigations, the work of Professor W.

J. Crawford, whose attempts to subject spiritistic phenomena to the laboratory methods of physical science have attracted much attention and have raised the question of whether or not he has really discovered a new form of matter.

Following this eminently fair and reasonably comprehensive presentation of the claims and the phenomena of Spiritism in all its phases, the author of "Spiritism and Religion" considers its moral aspects and its claim to be considered as a religion. On this latter question he says:

"Spiritism holds out something more than mere promise and belief, for it claims to give certainty of immortality based on rock-bottom scientific evidence, and we have seen how a scrutiny of this evidence and some logical thinking scatter it to the winds. If such certainty is what we seek in Spiritism we shall meet with disappointment. . . . Thus the religion of Spiritism, having deprived man of all transcendent ideals and aspirations, leaves him entirely to himself, a slave to his own limitations and a victim of his own imperfections."

But he is not wholly convinced of the impossibility of some sort of communication with spirits, for in the chapter on "Moral Aspects of Spiritism" he says:

"On the other hand, as we have set forth in these chapters, we do not think that positive proof can be given for the total absence of preternatural causation in the ensemble of the phenomena. For while it has been possible to explain them away by appealing to automatic activity of "secondary personalities," subliminal memory and impressions, telepathy, and so forth, it may also be possible that in individual instances there has actually been present an influence from a spirit world. If we grant this possibility, it is more than likely that this element would be of a diabolical order. The assumption that God would allow departed human beings, whether in a probationary state or after they have attained their supernatural end, to cause the phenomena presented by Spiritism is, as we have said in the preceding chapter, preposterous. And, besides, whence does a discarnate soul receive the power necessary for their performance? . . . While theological opinion strongly leans towards diabolical agency in spiritualistic phenomena and in mediumship, no definite conclusion will

be reached on this point unless positive proof for preternatural causation should be forthcoming. In the meantime—as the question stands—we should take warning of the dangers which may be hidden in Spiritism."

In a page of appreciation Cardinal Gibbons says that "this book on Spiritism is scholarly; it is scientific; it is sound in its thinking," and adds, "I consider it a real advance in the literature of Spiritism."

A five-page bibliography shows that the author has considered a voluminous and widely varying mass of evidence and argument in several languages.

### OUT OF THE BLUE.

Back, back, my spirit, back and back,  
Before the dawn of time, before the  
worlds were born  
Were born, when naught existed save  
the Logos  
And the vast, uncounted rhythm by  
which  
The Nights and Days of Brahma have  
their being.  
The mighty one, with deep indrawing  
breath,  
Dissolved the organizing force which  
erst  
Had held the spheres in their accus-  
tomed paths,  
And three eternities unmeasured sway  
Had brooded over oneness and over  
sleep.  
But look! With final satisfaction of  
The indrawn sigh, the eternal pulse re-  
turns  
Upon itself. Creative breath reverses  
And flows outward. Instant with the  
change  
Is born the Pattern Thought, which is  
the Being.  
The Life of Manifesting Deity,  
Immanent to be throughout this Day  
Of Brahm. Oh, who shall say, whose eye  
perceive  
How that most mighty picture has its  
birth  
Within and from the most enduring sub-  
stance  
Of the Infinite? Is't builded bit by  
Bit? With joy in placing every unit  
In its vast extent? Is here a color  
Changed and there a lineament gladly  
altered?  
Or does it come in one stupendous flash!

What man may say? But someway,  
 somewhen in  
 The unfathomable depths of space that  
 picture  
 Has its just perfection, and endures,  
 The mighty matrix on which the uni-  
 verse  
 Is formed. Then outward flows the force  
 divine  
 To each remotest bound of space, to  
 every  
 Particle of force and matter within  
 The vast circumference. Lo here, Lo  
 there,  
 The vortices begin to whirl and grow,  
 The conservation of their force begins.  
 They gather more from out the Being  
 that  
 Supports and is themselves. Differenti-  
 ate, assimilate,  
 Reject.—Differentiate, assimilate, reject  
 —behold  
 The key to Nature's mighty laboratory.  
 Unity grows complexity, complexity more  
 Complex—still, still the simple key.  
 Differentiate, assimilate, reject, refining  
 refining,  
 Refining, until at last—at long, long  
 Last, some particle evolves as fit  
 For union with the first great Matrix  
 Of most enduring substance, and joins  
 itself  
 With whatsoever force it has unto  
 That Matrix, so henceforth co-laborer  
 To be with Brahma. In our passing day  
 Some vague and shadowy vision of that  
 picture  
 Comes to us, and we may choose to fol-  
 low  
 Here or there along its pathways. Per-  
 chance  
 With infinite pain and sorrow we  
 struggle backward  
 On its lines, or forward move with  
 rhythm  
 And peace within our souls. But soon or  
 late  
 We find and follow the outlying paths  
 Inward, upward to the dread High  
 Centre.  
 And what we name as time is but the  
 fleeting  
 Passage of differentiating Force  
 And Substance, following now near, now  
 far,  
 The eternal pathways of the Eternal  
 Now.  
 Forming pictures within shifting pic-  
 tures,

Whereof we know and are some infinitesi-  
 mal  
 Pin-point fragment.

History repeats itself?

And wherefore not? Still hangs sus-  
 pended, unchanged,

Unchanging, the Pattern Thought, the  
 changeless core

Of this fluidic system. From it as from  
 A mighty heart, go pulsing forth creative  
 Impulses, unnamed, unmeasured, vast,  
 Out-thrusting, in-drawing, manipulating,  
 moulding

Whatsoever flows within the shifting  
 Streams of matter, more or less refined  
 And plastic to the Eternal Will. Obe-  
 dient

Adamantine rock grows human, grows  
 Divine, but not one other particle  
 Of pristine rock shall choose the self-  
 same pathways.

Hence diversity in unity.

Hence all the earth shall know itself and  
 sing.

The mountains and the little hills to-  
 gether

Shall sing, shall clap their hands and  
 gladly sing.

As sang the morning stars when Brahma  
 woke:—

"I have been, I shall be again, I am  
 Because I still remember and foreknow—  
 I am the Undifferentiated Substance  
 Wherefrom our Earth precipitates itself  
 And hangs in just solution of perpetual  
 Ebb and flow, its particles indrawn  
 And again thrust outward to the sea  
 Of vast Undifferentiated Substance.  
 I am that Substance, I am the mighty ball  
 Which is the Earth, suspended in my  
 being.

As Earth and Substance, yea, as all that  
 is,

I chant the pæan of the morning stars—  
 Majestic marching song of all the  
 spheres,

Of all that live and move and breathe in  
 Brahma."

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

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## MOODS.

(By J. A. H.)

It sounds the merest truism to say that a man's character is molded by the habitual tenor of his thoughts. But who among us acts as tho' he believed it true? "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." We have heard the words so often, have so glibly mouthed them ourselves, that no longer do they hold for us a personal warning and a personal encouragement. Our ears and our tongues are accessories to the crime of indifference. The most profound of all occult mysteries are open before us in those ten words, but we are incredibly heedless of the fact.

Yet every passing thought leaves its definite impress, its delicate but durable etching upon the plastic brain. And thought repeating itself will do something more: it will carve deep channels thru which it may flow with ever lessening resistance. For consciousness has the insistent power of flowing water. It may cleanse and bless the land thru which it flows, or it may prove a devastating and demoniacal force.

The mind is but one department of the rightful dominion of the soul of man. But who of us, looking inward, beholding the plague-breeding morass and the barren plain, is willing to admit that he, and he alone, is responsible for those conditions? Or, if he so admits, is he grimly determined to set himself to the task of diverting the waters that they feed one

central stream, a stream whose bed shall be cut from the rock of spiritual will?

For the channel of a pure, life-giving stream must be hewn from the rock of pure spiritual will. Granite must be the bed of its stream, granite its uncompromising walls. No other foundation is there strong enough to withstand the sheer weight of those gathered waters or endure the pound and the sweep of their terrific energies.

We can not choose but be conscious, since consciousness is the law of our beings. But we can choose that of which we shall be conscious. Nor may the decision be forever delayed. The appointed moment shall certainly arrive, when, in a flash of clairvoyant vision, we shall understand that we are not and never were creatures of chance, or supine puppets of an alien and exterior god. With the results of our inexplicable follies and our laxness before us, we shall know that we have been idle and wasteful stewards of that marvelously rich kingdom over which we have control.

That moment is the moment of reckonings between the man, the little, personal man, and his immortal soul. The Master has returned to inquire of his stewardship. And before that probing the secrets of our hearts stand revealed. We shall behold them all, that fleeting, unhuman impulse, that vacuity of purpose which made of our minds the playground for any mischievous entity who



cared to invade it. Also we shall see at their true worth that kindly thought, that noble desire (did we encourage it? did it come to bear good fruit?) and every wistful yearning, be they never so vague, that allied us with the true and the beautiful.

These things shall we behold in that awful instant of self-revelment. For they represent the sum of our stewardship. Their slightest contour, their least figure, has been impressed upon the brain, writ there by the hand of the flowing water of consciousness. Each symbol stands out in clear relief, the eternal witnesses of those moods that have become our familiars for good or for evil. (To be concluded.)

### THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

At Philae, in the temple of Isis,  
The fruitful and terrible goddess,  
Under a running panel of the sacred  
ibis,

Is pictured the dead body of Osiris  
Waiting the resurrection morn.  
And a priest is pouring water blue as iris  
Out of a pitcher on the stalk of corn  
That from the body of the god is grow-  
ing,

Before the rising tides of the Nile are  
flowing.

And over the pictured body is this in-  
scription  
In the temple of Isis, the Egyptian:

*This is the nameless one, whom Isis de-  
crees*

*Not to be named, the god of life and  
yearning,*

*Osiris of the mysteries,*

*Who springs from the water ever re-  
turning.*

At the gate of the Lord's house,  
Ezekiel, the prophet, beheld the abomi-  
nation of Babylon:

Women with sorrow on their brows  
In lamentation, weeping  
For the bereavement of Ishtar and for  
Tammuz sleeping,

And for the summer gone.

Tammuz has passed below

To the house of darkness and woe,

Where dust lies on the bolt and on the  
floor

Behind the winter's iron door;

And Ishtar has followed him.

Leaving the meadows gray, the orchards  
dim

With driving rain and mist,

And winds that mourn.

Ishtar has vanished, and all life has  
ceased;

No flower blossoms and no child is born.

But not as Mary Magdalen came to the  
tomb,

The women in the gardens of Adonis  
Crying, "The winter sun is yet upon us."

Plants in baskets seeds of various  
bloom,

Which sprouted like frail hopes, they  
wilted down

For the baskets' shallow soil.

Then for a beauty dead, a futile toil,  
For leaves that withered, yellow and  
brown,

From the gardens of Adonis into the sea.  
They cast the baskets of their hope  
away:

A ritual of the things that cease to be.  
Brief loveliness and swift decay.

And O ye holy women, there at Delphi  
Rousing from sleep the cradled Dionysus.

Who with an April eye

Looked up at them,

Before the adorable god, the infant Jesus  
Was found at Bethlehem!

For at Bethlehem the groaning world's  
desire

For spring, that burned from Egypt up to  
Tyre,

And from Tyre to Athens beheld an  
epiphany of fire:

The flesh fade flower-like while the soul  
kept breath

Beyond the body's death,  
Even as nature which revives;

In consummation of the faith  
That Tammuz, the Soul, survives,

And is not sacrificed  
In the darkness where the dust

Lies on the bolt and on the floor,  
And passes not behind the iron door

Save it to be followed by the lover  
Christ,

The Ishtar of the faithful trust,  
Who knocks and says: "This soul  
which winter knew

In life, in death at last,  
Finds spring through me, and waters  
fresh and blue.

For lo, the winter is past;  
The rain is over and gone.

I open! It is dawn!

—Edgar Lee Masters, in "Poetry."

### THE DREAM OF RAVAN.

"In the eternal Now of that high sphere  
Which ever was and is and will be there,  
In the all-comprehending Infinite Here  
Which circles boundless, centres every-  
where,

Within that recapitulated All  
Where person merges in impersonal,  
Which "It" and "I" indifferent we call,  
All scenes, gestures, speeches, voices,  
faces,

To be encountered in our finite days  
Are present to the spirit's sense and  
gaze:

'Twas thus, O ten-headed Ravan, with  
thee.

Not ages ago in a former birth,  
As thou thoughtest, wert thou her com-  
panion on earth.

But in ages of ages yet to come,  
On thy forehead and on thy thumb  
Is writ what thou shalt be.

Beyond all time, beyond, beside,  
Thou rememberst her eternally,  
For she is thy spirit's primeval bride,  
The complement of thy unity  
Joined or dissevered, averted or fond,  
'Twixt her and thee an eternal bond  
Exists, which, tho' ye were to seek,  
Ye can not ever, ever break.

O bond from whence there is no freeing,  
Since the typal spirit never  
From its antitype can sever,  
She is a portion of thy being  
To all eternity."

### THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Peace, cry the lying prophets. Peace,  
from a sowing of Hate?

Gather ye figs of thistles, though ye rise  
up early and late?

Will ye garner truth from falsehood,  
fruit from a rotten tree?

Will sweet come forth from bitter, fresh  
streams from the salted sea?

Ye have mocked and spurned My Be-  
loved, and built your house on the  
sands,

And the waves have beat against it (be-  
hold! how much of it stands?).

Ye have made a tomb of My garden,  
have sown My wheat with tares,

And now ye look for a harvest that only  
My good seed bears.

Ye may sign and seal your parchments,  
Your legions may disperse.

Ye may strip the strong of his armor,  
and put him under a curse;

But except ye become as children, and  
love as the children love,  
Ye find not the Peace of Nations, nor  
enter My peace above.

—*London Poetry Review.*

### MANAS ANTASKARANA.

O Manas Antaskarana,  
Bridge of the wonder-world,  
Outermost garment of Noumenon,  
Where the essence of things is un-  
furled!

We may follow your shining pathways,  
Where Gods and men intertwine,  
To our little brother, the daisy,  
And the growth-pressured heart of the  
pine.

We may feel with the blue-gray vision  
Of the oak on the sun-gold lea,  
We may sway with the moon-swept  
surges  
Of the consciousness masked in the  
sea.

We may see how invisible fingers  
Reach into the cosmic streams,  
And fashion their fleeting substance  
Into a world of dreams.

Great Manas Antaskarana,  
With the patience of Godhead you  
wait.

Why should man seek for aught other  
While you swing wide your gate?

Fain would I follow your pathways,  
E'en though a dream of pain.

You lead to the Ultimate Gladness  
Where all we have lost becomes gain.

### AN INSECT ALCHEMIST.

(By J. Henri Fabre.)

As he watered his patch of onions in  
the spring, the Egyptian peasant would  
see from time to time a fat black insect  
pass close by, hurriedly trundling a ball  
of camel-dung backwards. He would  
watch the queer rolling thing in amaze-  
ment, even as the Provencal peasant  
watches it to this day.

No one fails to be surprised when he  
first finds himself in the presence of the  
Scarab, who, with his head down and  
his long hind legs in the air, pushes with  
might and main his huge pill, the source  
of so many awkward tumbles. Un-  
doubtedly the simple fellah, on beholding  
this spectacle, wondered what that ball  
could be, what object the black creature

could have in rolling it along with such vigor. The peasant of today asks himself the same question.

In the days of the Rameses and Thotmes, superstition had something to say in the matter; men saw in the rolling sphere an image of the world performing its daily revolution; and the scarab received divine honors: in memory of his ancient glory he continues the Sacred Beetle of the modern naturalists.

Ancient Egypt used to say that the scarab rolls his ball from east to west, the direction in which the world turns. He next buries it underground for twenty-eight days, the period of a lunar revolution. This four weeks' incubation quickens the pill-maker's progeny. On the twenty-ninth day, which the insect knows to be that of the conjunction of the sun and moon and of the birth of the world, he goes back to his buried ball; he digs it up, opens it, and throws it into the Nile. That completes the cycle. Immersion in the sacred waters causes a scarab to emerge from the ball.—*From "The Sacred Beetle and Others."* Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

#### FROM THE GLOSSARY.

(By H. P. B.)

**CADUCEUS.** The Greek poets and mythologists took the idea of the Caduceus of Mercury from the Egyptians. The Caduceus is found as two serpents twisted round a rod, on Egyptian monuments built before Osiris. The Greeks altered this. We find it again in the hands of Æsculapius assuming a different form to the wand of Mercurius or Hermes. It is a cosmic, sidereal, or astronomical, as well as a spiritual and even psychological symbol, its significance changing with its application. Metaphysically, the Caduceus represents the fall of primeval and primordial matter into gross terrestrial matters, the one Reality becoming Illusion. Astronomically, the head and tail represent the points of the ecliptic where the planets and even the sun and moon meet in close embrace. Physiologically, it is the symbol of the restoration of the equilibrium lost during Life, as a unit, and the currents of life performing various functions in the human body.

**MAGIC.** The great "Science." According to Deveria and other Oriental-

ists, "magic was considered as a sacred science inseparable from religion" by the oldest and most civilized and learned nations. The Egyptians, for instance, were one of the most sincerely religious nations, as were, and still are, the Hindus. "Magic consists of and is acquired by the worship of the Gods," said Plato. Could then a nation, which, owing to the irrefragable evidence of inscriptions and papyri, is proved to have firmly believed in magic for thousands of years, have been deceived for so long a time? And is it likely that generations upon generations of a learned and pious hierarchy many among whom led lives of self-martyrdom, holiness, and asceticism, would have gone on deceiving themselves and the people (or even only the latter) for the pleasure of perpetuating belief in "miracles"? Fanatics, we are told, will do anything to enforce belief in their gods or idols. To this we reply: in such case Brahmans and Egyptian *Rehghemans* or Hierophants would not have popularized belief in the power of magic by magic practices to command the services of the gods: which gods are, in truth, but the occult powers or potencies of nature, personified by the learned priests themselves, in which they revered only the attributes of the one unknown and nameless Principle. As Proclus the Platonist ably puts it: "Ancient priests, when they considered that there is a certain alliance and sympathy in natural things to each other, and as things manifest to occult powers, and discovered that all things subsist in all, fabricated a sacred science from this mutual sympathy and similarity . . . and applied for occult purposes, both celestial and terrene natures, by means of which through a certain similitude, they deduced divine virtues into this inferior abode." Magic is the science of communicating with and directing supernatural, supramundane Potencies, as well as of commanding those of the lower spheres; a practical knowledge of the hidden mysteries of Nature known to only the few, because they are so difficult to acquire without falling into sins against nature. Ancient and mediæval mystics divided magic into three classes—*Theurgic, Gætic*, and natural Magic. "Theurgic has long since been appropriated as the peculiar sphere of the Theosophists and metaphysicians," says Kenneth Macken-

zie. Goetia is *black* magic, and "natural (or white) magic has risen with healing in its wings to the proud position of an exact and progressive study." The comments added by our late learned brother are remarkable. "The realistic desires of modern times have contributed to bring magic into disrepute and ridicule. . . . Faith (in one's own self) is an essential element in magic, and existed long before other ideas which presume its preëxistence. It is said that it takes a wise man to make a fool; and a man's ideas must be exalted almost to madness, *i. e.*, his brain susceptibilities must be increased far beyond the low, miserable status of modern civilization, before he can become a true magician ;(for) a pursuit of this science implies a certain amount of isolation and an *abnegation of Self*." A very great isolation, certainly, the achievement of which constitutes a wonderful phenomenon, a miracle in itself. Withal magic is not something *supernatural*. As explained by Iamblichus "they through the sacerdotal theurgy announce that they are able to ascend to *more elevated and universal sciences* and to those that are established above fate, *viz.*, to god and the demiurgus: neither employing matter, nor assuming any other things besides, except the observation of a sensible time." Already some are beginning to recognize the existence of subtle powers and influences in nature of which they have hitherto known naught. But as Dr. Carter Blake truly remarks, "the nineteenth century is not that which has observed the genesis of new, nor the contemplation of old, methods of thought": to which Mr. Bonwick adds that "if the ancients knew but little of our mode of investigations into the secrets of nature, we know still less of their mode of research."

### THE GOOD OR THE ONE.

(From the Works of Plotinus.)

This, therefore, is manifested by the mandate of the mysteries, which orders that they shall not be divulged to those who are uninitiated. For as that which is divine can not be unfolded to the multitude, this mandate forbids the attempt to elucidate it to any one but him who is fortunately able to perceive it. Since, therefore (in this conjunction with Deity) there were not two things,

but the perceiver was one with the thing perceived, as not being (properly speaking) vision, but union; whoever becomes one by mingling with deity, and afterwards recollects this union, will have with himself an image of it. But he was also himself one, having with respect to himself no difference, nor with respect to other things. But then there was not anything excited with him who had ascended thither; neither anger, nor the desire of anything else, nor reason, nor a certain intellectual perception, nor, in short, was even he himself moved, if it be requisite also to assert this; but being as it were in an ecstasy, or energizing enthusiastically, he became established in quiet and solitary union not at all deviating from his own essence, nor revolving about himself, but being entirely stable, and becoming as it were stability itself. Neither was he then excited by anything beautiful; but running above the beautiful, he passed beyond even the choir of the virtues. Just as if some one having entered into the interior of the adytum should leave behind all the statues in the temple, which on his departure from the adytum will first present themselves to his view, after the inward spectacle, and the association that was there, which was not with a statue or an image, but with the thing itself (which the images represent) and which necessarily become the second objects of his perception. Perhaps, however, this was not a spectacle, but there was another mode of vision, *viz.*, ecstasy, and an expansion and accession of himself, a desire of contact, rest, and a striving after conjunction, in order to behold what the adytum contains. But nothing will be present with him who beholds in any other way. The wise prophets, therefore, obscurely signified by those imitations how this (highest) god is seen. But the wise priest understanding the enigma, and having entered into the adytum, obtains a true vision of what is there. If, however, he has not entered, he will conceive this adytum to be a certain invisible thing, and will have a knowledge of the fountain and principle, as the principle of things. But when situated there he will see the principle, and will be conjoined with it, by a union of like with like, neglecting nothing divine which

the soul is able to possess. . . . *This therefore is the life of the gods, and of divine and happy man, a liberation from all terrene concerns, a life unaccompanied with human pleasures, and a flight of the alone to the alone.*

### CAGLIOSTRO.

Our knowledge of Cagliostro is derived nearly entirely from the pens of his enemies. He was a great Freemason at a time when Freemasonry was a crime. He taught the truths of magic at a time when magic was first relegated to the Dark Ages. He became the supposed enemy of royalty at a time when royalty was supreme. To defend Cagliostro was to be *particeps criminis*. To slander him was to court the favor of the powerful.

But there is now a tendency to do justice to Cagliostro. In the May number of the *New Age Magazine* we have an article on the "Master of Magic," by Dr. Henry R. Evans, Litt. D., who draws attention to Dr. Trowbridge's recent work on "Cagliostro":

In the year 1910 a voluminous work was published in London, which treats the subject of the arch-hierophant of the mysteries in an impartial manner. It is entitled "Cagliostro, the Splendour and Misery of a Master of Magic," W. R. H. Trowbridge. The author has, in my opinion, lifted the black pall of evil which has rested upon the character of the sorcerer for over a century, and has shown very clearly that Cagliostro was not guilty of the heinous crimes imputed to him, but, on the contrary, was in many respects a badly abused and slandered man. As all readers of history know, he was mixed up in the Diamond Necklace trial, which dragged the fair name of the beautiful and innocent Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, in the mire. But the necromancer was acquitted, after having been imprisoned for more than a year in the Bastille. He was afterwards banished from France by order of Louis XVI. He took refuge in England. At the time of the affair of the necklace the French police did their best to throw light on Cagliostro's past, but all their efforts were baffled.

Dr. Evans obtains his information from various sources, but he seems to adopt the theory advanced by Mr. Trowbridge that Cagliostro and Joseph Balsamo were different persons and that the former has undeservedly been credited with the misdeeds of the latter. Referring to Cagliostro's career in Paris, Arthur Edward Waite says:

He assumed now the rôle of a practical magician, and astonished the city by the evocation of phantoms, which he caused to ap-

pear, at the wish of the inquirer, either in a mirror or in a vase of clear water. These phantoms equally represented dead and living beings, and as occasionally collusion appears to have been well-nigh impossible, and as the theory of coincidence is preposterous, there is reason to suppose that he produced results which must sometimes have astonished himself. All Paris, at any rate, was set wondering at his enchantments and prodigies, and it is seriously stated that Louis XVI was so infatuated with "de divin Cagliostro" that he declared that any one who injured him should be considered guilty of treason. At Versailles, and in the presence of several distinguished nobles, he is said to have caused the apparition in mirrors and vases, not merely of the spectres of absent or deceased persons, but animated and moving beings of a phantasmal description, including many dead men and women selected by the astonished spectators.

There are strange stories to the effect that Cagliostro foresaw the coming Reign of Terror in France and predicted it. It is difficult to disentangle the fable from the fact, but Mr. Trowbridge reminds us that there is at least some basis for the story. He says:

Nearly all who have written on Cagliostro have erred in stating that the letter contained the "predictions that the Bastille would be destroyed, its site become a public promenade, and that a king would reign in France who would abolish *lettres de cachet* and convoke the States-General"—all of which actually occurred three years later, in 1789. The predictions are the invention of the Inquisition biographer, to whose shortcomings, to put it mildly, attention has been frequently called. Cagliostro merely says that if in the future he was permitted to return to France he would only do so "provided the Bastille was destroyed and its site turned into a public promenade." A copy of this letter, now become very rare, is to be seen in the French National Archives.

Eliphas Levi has something to say about Cagliostro and to his claim that his real name was Acharat and that he was the pupil of the adept Althotas:

As explained by the Cabalistic letters of the names Acharat and Althotas, it expresses the chief characteristics of the Great Arcanum and the Great Work. It is a serpent pierced by an arrow, thus representing the letter *Alph*, an image of the union between active and passive, spirit and life, will and light. The arrow is that of the antique Apollo, while the serpent is the python of fable, the green dragon of Hermetic philosophy. The letter *Alph* represents equilibrated unity. This pantacle is reproduced under various forms in the talismans of old magic. . . . The arrow signifies the active principle, will, magical action, the coagulation of the dissolvent, the fixation of the volatile by projection and the penetration of earth by fire. The union of the two is the universal balance, the Great Arcanum, the Great Work, the equilibrium of *Jachin* and *Bouz*. The initials L. P. D., which accom-

pany this figure, signify Liberty, Power, Duty, and also Light, Proportion, Density; Law, Principle and Right. The Freemasons have changed the order of these initials, and in the form of L. D. P. they render them as *Liberté de Penser*, Liberty of Thought, inscribing these on a symbolical bridge, but for those who are not initiated they substitute *Liberté de Passer*, Liberty of Passage. In the records of the prosecution of Cagliostro it is said that his examination elicited another meaning as follows: *Lilia destrue pedibus*: Trample the lilies under foot; and in support of this version may be cited a Masonic medal of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, depicting a branch of lilies severed by a sword, having these words on the exergue: *Talem dabit ultio messem*—Revenge shall give this harvest.

Dr. Evans concludes his article with the assertion that Cagliostro believed in his mission to enlighten the world. Had he been a mere charlatan he would not have practiced his mission of medicine and Masonry in such a humanitarian manner. He was, says Dr. Evans, a "genuine psychic," and although we may much demur to such a designation in reference to Cagliostro we may at least admit, and with appreciation, that some effort has been made to do justice to a great Tehosophist whose lot has thus far been malignant slander.

### THE PILGRIM.

I am my ancient self,  
Long paths I've trod,  
The luring light before,  
Behind the red;  
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 "Soul Spur."

### WISDOM FROM THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

The pure Object apart from consciousness is unknown to us, while living on the plane of our three-dimensional world, for we know only the mental states it excites in the perceiving Ego.

Even to speak of Cosmic Ideation—save in its *phenomenal* aspect—is like trying to bottle up primordial chaos, or to put a printed label on Eternity.

The Atom—the most metaphysical object in creation.

No *earths* or *moons* can be found, *except in appearance*, beyond, or of the same order of Matter as found in our System. Such is the Occult Teaching.

By paralyzing his lower personality, and arriving thereby at the full knowledge of the *non-separateness* of his Higher Self from the One Absolute Self, man can, even during his terrestrial life, become as "one of us."

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.

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.

The Solar substance is immaterial. In the sense, of course, of Matter existing in states unknown to Science.

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.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## HISTORY AND LIGHT.

William of Normandy is still to be seen fighting the Saxon King Harold for the possession of England; the minions of the Pharaohs are still to be observed building the Pyramids; even primeval man has not yet ceased to roam the earth, fighting his slow way up from savagery. Ancient as these things are, they are still alive and vital—somewhere in space; light rays are eternal, and they carry the picture of everything that ever was on and on forever.

The speed of light traveling through space is 186,000 miles a second. Get out your pencil and pad of paper and get to work, and you will find that in a year light travels about 6,000,000,000,000 miles. That is a light-year, the measure of astronomical space. The sun is nearly 100,000,000 miles away from the earth, hence light travels from our source of life to us in about eight minutes. But pick your way outside of the solar system, and it is a matter, not of minutes, but of light-years, when you speak of the time required for the passage of light. The nearest star to us is the first-magnitude giant of the southern skies, Alpha Centauri. Between that star and the earth four years are required for the passage.

Polaris, another of our comparatively near neighbors, being 116 light-years away, it takes light that many years to come to us from that sentinel of the North Pole; hence, as we gaze at Polaris,

Dr. C. S. Brainin of Columbia University points out in a recent exposition of the distances of space: "We really get on our retina the light which left Polaris that many years ago; and we see it as it was then, not as it is now, at the moment of observation. A star might suffer some cosmic catastrophe, such as a collision with another star; in the case of Polaris we would not know of it until 116 years after its occurrence.

"The stars being at different distances from us, we see one star as it was approximately 100 years ago, another as it was 1500 years ago, and so on. Of course, the case has been reversed. Suppose Polaris, which on the whole is a body something like our sun, has an attendant planet upon which there live inhabitants whose science is so developed that they possess instruments so powerful that they can see, not only the earth, but also what goes on upon this planet. They would know nothing of the great war, nothing of the earth's present activities, for they would be getting the light which left us 116 years ago, hence they would be watching the events of 1803.

"On a possible planet of Alpha Centauri the inhabitants would be seeing the earthly events of 1915, while an inhabitant of a possible Pleiades system would see the inhabitants of the earth making history as far back as about 1200. Some planetarian out in space may be at this moment watching the arrival of William the Conqueror in England, and another



somewhere may even be seeing the Missing Link roaming the earth. It is merely a question of sufficiently sensitive instruments, for a continuous reel of pictures leaves the earth and travels through space, suffering only a diminution of brightness."

Thus far, Dr. Brainin points out, the distances of only an exceedingly small number of the many celestial bodies have been measured, for the difficulty is very great in the case of those which are not fairly close, astronomically speaking, and the direct trigonometric or surveying methods can not be used; indirect methods are relied upon to give some conception of the distance, even if not a really accurate figure. Such is the case, of course, with one of the most distant of the celestial bodies, the star cluster N. G. C. 7006, whose distance is more than 200,000 light-years, and with the famous cluster in Hercules, probably about 36,000 light-years away.

"The ancients, without any optical aids and with only the naked eye," says this Columbia authority, "could see no change in the relative positions of the stars. They called them therefore 'fixed' stars, and this name still sticks today, although if we know one thing about them with great certainty it is that they are not fixed. With the telescope and the spectroscope astronomers have measured the speed and direction of motion of a tremendous number of stars. These investigations have revealed to them the changes which the aspect of the heavens will undergo in the course of centuries. For example, one of our favorites, the Great Dipper, will be entirely unrecognizable as such in some 20,000 years.

"On the other hand, many stars, some quite far apart in the heavens as seen by us, are found to be related members of a single family through the possession of motion having similar direction and velocities. We have learned also that our sun, as may well be expected, partakes of this general motion of the stars and, with its planetary system, is moving in the general direction of Vega's present position with a velocity of about twelve miles a second. Still further, it has been found that there are several streams of stars moving in opposite directions through space, each member of a stream moving in the same direction.

"The motions of the stars are viewed as akin to the motions of the molecules of a gas: they move in a direction determined by the power of gravitational attraction alone until something happens to change it, a collision with a fellow-star, for instance, whereupon they assume a new path. In a gas this happens millions of times in a second, but among the stars, according to calculation, it may be expected only once in a million years, for, in spite of the large number of stars, they are very far apart.

"On any fine night you can see the remarkable belt of stars called the Galaxy, or Milky Way, stretching from horizon to horizon. It is remarkable that the number of stars gathered here should be so extremely great, compared with other portions of the sky. Suppose the visible stars occupy a finite, although very large, volume of space and are pretty evenly spread throughout this volume, which has a shape like a book, or, say, like a millstone, that is, much thinner in one direction than in the other two. If we are in the centre of such a 'block' of space and look out along the direction of the thinner dimension, we would see fewer stars than if we looked through the thicker part, where we are further from the outer surface. All around the sky in the direction of the Milky Way we are looking through what is probably the thicker dimension of the volume of space occupied by our neighboring stellar matter.

"But what about the globular star clusters, distant aggregates of immense stars? Are they within our star system, or do they form separate galaxies of their own? Is the universe a single entity, or are there several, even many, subdivisions? These are questions for the future. All the stars which you see twinkling in the sky belong to the same galaxy as the sun, but there is nothing to contradict the possibility of the existence of other galaxies, co-equal with ours, and fellow-members in a system of super-galaxies, themselves minute divisions of the universe."

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.—*Secret Doctrine*.

## THE LIFE-ATOMS.

(From "Five Years of Theosophy.")

It is said that "for three thousand years at least the 'mummy,' notwithstanding all the chemical preparations, goes on throwing off to the last invisible atoms, which, from the hour of death, re-entering the various vortices of being, go indeed through every variety of organized life-forms. But it is not the soul, the fifth, least of all the sixth principle, but the *life-atoms of the Jiva*, the second principle. At the end of the 3000 years, sometimes more and sometimes less, after endless transmigrations, all these atoms are once more drawn together, and are made to form the new outer clothing or the body of the same monad (the real soul) which they had already clothed two or three thousand years before. Even in the worst case, that of the annihilation of the conscious *personal* principle, the monad or *individual* soul is ever the same, as are also the *atoms of the lower principles*, which, regenerated and renewed in this ever-flowing river of being, are magnetically drawn together owing to their affinity, and are once more reincarnated together."

This little passage is a new installment of occult teaching given to the public, and opens up a vast field for thought. It suggests, in the first instance, that the exoteric doctrine of the transmigration of the soul through lower forms of existence—so generally believed in by the Hindus, though incorrect as regards the soul (fifth principle)—has some basis of truth when referred to the lower principles.

It is stated further that the mummy goes on throwing off invisible atoms, which go through every variety of organized life-forms, and further on it is stated that it is the *life-atoms of the Jiva*, the second principle, that go through these transmigrations.

According to the esoteric teaching, the Jiva "is a form of force indestructible, and, when disconnected with one set of atoms, becoming attracted immediately by others."

What, then, is meant by the *life-atoms*, and their going through endless transmigrations?

The invisible atoms of the mummy would mean the imperceptibly decaying

atoms of the physical body, and the *life-atoms of the Jiva* would be quite distinct from the atoms of the mummy. Is it meant to imply that both the invisible atoms of the physical body, as well as the atoms of the Jiva, after going through various life-forms, return again to reform the physical body, and the Jiva of the entity that has reached the end of its devachanic state and is ready to be reincarnated again.

It is again taught that even in the worst case (the annihilation of the Personal Ego) the atoms of the *lower principles* are the same as in the previous birth. Here does the term "lower principles" include the Kama Rupa also, or only the lower triad of Body, Jiva and Linga Sharira? It seems the Kama Rupa in that particular case can not be included, for in the instance of the annihilation of the personal soul, the Kama Rupa would be in the eighth sphere.

Another question also suggests itself. The fourth principle (Kama Rupa) and the *lower* portion of the fifth, which can not be assimilated by the sixth, wander about as shells, and in time disperse into the elements of which they are made. Do the atoms of these principles also reunite, after going through various transmigrations, to constitute over again the fourth and the lower fifth of the next incarnation?

N. D. K.

### NOTE.

To begin with, we would draw attention to the closing sentence of the passage quoted above: "Such was the true occult theory of the Egyptians," the word "true" being used there in the sense of its being the doctrine they really believed in, as distinct from both the tenets fathered upon them by some Orientalists, and those which the modern Occultists may be now teaching. It does not stand to reason that, outside those occult truths which were known to, and revealed by, the great Hierophants during the final initiation, we should accept *all* that either the Egyptians or any other people may have regarded as true. The Priests of Isis were the only true initiates, and their occult teachings were still more veiled than those of the Chaldeans. There was the true doctrine of the Hierophants of the *inner* Temple; then the half-veiled Hieratic tenets of the Priests of the *outer* temple; and, finally, the vul-

gar popular religion of the great body of the ignorant, who were allowed to reverence animals as divine. As shown correctly by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the initiated priests taught that:

"Dissolution is only the cause of re-production . . . nothing perishes which has once existed, but things which appear to be destroyed only change their natures and pass into another form."

In the present case, however, the Egyptian doctrine of atoms coincides with our own occult teachings. In the above remarks the words, "The life-atoms of the Jiva," are taken in a strictly literal sense. Without any doubt Jiva or Prana is quite distinct from the atoms it animates. The latter belong to the lowest or grossest state of matter—the *objectively conditioned*; the former, to a higher state—that state which the un-initiated, ignorant of its nature, would call the "objectively finite," but which, to avoid any future misunderstanding, we may, perhaps, be permitted to call the *subjectively eternal*, though, at the same time and in one sense, the subsistent existence, however paradoxical and unscientific the term may appear. Life, the occultist says, is the eternal uncreated energy, and it alone represents in the infinite universe that which the physicists have agreed to name the principle, or the law of continuity, though they apply it only to the endless development of the conditioned. But since modern science admits, through her most learned professors, that "energy" has as much claim to be regarded as an objective reality as matter itself," and as life, according to the occult doctrine, is the *one* energy acting, Proteus-like, under the most varied forms, the occultists have a certain right to use such phraseology. Life is ever present in the atom or matter, whether organic or inorganic—a difference that the occultists do not accept. Their doctrine is that life is as much present in the inorganic as in the organic matter—when life-energy is active in the atom, that atom is organic; when dormant or latent, then the atom is inorganic. Therefore, the expression "life-atom," though apt in one sense to mislead the reader, is not incorrect after all, since occultists do not recognize that anything in Nature can be inorganic, and know of no "dead atoms," whatever meaning science may give to the adjective. The

law of biogenesis, as ordinarily understood, is the result of the ignorance of the man of science of occult physics. It is accepted because the man of science is unable to find the necessary means to awaken into activity the dormant life inherent in what he terms an inorganic atom; hence the fallacy that a living thing can only be produced from a living thing, as though there ever was such a thing as *dead* matter in Nature! At this rate, and to be consistent, a mule ought to be also classed with inorganic matter, since it is unable to reproduce itself and generate life. We dwell so much upon the above as it meets at once all future opposition to the idea that a mummy, several thousand years old, can be throwing off atoms. Nevertheless, the sentence would perhaps have gained in clearness if we had said, instead of the "life-atoms of Jiva," the atoms "animated by dormant Jiva or life-energy." Again, the definition of Jiva quoted above, though quite correct on the whole, might be more fully, if not more clearly, expressed. The Jiva, or life-principle, which animates man, beast, plant, and even a mineral, certainly is "a form of force indestructible," since this force is the one life, or Anima Mundi, the universal living soul, and that the various modes in which objective things appear to us in Nature, in their atomic aggregations, such as minerals, plants, animals, etc., are all the different forms or states in which this force manifests itself. Were it to become—we will not say absent, for this is impossible, since it is omnipresent—but for one single instant inactive, say in a stone, the particles of the latter would lose instantly their cohesive property, and disintegrate as suddenly, though the force would still remain in each of its particles, but in a dormant state. Then the continuation of the definition, which states that when this indestructible force is "disconnected with one set of atoms, it become attracted immediately by others," does not imply that it abandons entirely the first set, but only that it transfers its *vis viva* or living power—the energy of motion—to another set. But because it manifests itself in the next set as what is called kinetic energy, it does not follow that the first set is deprived of it altogether; for it is still in it, as potential energy, or life latent. This is a cardinal and basic truth of occultism, on the per-

fect knowledge of which depends the production of every phenomenon. Unless we admit this point, we should have to give up all the other truths of occultism. Thus what is "meant by the life-atom cell going through endless transmigration" is simply this: we regard and call, in our occult phraseology, those atoms that are moved by kinetic energy as "life-atoms," while those that are for the time being passive, containing but imperceptible potential energy, we call "sleeping atoms"; regarding, at the same time, these two forms of energy as produced by one and the same force or life.

Now to the Hindu doctrine of metempsychosis. It has a basis of truth; and, in fact, it is an axiomatic truth, but only in reference to human atoms and emanations, and that not only after a man's death, but during the whole period of his life. The esoteric meaning of the *Laws of Manu* (xii. 3, and xii. 54 and 55), of the verses asserting that "every act, either mental, verbal, or corporeal, bears good or evil fruit [Karma]," that "the various transmigrations of *men* [not souls] through the highest, middle and lowest stages, are produced by their actions," and again that "a Brahman-killer enters the body of a dog, bear, ass, camel, goat, sheep, bird, etc.," bears no reference to the human Ego, but only to the atoms of his body, his lower triad and his fluidic emanations. It is all very well for the Brahmins to distort, in their own interest, the real meaning contained in these laws, but the words as quoted never meant what they were made to yield later on. The Brahmins applied them selfishly to themselves, whereas by "Brahman," man's seventh principle, his immortal monad and the essence of the personal Ego were meant allegorically. He who kills or extinguishes in himself the light of Parabrahman—i. e., severs his personal Ego from the Atman, and thus kills the future Devachani, becomes a "Brahman-killer." Instead of facilitating, through a virtuous life and spiritual aspirations, the union of the Buddhi and the Manas, he condemns, by his own evil acts, every atom of his lower principles to become attracted and drawn, in virtue of the magnetic affinity thus created by his passions, into the bodies of lower animals. This is the real meaning of the doctrine of metempsychosis. It is not that such amalgamation of hu-

man particles with animal or even vegetable atoms can carry in it any idea of personal punishment *per se*, for of course it does not. But it is a cause, the effects of which may manifest themselves throughout succeeding re-births, unless the personality is annihilated. Otherwise, from cause to effect, every effect becoming in its turn a cause, they will run along the cycle of re-births, the once given impulse expanding itself only at the threshold of Pralaya. But of this anon. Notwithstanding their esoteric meaning, even the words of the grandest and noblest of all the adepts, Gautama Buddha, are misunderstood, distorted, and ridiculed in the same way. The Hina-yana, the lowest form of transmigration of the Buddhist, is as little comprehended as the Maha-yana, its highest form; and, because Shakyamuni is shown to have once remarked to his Bhikshus, pointing to a broom, that "it had formerly been a novice who neglected to sweep out" the council-room, hence he was re-born as a broom (!), therefore, the wisest of all the world's sages stands accused of idiotic superstition. Why not try and find out the true meaning of the figurative statement before condemning? Why should we scoff before we understand? Is or is not that which is called magnetic effluvium a something, a stuff, or a substance, invisible and imponderable though it be? If the learned authors of *The Unseen Universe* object to light, heat, and electricity being regarded merely as imponderables, and show that each of these phenomena has as much claim to be recognized as an objective reality as matter itself, our right to regard the mesmeric or magnetic fluid which emanates from man to man, or even from man to what is termed an "inanimate" object, is far greater. It is not enough to say that this fluid is a species of molecular energy like heat, for instance, though of much greater potency. Heat is produced whenever kinetic energy is transformed into molecular energy, we are told, and it may be thrown out by any material composed of sleeping atoms, or inorganic matter as it is called; whereas the magnetic fluid projected by a living human body is *life itself*. Indeed it is "life-atoms," that a man in a blind passion throws off unconsciously, though he does it quite as

effectively as a mesmerizer who transfers them from himself to any object consciously and under the guidance of his will. Let any man give way to any intense feeling, such as anger, grief, etc., under or near a tree, or in direct contact with a stone, and after many thousands of years any tolerable psychometer will see the man, and perceive his feelings from one single fragment of that tree or stone that he had touched. Hold any object in your hand, and it will become impregnated with your life-atoms, indrawn and outdrawn, changed and transferred in us at every instant of our lives. Animal heat is but so many life-atoms in molecular motion. It requires no adept knowledge, but simply the natural gift of a good clairvoyant subject to see them passing to and fro, from man to objects and *vice versa* like a bluish lambent flame. Why, then, should not a broom, made of a shrub, which grew most likely in the vicinity of the building where the lazy novice lived, a shrub, perhaps, repeatedly touched by him while in a state of anger provoked by his laziness and distaste for his duty—why should not a quantity of his life-atoms have passed into the materials of the future besom, and therein have been recognized by Buddha, owing to his superhuman (not *supernatural*) powers? The processes of Nature are acts of incessant borrowing and giving back. The materialistic skeptic, however, will not take anything in any other way than in a literal, dead-letter sense.

To conclude our too long answer, the "lower principles" mentioned before are the first, second, and the third. They can not include the Kama Rupa, for this Rupa belongs to the middle, not the lower principles. And, to our correspondent's further query, "Do the atoms of these [the fourth and the fifth] also re-form, after going through various transmigrations, to constitute over again the fourth and the lower fifth of the next incarnation?"—we answer, "They do." The reason why we have tried to explain the doctrine of the "life-atoms" at such length, is precisely in connection with this last question, and with the object of throwing out one more fertile hint. We do not feel at liberty at present, however, to give any further details.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

## SOME COINCIDENCES.

Lord Acton of England for many years kept a record of coincidences. A strange one occurred within his own experience. A rumor had spread that his wife had drowned herself. She had done nothing of the kind, but it was quite true that a Baroness Acton had drowned herself at Tegernsee, where Lord and Lady Acton was staying, and had drowned herself under their very window.

The strangest of all coincidences noted by Lord Acton concerned Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was murdered at the bottom of what is now Primrose Hill, but was then known as Greenberry Hill, in London. Three men were hanged for the murder. Their names, respectively, were Green, Berry, and Hill.

In the list of coincidences pertaining to accidents a number of interesting examples are of authentic record. It has been pointed out that very often persons have been surprised by events occurring, as it seemed, at the immediate suggestion of the victims. In the excitement of the moment they have offered "fate" or some unknown law of association of power of mind over matter as suitable explanations, but when all is said calm reason may classify such phenomena as pure coincidence.

Some years ago a well-known businessman who was accustomed to making weekly trips between an Eastern city and Chicago had the uncomfortable experience of having a wheel break immediately under his seat while the train was going at full speed. It was only by the most fortunate of leaps that he was able to escape losing his life. Naturally this experience made a very deep impression upon him.

It was almost a year later that he took the same train, and, by a strange chance, was assigned to the same chair. During a chat with a friend whom he had just met he glanced out of the window and recognized the landscape and the very spot of his narrow escape. He told the story of the broken wheel. Just as he reached the climax of his recital, saying: "The cold shivers go down my back at the mere thought of it. There it is again!" Incredible as it may seem, the identical accident happened on the same train, almost between the same two field-adjoining the track, and the victim of this

oldest of coincidence barely escaped the same way as before.

Such weird coincidences are always difficult of credence, but no less an authority than Darwin, the naturalist, mentions one of the same kind, though different in degree. One of the party whereof Darwin was a member was speaking of the earthquake of Tacahuano, in northern Chile, on which occasion the father had lost all his property and the narrator himself had barely escaped with his life. Then, writes Darwin, there ensued a curious coincidence. A German, one of the party, got up, saying he would never sit in a room in those countries with the door shut, as, owing to his having done so, he once nearly lost his life at Sopiapo. Accordingly, he opened the door. No sooner had he done so than he cried out, "Here it comes again!" and another shock ensued. The whole party escaped.

#### FROM PLOTINUS.

The entry of a soul into a body may take place in any one of two ways. In one case it has already been in an earthly body and changes for another, or having been in a body of fire or air (an astral body) it enters for the first time into an earthly body. . . . In another case it has been previously outside of any body, but chooses one now and so enters for the first time into relation with the material universe. At present we are to deal only with this second case. . . . We begin with the Soul-of-the-All. . . . We must use such phrases as "entry of the Soul" and "ensouling the world," though there never was a time when this All was without Soul, never a time when Matter was crude and unordered. We separate them, Soul and Body, Form and Matter, only to be enabled to discuss them clearly; there is no combination which the reasoning faculties may not resolve into its elements.

If Body, the body kind, had not existed the soul could never have gone forth from itself, for there exists no other place to which its nature would allow it to resort. If it is to go forth from itself, it must provide a suitable place, it must shape itself a body.

Now the soul (as a divine Hypostasis) is motionless, with an immobility rooted

in immobility's self (the immobility which is one of the Categories of the world of Authentic-Existence), but it may be thought of as a powerful light shining forth afar; at the uttermost reach of its fires there must be darkness: once this darkness exists the soul must see it, and, by seeing it, give it form, for the Law could not allow anything that is near to Soul to be without some share in Divine Idea.

The Kosmos, the ordered and patterned system thus produced, becomes like a stately and varied mansion not disowned by its architect though not identical with him; it is judged worthy in every inch of all its builder's care in adding beauty to its being, as far as existence is possible to Matter and without prejudice to the Maker who presides over it from the eternal seat Above. Thus is the All ensouled, with a spirit not its own, but communicated to it; governed by Soul, not governing it; not so much possessing as possessed by Soul. For the Universe lies within this maintaining Spirit and no recess of it is wholly void of Soul. It may be compared to a net that takes all its life from being wet in the waters and still is never able to move of its own motion there, but as the sea tosses it the net is spread out, exactly to the full of its reach, no mesh of it able to push beyond its own set place.

The Soul, outside all the limits of space and quantity, is able to embrace within its unvarying force the entire body of the All, and is ever at the furthest and the nearest point which the All includes. The universe spreads as broad and wide as the presence of the Soul, and it stretches as far as the outflow of life from the Soul proceeds.

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, . . . so with the external or manifested Universe.—*Secret Doctrine*.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## JAZZ AT CHURCH.

Several good men have recently written books on the reconstruction work to be done by the churches. They seem still to think that the world is looking to the churches for guidance and leadership. They are mistaken.

Other good and somewhat more intelligent men are asking why the people are turning away from the churches and looking elsewhere for help and comfort. With a sincere desire to be useful we would draw the attention of the writers to a report on the spiritual activities of Grace Chapel, of the United Christian Church of America, Prospect Street, Long Island City. The report is to the effect that the Rev. Charles Nelson, pastor of the aforesaid church, has not only promoted Sunday baseball, but has introduced jazz music and a theatre programme at his services. The reverend gentleman announces that these interesting features will be omitted on the occasion of the Holy Communion and the baptism of children, as the nature of these services is necessarily a fixed one and does not lend itself to "extra adornment." It is Mr. Nelson's object "to keep the people guessing as to what they are to see and hear and then they will come to my services to find out."

It is gratifying to know that at least the Communion Service is free from these monkey tricks, but need we ask ourselves why the people are turning away from the churches. They can not stand

the Rev. Nelsons, and their name is legion.

## DRUGS.

A member of the Federal Health Service is responsible for the statement that there are one million drug addicts in the United States. It is a large estimate, perhaps an exaggerated one, but it is somewhat sustained by the definite fact that we use 400,000 pounds of opium annually, and we need only one-eighth of this quantity for medical purposes. Germany and Italy have a combined population about equal to ours and they consume only 23,000 pounds of opium annually. During the last fifty years our opium consumption has increased 351 per cent. and our population only 133 per cent. We are fond of asserting that we are the most progressive people on earth. Perhaps we are. Unquestionably it is true in the matter of opium consumption. There is no question about our progressiveness there.

It will be observed that the average commentator usually deals with remedies. He rarely seeks the cause. And yet one would suppose that the cause and the cure must be closely related. The New York *Evening Post*, for example, clamors for "more stringent" laws. A few years ago, when we began to pass laws against drugs, we were confidently assured that the evil had now been ended and that we might pass on to the next iniquity on our list. We are always in the position of Mr. Micawber, who gave



his I. O. U. for a debt and said, "Thank God, that's paid." We pass a law and assume that we have abolished that particular variety of hell. Usually we seem to have increased it. We have done so in this instance. We pass laws against opium, and the sales of opium double themselves.

What can we expect while we encourage and applaud self-indulgence in our children, while we neglect to give them even a rudimentary knowledge of right and wrong? All that the average child knows of right and wrong is what happens to be convenient or inconvenient to its parents. And yet there is no child so young that it can not be taught the rudiments of discrimination between its higher and lower nature. This is not to say that the lower nature and the appetites should be starved, but at least they should be recognized by the child for what they are, and recognition of this kind comes more easily to the child than to the adult. Let the child be taught that its lower nature must be restrained and governed because it is the lower nature, and therefore to some extent in conflict with the higher nature, which demands self-sacrifice and self-command. Teach the child to recognize its two natures as realities, and to allot its actions to one or to the other. Then we shall not find so many drug addicts, nor so many parents whose gray hairs are brought in sorrow to the grave.

### THE CIRCLE.

A correspondent asks why the circle should be considered the symbol of Deity.

The circle is the symbol of Deity because its endless line is suggestive of eternity. But a better reason will be found in the *Masonic Review* of June, 1886, where we find the following suggestion:

"Close your eyes and from your own consciousness of perception try and think outward to the extremest limits in every direction. You will find that equal lines or rays of perception extend out equally in all directions, so that the utmost effort of perception will terminate in the *vault of a sphere*. The limitation of this sphere will, of necessity, be a great circle, and the direct rays of thought in any and every direction must be right-line radii of the circle. This,

then, *must* be, humanly speaking, the extremest all-embracing conception of the Ain Suph *manifest*, which formulates itself as a geometrical figure, viz., of a circle, with its elements of curved circumference and right line diameter divided into radii."

All the process of nature, from gods to devils, from heavens to hells, are expressible and expressed by symbols. Indeed they can be expressed in no other way. The circle, the point, the line, the triangle, the square, the pentagram, form the alphabet of the universal language which conceals and also reveals all mysteries, hiding them from the profane and making them known to the wise. Let the questioner study out the meaning of the 31415, the relation of the diameter to the circumference of the circle, the numerical equivalent of the Elohim who in the beginning "created the heavens and the earth."

### HARDLY FAIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES: The Republicans should take notice. A new weapon against the Administration has been discovered. The Ghosts have been heard from. Margaret Cameron, in an article in the June *Harper's*, tells of "Signs and Portents" revealed to her through her unconsciously moving pencil. Superior Intelligences, guiding her pencil, enabled her to write on the evening of November 5, 1918, before the count had been completed, the hour being half-past 9 to be exact, that the country had decided not to elect a Democratic Congress. "Mary K.," communicating with her from a higher plane of existence, revealed Republican tendencies. Out of the unseen came this: "We have won. The elections have ended and they have answered Wilson. Wilson stands properly rebuked before the world. The people have spoken." Margaret Cameron thus learned, ahead of all other mortals, the result of the election. It appears that the Immortals are Republicans and are working for that party, that they are against the President, that they approved of a Republican Congress. What chance will the Democrats have when the opposition stump speakers in the next campaign can assure their hearers that the immortal hosts are on the side of the Republicans?

CALVIN DILL WILSON.

## DIARMAMENT.

Once, on the errand of his mercy bent,  
 Buddha, the holy and benevolent,

Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of  
 look,

Whose awful voice the hills and forest  
 shook.

"Oh son of peace!" the giant cried. "thy  
 fate

Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to  
 hate."

The unarmed Buddha, looking with no  
 trace

Of fear or anger, in the monster's face.  
 In pity said: "Poor fiend, e'en thee I  
 love."

Lo! as he spake, the sky-tall terror sank  
 To hand-breadth size: the huge abhor-  
 rence shrank

Into the form and fashion of a dove:

And where the thunder of its rage was  
 heard,

Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:  
 "Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the  
 song:

"And peace unweaponed conquers every  
 wrong!"

—Whittier.

## MOODS.

(By J. A. H.)

To what awe-inspiring genesis do we  
 relate man that in the face of his amazing  
 inconsistencies we say of him that his  
 every thought and act is in exact accord  
 with the temper of his will? How shall  
 we reconcile his contradictions? What  
 slightest indication have we that he, the  
 moved, is capable of self-movement?  
 And unless we postulate self-movement as  
 the primal law of his being, we can not  
 saddle him with responsibility of self-  
 government, since the moved is subject  
 to that which moves it.

From birth to the moment of death,  
 and perhaps most particularly at the mo-  
 ment of death, man shows himself to be  
 the docile slave of his passions. Who,  
 then, shall read us the riddle of man?  
 Every spiritual teacher that humanity  
 has ever had has given a clew to that  
 mystery. They have said, "Ye are gods,  
 and the spirit of the one God dwelleth in  
 you."

But though Jesus, the Christ, stand  
 forever upon the Mount teaching the  
 multitude, and the Lord Buddha con-  
 tinues to expound the virtues of the ex-  
 cellent way, no man among us shall heed

them unto understanding save inasmuch  
 as he, of his own volition, turn his con-  
 sciousness from that which is without  
 himself to that which is within. There  
 is the witness, certain, true, that may not  
 be gainsaid nor in any manner denied,  
 for it is the true man, the "lord from  
 heaven," the "god" of whom all teachers  
 tell us.

Behind the variable of personality, and  
 behind most of that which we take to be  
 individuality, is this indestructible unit,  
 this irreducible factor, and in him is all  
 that endures of man. From this integrity  
 a man may not divorce himself and re-  
 main man. For so long as this living ego  
 strive within his consciousness for su-  
 premacy, so long is it possible for man to  
 become more than man, to transcend  
 himself, as it were.

That is to say, he may so direct his  
 consciousness toward this true self that  
 every avenue of his nature shall become  
 open and receptive to its divine inflow.  
 He may merge with it, may become  
 wholly one with it, as water poured from  
 a cup into a stream becomes one with it.  
 In the mystical process he has lost his  
 "life" but to find life itself. For each  
 man there is the one channel through  
 which he may contact that larger life.  
 That divine Self which is himself is his  
 way, his truth, and his life. It is the  
 Christ within his soul. A Christ de-  
 spised and rejected, but how divinely  
 patient, how unutterably loving!

And this Christ is the mediator, the  
 savior, but in no sense is there a vicari-  
 ous atonement, since in him is all that  
 is durable of man. They who mock at  
 his wisdom, who jeer at the awful spec-  
 tacle of a crucified god, do not guess that  
 they have done these things unto them-  
 selves.

Always this inner man, this Christ,  
 stands as the link between God and man,  
 between divine consciousness and human  
 consciousness. And divine conscious-  
 ness is the perception of cause, while hu-  
 man consciousness is the knowledge con-  
 cerning that which proceeds from causa-  
 tion.

Consciousness, creation and water, the  
 potential fluid, these three terms are  
 hardly separable. Many are the waters  
 and their source is one. But the waters  
 are sweet or bitter to that measure in  
 which they run freely. There are the  
 waters of Siloam and the waters of

Marah; there are the waters of life-renewing consciousness and the waters of the wilderness of consciousness.

We can take the one and reject the other. Ours is the choice, ours the irrevocable decision.

### THE STAR-GAZER.

(The following are some stanzas selected from "The Star Gazer," included in a volume of verse entitled "Hylethen," by Isaac Flagg, and published by the Stratford Company, Boston.)

Mark yon pale segment of the sky

Where glows Aldebaran,

Dim starry myriads marshal'd nigh,

His Hyads in the van,

Their solemn arbiter of old,

Still from his beacon fall

The fateful ruddy fires that hold

A thousand worlds in thrall.

Thy fortunes in their signs were writ,

Those signs are writ in thee,

As when some pharos-tower has lit

Its image in the sea,

Prefigured shone this bloodless hand,

This beard, these sunken eyes,

Ere yet Chaldean shepherds scann'd

The dial of the skies.

Change, there is none. Thou wouldst achieve

The future—hold the clew,

Old threads unwinding, thence to weave

A fabric of the New,

Deem now the subtler wisdom his,

Who seeks not, falteringly,

What "was" or "will be," but what *is*

And *shall* forever be.

What though a fitful languor blears

Dread Algol's gleaming eye?

What though the pole-star reels and veers,

Bending in sure reply

To the slow-nodding Earth, ordain'd

To touch and turn once more

The goal her slanted globe has gain'd

Ten thousand times before.

Nay, ask me not what issue waits

Thy venturesome design.

Tempt not the silence of the Fates:

Nor, vaunting to untwine

With hand untimely their coil'd skein,

The blameless stars belie,

Call'd in the ambient sphere to reign

Thy natal hour foreby.

I learn'd to know them. For there dwelt,

Yet farther from the town Than we, beyond the brook and belt

Of pine-trees straggling down Shoreward, with granite boulders lined.

A hermit old and gray,

By children dreaded. He divin'd,

When near his cell to stray

Chance wanderings led me, my grave mood

And meditative bent.—

Rare hours, as with a grandsire good.

By that rude hearth I spent.

Wise proverbs held he, in full store,

Tales and quaint histories;

And secrets of supernal lore,

Unshared of men, were his.

What powers the fickle moon constrain

The hermit show'd me: what

Portents to terrors dire pertain,

By pest or famine brought.

Much, so in pious order said,

I heard and ponder'd well;

Yet, in his great black book I read

More than he wist to tell.

There, on its dingy pages wide,

Lay spread the astral sphere.

Which thrice-four ruling Signs divide,

Twelve Houses of the year;

While constellated figures strange

Haunt each native zone,

Some toward the zenith wont to range

Some the nadir known.

To a near neighbor's fostering care

A shipwreck'd man consign'd

(So his crush'd fortunes to repair

And in due season find

The dear pledge biding its true claim)

A little daughter. She

Scarce eight years reckon'd to her name,

Eleven were past for me.

Comrades we proved. No outer mark

Did of like mien appear.

To bind us. Her great eyes were dark.

Her brow shone swarthy-clear.

But a mysterious concord rare

Of query and reply—

Of mingled faith and wonder there:

Here, of wise ministry.

When autumn round the northern wave  
Night's mantle earlier threw,

What time no gairish moonbeams drave

The weakling stars from view,

We, some hour (while below our feet  
My nested swallows slept),  
From the tall sea-bank's beetling seat  
Watch'd the slow Wain, that swept

Low-wheeling past the watery verge,  
Cloud-blended, threatful; yet  
Not once by that wild, darkling surge  
Are its bright axles wet.  
I show'd her there the pointers twain,  
Which to the lodestar lead,  
Whereof, her lost course to regain,  
Each errant bark hath need.

Then, why the polar tract inclines  
With tilted shaft, I tried  
To show: and named the potent Signs,  
Some here at harvest-tide,  
Some missing.—She turn'd, wonderingly.  
And faintly smiled, at tale  
Of crabs and fishes in the sky.  
I said: "No ship shall sail

"Your farthest ocean, nor even a bird  
Skim the wide billowy waste,  
But fateful planets erst concurr'd  
Thereto, with sure stars placed  
In dominant conjunction. So  
'Tis in wise books writ plain—  
What ancient men, mindful to know,  
Solved, searching. Look again,

"Where yonder huddling swarm, apart  
From their star comrades flown,  
Upward with light wings seems to dart—  
As "Seven Sisters" known.  
Six only though we now behold,  
Another in sooth there is,  
Seen sometime, sometime gone. Of old.  
Dove children, Pleiades,

"Men call'd them: which fond daughters  
true,  
Once harvest-toils begun,  
Straight with ungarner'd shreds upflew,  
Their father's cheer. But one,  
As oft betwixt white cliffs they sped,  
Each time was sunder'd far,—  
That lost one." Myra laugh'd and said  
"I am the seventh star."

---

The Monad becomes a personal Ego  
when it incarnates; and something re-  
mains of that Personality through  
Manas, when the latter is perfect enough  
to assimilate Buddhi.—*Secret Doctrine*.

---

Lunar magnetism generates life, pre-  
serves and destroys it, psychically as well  
as physically.

## CLEMENCEAU'S. RELIGION.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

The reader who wishes the literary  
aspect of M. Clemenceau's mind to be  
revealed to him in its greatest amenity  
may next be recommended to turn to  
the preface of the volume entitled "*Le  
Grand Pan*," which appeared in 1896.  
The book itself consists of seventy little  
essays, reprinted from the *Figaro*, the  
*Echo de Paris*, and other newspapers.  
These have nothing or very little to do  
with Pan, but they are eked out and  
given determination by a long rhapsody  
in honor of the goat-foot son of Cal-  
lista, treated as the symbol of natural,  
as opposed to supernatural science.  
Everybody knows the famous passage in  
Plutarch which describe how Themis  
the pilot, sailing out of the Gulf of  
Corinth towards the Ionian Sea on the  
eve of the crucifixion of Christ, heard  
a voice announce that "Great Pan is  
dead!"

In a passage of rare picturesque  
beauty M. Clemenceau reproduces the  
animated and mysterious scene. He  
had himself lately returned from a visit  
to Greece, which had deeply stirred the  
sources of his sensibility. He recalled  
how the sun, in a transparency of pale  
gold, sank behind the blue mass of  
Ithaca, tinged with rose-color the crags  
of the Echinades, and bathed the moun-  
tains and the sea in the delicate enchant-  
ment of sunset. He was sensitive to the  
paroxysm of pleasure such an experi-  
ence produces, and he conceived himself  
standing by the side of the grammarian,  
Epitherses, on board the merchant ves-  
sel, at the very moment when there  
sounded three times from the shore the  
name of Themis, the Egyptian pilot,  
who answered at length and received the  
mysterious command, "When thou art  
opposite Palodes, announce that the  
great Pan is dead!" The recesses of the  
mountains, the caves on the island, the  
solitude of the drear battlefield of  
Actium, took up the hollow cry and re-  
verberated it in a thousand accents of  
despair, with groans and shrieks of sor-  
row and confused bewailing, while all  
nature united in the echoing lamenta-  
tion, "Pan, great Pan, is dead!"

In this strange way M. Clemenceau  
opens an essay in defense of a purely  
positivist theory of human existence.

He describes the doctrine of the pagan divinities, under the tyranny of Christianity, and he predicts their resurrection under clearer and calmer auspices. For M. Clemenceau, Pan is the symbol of life in its harmonious and composite action, and science is the intelligent worship of Pan. This despised and fallen god, who seemed for one dark moment to be dead, survives and will return to his faithful adorers, has indeed returned already, and turns the tables on his priestly persecutors. The apparent death of Pan was but a sleep and a forgetting; the spirit of humanity, dominated for a moment by superstition and ignorance, seemed to be lying bound and mute, but it is vocal again, and its powers prove to be unshackled. The Orphic hymn, in dark numbers, had pronounced the sky and the sea, earth the universal and fire the immortal, to be the limbs of Pan. Under the early sway of Christianity the office and meaning of the pagan gods faded into mist; they seemed to disappear forever. Darkness gathered over the sweet natural influences of the physical world, and reality was bartered for a feverish dream of heaven and hell.

But the gods were only preparing in silence for their ultimate resuscitation. Lactantius said that "Idols and religion are two incompatible things"; in his famous "De Origine Errorum," conscious of the necessity of recognizing a central force of energy in nature, the earliest Christian philosopher repulsed the notion of polytheism, and insisted that piety can exist only in the worship of the one God. He, like the Christian fathers before him, shut up the spirit of man in a prison from which there seemed no escape. But the polytheists, thus violently Christianized against their will, remained pagan in essence, and they escaped, as by a miracle, from the furies of the Gospel and the Koran. The revolt was held in check through the Middle Ages; in the Renaissance it became victorious, and the first activity of man in liberty was an unconscious but none the less real restitution of the old liberating deities. The shepherds of Arcadia saw the blood come back into the marble face and hands of their dead god. Pan was moving on the earth once more, for he had triumphed over the sterile forces of dissolution. Pan, as ancient as social order itself, radiant master of the beneficent powers

of light, has once more become the supreme deity. This, put briefly, is the thesis of M. Clemenceau.

## AN OCCULT FAILURE.

(From Lytton's "Zanoni.")

Glyndon was already deep in the contents of the following letter:

"When I first received thee as my pupil I promised Zanoni, if convinced by thy first trial that thou couldst but swell, not the number of our Order, but the list of the victims who have aspired to it in vain, I would not rear thee to thine own wretchedness and doom; I would dismiss thee back to the world. I fulfill my promise. Thine ordeal has been the easiest that Neophyte ever knew. I asked for nothing but abstinence from the sensual, and a brief experiment of thy patience and thy faith. Go back to thine own world; thou hast no nature to aspire to ours!

"It was I who prepared Paolo to receive thee at the revel. It was I who instigated the old beggar to ask thee for alms. It was I who left open the book that thou couldst not read without violating my command. Well, thou hast seen what awaits thee at the threshold of knowledge. Thou hast confronted the first foe that menaces him whom the senses yet grasp and enthrall. Dost thou wonder that I close upon thee the gates forever? Dost thou not comprehend, at last, that it needs a soul tempered, and purified, and raised, not by external spells, but by its own sublimity and valor, to pass the threshold and disdain the foe?

"Wretch! All my science avails nothing for the rash, for the sensual—for him who desires our secrets but to pollute them to gross enjoyments and selfish vice! How have the imposters and sorcerers of the earlier times perished by their very attempt to penetrate the mysteries that should purify, and not deprave! They have boasted of the philosopher's stone, and died in rags; of the immortal elixir, and sank to their grave gray before their time. Legends tell you that the fiends rent them into fragments! Yes; the friends of their own unholy desires and criminal designs! What they coveted thou covetest; and if thou hast the wings of a seraph thou couldst soar not from the slough of thy mortality. Thy

desire for knowledge, but petulant presumption; thy thirst for happiness, but the diseased longing for the unclean and muddled waters of corporeal pleasure! Thy very love, which usually elevates even the mean, a passion that calculates treason amidst the first glow of lust—*thou*, one of us! Thou, a brother of the august order! Thou, an Aspirant to the stars that shine in the Shemaia of the Chaldean lore! The eagle can raise but the eaglet to the sun. I abandon thee to thy twilight!

"But, alas, for thee, disobedient and profane! thou hast inhaled the elixir; thou hast attracted to thy presence a ghastly remorseless foe. Thou thyself must exercise the phantom thou hast raised. Thou must return to the world; but not without punishment and strong efforts canst thou regain the calm and the joy of the life thou hast left behind. This for thy comfort will I tell thee: he who hast drawn into his frame even so little of the volatile and vital energy of the aerial juices as thyself, has awakened faculties that can not sleep—faculties that may yet, with patient humility, with sound faith, and the courage that is not of the body like thine, but of resolute and virtuous mind, attain, if not to the knowledge that reigns above, to high achievements in the career of men. Thou wilt find the restless influence in all that thou wouldst undertake. Thy heart, amidst vulgar joys, will aspire to something holier; thy ambition, amidst course excitement, to something beyond thy reach. But deem not that this of itself will suffice for glory. Equally may the craving lead thee to shame and guilt. It is but an imperfect and new-born energy which will not suffer thee to repose. As thou directest it must thou believe it to be the emanation of thy evil genius or thy good.

"But woe to thee! insect meshed in the web in which thou hast entangled limbs and wings! Thou hast not only inhaled the elixir, thou hast conjured the spectre: of all the tribes of the space, no foe is so malignant to man—and thou hast lifted the veil from thy gaze! I can not restore to thee the happy dimness of thy vision. Know, at least, that all of us—the highest and the wisest—who have, in sober truth, passed beyond the threshold, have had, as our first fearful task, to master and subdue its grisly and ap-

palling guardian. Know that thou canst deliver thyself from those livid eyes—know that, while they haunt, they can not harm, if thou resistest the thoughts to which they tempt, and the horror they engender. *Dread them most when thou beholdest them not.*

"And thus, son of the worm, we part! All that I can tell thee to encourage, yet to warn and to guide, I have told thee in these lines. Not from me, from thyself has come the gloomy trial, from which I yet trust thou wilt emerge into peace. Type of the knowledge that I serve, I withhold no lesson from the pure aspirant; I am a dark enigma to the general seeker. As man's only indestructible possession is his memory, so it is not in mine art to crumble into matter the immaterial thoughts that have sprung up within thy breast. The tyro might shatter this castle to the dust, and topple down the mountain to the plain. The master has no power to say, 'Exist no more! to one THOUGHT that his knowledge has inspired. Thou mayst change the thought into new forms; thou mayst rarefy and sublimiate it into a finer spirit, but thou canst not annihilate that which has no home, but in the memory—no substance but the idea. EVERY THOUGHT IS A SOUL! Vainly, therefore, would I or thou undo the past, or restore to thee the gay blindness of thy youth. Thou must endure the influence of the elixir thou hast inhaled; thou must wrestle with the spectre thou hast invoked!"

The letter fell from Glyndon's hand

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All omens point towards the steady continuance of just such labor as has already taught us all we know. Perhaps, indeed, in this complex of interpenetrating spirits our own effort is no individual, no transitory, thing. That which lies at the root of each of us lies at the root of the Cosmos, too. Our struggle is the struggle of the Universe itself; and the very Godhead finds fulfillment through our upward striving souls.  
—Myers.

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Atma neither progresses, forgets, nor remembers. It does not belong to this plane: it is but the Ray of Light eternal which shines upon, and through, the darkness of matter—when the latter is willing.—*Secret Doctrine*, Google

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## SUBJECTIVITY.

John Mills, in his new book on "The Realities of Modern Science" (Macmillan Company), deals briefly with the subjectivity of Sound and Light. They are states of consciousness, he says, and not objective—a notable admission from a scientist of such eminence. There was a time, he tells us, when a sense classification of physical phenomena was considered satisfactory, but it is so no longer:

Light does not exist for one who is blind, nor sound for one who is totally deaf. Either exists only in so far as we ourselves are concerned and have certain nerves. For the color-blind, as, for example, those who fail to perceive the greens, light of this color does not exist, although it may for others. Those of normal vision may have a sensation which they call green light, but this means, not that green light is real, but only that an impression is real to them. Light is not an objective, but a subjective reality.

Light and sound are the ways in which we express the nature of a sensation, but it is only the sensation that we know, and not the cause of the sensation. Consciousness becomes aware of a sensation and interprets it, usually in terms of objectivity, but actually it knows only of the sensation. The interpretation is an inference unverified and unverifiable.

Imagine, says the author, that a card is held in contact with the teeth of a revolving gear wheel:

Consider now the means by which the motion of a sounding body reaches the ear of the listener. The intervening air consists of

small discrete particles or molecules. As the vibrating card is pushed out by a tooth it forces ahead of it the adjacent layer of molecules, which in turn push against those adjacent to them. A city crowd around some object of interest, as it surges away under the commands and shoves of the policeman at the centre, pictures a somewhat similar action. The push or pulse, started at the centre, travels outward through the crowd.

Let us extend the analogy a little farther. Let us say that a man at the edge of the crowd is aware that he is being pushed by his neighbors and he assumes that the pressure is being initiated by some unseen policeman at the centre of the crowd. But he does not *know* that the policeman is there. It is an inference. In the same way our consciousness assumes an objective cause for the sensations that it observes, but it does not know of that objective cause. It is an inference.

Sound is our awareness of a vibrating medium. The vibrations produce a sensation, and consciousness interprets it and calls it a sound. But there are vibrations that produce no sensation and therefore no sound. If the air vibrations are below 20,000 per second they are received by the ear and produce a sensation, and therefore sound. But if they are above 20,000 per second most people are unable to receive them and therefore there is no sound. "The difference," says the author, "is in our own brains, for sound is a subjective reality."

The book is a suggestive one in many ways and particularly for the occult stu-



dent who would firmly grasp the useful—but not quite comprehensive—adage that “Occultism is the effort to resolve the universe into states of consciousness.”

### THE EMBRYO.

(From “Isis Unveiled.”)

Any anatomist who has made the development and growth of the embryo “a subject of daily study” can tell, without much brain-work, what daily experience and the evidence of his own eyes show him, viz., that up to a certain point the human embryo is a facsimile of a young batrachian in its first remove from the spawn—a tadpole. But no physiologist or anatomist seems to have had the idea of applying to the development of the human being—from the first instant of its physical appearance as a germ to its ultimate formation and birth—the Pythagorean esoteric doctrine of metempsychosis, so erroneously interpreted by critics. The meaning of the Kabalistic axiom: “A stone becomes a plant; a plant, a beast; a beast, a man,” etc., was mentioned in another place in relation to the spiritual and physical evolution of men on this earth. We will now add a few more words to make the matter clearer.

What is the primitive shape of the future man? A grain, a corpuscle, say some physiologists; a molecule, an ovum of the ovum, say others. If it could be analyzed—by the microscope or otherwise—of what ought we to expect to find it composed? Analogically, we should say, of a nucleus of inorganic matter, deposited from the circulation at the germinating point, and united with a deposit of organic matter. In other words, this infinitesimal nucleus of the future man is composed of the same elements as stone—of the same elements as the earth, which the man is destined to inhabit. Moses is cited by the Kabalists as authority for the remark that it required earth and water to make a living being, and thus it may be said that man first appears as a stone.

At the end of three or four weeks the ovum has assumed a plant-like appearance, one extremity having become spheroidal and the other tapering, like a carrot. Upon dissection it is found to be composed, like an onion, of very delicate laminae or coats, enclosing a liquid. The

laminae approach each other at the lower end, and the embryo hangs from the root of the umbilicus almost like the fruit from the bough. The stone has now become changed, by “metempsychosis” into a plant. Then the embryonic creature begins to shoot out, from the inside outward, its limbs, and develops its features. The eyes are visible as two black dots; the ears, nose, mouth form depressions, like the points of a pineapple, before they begin to project. The embryo develops into an animal-like foetus—the shape of a tadpole—and, like an amphibious reptile, lives in water and develops from it. Its monad has not yet become either human or immortal, for the Kabalists tell us this only occurs at the “fourth hour.” One by one the foetus assumes the characteristics of the human being, the first flutter of the immortal breath passes through its being; it moves . . . and the divine essence settles in the infant frame which it will inhabit until the moment of physical death, when man becomes a spirit.

### END OF THE WORLD?

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LONDON, June 21.—Prebendary Webb Peploe, a well-known English divine, was quoted in many papers this morning as having announced that the end of the world would come this year. The Prebendary now issues the following statement:

“I never said anything of the kind. What I did say was that I heard a gentleman say in a drawing-room about a month ago that for ten years he had given himself absolutely and only to study of the great pyramid in Egypt and, irrespective of the ground of religion, he felt perfectly confident, from the intricate details of that building, that a solemn and very remarkable crisis in the world’s history was to be looked for about the close of 1919. This was all I said, and I only did seek to prepare the people for the coming of the Lord.”

We wake and find ourselves on a stair. There are others stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight.—*Emerson*.

## TELLIN' FRIENDS.

"Where have ye been, then, Granny,  
dear,

Out in the garden in the dark?  
Set down, ye looks that pale an' leer—  
I heerd a voice an' went to hark.

"Who did ye talk to where the four  
Old hives be by the medder's edge?  
Was it the cows a-reachin' o'er  
To crop our cabbage 'cross the hedge?

"An' why've ye got the big door-key,  
An' what's the black strip as ye hold?  
You wants a nice hot cup o' tea,  
Ye've well-nigh caught yer death o'  
cold!"

"Why, lass, I've been to tell wi' they  
As should be told, an' took 'em these—  
The key an' crape. Who's *them*, d'yc  
say?  
There, you knows who I means—the  
bees.

"Ah! just like us folk they be wise  
An' must be told aught good 'r bad;  
An' so I taps to wake 'em—twice—  
An' tells how us've lost our lad.

"I taps the key a-top each skep,  
An' listens till I hears 'em buzz;  
Then says as they'll not hear his step  
Nor see him more—the same as us.

"I tells 'em they must take a pride  
'Cause o' the V. C. what he won,  
An' how wi' Sussex lads he died—  
The same as what his father done—

"An' 'bout the chap he saved, as well,  
An' them as they was chargin' at;  
An' said he stung afore he fell—  
I rackon they thought well o' that!

"I wish as bees could take their part  
An' fly to where they Jarmins be,  
An' sting t' death the murderin' heart  
O' him as made this misery!

"I curse . . . a' right, Kate, I'll bide  
still,  
An' curses they comes home t' roost;  
But mind *you* tells bees good 'r ill  
The same as what yer Granny used:

"So they'll be friends, an' swarm in May  
An' hive ye honey long an' late;  
They'll bring ye *some* good luck, I lay—  
An' pity knows us needs it, Kate!"  
—*Habberton Lulham, in London Spectator.*

## EASTERN PHYSICS.

(T. E. Willson in "Mind.")

The Western student of the ancient Eastern physics soon meets serious stumbling-blocks; and one at the very threshold has in the last half-century turned many back. In beginning his study of the solar system, the pupil is told:

*The first three planets—Mercury, Venus, and the moon—are dead and disintegrating. Evolution on them has ceased. The proof of this is found in the fact that they have no axial rotation. Mercury and Venus always presenting the same surface to their father, the sun, and the moon the same surface to its daughter, the earth.*

This is a concrete statement of physical fact at which the Western student protests. If in the whole range of Western astronomical science there is any one fact that he has accepted as absolutely proved, it is that Mercury revolves once in 24h., 5m., 30.5s., and Venus once in 23h., 21m., 22s. He would as soon credit a statement that the *earth* has no axial rotation as that Mercury or Venus has none; and if he continues his study of Eastern physics it is with no confidence in its accuracy, and as a matter of curiosity.

The statement that Mercury, Venus, and the moon "are dead and disintegrating," the former two "always presenting the same surface" to the sun, is the basis for an elaborate superstructure, both in the physics and the metaphysics of the East. It is used in physics to explain how the "evolutionary wave" came to an end of the perfection of the mineral on Mercury with the loss of its axial rotation; how the "wave" then passed on to Venus with the seed of the vegetable kingdom, where the vegetable evolution ended with the loss of axial rotation; how from Venus it leaped to the moon, mother of animals and controller of animal life, with the seed of animal life in the vegetable; and how finally it came to the earth, when the moon ceased to revolve, bringing in the animal the seed of man. Here man will be evolved and perfected. Man has not yet been "born" on this earth, they say. He is still in a prenatal or embryonic condition within the animal.

The lunar Pitris, the men-seed, have a

physical reason for being, if this evolutionary theory be true; none if it is not.

Axial rotation is necessary in evolution, the ancient physics teaches, which must cease with it. The reasons for this are too lengthy to give here. Briefly, the rotation makes the electrical flow and a thermopilic dynamo of each planet.

The ancient astronomical teaching is absolutely true. There will not be a work on astronomy published in Europe or the United States this year, or hereafter, that will not state that "Mercury and Venus revolve on their axes in the same time that they revolve around the sun," which is another way of saying that "they have no axial rotation, always presenting the same face to the sun," and an inaccurate way of presenting the truth. The screw that holds the tire at the outer end of the spoke does not revolve "once on its axis" each time the wheel revolves. Run a cane through an orange and swing it around; the orange has not revolved "once on its axis." Nor does the stone in a sling revolve "once on its axis" for each revolution around the hand. The motion of Mercury is identically that of the impaled orange or the stone in the sling. It has no axis and no axial rotation. The modern astronomers, detected in pretenses to knowledge they never possessed, let themselves down easy.

This "discovery," of no axial rotation by the interior planets, made by Shiaparelli and confirmed by Flammarion in 1894, has since been fully verified by our Western astronomers. All the new astronomies accept it. But the admission of astronomical "error," to speak politely, comes too late for the student it turned back from his study of Eastern physics. He can not regain his lost faith and lost ground.

Thirty years ago Proctor made it clear to Western students that the orbit of the moon was a cycloidal curve (a drawn-out spring) around the sun, the earth's orbit being coincident with its axis; and that the moon was, astronomically and correctly, a satellite of the sun, not a satellite of the earth. This has been the Eastern view and teaching from time immemorial.

The Eastern distinction between father Sun and mother Moon, and the classification of the latter as a planet, did not dis-

turb the Western student. He understood that. It was the "absolute accuracy" of modern astronomers in regard to the length of the day on Mercury or Venus, which the astronomers declared had been corrected down to the fraction of a second, that made it impossible for him to accept the Eastern physics when the latter squarely contradicted his own.

This was the first of many similar stumbling-blocks in the path of the student of Eastern physics.

Few were the followers, straggling far,  
That reached the lake of Vennachar;

and when they did, this was what they had to face:

The planets absorb and use nearly all the solar energy—all except the very small amount the minor specks of cosmic dust may receive. There is not the least particle of the sun's light, or heat, or any one of the seven conditions of the solar energy, wasted. Except for the planets, it is not manifested: it is not. There is no light, no heat, no form of solar energy, except on the planets as it is transferred from the laya centre of each in the sun to them. The etheric globe is cold and dark, except along the lines to them—the "Paths of Fohat" [solar energy]. Six laya centres are manifested in the sun; one is laid aside, though the wheels [planets] around the One Eye be seven. [This alludes to the moon, whose laya centre in the sun is now also that of the earth; but it is considered as a planet.] What each receives, that it also gives back. There is nothing lost.

"That settles it," said one student; and the others agree. Of the hundred who started,

The foremost horseman rode alone,

before the next step was won.

In the light of the tardy but perfect justification of the first stumbling-block, this statement may be worth following out, "to see what it means," and how "absurd" it can be. An etheric globe, cold as absolute zero, dark as Erebus, with here and there small pencils of light and heat from the sun to the planets—just rays, and nothing more—is a very different one from the fiery furnace at absolute zero of the modern physicist.

On a line drawn from the centre of the earth to the centre of the moon there is a point where the "weights" of the two bodies are said in our physics exactly to balance, and it lies, says our physics, "2900 miles from the centre of the earth, and 1100 miles from the surface." This the earth's "lay centre" of the Eastern physics. It is of great im-

portance in problems of life; but it may be passed over for the present.

Between the earth and the sun—precisely speaking, between this laya centre and the sun—there is a “point of balance,” which falls within the photosphere of the sun. This point in the sun is the earth’s solar laya, the occult or hidden earth of the metaphysics.

A diagram will make this clearer. Draw a line from the laya centre in the sun to that in the earth. Draw a narrow ellipse, with this line as its major axis, and shade it. At each end of the axis strike the beginning of an ellipse that will be tangent. If positive energy is along the shaded ellipse, negative energy is in each field beyond—earth and sun. This is a very crude illustration of a fundamental statement elaborated to the most minute detail in explanation of all astronomical phenomena; but for the moment it will do.

The point is that along this axial line connecting the laya centres play all the seven solar forces—light, heat, electricity, etc.—that affect the earth, and on every side of this line is the “electric field” of these forces. To this line any escaping solar energy is drawn, as the electricity of the air is drawn to a live wire or magnet. But there is little or none to escape. From the laya point in the sun to the laya point in the earth, the solar energy is transferred as sound is carried along a beam of light (photophone), or electricity from one point to another without a wire.

To the advanced student of electricity the ancient teaching is easily apprehended; to others it is difficult to make clear. These laya centres, it says, are “the transforming points of energy,” from the earth laya to the solar laya centre, the energy, we may say, is positive; beyond both the solar and the earth laya centre, in the fields touching at them, it is negative—or *vice versa*. The line connecting the layas is the “Path of Fohat”—the personification of solar energy.

This is a very crude and brief way of putting many pages of teaching, but the important point is that this line between the layas is one of solar energy, with a dynamic “field” of solar energy, elliptical in shape, connecting with the reverse fields at the laya points. These “dead points” are the limits of each electric field, which

“create,” we say in electrical work, opposing fields beyond them.

Each one of the planets has its laya centre inside the sun’s photosphere. Each planet has a line of solar energy with its “field” of solar energy—not only a wireless telegraph, but a wireless lighting, heating, and life-giving system. These six solar laya points are the six “hidden planets,” the earth and moon being one, of the ancient metaphysics. The moon is the one “laid aside.” In their reception of energy from the sun, it is as if the planet were at the solar laya point, or connected with it by a special pipe-line. The position of these six planetary laya points in the sun is indicated by the position of the planets in the heavens, and they may often influence or modify one another. If Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn is anywhere near conjunction with the earth, not only will a part of their “fields” be joined, but their laya points in the sun will be modified.

The physical basis of the old astrology was the physical interferences of these fields of solar energy; and what it depended on mainly in its work was the position of the six hidden planets, or laya centres, which was shown by the position of the planet with reference to the earth. That the planets themselves affected any one or anything on this earth, no astrologer ever believed; that their position in the heavens indicated certain changes and modifications of the flow of solar energy to the earth, they knew from their knowledge of physics. “The twelve houses are in the sun,” says Hermes, “six in the north and six in the south.” Connect them with the zodiac, and the position of the planets shows the interferences of the solar currents.

The one objection to this ancient theory is that it does not present enough difficulties. The present value to science of the many theories in relation to the sun is the impossibility of reconciling any two of them, and the fact that no two theorists can unite to pummel a third. This ancient theory does not call for any great amount of heat, light, or energy in any condition to keep the Cosmos in order—not even enough for two persons to quarrel over. It merely turns the sun into a large dynamo connected with smaller dynamos, and these with one another, with return currents by which “there is nothing lost.” In its details,

it accounts for all facts—neatly, simply, and without exclamation points. It is so simple and homespun, so lacking in the gaudiness that makes (for example) our light and heat less than the billionth part wasted on space always at absolute zero, that we may have to wait many centuries to have it “verified” and “confirmed” by our Western science. That it will be “verified” in time, even as the first stumbling-block has been removed at the end of the nineteenth century, its students may at least hope.

The lesson, if there is one, is that the Western student of Eastern physics does not ride an auto along asphalted roads. He must own himself and not be owned by another man, or even by “Modern Science.”

### ORACLES AND DIVINATION.

(Written by Porphyry to Anebo.)

What is it that takes place in divination? For example, when we are asleep, we often come, through dreams, to a perception of things that are about to occur. We are not in an ecstasy full of commotion, for the body lies at rest, yet we do not ourselves apprehend these things as clearly as when we are awake.

In like manner many also come to a perception of the future through enthusiastic rapture and a divine impulse, when at the same time so thoroughly awake as to have the senses in full activity. Nevertheless they by no means follow the matter closely, or at least they do not attend to it as closely as when in their ordinary condition. So, also, certain others of these ecstasies become entheast or inspired when they hear cymbals, drums, or some choral chant; as, for example, those who are engaged in the Korybantic Rites, those who are possessed at the Sabazion festivals, and those who are celebrating the Rites of the Divine Mother. Others, also, are inspired when drinking water, like the priest of the Klarian Apollo at Kolophon; others when sitting over cavities in the earth, like the women who deliver oracles at Delphi; others when affected by vapor from the water, like the prophetesses at Branchide; and others when standing in indented marks like those who have been filled from an imperceptible inflowing of the divine plerome. Others who understand themselves in other respects be-

come inspired through the Fancy: some taking darkness as accessory, others employing certain potions, and others depending on singing and magic figures. Some are affected by means of water, others by gazing on a wall, others by the hypethral air, and others by the sun or in some other of the heavenly luminaries. Some have likewise established the technique of searching the future by means of entrails, birds, and stars.

What, I ask, is the nature of divination, and what is its peculiar character? The diviners all say that they arrive at the foreknowledge of the future through gods and dæmons, and that it is not possible for others to have any inkling of it only those who have command over the things to be. I dispute, therefore whether the divine power is brought down to such subserviency to human beings as, for instance, not to hold aloof from any who are diviners with barley-meal.

In regard, however, to the origin of the oracular art, it is to be doubted whether a god, or angel, or dæmon, or some other such being, is present at the Manifestations, or at the divinations, or at any other of the Sacred Performances, as having been drawn thither through you by the necessities created by the invocations.

Some are of opinion that the soul itself both utters and imagines these things, and that there are similar conditions of it which have been produced from little sparks; others, that there is a certain mingled form of substance produced from our own soul and from the divine in-breathing; others, that the soul, through such activities, generates from itself a faculty of Imagination in regard to the future, or else that the emanations from the realm of matter bring dæmons into existence through their inherent forces, especially when the emanations are derived from animals.

These conjectures are put forth for the following statements:

1. That during sleep, when we are not engaged with anything, we sometimes chance to obtain perception of the future.

2. That likewise an evidence that a condition of the soul is a principle source of the art of divining is shown by the facts that the senses are held in check.

fumes and invocations being employed for the purpose; and that by no means everybody, but only the more artless and young persons, are suitable for the purpose.

3. That likewise, ecstasy or alienation of mind, is a chief origin of the divining art; also the mania which occurs in diseases, mental aberration, abstinence from wine, suffusion of the body, fancies set in motion by morbid conditions or equivocal states of mind, such as may occur during abstinence and ecstasy, or apparitions got up by magic (black magic).

4. That both the realms of nature, Art, and the feeling in things of common throughout the universe, as of the parts in one animal, contain foreshadowings of certain things with reference to others. Moreover, there are bodies so constituted as to be a forewarning from some to others. Examples of this kind are manifest by the things done, namely: that they make the invocations (at the Rites) carry stones and herbs, tie sacred knots and unloose them, open places that are locked, and change the purpose of individuals by whom they are entertained, so that from being paltry they are made worthy. They also who are able to reproduce the mystic figures are not to be held in low esteem. For they watch the course of the heavenly bodies, and tell from the position and relation of one with another whether the oracular announcements of the ruling planet will be false or true, or whether the Rites which have been performed will to be no purpose, or will be expressive or arcane, although no god or dæmon is drawn down to them.

There are some, however, who suppose there is likewise, the subject-race of a tricky nature, artful, and assuming all shapes, turning many ways, that personates gods and dæmons and souls of the dead like actors on the stage; and that through these everything that seems to be good or bad is impossible. They are led to form this judgment because these subject-spirits are not able to contribute anything really beneficial as relates to the soul, nor even to perceive such things; but on the other hand, they ill-treat, deride, and often impede those who are returning to virtue.

They are likewise full of conceit, and take delight in vapors and sacrifices.

5. Because the begging priest with

open mouth attempts in many ways to raise our expectation.

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### SOME KIPLING VERSES.

To Him that made the Heavens move  
and cease not in their motion—

To Him that leads the haltered tides  
twice daily round the ocean—

Let His name be magnified in all poor  
folks' devotion!

Not for Prophecies and Powers, Visions,  
Gifts and Graces,

But the unrelenting hours that grind us  
in our places,

With the burden on our backs, the smile  
upon our faces.

Not for any miracle of easy loaves and  
fishes,

But for work against our will and wait-  
ing 'gainst our wishes—

Such as gathering up the crumbs and  
cleaning dirty dishes.

—Found in "*Notes of a Camp Follower  
on the Western Front.*" Published  
by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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### LEMURIA.

HONOLULU, H. T., July 5.—In search of a foundation for his theory that a great continent once existed in the Pacific Ocean, that the Hawaiian Islands were its northernmost part of an "Atlantis of the Pacific," Professor William A. Bryan of the College of Hawaii has departed for exploration of the westward South American coast and of the South Sea Islands. He expects to be absent for several years working under the auspices of the Carnegie Institute and the College of Hawaii.

Professor Bryan's theory is based on researches which he has already made in Hawaii and on some of the South Sea Islands, and which have convinced him that once these islands were the highest peaks of a continent.

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A man there was, tho' some did count  
him mad.

The more he cast away the more he had.

—Bunyan.

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Better keep yourself clean and bright;  
you are the window through which you  
must see the world.—Bernard Shaw.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## AMERICA'S TOMORROW.

The doctrine of reincarnation must indeed be making headway when we find it included in otherwise prosaic volumes of history and economics. One such work is now before us. It is entitled "America's Tomorrow"; its author is Mr. Snell Smith and it is prefaced by some words of warm recommendation from Major-General Leonard Wood and Mr. Hudson Maxim. The author deals at some length and from many points of view with the results of the war upon the political status of the world in general and of America in particular. He considers the trade and commercial destiny of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and the modifications in the system of American government to which we may look forward. A world leader, says Mr. Smith, is likely to appear and then, after a few words about some of the leaders of the past, he continues:

If these figures of the past had the same intuitive perception of destiny, may not the reason for this be that they were the same spirit, born again from life to life, showing quite naturally the same mighty talents and aspirations? May it not be, preposterous as it seems because new to our thought, that the line of David and Daniel, who saw themselves returning in another age, is as follows: David, Sheshonk, Shalmonesser II, Sargon, Psammetichus I, Daniel, Mithradates, Alcibiades, Alexander the Great, Ptolemy Philadelphus, Hannibal, Mithradates I, Julius Caesar, Tiberius, Trajan, Septimius Severus, Aurelian, Maximin, Julian, Attila, Justinian, Heraclius, Leo the Isaurian, Harun al Raschid, Alfred, Hugh the Great, Canute, Gregory VII, Alphonso VII, Jhingis Kahn, Boniface VIII,

Timur, Casimir IV, Suleiman the Magnificent, Turenne, Charles II, and Napoleon?

Mr. Smith finds some biblical authorities for his prevision, and he then says:

The Old Testament seers are perhaps the first to lay down the principle of everlasting life, but they have had many successors. Socrates, greatest of teachers of free Athens, said that death was only the separation of the soul from the body; that the intelligence is soul, like the Divine Mind, and both are immortal: that we recollect afterwards things which we acquired before our birth; that "if the soul exists before birth and when it comes into life and is born from anything else than death and a state of death, must it not also exist after dying, since it must be born again?" "These souls," he says, "flit about until, through the desire of the corporeal which clings to them, they are again imprisoned in a body." And again: "God and the principle of life and everything that is immortal can never perish. The soul being immortal is also imperishable."

Aristotle says: "Now, though only one of the powers of the soul, intellect alone of these powers has no bodily organ; it alone is immortal; it alone is divine." In the Upanishads, seven centuries before Jesus, Death answers Nachiketas: "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 thinks that he slays, or if the slain thinks he is slain, they do not understand, for this one does not slay nor is that one slain." "There can be no question," says Professor Pratt, "that the belief in immortality is much stronger and much more prevalent in India than it is in Europe or America. Almost every one accepts it, takes it as a matter of course and plans his life in reference to it." Philo of Alexandria before Christian thought had perfected itself and Giordano Bruno in later times attested to the same belief. Hume



says: "Metempsychosis is the only system of immortality that philosophy can hearken to."

Bulwer opines: "Eternity may be but an endless series of those migrations which men call deaths, abandonments of home after home, even to fairer scenes and loftier heights. Age after age the spirit may shift his tent, fated not to death in the dull Elysium of the heathen, but carrying with it overmore its two attributes, activity and energy." And Schopenhauer makes this statement: "We find the doctrine of metempsychosis springing from the earliest and noblest ages of the human race, and always spread abroad on the earth as the belief of the great majority of mankind." What is true in the nature of things is for all. This is Isaiah's meaning when he declares: "The Lord of Hosts . . . will destroy on this mountain the face of the covering which covereth all the nations. He will destroy death to eternity; and the Lord eternal will wipe away the tear from off all faces; and the shame of his people will He remove from off the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it."

Mr. Smith finds some marked resemblances between those whom he has named, and he believes that this confirms his theory that the national hero is born on earth again and again until at last he shall have completed his task. We may not believe that identities can be so easily established as Mr. Smith seems to suppose, but at least the attempt is an interesting one. It is still more interesting to find that an historical and economic work should find assistance in the assumption, not only of the immortality of the soul, but in its repeated appearances upon the stage of life. The book is published by the Britton Publishing Company.

#### FROM PORPHYRY TO ANEBO.

##### *The gods and their peculiarities.*

In the first place, therefore, it is to be taken for granted that there are gods. I ask them: what are the peculiarities of the superior races, by which they are differentiated from each other? Are we to suppose the cause of the distinction to be their energies or their passive motions, or things consequent: or is it a classification established by difference of bodies—the gods being distinguished by ætherial bodies, the dæmons by aerial bodies, and souls by bodies pertaining to the earth?

As the gods dwell in heaven only, I ask therefore, why are invocations at the Theurgic Rites directed to them as being of the earth and underworld? How is it that although possessing power unlimited, undivided, and unrestricted, some of them

are mentioned as being of the water and of the atmosphere, and that others are allotted by definite limitations to different places and to distinct parts of the body? If they are actually separated by circumscribed limitations of parts, and according to diversities of places and subject-bodies, how will there be any union of one to another?

How can the Theosophers consider them as impressionable? For it is said that on this account phallic images are set up and that immodest language is used at the Rites? (The use of images and emblems of a sacred character to typify divine power and energy is universal. Somewhat of the divine was supposed to inher in them. The "images" and asheras or "groves" mentioned in the Bible were of this character. So was the "idol in a grove," made by Queen Maachas, as well as the simulacrum which, as Herodotus states, the Egyptian women carried at the festival.) Certainly if they are impassive and unimpressionable the invocations of the gods, announcing favorable inclinations, propitiations of their anger and expiatory sacrifices, and still further what are called "necessities of the gods," will be utterly useless. For that which is impassive is not to be charmed or forced (compare Gospel according to Matthew, xi, 12, "From the days of John the Baptist till now, the kingdom of heaven is forced, and they who are violent seize it") or constrained by necessity.

Why, then are many things performed to them in the Sacred Rites, as to impressionable beings? The invocations are made to the gods that are impressionable beings: so that it is implied that not the dæmons only are impressionable, but the gods likewise, as was declared in Homer: "Even the gods themselves are yielding."

Suppose, then, we say, as certain individuals have affirmed, that the gods are pure mental essences and that the dæmons are psychic beings participating of mind. (Xenokrates, who was a disciple of Plato, himself taught these doctrines. He considered the heavens as divine and that the substance of the divine nature was mind pure and absolute. He also described the stars as "visible divinities." The dæmons were depicted as of a psychic nature, subordinate to that of the gods, and therefore subject to emotion

and perturbation like human beings, while at the same time sharing in a degree in the power and intelligence of the gods.) The fact remains, nevertheless, that the pure mental essences are not to be charmed or mingled with things of sense, and that the supplications which are offered are entirely foreign to the purity of mental substance. (Greek, noos the mind or "rational soul," the essence or principle of intelligence which transcends the understanding or reasoning faculty, and is capable of knowing truth intuitively and instinctively from being itself of divine nature.) But on the other hand the things that are offered are offered as to sensitive and psychic nature.

Are gods, then, separated from demons by the distinction of bodies and unbodies? If, however, only the gods are incorporeal, how shall the Sun, the Moon, and the visible luminaries in the sky be accounted as gods?

How is it that some of them are givers of good and others bring evil?

What is the bond of union that connects the divinities in the sky that have bodies with the gods that are unbodies?

The gods that are visible (in the sky) being included in the same category with the invisible, what distinguishes the demons from the visible, and likewise the invisible, gods?—*From "Iamblichus."*

*Translated by A. Wilder.*

## THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF HINDU METAPHYSICS.

(T. E. Willson, in "Mind.")

The disintegration of the Theosophical Society was not entirely unexpected by some of the students within it. The two English-educated Hindu gentlemen known as "the Masters," who had reluctantly, and against the wishes of their brethren in the Hindu lodge, aided Mme. Blavatsky in organizing the "inner school," warned her, in letters she publishes in "The Secret Doctrine," that the metaphysics of the East could not be comprehended by the Western mind—that it could not be translated into the terms of Western metaphysics. Those who patiently studied it found that what "Master Koot-Hoomi" and "Master Morya" united in saying was exactly true. The first few lessons were all right, but after that the Eastern meta-

physics consisted of "words without knowledge."

Whether the "Masters" ever explained to Mme. Blavatsky why it could not be done, she does not say; but the reason is really very simple. Each and every system of metaphysics is based upon a system of physics, which is its bony skeleton, so to speak. It is never in sight, but it is there; and no system of metaphysics can be comprehended by the student unless he has a fair knowledge of the physics of which it is the outgrowth and flower.

The Hindu system of physics, on which the metaphysical thought of the East is based, does not in its beginnings differ widely from the latest physics of the West; but it goes so much farther that *our* physics is soon lost sight of and forgotten. The Hindu conception of the material universe, taken from the Upanishads and some open teaching, will serve for an illustration. They divide physical matter into four kinds—prakriti, ether, prana, and manassa—which they call "planes." These differ only in the rate of vibration, each plane vibrating through one great octave, with gulfs of "lost" octaves between. The highest rate of vibration of prakriti is measured by the thousand, the lowest of the ether by trillions, and the lowest of prana by—never mind; they have, and we have not, the nomenclature.

The earth, they teach, is a globe of prakriti, floating in an ocean of ether, which, as it has the sun for its centre of gravity, must necessarily be a globe. This etheric sun-globe has a diameter of over 300,000,000 miles. All the planets revolve around the sun far within its atmosphere. The etheric sun-globe revolves on its axis once in about 21,000 years, and this revolution causes the precession of the equinoxes. This etheric sun-globe is revolving around Alcyone, with other etheric globes having suns for their centres and solar systems of prakritic globes within them, in a great year of 8,640,000,000 of our common years. Its orbit has a diameter of 93,000,000,000,000 miles.

Beyond the etheric globes, and between them, is a third form of matter called prana, as much rarer and finer than the ether as the ether is rarer and finer than prakriti. As this prana has Alcyone for a centre of gravity, it is

necessarily a globe; and there are many of these pranic globes floating in a vast ocean of manassa—a form of matter as much finer than prana as prana is finer than ether, or ether than prakriti. With this manassa (which is a globe) the material, or physical, universe ends; but there are spiritual globes beyond. The material universe is created from manassa, downward, but it does not respond to or chord with the vibrations of the globes above, except in a special instance and in a special way, which does not touch this inquiry.

The physical universe of the ancient (and modern) Hindu physicist was made up of these four kinds or planes of matter, distributed in space as "globes within globes."

Professor Lodge, in 1884, put forth the theory that prakriti (physical matter, as we call it) was in its atoms but "whirls" of ether. Since then speculative science has generally accepted the idea that the physical atom is made up of many cubic feet of ether in chemical union, as many quarts of oxygen and hydrogen unite chemically to make a drop of water. This is an old story to the Hindu sage. He tells his pupils that the great globe of manassa once filled all space, and there was nothing else. Precisely as on this earth we have our elementary substances that change from liquids into solids and gases, so on this manassic globe there were elementary substances that took the form of liquids, solids, and gases. Its manassic matter was differentiated and vibrated through one octave, as the prakriti matter does on the earth. Its substance combined as that does.

One combination produced prana. The prana collected, and formed globes. On these pranic globes the process was repeated, with ether as the result, and the etheric globes formed. Then the process was repeated on the etheric globes, as the modern scientists have discovered, and prakriti and prakritic globes come into being.

The true diameter of the earth, the ancient Hindu books say, is about 50,000 miles. That is to say, the true surface of the earth is the line of twenty-four-hour axial rotation; the line where gravity and apergy exactly balance; where a moon would have to be placed to revolve once in 86,400 seconds. Within that is prakriti; without is ether.

It is also the line of no friction, which does exist between matter of different planes. There is friction between prakriti, between ether, between prana; but not between ether and prana, or ether and prakriti. Friction is a phenomenon confined to the matter of each plane separately. We live at the bottom of this gaseous ocean—on its floor—21,000 miles from the surface and only 4000 miles from the centre. Here, in a narrow "skin" limited to a few miles above and below us, is the realm of phenomena, where solid turns into liquid and liquid into gas, or vice versa. The lesson impressed upon the pupil's mind by Hindu physics is that he lives far *within* the earth, not *on* it.

There is a comparatively narrow "skin" of and for phenomena within the etheric sun-globe, say the Eastern teachers, where the etheric solids, liquids, and gases meet and mingle and interchange. Within this "skin" are all the planets—the "gaseous" atmosphere of the etheric globe stretching millions of miles beyond the outermost planetary orbit. The earth is in this skin or belt of etheric phenomena, and its ether is in touch with the ether "in manifestation" on the etheric globe. The sun and other etheric globes are within the corresponding "skin" of phenomena of the pranic globes. The prana, manifesting as solid, liquid, and gas, or in combination and in forms, is in perfect touch with that of the etheric globe, and through that with the prana of the earth. That our prana is in touch with that on the pranic globe in all its manifestations means much in metaphysics. The same is true of the manassic globe, and of our manassa.

The great lesson the Eastern physics burns into the pupil is that we are living not only within the prakritic earth, but within each of the other globes as well in identically the same way and subject to the same laws. Our lives are not passed on one globe, but *in* four globes. It is as if one said he lived in Buffalo, Erie County, New York, United States; that he was a citizen of each, and subject to the laws of each.

This question of the four globes, of the four planes of matter, of the four skins, and of the four conditions or states of all matter and necessarily of all persons, from the purely material standpoint, is not only the foundation of Oriental

physics, but the very essence of Oriental metaphysics—its starting-point and cornerstone. To one who carries with him, consciously or unconsciously, the concrete knowledge of the physics, the abstract teaching of the metaphysics presents no difficulty; it is as clear as crystal. But without the physical teaching the metaphysical is not translatable.

Our Western physics teaches that physical matter is divided into two kinds: prakriti (commonly called "physical matter") and ether; that the differences of each of the elementary prakritic substances (iron, copper, sulphur, oxygen) are in their molecules, the fundamental atom being the same; that each of these elementary substances vibrates only through one octave, though on different keys; that it changes from solid to liquid and gas as the rate of vibration is increased, and from gas to liquid and solid as its vibration is decreased within its octave; that the ether obeys identical laws; that it has elementary substances vibrating through one octave only, and that these are solids, liquids, or gases on the etheric plane as prakriti is on this; that these etheric substances change and combine in every way that prakriti does; and that while all our prakritic substances vibrate within (say) fifty simple octaves, the lowest vibration of etheric matter begins over one thousand octaves beyond our highest, making a gulf to leap. The Eastern physics present this with a wealth of detail that dazes the Western student, and then adds: "But beyond the etheric plane (or octave) of vibration for matter there is a third plane (or octave) of vibration called prana, and beyond that a fourth called manassa. What is true of one plane is true of the other three. One law governs the four. As above, so below. There is no real gulf; there is perfect continuity."

The Western scientist teaches as the foundation of modern physics that "each and every atom of prakritic matter is the centre of an etheric molecule of many atoms"; that "no two prakritic atoms touch," although their etheric envelopes or atmosphere *do* touch; and that "all physical phenomena are caused by the chording vibration of the prakritic atom and its envelope of ether," each "sounding the same note hundreds of octaves apart." The "solid earth" with its atmosphere represents the atom

with its ether. As all the oxygen and hydrogen do not combine to make the drop of water, some remaining in mechanical union to give it an atmosphere, and about one-fourth of its bulk being gas, so the atom formed of the ether does not use all the ether in its chemical union, retaining some in mechanical union for its envelope or atmosphere.

The Hindu physics goes much farther along this road. It says that, when the pranic globes were formed, each atom of prana had its manassic envelope—was the centre of a manassic molecule. When the etheric globes formed, each atom of ether was the centre of a pranic molecule, each atom of which was surrounded with manassa. When the prakriti was formed from the ether, each and every atom of prakriti had the triple etheric-pranic-manassic envelope. "Each and every prakritic atom is the centre of an etheric molecule," says our Western science; but that of the East adds this: "And each atom of that etheric molecule is the centre of a pranic molecule, and each atom of prana in that pranic molecule is the centre of a manassic molecule."

The four great globes of matter in the material universe are represented and reproduced in each and every atom of prakriti, which is in touch with each one of the four globes and a part of it. The same is true of any aggregation of prakriti—of the earth itself and of all things in it, including man. As there are four atoms in each one, so there are four earths, four globes, consubstantial, one for each of the four elements, and in touch with it. One is formed of prakritic atoms—the globe we know; another, of the ether forming their envelopes; another, of the prana envelopes of ether, and a fourth of the manassa around the pranic atom. They are not "skins"; they are consubstantial. And what is true of atoms or globes is true of animals. Each has four "material" bodies, with each body on the corresponding globe—whether of the earth or of the universe. This is the physical basis of the famous "chain of seven globes" that is such a stumbling-block in Hindu metaphysics. The spirit passes through four to get in, and three to get out—seven in all. The Hindu under-

stands without explanation. He understands his physics.

The Hindu physics teaches, with ours, that "the ether is the source of all energy," but, it adds, "as prana is the source of all life, and manassa of all mind."

"When the prakritic atom is vibrating in chord with its etheric envelope," say our text-books, "we have physical phenomena—light, heat, electricity." "Yes," says the Hindu teacher: "but when the atom and its ether *and its prana* are vibrating in chord, we have *life* and vital phenomena added to the energy. When the atom and its ether, prana, and manassa are vibrating in chord, we have *mind* and mental phenomena added to the life and energy." Each atom has energy, life, and mind in *posse*. In the living leaf the prakriti, ether, and prana are sounding the threefold silver chord of life. In the animal, the manassa is sounding the same note with them, making the fourfold golden chord of mind. Even in the plant there may be a faint manassic overtone, for the potentiality of life and mind is in everything. This unity of the physical universe with the physical atom, and with all things created—earth, animal, or crystal—is the physical backbone of Oriental metaphysics. Prakriti, ether, prana, and manassa are in our vernacular the Earth, Air, Fire, and Water of the old philosophers—the "Four Elements."

The Oriental physics has been guarded most jealously. For many thousands of years it has been the real occult and esoteric teaching, while the Oriental metaphysics has been open and exoteric. It could not be understood without the key, and the key was in the physics known only to "the tried and approved disciple." A little has leaked out—enough to whet the appetite of the true student and make him ask for more.

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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.

—Wordsworth.

## WISDOM FROM BOEHME.

As the lightning-flash arises within the centre, and disappears again in a moment, so it is with the soul. When during her battle she penetrates through the clouds, she sees the Godhead like a flash of light; but the clouds of sin soon gather again around her and cover her sight.

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Wisdom, the eternal virgin, the playmate of God to His honor and joy, becomes full of desire to behold the wonders of God that are contained within herself. Owing to this desire, the divine essences within her become active and attract the holy power, and thus she enters into a state of permanent being. By this she does not conceive of anything within herself; her inclination is resting in the Holy Spirit. She merely moves before God for the purpose of revealing the wonders of God.

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You must know that one spirit alone can not generate another, but the birth of one spirit results from the coöperation of all the seven. Six of them always generate the seventh, and if one of them were absent the others could not be there.

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All the seven spirits of God are born one in another. One gives birth to the other; there is neither first nor last. The last generates the first, as well as the first the second, the third the fourth, up to the last. They are all seven equally eternal.

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All the external visible world, in all its states, is a symbol or figure of the internal spiritual world. That which a thing actually is in its interior is reflected in its external character.

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The inner form characterizes man, also in his face. The same may be said of animals, herbs, and trees. Each thing is marked externally with that which it is internally and essentially. For the internal being is continually laboring to manifest itself outwardly. Thus everything has its own mouth for the purpose of revealing itself, and therein is based the language of nature, by means of which each thing speaks out of its own quality, and represents that for which it may be useful and good.

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Before Adam went to sleep (*i. e.*, be-

fore the female element separated from him on account of his becoming too material to contain it any longer), Eve was in him, and he was of an angelic nature; but after his sleep, when Eve had become objective to him, he was then merely a being of flesh and blood, comparable to a clot of clay.

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The will, if it goes straight forward, is faith, and as such it can give the body another shape, according to the external spirit; for the inner man is the lord of the outer one; the later has to obey the former, and the inner one can put the outer one into another figure, but not permanently.

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After the death of the physical form man remains still a being of twofold aspect; namely, as a celestial spirit, according to the divine principle in him (of which he may or may not be conscious); and secondly, as a supersensual, but nevertheless material being, according to his astral body. Each of these essences now gravitates to the plane to which it belongs according to its qualities. From this double but opposite tendency results the rupture or division of the soul and the judgment.

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Those happy souls that are resting in Abraham's bosom, in Christ—*i. e.*, in the heavenly essentiality (*Devachan*)—can not be disturbed by anybody, unless they should wish it themselves, in case that they were very favorably inclined towards some particular soul in harmony with their own. They do not trouble themselves about terrestrial things, unless it be for the glorification of God. In that case they will be indefatigable in revealing things in a magical way.

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All things in this world have a twofold body: an elementary body (whose external expression is the visible form) which comes from the elements, and an astral body from the constellation (the astral soul of the universe). They also have a twofold spirit: one from the stars and the other from the elements. Man alone has a threefold body: namely, an elementary body from the four elements, and an astral body from the astral plane,

and also a twofold spirit, from the stars and the elements. In addition to that he has in him the inner spiritual world, which is twofold, relating to light and relating to darkness; it being also twofold in body and spirit. The spirit of that spiritual world is the soul; but the substance of the spiritual body is of the water of the holy element. That body has to be regenerated, if its spirit is to see God. The difference between the two bodies ought to be well understood; for they are often antipathic toward each other, and from such a state of disharmony results disease and death and their separation from each other. The sidereal body is the higher one of the two, and nearest to the Divine body; the elementary body is merely its servant or dwelling-place; in the same sense as the four elements are only a body or dwelling-place for the government of the astral influences. The elementary body is mute and unintelligent; it knows only desire (attraction). The astral world gives to man the comprehension of differences; the recognition of different states of being in the elements; but the light and the power of the true light gives to man the Divine understanding. In the sidereal body there is no truly Divine conception; for the constellation has its own fundamental principle. The sidereal body is within the elementary body, as the world of light is within the world of darkness. It is the true intelligent life of all creatures.

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The fiery soul, pure as clear gold, and tested in the fire of God, is the husband of the noble *Sophia*, for she is the *tincture* of the light. If the tincture of the fire is perfectly pure, then will *Sophia* be united with it, and thus *Adam* receives again the most noble bride that was taken away from him during his sleep, and will take her into his arms. This is neither a man nor a woman, but a branch on the *pearl-tree* standing in God's paradise. But how the bride receives her groom in his clear and bright fire-quality, and how she gives him the kiss of love, this will be understood only by him who has been at the marriage of the Lamb. To all others it is a mystery.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 LETTER FROM A STUDENT.

All of the current statements with regard to the nature of Occultism, the road to its attainment, the milestones upon that road, are individual opinions, and no more. There is no one now before the public who speaks with the voice of authority. Those who have real knowledge are the most modest and the most diffident. They are hard to identify. We shall do well always to distrust the voice that has the authoritative tone. The wise man says: "Thus I have heard."

With such foreword by way of disclaimer of all save a personal opinion let it be said in answer to many questions that psychism is not to be considered as a step to occult knowledge. It does not even lie upon the road. It is a bypath that leads nowhere.

On every hand we hear of psychic development and of its confusion with occultism. Usually it has nothing to do with occultism. It is a bar and a hindrance.

If we are engaged in the search for anything whatsoever it is necessary to success that we proceed upon certain definite plans or principles, just as a traveler to a foreign country must know in what direction his goal is to be found and must supply himself with maps and compasses. Now it is generally agreed that occultism is the search for Divine Wisdom, and we must therefore determine whether it is to be found within

ourselves or without. It is evident that the within and the without are diametrically opposed to one another, like the north and the south. We can never find the within by looking outwardly, nor can we find what is outside of ourselves by looking within. If, then, we are in agreement that wisdom is the appanage of the human God, or ourselves, dwelling above and beyond the mind, and that we must approach that god before he can communicate his wisdom to us, of what avail can it be to pay attention to the sights and the sounds that may come from any other source whatsoever. Indeed it seems certain that such attention must frustrate our aim, and that it will be better for us wholly to close our eyes and our ears to whatsoever is not of the god. And it has been credibly said that when the god speaks we shall not be under any misapprehension as to the source of the voice.

For this reason the wise men of all times have warned us to pay no attention to the visions that throng the road, nor to their seeming voices, no matter how they may seek to beguile us by assurances that it is veritably they of whom we are in search. Nor does it matter at all in what language they seem to speak, for they may readily clothe themselves in the semblance of whatever has been said by others, so great is their desire to attract to themselves the attention that sustains and strengthens them. The mind that fixes itself un-



changingly upon the god will approach near to the god, and not the mind that is diverted by visions and by voices.

## LETTERS FROM IAMBlichus.

### THE INVOCATION OF THE THEURGIC RITES.

It perplexes me greatly to form a conception how they who are invoked as superior beings are likewise commanded like inferiors; also that they require the worshipper to be just, although when entreated they themselves consent to perform unjust acts. They will not hearken to the person who is invoking them if he is not pure from sexual contamination, yet they themselves do not hesitate to lead chance individuals into unlawful sexual relations.

### SACRIFICES AND PRAYERS.

I am likewise in doubt in regard to the sacrifices, what utility or power they possess in the world and with the gods, and for what reason they are performed appropriate for the beings thus honored and advantageously for the persons who present the gifts. The gods also require that the interpreters of the oracles observe strict abstinence from animal substance, in order that they may not be made impure by the fumes from the bodies; yet they themselves are allured most of all by the fumes of the sacrifices of animals.

### CONDITION FOR SUCCESSFUL RESULTS.

It is also required that the beholder must be pure from the contact of anything dead, and yet the rites employed to bring the gods hither, many of them, are made effective through dead animals. What, then, is more preposterous than these things—that a human being, inferior in dignity, should make use of threats, not to a dæmon or soul of some dead person, but to the Sun-King himself, or to the moon, or some one of the divine ones in the sky, himself uttering falsehoods in order that they may be caused to speak the truth? For the declaration that he will assail the sky, that he will reveal to view the Arcana of Isis, that he will expose to public gaze the ineffable symbol in the innermost sanctuary, that he will stop the Baris; that, like Typhon, he will scatter the limbs of Osiris, or do something of a similar character, what is it but an ex-

travagant absurdity, threatening what he neither knows how nor is able to perform? What dejection of spirit does it not produce in those who, like children, destitute of intelligence, are dismayed by groundless fears and terrified by these false alarms? And yet Clairemon, the Scribe of the Temple, records these things as current discourse among the Egyptian priests. It is also said that these threats, and others of like tenor, are very violent.

### SACRED NAMES AND SYMBOLIC EXPRESSIONS.

The Prayers also: What do they mean when they speak of the one coming forth to light from the slime, sitting on the Lotus-blossom, sailing in a boat, changing forms according to the season, and assuming a shape according to the Signs of the Zodiac? For so this is said to be seen at the Autopsias; and they unwittingly attribute to the divinity a peculiar incident of their own imagination. If, however, these expressions are uttered figuratively, and are symbolic representations of his forces, let them tell the interpretation of the symbols. For it is plain that if they denote the condition of the Sun, as in eclipses, they would be seen by every one who looked towards it intently.

Why, also, are terms preferred that are unintelligible, and of those that are unintelligible why are foreign ones preferred instead of those of our own language? For if the one who hears gives attention to the signification it is enough that the concept remains the same, whatever the term may be. For the divinity that is invoked is possibly not Egyptian in race; and if he is Egyptian, he is far from making use of Egyptian speech, or indeed of any human language at all. Either these are all artful contrivances of jugglers, and disguises having their origin in the passive conditions about us through being attributes to the divine agency, or we have left unnoticed conceptions of the divine nature that are contrary to what it is.

### THE FIRST CAUSE.

I desire you further to declare plainly to me what the Egyptian Theosophers believe the First Cause to be; whether Mind, or above Mind; and whether one

alone, or subsisting with another or with several others; whether unbodied or embodied, whether the very same as the Creator of the Universe (Demiurgos) or prior to the Creator; also whether they likewise have knowledge respecting Primal Matter; or of what nature the first bodies were; and whether the Primal Matter was unoriginated, or was generated. For Chairemon and the others hold that there is not anything else prior to the worlds which we behold. At the beginning of their discourses they adopt the divinities of the Egyptians, but no other gods, except those called Planets, those that make up the Zodiac and such as rise with these, and likewise those divided into decans, those which indicate nativities, and those which are called the Mighty Leaders. The names of these are preserved in the Almanacs, together with their routine of changes, their risings and settings, and their signifying of future events. For these men perceived that the things which were said respecting the Sun-God as the Demiurgos, or Creator of the Universe, and concerning Osiris and Isis, and all the Sacred Legends, may be interpreted as relating to the stars, their phases, occultation, and revolutions in their orbits, or else to the increase and decrease of the Moon, the course of the Sun, the vault of the sky as seen by night or by day, or the river Nile, and, in short, they explain everything as relating to natural objects, and nothing as having reference to incorporeal and living essences.

More of them likewise attribute to motion of the stars whatever may relate to us. They bind everything. I know not how, in the indissoluble bonds of necessity, which they term Fate, or allotment; and they also connect everything with those gods whom *they* worship in temples and with carved images and other objects, as being the only unbinders of Fate.

#### NATIVITIES AND GUARDIAN DEMONS

The next thing to be learned relates to the peculiar demon or guardian spirit—how the Lord of the House (Zodiac) assigns it, according to what purpose or what quality of emanation or life or power comes from it to us, whether it really exists or does not exist, and whether it is impossible or possible actually to find the Lord of the House.

Certainly, if it is possible, then the person has learned the scheme of his nativity; knowing his own guardian demon, is liberated from fate, is truly favored by divinity. Nevertheless the rules for casting nativities are countless, and beyond comprehension. Moreover, it is impossible for expertness in astral observations to amount to an actual knowledge, for there is great disagreement in relation to it, and Chairemon, as well as many others, have spoken against it. Hence the assumption of a Lord of the House (or Lords of the House, if there are more than one) pertaining to a nativity is almost confessed by astrologers themselves to be beyond absolute proving; and yet it is from this assumption, they say, that the ascertaining of the person's own personal demon is possible. But further, I wish to be informed whether our personal demon presides over some specific one of the regions within us. For it seems to be believed by some persons that there are demons allotted to specific departments of the body—one over the health, one over the figure, and another over the bodily habits, forming a bond of union among them; and that one is placed as superior over all of them in common. And further they suppose that there is one demon guardian of the body, another of the soul, and another of the superior mind (Compare I Paul V, 23: "Spirit and soul and body"); also that some demons are good and others bad.

I am in doubt, however, whether our particular demon may not be a special part of the soul; and hence he who has a mind imbued with good sense would be the truly favored one.

I observe, moreover, that there is a twofold worship of the personal demon; also that some perform it as to two and others as to three, but nevertheless he is invoked by all with a common form of invocation.

#### EUDÆMONIA, OR TRUE SUCCESS.

I question, however, whether there may not be some other secret path to true success which is afar from (the Rites of) the gods. I doubt whether it is really necessary to pay any regards to the opinions of individuals in regard to the divine endowment of divination and Theurgy, and whether the Soul does not now and then form grand conceptions.

On the contrary, also, there are other methods for obtaining premonitions of what will take place. Perhaps, also, they who exercise the divine art of divining may indeed foresee, and yet they are not really successful, for they may foresee future events and not know how to make use of the foresight properly for themselves. I desire from you, therefore, to show me the path to success and in what the essence of it consists. For among us (philosophers) there is much wrangling, as though good might be derived from human reasoning by comparison of views.

If, however, this part of the inquiry, the intimate association with the superior race is passed over by those who devised it, wisdom will be taught by them to trivial purpose, such as calling the Divine Mind to take part about the finding of a fugitive slave, or a purchase of land, or, if it should happen, a marriage or a matter of trade. Suppose, however, that this subject of intimate communion with the superior race is not passed over, and those who are thus in communication tell things that are remarkably true about different matters, but nothing important or trustworthy in relation to the true success—employing themselves diligently with matters that are difficult, but of no use to human beings—then there were neither gods nor good dæmons present, but on the contrary a demon of that kind called “Vagabond,” or it was all an invention of men or an air-castle of a mortal nature.—*From “The Egyptian Mysteries.” Translated from the Greek of Iamblichus by Alexander Wilder, M. D. Published by the Metaphysical Publishing Company.*

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The smattering I have of the Philosopher’s Stone (which is something more than the perfect exaltation of gold) hath taught me a great deal of Divinity, and instructed my belief how that immortal spirit and incorruptible substance of my soul may lie obscure, and sleep awhile within this house of flesh.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

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The real mind of man and of all other animals functions in every cell of the body, but we ordinarily become conscious of its operations only when it functions through the brain.—*Reilmeo.*

## MYSTICISM AND WAR.

(The following extracts are from “The War and Preaching,” by Rev. Dr. John Kelman, published by the Yale University Press. The book is based on Dr. Kelman’s experiences at the front.)

This (mysticism) is a characteristic feature of times of stress and strain, especially if they be prolonged. It has appeared in the records of great plagues, persecutions, and other kinds of national calamity. The war has had its full share of it. The mystic or visionary phenomena have been of several different kinds. Spiritualism has gained widespread popularity of late, but it has been mostly in the civilian population, and, as was natural, chiefly among the bereaved. At the front it was astonishingly rare. One would have imagined that men surrounded by the buried or unburied dead would have been peculiarly liable to this form of search for communion with their spirits, but it was not so. At least that was my own impression, for I only met it in one or two instances, and others have confirmed the impression from their own experience. . . .

Of a more pronounced type were the legends which ran along the front like fire. The Angels of Mons, the White Christ, and others were familiar everywhere. Some of these are known to be purely fictitious in their origin, and yet as time went on men were found who were prepared to swear, obviously in perfect sincerity, that they had seen those supernatural appearances with their own eyes. Many strange tales were told with the utmost conviction. One boy told me how he had been in a sweat of cold fear when the command came to go over the parapet for a bayonet charge, but Christ came to him and said, “Keep smiling; as long as you smile you’re safe.” The fear vanished, and through all the ghastly business that followed the tight-drawn smile never left his face. Another related how he had lain wounded in a shell-hole for thirty-six hours, and was growing desperate, when on the edge of the shell-hole he saw Jesus standing, clad in white. On this occasion the language was not in the vernacular, but was in some sort modeled upon the language of the Bible: “Suffer it for this night only, help cometh in the morning.” “So,” he went on to say, “I lay down in the mud and fell asleep; and the next thing I

knew was when I was wakened by the stretcher-bearers come to carry me back. You see He kept His word." A third man, dying in a hospital, in his delirium had exhausted himself with a flood of wild profanity. He fell back on the pillow with closed eyes for a little time. Then the eyes opened, turned towards a corner of the ward, and assumed an expression of extreme surprise and delight. The whole face changed to a kind of rapturous welcome. He shouted "Jesus! Jesus!" and fell back dead.

Much has been said in depreciation of mysticism. Vaughan's attitude to it is common among those who lay great stress upon the probability of delusion and the frequently defective critical evidence. Ritschl discounts it with unqualified aversion in defense of his insistence on the connection of experience with the historical facts of the life of Christ. Yet strange things happen to human nature when it is put upon the rack of danger or of pain. It is not enough to say that high tension naturally produces visions by purely material processes in the brain. Doubtless tension may be the *occasion* of vision in highly strung or sentimental natures. It is certainly true that in many cases, such as some of those above narrated, the precise form of the vision and the words which accompany it may be determined by early training or other such causes. It may even be allowed that the visionary records of the war have more value for psychology than for religion. Yet there is room for another explanation. If we hesitate to accept the doctrine of the untrustworthiness of reason as an ultimate guide to truth, as that doctrine is expounded by recent able writers, yet we need not question their contention that actual truth may be attained by other processes than reasoning. In his "Education of Christ" Professor Ramsay gives some striking instances of the sudden revelation to ordinary men of a mystical world which opens itself to them unsought. What if, as Professor William James has reminded us, the organism of the brain in normal circumstances conceals from us a real world of spiritual phenomena; but becomes as it were transparent, when attenuated by violent excitements? Then, with a finer and less opaque instrument, we may be able to perceive things ordinarily concealed. There is no need to make much of the form of

the vision or the language in which it speaks. That may, as has been already suggested, be but the natural way in which the individual clothes it. It is the vision itself that matters, the sense of presence beside one, and a world to which such presences belong. There will always be a place and a necessity for the mystical point of view. So long as human nature remains there will be those to whom this will be the most convincing way of receiving truth. But however this may be, it will certainly remain true that in the Great War multitudes of men whose former lives had been articulate without the church, or the supernatural faith it teaches, did know that the curtain had swung back, and eternity had claimed them for its own.

### A GREAT CONJUNCTION.

(Professor Albert F. Porta in Daily News.)

Owing to a strange grouping of six mighty planets, such as has not been seen in a score of centuries, the United States next December will be swept by the most terrific weather cataclysm experienced since human history began.

It will be caused by the hugest sunspot on record—

A sunspot that will be visible to the naked eye.

Since men first began to make records of events, no sunspot has been large enough to be seen without the aid of instruments. This one will be.

The sunspot that will appear December 17, 1919, will be a vast wound in the side of the sun.

It will be a gigantic explosion of flaming gases, leaping hundreds of thousands of miles out into space. It will have a crater large enough to engulf the earth, much as Vesuvius might engulf a football.

Such a sunspot will be rich enough in electro-magnetic energy to fling the atmosphere of our planet into a disturbance without precedent or parallel.

There will be hurricanes, lightning, colossal rains.

It will be weeks before the earth will regain its normal weather conditions.

There will also be gigantic lava eruptions, great earthquakes, to say nothing of floods and fearful cold.

I make this startling prophecy with no

desire to be merely sensational or alarming. It is merely because my study of the planets has revealed certain results with mathematic certainty that I now say to you:

"Be warned in advance. Tremendous things are going to happen from December 17 to 20, 1919, and afterward."

Here are the simple yet astounding facts that enable me to make this prophecy:

The planets in their orbits swing in great ellipses about the sun. They are linked to the sun, and to each other, by chains of electro-magnetic energy whose compelling forces counteract each other and hold each planet in its regular path.

Whenever two planets wheel into such positions that they pull together on the sun—either in "conjunction" on the same side of the sun, or in "opposition" with the sun between them—their united pull causes the sun's gases to "explode"—to leap out into space in the whirling volcano we call a sunspot.

These sunspots in turn cause storms in the atmosphere of our earth—doubtless on other planets as well.

Two planets, united, are enough to cause a small sunspot and a small storm. Three cause a larger one—four make a very great storm indeed.

But—on December 17, 1919, no less than seven planets will pull jointly on the sun. These will include all the mightiest planets, those with the most powerful pull.

Six of them—Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, and Neptune—will be in conjunction; grouped together in the greatest "league of planets" ever known in the annals of astronomy.

They will be inside in the narrow limit of but 26 degrees, on the same side of the sun!

Directly opposite, coming into opposition with this gigantic league, will be the huge planet Uranus. The magnetic currents between Uranus and the six planets will pierce the sun like a mighty spear.

Our earth is outside the league, at an angle of nearly 90 degrees—in perfect position to receive almost the full force of the monster electrical disturbance as it leaps into activity on what, to us, will be the eastern horizon of the sun's disc.

This means we shall get the full strength of the storm when the sunspot

is at its worst, before the exploding gases have had time to die down.

Such a close grouping of planets has never been recorded before. The whole solar system will be strangely out of balance.

What will be the outcome? My knowledge does not permit me to state, beyond the fact that the storms, eruptions, and earthquakes will be tremendous in their strength and scope.

Remember the date—December 17th to 20th—and after.

## CORRESPONDENCES.

By the law of correspondences is meant the analogy that exists between one plane of nature and another; and between all the great departments of nature seen and unseen. Every plane of nature being the emanation of the plane above it, and itself emanating the planes below it, there must be certain universal resemblances or correspondences, and it is the study of these resemblances or correspondences that is recommended to the student of occultism. The ancient axiom "as above, so below" is founded upon this law. It means that every fact in visible nature reveals also a fact in invisible nature, and that no phenomenon can be so trivial as to be insignificant of the universal.

Some of the correspondences in nature are so obvious as to need no indication. For example, there is a correspondence between sleep and death, and between dreams and the post-mortem states of consciousness. To understand the dream states is to understand also the mysteries of Kama Loka and Devachan. The principle of analogy may be applied with great freedom. It may be said to be a universal key, and there are no limits to its use.

The correspondences in material nature are so evident that they are now compelling the reluctant attention of science. It is impossible to impute to chance the resemblances between the musical scale and the prismatic colors, especially in view of the now known fact that color and sound are but vibrations of the ether. Vibrations within a certain range appeal to the eye, but there is no difference between color and sound except in the rapidity of the vibrations. If the various colors represent forces:

must be evident that those same forces, acting through a different vibratory scale, must be responsible also for sounds. We can extend the same idea to include heat, and form, and many other forces.

The problem of the chemical elements yields also to the same key. The Russian scientist, Mendeleef, discovered that these elements arrange themselves according to their atomic weights and characteristics into a table that corresponds exactly with the musical scale, and he was even able to predict the discovery of other elements that had not then been identified.

Now these many forces correspond not only with each other, but also with states of human consciousness, and herein lies the importance of the whole study. If certain combinations of sounds produce states of consciousness—and every one who appreciates music knows that they do—it is evident that there must be a correspondence between sound and consciousness, that in a certain sense they must be the same thing acting in different ways, or rather through different media. Certain combinations of sound make us happy and other combinations make us sad—and this is none the less a mystery because it happens to be a commonplace. Now there is also a correspondence between sound and form, as is proved by the well-known but unexplained fact that sand scattered on a drum head will assume certain geometrical forms in response to the drawing of a violin bow across the edge of the drum. Therefore we see that there is a correspondence between sound, form, and states of consciousness, and we may also include color, since there are many persons who are conscious of color sensation when, with closed eyes, they strike a note on the piano. Such experiments in themselves are trivial, but they are not trivial when considered as evidences of universal laws which need no more than courageous application to unlock the greatest mysteries in nature.

For we must see at once that if normal sounds, colors, and forms correspond with normal states of consciousness, then abnormal sounds, colors, and forms must correspond with abnormal states of consciousness. A certain range of etheric vibration produces the sensation of sound, but when that vibration becomes too rapid it passes beyond the sensibility

of the ear and so disappears. In the same way the color scale passes beyond the power of the eye to perceive, but the etheric vibrations that produce sound and color do not cease to exist merely because we can no longer see or hear them. Our sense organs correspond with our consciousness, and they become more sensitive as our expanding consciousness demands a sense representation. At present there are large gaps between, for example, sound and color, and we know nothing whatever about the worlds of being represented by these gaps. We have no sense organs that admit us to them because we have not developed the kind of consciousness that demands admission. And far beyond sound, color, and form there are rates of etheric vibration that we never perceive at all, and that must correspond with states, not of material consciousness, but of spiritual consciousness, and when we have developed the spiritual consciousness we must develop also the sensory apparatus that corresponds with it. Consciousness comes first, and then consciousness develops a sensory apparatus corresponding with it, and this sensory apparatus admits us to planes of nature from which we were previously debarred.

The study of correspondences is therefore of immense importance. We have to acquire the power of looking upon the whole of nature as being actually consciousness, and when we know something of the law of correspondences we see that there is no fact in nature too small to be an indication of the state of the consciousness behind it. And so gradually we acquire the power to think in terms of consciousness, and all other powers find their basis in this.

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Then the lord of all creatures said to those assembled together, "You are all greatest and not greatest. You are all possessed of one another's qualities. All are greatest in their own spheres, and all support one another. There is but one, and I only am that, but accumulated in numerous forms."—*Anugita*.

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Mystical states break down the authority of the non-mystical or rationalistic consciousness, based upon the intellect and the senses alone.—*William James*.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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. IV. No. 32. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, August 9, 1919. Price Five Cents

## A LIVING DEAD MAN.

Elsa Barker has now given us another volume of her automatic writings. She calls it "Last Letters from the Living Dead Man," and we may infer the series is now closed.

But why should it be closed? Why should Elsa Barker object to be the medium for communications that she believes to be of such vital importance to the world? Has she any doubt—let us say subconscious doubt—as to the true source of these communications? If she has no doubt, if she believes these messages to be valuable, why does she wish to close the door so far as her own mediation is concerned?

There can be no question that she did, and does, wish to close the door. She says that before the publication of her latest book, "I was growing more and more restive at the swamping of my literary career by automatic writings, and my mountainous correspondence left me less and less time for original work. Finally, in February, 1918, the 'inner conflict' culminated in a complete cessation of automatic writing."

And then we have another significant fact, and perhaps it would be hard to lay too much importance upon its gravity. It seems that the communications were presently resumed, although we are not told in what way the author's reluctance was overcome. But we may draw our own conclusions from the termination of the first of the letters now

recorded. The "Living Dead Man" says: "Blocked by your will to avoid this labor, I sought another entrance; but it was too much encumbered by prejudices and preconceived ideas, and all the litter of mental fragments that had accumulated through years of residence in a creed-bound place. You who have dwelt but briefly in many tents have no obstructions at your door, save such as are placed by your will, and those I now sweep away. I shall pass in and out, and speak to you as I choose."

Coercion, apparently. No longer a voluntary mediumship, but an involuntary obsession. The silken cord of inclination gives way to the steel links of compulsion. We wonder how many have trod the same declivity, only to discover too late the quality of their servitude.

Frankly we are disappointed with Elsa Barker's latest volume. After a careful reading we can find nothing whatever at all worth the labor of transcription. The preface, by Elsa Barker herself, with its disquisition on Freud and Silberer, is immeasurably the best part of the book. The "communications" for the most part are commonplace to the last degree. Nowhere do we find an illuminating thought, a new idea, or a suggestive fact. We must be patient, we must be helpful, we must be hopeful. We knew all this before. We must believe in the future of the country. We believed in this already. We must be charitable to the people of Europe, we must not hoard our money,



and no matter how dark the clouds may be, they will eventually roll away. But clouds always do.

Are there people who are actually solaced by stuff of this kind, and for no better reason than that it seems to emanate from a dead man? What a strange mental obliquity such a fact seems to disclose. Mighty men, the mightiest of men, have written and spoken during every era in the history of the world, and their books lie dust-encumbered upon the shelves of our libraries. We neglect Plato and Iamblichus and Plotinus, great initiates and masters of wisdom, for a "living dead man." In the Bible we may find, if we will, the secret of secrets, the *Lapis Philosophorum*, the Elixir of Life, the last mystery of man and nature, but we prefer the "Seven Purposes" or the latest lucubrations from the Sphere of the Moon and its dizzy denizens. Let us hope that the astral miasma will soon pass away and that all living dead men will finally make up their minds either to live or to die.

### JACOB BOEHME.

From the Macoy Publishing Company, New York, comes a new edition of the works of Jacob Boehme as prepared by Franz Hartmann. It is encouraging to find that there should be a demand for such a work as this, and we can but hope that it may somewhat displace the astral nonsense now enjoying such a vogue among the deluded.

For Jacob Boehme was a true occultist. If a tree may be known by its fruits we need not have much doubt of the reality of his knowledge or the depth of a wisdom that he reveals with such caution and reticence. Boehme, we are told, received three illuminations. During the first he was in a state of ecstasy for seven days. The second occurred some years later, and he now looked upon the innermost foundation of nature and saw into the heart of all things. Ten years later came his third illumination. That which in former visions had appeared chaotic and multifarious was now recognized as a unity, like a harp of many strings, of which each string is a separate instrument, while the whole is but one harp. Henceforth he began to write, and although his labors were interrupted by persecutions he nevertheless gave to the world a series of books

which have excited the admiration of the world from his day until now. It is true that much of those writings have never been understood. Perhaps it is only the Initiate who can freely understand the Initiate. None the less they have that quality of shining that attracts us even to the treasure that is beyond our reach.

The wisdom of Jacob Boehme is one of the puzzles of the ages to those who do not know its source or who are unwilling to admit the reality of that source. He was a poor shoemaker who knew how to read and write and no more, and who spent much of his youth in herding cattle. Small wonder that his mysterious erudition should excite the intense resentment of the schoolmen whom he defied and so easily refuted. The Rev. Dr. Richter said of Boehme that he was "Antichrist." This "villain of a shoemaker," said the pious parson, "has been daubed over with dirt by the devil." We should never have heard of Richter but for his brutal attacks upon Boehme. The poor shoemaker gave to his clerical assailant the only immortality that he was capable of receiving.

The whole of Boehme's works ought to be made available. In the meantime we may be gratified for a new edition of Dr. Hartmann's summary, and one that seems to be so satisfactory from the mechanical point of view.

PERSONAL CHRISTIANITY, A SCIENCE. THE DOCTRINES OF JACOB BOEHME. By Franz Hartmann, M. D. New York: Macoy Publishing Company.

### EMERSON ON DREAMS.

The following references to dreams are to be found in Emerson's "Journals," published by the Houghton Mifflin Company:

"The waking from an impressive dream is a curious example of the jealousy of the gods. There is an air as if the sender of the illusion had been heedless for a moment, that the Reason had returned to its seat, and was startled into attention. Instantly there is a rush from some quarter to break up the drama into a chaos of parts, then of particles, then of ether, like smoke dissolving in a wind; it can not be disintegrated fast enough or fine enough. If you could give the waked watchman the smallest fragment, he could reconstruct the whole:

for the moment he is sure he can and will; but his attention is so divided on the disappearing parts that he can not grasp the least atomy, and the last fragment or film disappears before he could say, 'I have it.'

"I wish I could recall my singular dream of last night with its physics, metaphysics, and rapid transformations—all impressive at the moment, that on waking at midnight I tried to rehearse them, that I might keep them till morn. I fear 'tis all vanished. I noted how we magnify the inward world, and emphasize it to hypocrisy by contempt of house and land and man's condition, which we call shabby and beastly. But in a few minutes these have their revenge, for we look to their chemistry and perceive that they are miracles of combination of ethereal elements, and do point instantly to moral causes.

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#### FROM THE GLOSSARY.

(By H. P. B.)

**APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.** A wonderful philosopher, born on Cappadocia about the beginning of the first century; an ardent Pythagorean, who studied the Phœnician sciences under Euthydemus; and Pythagorean philosophy and other studies under Euxemus of Heraclea. According to the tenets of this school he remained a vegetarian the whole of his long life, fed only on fruit and herbs, drank no wines, wore vestments made only of plant-fibres, walked barefooted, and let his hair grow to its full length, as all the Initiates before and after him. He was initiated by the priests of the temple of Æsculapius (Asclepius) at Ægæ, and learnt many of the "miracles" for healing the sick wrought by the god of medicine. Having prepared himself for a higher initiation by a silence of five years, and by travel, visiting Antioch, Ephesus, Pamphylia, and other parts, he journeyed via Babylon to India, all his intimate disciples having abandoned him, as they feared to go to the "land of enchantments." A casual disciple, Damis, however, whom he met on his way, accompanied him in his travels. At Babylon he was initiated by the Chaldees and Magi, according to Damis, whose narrative was copied by one named Philostratus a hundred years later. After his return from India, he

showed himself a true initiate, in that the pestilences and earthquakes, deaths of kings and other events, which he prophesied duly happened. At Lesbos, the priests of Orpheus, being jealous of him, refused to initiate him into their peculiar mysteries, though they did so several years later. He preached to the people of Athens and other cities the purest and noblest ethics, and the phenomena he produced were as wonderful as they were numerous and well attested. "How is it," inquires Justin Martyr in dismay, "how is it that the talismans (*telesmata*) of Apollonius have power, for they prevent, as *we see*, the fury of the waves and the violence of the winds, and the attacks of the wild beasts; and whilst our Lord's miracles are preserved by tradition alone, those of Apollonius are most numerous and actually manifested in present facts?" . . . But an answer is easily found to this in the fact that after crossing the Hindu Kush, Apollonius had been directed by a king to the abode of the sages, whose abode it may be to this day, by whom he was taught unsurpassed knowledge. His dialogues with the Corinthian Menippus indeed give us the esoteric catechism and disclose (when understood) many an important mystery of nature. Apollonius was the friend, correspondent, and guest of kings and queens, and no marvelous or "magic" powers are better attested than his. At the end of his long and wonderful life he opened an esoteric school at Ephesus, and died aged almost one hundred years.

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Souls can not die. They leave a former home,  
And in new bodies dwell, and from them roam.  
Nothing can perish, all things change below,  
For spirits through all forms may come and go. —*Ovid*.

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Identification with ignorance, resulting in obscuration of the light of Self, disappears with the rise of Spirituality.—*Panchadasi*.

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The heart of the fool is in his tongue, the tongue of the wise is in his heart.—*Turkish proverb*.

## NICHOLAS FLAMEL.

(The following is a part of an ancient manuscript by Nicholas Flamel and describing how he discovered the secrets of Alchemy.)

Eternally praised be the Lord my God, which lifteth the humble from the base dust, and maketh the hearts of such as hope in Him to rejoice: which of His grace openeth to them that believe the Springs of His bounty, and putteth under their feet the worldly spheres of all earthly happinesses; in Him be always our trust: in His fear our felicity; in His mercy the glory of the reparation of our natures, and in our prayers our unshaken assurance. And Thou, O God Almighty as thy benignity hath vouchsafed to open upon earth before me (thy unworthy servant) all the treasures of the richness of the world; so may it please Thy great clemency then when I shall be no more in the number of the living to open unto me the treasures of heaven, and to let me behold thy divine face, the majesty whereof is a delight unspeakable, and the ravishing joy whereof never ascended into the heart of living man. I ask it of Thee for our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy well-beloved son, His sake, who in the unity of the Holy Spirit, liveth with Thee world without end. Amen.

HIEROGLYPHICAL FIGURES PLACED BY ME, NICHOLAS FLAMEL, SCRIVENER IN THE CHURCHYARD OF THE INNOCENTS IN THE FOURTH ARCH ENTERING BY THE GREAT GATE OF ST. DENIS STREET, AND TAKING THE WAY ON THE RIGHT HAND.

## THE INTRODUCTION.

Although I, Nicholas Flamel, Notary, and abiding in Paris, in this year one thousand three hundred fourscore and nineteen and dwelling in my house on the street of notaries, near unto the Chapel of St. James of the Bouchery; although I say that I learned but a little Latin, because of the small means of my parents, which nevertheless were by them that envy me the most, accounted honest people, yet by the grace of God and the intercession of the blessed saints in Paradise of both sexes, and principally of St. James of Galicia, I have not wanted the understanding of the Books of the Philosophers and in them learned their so hidden secrets. And for this Cause, there shall never be any moment of my life, when I remember this high good wherein upon my knees (if the place

will give me leave) or otherwise, in my heart with all my affection, I shall not render thanks to this most benign God, which never suffereth the child of the just to beg from door to door, and deceiveth not them which wholly trust in His blessing.

Whilst therefore I, Nicholas Flamel, Notary, after the decease of my parents, got my living in our art of writing, by making inventories, dressing accounts, and summing up the expenses of Tutors and Pupils, there fell into my hands for the sum of two florins, a guilded book, very old and large. It was not of paper, nor of parchment, as other books be, but was only made of delicate rinds (as it seemed unto me) of tender young trees. The cover of it was of brass, well bound, all engraven with letters, or strange figures; and for my part I think they may well be of Greek letters, or some such like ancient language. Sure I am, I could not read them, and I know well they were not notes nor letters of the Latin nor of the Gaul, for of them we understand a little. As for that which was within it, the leaves of bark or rind were engraven, and with admirable diligence written, with a point of iron, in fair and neat Latin letters colored. It contained thrice seven leaves, for so were they counted on the top of the leaves, and always every seventh leaf was without any writing, but instead thereof, upon the first seventh leaf there was painted a rod and serpents swallowing it up. In the second seventh, a cross where a serpent was crucified; and in the last seventh, there were painted deserts or Wildernesses, in the midst whereof ran many fair fountains from whence there issued out a number of serpents which ran up and down here and there. Upon the first of the leaves was written in great capital letters of Gold, ABRAHAM THE JEW PRINCE PRIEST LEVITE ASTROLOGER AND PHILOSOPHER TO THE NATION OF THE JEWS BY THE WRATH OF GOD DISPERSED AMONG THE GAULS SENDETH HEALTH. After that it was filled with great execrations and curses (with the word MARANTHA which was often repeated there) against every person that should cast his eyes upon it if he were not Sacrificer or Scribe.

He that sold me this book knew not what it was worth no more than I when I bought it; I believe it had been stolen

or taken from the miserable Jews; or found in some part of the ancient place of their abode. Within the book, in the second leaf, he comforted his nation, counseling them to fly vices, and above all, IDOLATRY, attending with sweet patience the coming of the MESSIAS who should vanquish all the Kings of the Earth and should reign with his people in glory eternally. Without doubt this had been some very wise and understanding man. In the third leaf, and in all the other writings which followed, to help his CAPTIVE NATION to pay their TRIBUTES unto the ROMAN EMPERORS, and to do other things, which I will not speak of, he taught them in common words the TRANSMUTATION OF METALS; he painted the VESSELS by the sides, and he advertised them of the COLORS, and of all the rest saving of the FIRST AGENT of the which he spake not a word, but only (as he said) in the fourth and fifth leaves entire he painted it, and figured it with very great cunning and workmanship; for although it was well and intelligibly figured and painted, yet no man could ever have been able to understand it, without being well skilled in their CABBALA, which goeth by tradition, and without having well studied their books. The fourth and fifth leaves, therefore, were without any writing, all full of fair figures ENLIGHTENED, or as it were ENLIGHTENED, for the work was very exquisite. First he painted a YOUNG MAN with wings at his ankles, having in his hand a CADUCEAN rod, written about with two SERPENTS wherewith he struck upon a helmet which covered his head. He seemed to my small judgment to be the MERCURY of the PAGANS; against him there came running and flying with open wings, a great old man, who upon his head had an HOUR GLASS fastened, and in his hand a hook (or scythe) like Death, with the which, in terrible and furious manner, he would have cut off the feet of MERCURY. In the other side of the fourth leaf, he painted a fair FLOWER on the top of a very high MOUNTAIN which was sore shaken with the NORTH WIND; it had the foot BLUE; the flowers WHITE and RED, the leaves shining like fine GOLD; and round about the DRAGONS and GRIFFONS of the NORTH made their nests and abodes. On the fifth leaf there was a fair ROSE TREE flowered in the midst of a sweet GARDEN,

climbing up against a hollow oak; at the foot whereof a fountain of most WHITE WATER, which ran headlong down into the depths, notwithstanding it first passed among the hands of infinite people, who digged in the earth seeking for it; but because they were blind, none of them knew it, except here and there one who considered the WEIGHT.

On the last side of the fifth leaf there was a KING with a great FAUCHION, who made to be killed in his presence by some SOLDIERS a great multitude of little INFANTS whose mothers wept at the feet of the unpitiful SOLDIERS; the blood of which infants was afterwards by other soldiers gathered up, and put in a great vessel, wherein the SUN and the MOON came to bathe themselves. And because that this history did represent the more part of that of the INNOCENTS slain by HEROD, and that in this book I learned the greatest part of the ART, this was one of the causes why I placed in their churchyard these HIEROGLYPHIC SYMBOLS of this secret science. And thus you see that which was in the first five leaves. I will not represent unto you that which was written in good and intelligible Latin in all the other written leaves, for God would punish me, because I should commit a greater wickedness than he who (as it is said) wished that all the men of the world had but one head that he might cut it off with one blow. Having with me therefore this FAIR BOOK I did nothing else day or night, but study upon it, understanding very well all the operations that it showed, but not knowing with what Matter I should begin, which made me very heavy and solitary, and caused me to fetch many a sigh. My wife Perrenella, whom I loved as myself and had lately married, was much astonished at this, comforting me, and earnestly demanding, if she could by any means deliver me from this trouble. I could not possibly hold my tongue, but told her all, and showed this FAIR BOOK, whereof at the very instant that she saw it, she became as much enamored as myself, taking extreme pleasure to behold the FAIR COVER GRAVINGS AND PORTRAITS, whereof notwithstanding she understood as little as I; yet it was a great comfort to me to talk with her, and to entertain myself, what we should do to have the interpretation of them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PYTHAGORAS TO THE KING.

(A Letter.)

These are the two fountains of those powers whereby mankind is acted. The first excites to violence and oppression, the last to innocence and mercy; so that those that would purchase any honorable reputation in the world ought to command their wills and desires to enter into this benevolent fountain. For be pleased to observe, Man's mind is free, and no sooner has this benign power obtained the ascendant over the inward enemies of our members, but forthwith the eyes of our understanding are open, and we have a true taste of the Universal Harmony. Thus we ourselves, after we have imbibed the rays of this light, behold all the good that is in things, and by help of this distinction, the beauty of infinite love appeared plainly to the eyes of our mind; and being thus enlightened and confirmed, error vanished, and truth shone out in its native and original brightness.

After we have for some time conversed in the Holy Sanctuary, where we saw and heard things unutterable, this Holy Light and distinguishing power rendered us capable of contemplating the wonderful power of God, the method of His providence, and course of His government, managed by the active spirit of life.

We also lifted our eyes up to heaven, and considered the daily motions of the Celestial Bodies, the Sun, Moon, and the numberless company of the stars, their rising and setting, continual courses and revolutions, and the various and yet harmonical postures of their configurations. Likewise the great variety of beasts, birds, and fish, together with the vegetables of the earth, how every creature, both heavenly and terrestrial, do with sedate silence constantly observe and obey the laws of their great creator.

'Tis man only that has violated all goodness and sobriety, and by the ministration of evil powers has destroyed the laws and privileges of all other creatures as well as his own, enslaving them in the highest bondage: for which depravity there is no remedy, but a speedy entering of the mind into the Holy Principle and Divine Power. These considerations prompted us to lay a founda-

tion of innocence, self-denial, and temperance in our hearts, being assured that the good is always drawn and united to the good; and on the other side, the bad does with the strictest desire and intimacy join and incorporate itself with the bad. So that whosoever offers violence to any creature, at the same time opens the gates of wrath, fierceness, and revenge. And on the contrary, he that preserves any creature by his good inclinations sets open the doors of love and gratitude. No man can be a true governor and preserver of his own rights and privileges, nor of the creatures, unless the fountain of mercy and compassion has got the ascendant over him. For the true religion is to keep God's laws, and in all things to imitate the good; and whoever breaks the laws of nature by hurting the innocent is irreligious, and a transgressor in the highest degree.

Besides, we account praying to the Deities the meanest part of religion: It is but a kind of lip-labor, and may for anything we know be no more than hypocrisy, having singly no evidence of its sincerity. 'Tis the observation of their laws that the Gods regard; and one act of temperance and obedience is of more avail with them than an hundred superstitious sacrifices, and unnecessary, and uncommanded penances.

That man approves himself most agreeable to them who carries most of their image in his life and actions. Obedience to their laws, and conformity to their natures, is the fairest acknowledgment of their sovereignty, and the highest act of honor a creature can pay to his benefactor and creator. Whilst we live under the conduct of our good genius, observing the rules of justice and gentleness, we become truly religious. It is by this soft, sweet, silent voice that we open a way to the centre of goodness. The internal powers have immaterial ears, they neither hear nor accept the lip-service. What pleases them most proceeds from an universal power of virtue within, that does assimilate with all that is good; for by the eternal law all things are endued with a natural and influential virtue, which by a sympathetic inclination joins with its simile whensoever it finds it. This is that that opens the great fountain of benignity.

'Tis the practice of goodness that unites men's souls to God.

These, O King, are the considerations that moved us to prohibit violence and cruelty, to keep our hands clean from the blood of animals, and to commend to our disciples a friendly conversation with all things, to represent to them the deformity of vice, and the beauty of virtue and gentleness, being well assured by the universal voice of God, and His law in nature, that an Hecatome of Bulls can not be so acceptable a sacrifice to Him as an unpolluted mind, and a will wholly prepared to follow His directions, and submit to His providence. 'Tis to a strict and severe imitation of Him that we solicit our followers, who is not delighted with cruelty, but is extremely pleased with the practice of justice, when men have learned the art of doing to others as they would be willing to have others do to them. For no man was made to be a tyrant, and an Epicure, to domineer at pleasure upon his fellow-creatures, who at all times, and in all respects answer the end of their creation better than himself. But being hurried by the spirit of ignorance and error, he is become the common disturber of nature's harmony, putting her whole frame in tumult and combustion.

If man pass out of the body in this wrathful disposition, what region must they enter into, and what bodies must they be clothed with? And since by the secret power of the eternal law, every Spirit of the Soul does naturally attract such matter for a body as is suitable to itself. Those that then lived in the Power and Operation of the Lion, Tiger, and Dog, and so far brutified their nature as to resemble those animals, must they not expect to be clothed in such hideous Forms and Shapes? As on the contrary the virtuous and compassionate shall be adorned with the garments of innocency and light.

The first step to virtue is to do no hurt, the next is to do all the good we can, even to the least of God's creatures. What creature soever you show kindness to, the same doth naturally call upon the fountain of benignity for a blessing upon you; so on the other hand, the cries of oppressed innocence take the deepest root, both in the Fountain of Love and the Fountain of Wrath. The good attracts and praises the good; and the evil the

evil. Every thing and principle delights in its like. This is demonstrable in all natural things that proceeded from the Immaterial World, and is in all its particulars, forms, figures, qualities, and operations. And whoever does understand the outward can not be ignorant of the inward; for in the great depth they are both one.

The understanding whereof is of infinitely greater moment than your men-of-war, for they are sons of violence, which do naturally attract the malignity and evil out of all things, and the curse of all creatures takes place in them. Therefore, O King, be pleased not to suffer any false reports to exasperate your Royal Inclinations against us, who have no design of stirring up sedition to the embroilment of your state or kingdom, but only to communicate that innocent and benign light heaven has darted into our Souls, to as many of the Great Maker of the World's Creatures as we can persuade to embrace it; that they may by perusing the precepts of true virtue and philosophy become dutiful and peaceful subjects in their present state, and blessed and happy Spirits in the future. As we doubt not, O King, shortly to make apparent, when we shall have the honor to be admitted into your Royal Presence.—*From "The Egyptian Mysteries." Translated from the Greek by Alexander Wilder, M. D. Published by the Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York.*

There belongs to every human being a higher self and a lower self—a self or mind of the spirit, which has been growing for ages, and a self of the body, which is but a thing of yesterday. The higher self is full of prompting, idea, suggestion, and aspiration.—*Prentice Mulford.*

The Vedantists assure us that when a man comes out of the mystic state he remains enlightened, a sage, a prophet, and saint, his whole character changed, his life illumined.—*William James.*

Becoming conscious of the truth involves the understanding and the expression of it.—*Pedrick.*

Bodies in space are nothing but objectified perceptions.—*Paulsen.*

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## HALLUCINATIONS.

Modern science is becoming measurably helpful to the student of occultism as it gradually breaks away from its preconceptions and rids itself of its dogmas. Of this we are reminded by a little volume entitled "The Sense of Sight," by Frank Nicholas Spindler, professor of psychology in the State Normal School of Wisconsin. With the author's admirable dissection of the eye and its mechanism we are not at the moment concerned, but our attention is arrested by what he has to tell us of visual illusions. There is a tendency, he says, to project or to see all mental images as in space outside of ourselves. When these images are intense the illusion may be complete. That is to say if a mental picture is strong enough it will seem to be exterior. It will become a true illusion or hallucination. Very often we are aware of the subjective nature of the picture. We know that it is not externally real, but only because it is weaker or fainter than the normal. If the mental concept be stronger so will be the illusion of externality. It may be so strong as to deceive. Thus the author says: "Indeed the only way we know an image of a real, present object from an hallucination is by the superior clearness and persistence of the real image. We are often aware of what may be called *false* hallucinations when a figure is seen in space, but we know that it is a purely subjective picture; but we can not tell how many *true* hallucinations we have

had, for a true hallucination appears at the time like a real perception and we may never become aware that our visual experience was not real."

If it were appropriate to consider the question from the metaphysical instead of from the physical standpoint we might ask if the whole range of phenomena is anything more than the projection into space of our mental images, if anything can be said to be real except our own changing states of consciousness. But it would be hardly relevant to advance such a contention against a work that is frankly physiological and anatomical.

None the less we are gratified for a valuable hint on the true nature of some psychical phenomena. Any mental picture, says the author, may become externalized. If we are aware of its non-substantiality we may explain it in one of two ways according to our convictions or prejudices. We may believe that it is a real objective apparition or a "spirit"; or we may recognize its true nature as the externalization of a mental image. Nor are we necessarily aware of the existence of the mental image, which may be an old and forgotten one, now projected from the subconsciousness into a seeming objectivity. Macbeth, followed by the accusing face of the murdered Banquo, was looking at the externalization of his own mental picture of the victim. But the modern psychic would probably tell him that he was haunted by the "spirit" of Banquo. In the same way the expectation of a



phenomenon may first produce the mental picture and then the semblance of objectivity.

Such a theory is by no means to be taken as the solution of all psychic mysteries. There is no theory that will explain them all. But this one will explain many of them.

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### PSYCHISM.

(The following is reprinted from the columns of the *New York Review* as an example of the treatment now given to books on the new psychism.)

At last we may know the reason for the rise of the radical tide in American social life today. Our Bolshevik apologists, Rand School idealists, and I. W. W. agitators, are the reincarnated souls of North American aborigines, who, disinherited from their free ownership of this land, are now inhabiting white bodies (preferable of the European immigrant variety) and are impelled by their past wrongs to rebel against restraining influences. Furthermore, the souls of the American Indians still on the spirit plane are filled with hatred of civilization, and are by fixity of thought "trying to excite a scattered company of men in these United States—men of a low grade of intellect, but of psychic temperament—to deeds of violence and destruction." This information, conveyed to Elsa Barker through automatic writing in "Last Letters from the Living Dead Man" (Mitchell Kennerley), would seem to indicate the desirability of a Psychic Division of the Department of Justice. The Living Dead Man has already conducted a considerable automatic correspondence with Mrs. Barker, in successive volumes of "Letters" and "War Letters," and he is a spirit acquaintance of the Vagrom Angel, whose "Songs" were also brought from the spirit plane to earth level by Mrs. Barker. The present volume, we are earnestly assured, concludes the Living Dead Man Series, for the transcriber, in an extended psycho-analytical-occult introduction, records her decision, unless "accidentality" intervenes, to do no more automatic writing.

The letters themselves were written between February, 1917, and February, 1918, and portray the Living Dead Man, by precept and example, portentously doing his bit to end the war. Exhorta-

tions to the souls of the North American Indians, designed to calm their revengeful passions, exhortations mentally projected into the consciousness of earth-bound American legislators, and spiritual discomfiture of pacifists, were among his activities. On July 18, 1917, he solemnly announces: "No lecturer on earth ever had so busy a month as I have had this last month. I have spoken to hundreds several times every day, going from place to place, from state to state, from city to city. I can speak in San Francisco in the morning, in New York at noon, in New Orleans at 2 o'clock, in Butte, Montana, in the evening. I am not limited to railway time-tables, nor do I pay my fare." Dwelling on the spirit plane, with a cosmic view of this world, he offers counsel and consolation striking in its force and originality: "Do not fancy this war will end without greater changes than the world has ever known before." "America, do not despair, your destiny is assured!" "I am all for unity now. Do not let yourself be weakened by fear of the parts. America is a whole and as a whole she must work." "Build ships, build more ships, keep the men occupied." "The time has now come for America to get out into the world and take her place in the federation of nations." There is special cogency in the following: "The world will go on, and you will go with it. Make no mistake about that. The world is going very fast. All these new 'psychic' books are an evidence that the world is going fast. A few years ago no publisher would have issued them. I do not wonder that your head swims."

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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*.

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It is easy to see that a great self-reliance, a new respect for the divinity in man, must work a revelation in all the offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; their modes of living; their associations; in their property; in their speculative views.—*Emerson*.

## NICHOLAS FLAMEL.

(Continued.)

In the end I caused to be painted within my LODGING, as naturally as I could, all the figures and portraits of the FOURTH and FIFTH leaves which I showed to the greatest clerks in PARIS, who understood thereof no more than myself: I told them they were found in a Book that taught the PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, but the greatest part of them made a mock both of me, and that blessed Stone, excepting one called MASTER ANSELME, who was a licentiate in physic, and studied hard in this SCIENCE. He had a great desire to have seen my book, and there was nothing in the world he would not have done for a sight of it; but I always told him I had it not; only I made him a large description of the METHOD. He told me that the first portrait represented Time, which devoured all; and that according to the number of the SIX written leaves, there was required the space of six YEARS, to perfect the STONE; and then, he said, we must turn the GLASS, and seeke it no more. And when I told him that this was not painted, but only to show and teach the first AGENT (as was said in the Book), he answered me, that this decoction for six years space, was, as it were, a SECOND AGENT; and that certainly the FIRST AGENT was there painted, which was the WHITE AND HEAVY WATER, which without doubt was ARGENT VIVE, which they could not FIX, nor cut off his FEET, that is to say, take away his VOLATILITY, save by that long decoction in the purest blood of young infants; for in that, this Argent vive being joined with GOLD AND SILVER, was first turned with them into an HERB like that which was there painted, and afterwards by corruption, into SERPENTS; which SERPENTS being then wholly dried, and decocted by fire, were reduced into powder of GOLD, which should be the STONE. This was the cause that during the space of ONE AND TWENTY YEARS, I tried a thousand brouilleries, yet never with blood, for that was wicked and villainous: for I found in my Book, that the PHILOSOPHERS called BLOOD the mineral Spirit, which is in the METALS, principally in the SUN, MOON AND MERCURY, to the assembling whereof, I always tended; yet these interpretations for the most part were more subtil than true. Not seeing therefore in my works the SIGNS, at the time written

in my Book, I was always to begin again. In the end having lost all hope of ever understanding those FIGURES, for my last refuge, I made a vow to God, and ST. JAMES of GALLICIA, to demand the interpretation of them, at some JEWISH PRIEST, in some SYNAGOG of SPAIN: whereupon with the consent of PERRENELLA, carrying with me the EXTRACT of the PICTURES, having taken the PILGRIM'S habit and staff, in the same fashion as you may see me without this same ARCH, in the CHURCH-YARD, in the which I put these HIEROGLYPHICAL FIGURES, where I have also set against the wall, on the one and the other side, a PROCESSION, in which are represented by order all the colours of the STONE, so as they come and go, with this writing in French:

Much pleaseth God procession,  
If it be done in devotion.

Which is as it were the beginning of King HERCULES his Book, which entreateth of the colours of the STONE, entitled IRIS, or the RAINBOW, in these termes, THE PROCESSION OF THE WORK is VERY PLEASANT UNTO NATURE: the which I have put there expressly for the great CLERKS, who shall understand the ALLUSION. In this same fashion, I say, I put myself upon my way: and so much I did, that I arrived at MONTJOY, and afterwards at ST. JAMES, where with great devotion I accomplished my vow. This done in LAON at my return I met with a merchant of BOLOGN, who made me known to a PHYSICIAN, a JEW by nation, and as then a CHRISTIAN, dwelling in LAON aforesaid, who was very skillful in sublime Sciences, called Master CANCHES. As soon as I had shown him the figures of my Extract, he being ravished with great astonishment and joy, demanded of me incontinently, if I could tell him any news of the BOOK, from whence they were drawn? I answered him in LATIN, (wherein he asked me the question) that I hoped to have some good news of the BOOK, if any body could decipher unto me the ENIGMAS. All at that instant transported with great Ardor and joy, he began to decipher unto me the beginning. But to be short, he well content to learn news where this Book should be, and I to hear him speak. And certainly he had heard much discourse of the Book, but (as he said) as of a thing which was believed to be utterly lost, we resolved of our voyage, and from LEON we passed to OVIEDO, and

from thence to SANSON, where we put ourselves to sea to come to FRANCE. Our voyage had been fortunate enough, and all ready, since we were entered into this Kingdom he had most truly interpreted to me the greatest part of the figures, where even unto the very points and pricks, he found great MYSTERIES, which seemed unto me wondrous, when arriving at ORLEANS, this learned man fell extremely sick, being afflicted with excessive vomitings, which remained still with him of those he had suffered at sea, and he was in such a continual fear of my forsaking him, that he could imagine nothing like unto it. And although I was always by his side, yet would he incessantly call for me, but, in sum, he died at the end of the SEVENTH day of his sickness, by reason whereof I was much grieved, yet as well as I could, I caused him to be buried in the CHURCH of the HOLY CROSS at ORLEANS, where he yet resteth: God have his soul, for he died a good CHRISTIAN. And surely, if I be not hindered by death, I will give unto that CHURCH some REVENUE, to cause some MASSES to be said for his soul every day. He that would see the manner of my arrival and the joy of PERRENELLA, let him look upon us two, in this CITY of PARIS, upon the door of the CHAPEL of ST. JAMES of the BOUCHERY, close by the one side of my HOUSE, where we are both painted, myself giving thanks at the feet of ST. JAMES of GALICIA, and PERRENELLA, at the feet of ST. JOHN, whom she had so often called upon. So it was, that by the grace of God, and the intercession of the happy and holy VIRGIN, and the blessed Saints JAMES and JOHN, I knew all that I desired, that is to say, The first PRINCIPLES, yet not their first PREPARATION, which is a thing most difficult, above all the things in the world. But in the end I had that also, after long errors of THREE YEARS, or thereabouts; during which time I did nothing but study and labour, as you may see me without this ARCH, where I have placed my PROCESSIONS against the two pillars of it, under the feet of ST. JAMES and ST. JOHN, praying always to God, with my Beads in my hand, reading attentively within a Book, and poyssing the words of the Philosophers; and afterwards trying and proving the divers operations, which I imagined to myself by their only words.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## THE KASIDAH.

With Ignor'ance wages eternal war, to  
know thyself forever strain.  
Thine ignorance of thine ignorance is thy  
fiercest foe, thy deadliest bane;  
That blunts thy taste; that, deafs thine  
ears, and blinds thine eyes;  
Creates the thing that never was, the  
thing that ever is defies.

True to thy Nature, to thy self,  
Fame and Disfame nor hope nor fear:  
Enough to thee the small, still voice  
Aye thund'ring in thine inner ear.

From self-approval seek applause:  
What ken not men thou kenneest, thou!  
Spurn ev'ry idol others raise:  
Before thine own Ideal bow.

Be thine own Deus: Make self free,  
Liberal as the circling air:  
Thy Thought to thee an empire be:  
Break every prison'g lock and bar.

Do thou the Ought to self aye owed:  
Here all the duties meet and blend.  
In widest sense, withouten care  
Of what began, for what shall end.

Thus, as thou view the Phantom-form  
Which in the misty Past were thine,  
To be again the thing thou wast  
With honest pride thou may'st decline.

And, glancing down the future years,  
Fear not thy future self to see:  
Resigned to life, to death resigned,  
As though the choice were nought to thee.

On Thought itself feed not thy thought:  
Nor turn from Sun and Light to see  
The darkling cloisters paved with tombs,  
Where rot the bones of yesterdays.

Pluck the old woman from thy breast:  
Be stout in woe, be stark in weal:  
Do good for Good is good to do:  
Spurn bribe of Heav'n and threat of Hell.

To seek the True, to glad the heart,  
Such is of life the HIGHER LAW,  
Whose difference is the Man's degree.  
The Man of gold, the Man of straw.  
—From the "Kasidah" of Haji Abul  
El Yezdi.

Beware when the great God lets loose  
a new thinker on this planet.—Emerson.

## SURVIVAL.

(The following extracts represent some of the opinions of Dr. Hyslop on the subject of survival. They appeared in the *New York Tribune* of August 3d.)

The necessity of discussing the existence of spirits at various points in this work makes it important here at the outset to dispel certain illusions about that term (spirit). Nearly all the difficulties of most people, except scientific psychologists, in the matter of believing in spirits depend on their conception of the term. In the ancient discussions about idolatry, and, in fact, during the whole period of controversy with materialism, the believers in spirits assumed and kept in the forefront of the argument the fact that spirits represented supersensible realities beyond the field of sensory perception. Even when they conceived them as quasi-material they did not forget their inaccessibility to sensation.

But when the exigencies of that controversy passed away and materialism again took the helm, there was a return, largely unconscious, perhaps, to the conception of spirits as quasi-material or as representable in the forms of sensation.

When the church relaxed its hostility to idolatry it permitted the introduction of art into its temples and started the materialism which gradually undermined its foundations. In modern times æsthetic need and lack of logical thinking resulted in conveying to men's minds the idea that spirits could be represented in the forms of sense perception. The physical phenomena of spiritualism, especially those of materialization, taught men to think of spirits as sensory forms of some kind; and with sensation as the standard or reality, most people take imagination and newspaper representation as indicating what scientific spirits believe when they say they believe in spirits. It is this inexcusable error which has to be dispelled.

The term spirit means nothing more than the stream of consciousness or personality with which we are familiar in every human being. Whether it is accompanied by what is called "the spiritual body" of St. Paul, the "astral body" of the Theosophists, or the "ethereal organism" of the Greek materialists and many scientific spiritualists of today, is

irrelevant to the question. It may be true that we have "spiritual bodies" not perceptible to sense and only occasionally accessible to supernormal functions of the mind, when conditions are favorable.

I am neither upholding nor denying such a view. It is simply no part of the scientific problem before us. Even if one assumes this spiritual body, one does not necessarily accept the spiritistic theory of the mind. What we want to know is whether that spiritual body is conscious or not, and conscious with the same memory that the person had when living his earthly life. If the spiritual body has no memory of the past, if the stream of consciousness or personality does not survive with it, there is little interest in the fact of survival either as a spiritual body or in the form of reincarnation. The interesting and important thing is the survival of personal identity, which consists wholly in the stream of consciousness with its memory of the past, and not in any spiritual body, no matter how necessary this latter may be to the survival of the mental stream itself.

The existence of spirit in this discussion means the existence and survival of this stream of consciousness or personality in independence of the physical organism, regardless of how it survives. How such a thing is possible is another and separate problem, unaffected by the evidence of the fact of survival. Personal identity is not accessible to sense perception. It is as transcendental as atoms, ether waves, ions, electrons, and other supersensible realities of physical science, if there are such. The problem of spiritism is the collection of evidence to show that consciousness continues after death; its difficulty lies wholly in the strength of the hypothesis that consciousness is a function of the brain and requires some such structure for its existence. Indeed, the sensory and materialistic conception of it is so strong that many people say to me that they do not see how consciousness can survive without a brain. They are so fixed in the modern theory that consciousness is a mere function or phenomenon of the brain that they can not conceive of this as an unproved hypothesis. When one makes sense perception the criterion of truth it is natural to make this assumption

tion, especially when all normal experience shows the constant association of consciousness with a physical organism and reveals no traces of it when the body is dissolved.

But the absence of evidence for survival is not evidence of the absence of it; hence only normal experience favors materialism. Supernormal experience, if proved, suggests a very different interpretation; it brings us in contact with the supersensible. In normal life, consciousness in all its forms is a supersensible reality, even when we suppose it to be wholly dependent on the physical organism. In asking people to believe in spirits we ask them only to suspend the dogmatic assurance that materialism has said the last word on the problem; simply to be as skeptical about materialism as they are about spiritualism. They may then be in a position to discover the illusions which have affected all their thinking on this subject. If they simply try to understand what psychic research is aiming at, and so disregard the question of a spiritual body, the quasi material conception of the soul as not the primary question, and acknowledge that we are only trying to ascertain if personal consciousness survives as a fact, and not how it survives, they will find the problem much simplified.

Consequently the term spirit stands for the personal stream of consciousness, whatever else it may ultimately be proved to imply or require; and all the facts bearing on the issue must be conceived as evidence, not necessarily as attesting the nature, or any sensible conception, of spirit.

The importance of a belief in survival after death depends partly on the conditions of the age and partly on the conceptions we have of that life. There have been ages in which the idea of immortality has exercised little influence on the ethical and social life, and there have been ages and races in which it was central, determining even political institutions. In all cases its value depends on the existing state of knowledge and on the belief in many other things. If man's moral nature is rightly developed without the belief in immortality, proof will be more an intellectual than an ethical concern; but in an age when the affections are highly developed, and the intellect has adopted conceptions which

virtually nullify the influence of the affections it will be a matter of some importance to learn whether nature is as careful of personality as it is of atoms and matter. We may play the part of stoics in this respect, when we have no grounds for belief, but stoicism itself is in most cases a tribute to that which it concedes can not be obtained. Few natures can live a purely stoical life. The most ethical purposes are not cast in that mould; and we welcome that attitude only when it conforms to what the affections teach, though it has given up the beliefs that fostered them. It is true that we have to submit if we do not have evidence for either faith or knowledge; but the loss will not be compensated by stoicism, and most people will seek for light beyond a horizon which seems to hide the future from us.

#### AROUND THE SUN.

The weazen planet Mercury,

Whose song is done,—

Rash heart that drew too near

His dazzling lord the Sun!—

Forgets that life was dear,

So shriveled now and sere

The goblin planet Mercury.

But Venus, thou mysterious,

Enveiled one,

Fairest of lights that fleet

Around the radiant Sun,

Do not thy pulses beat

To music blithe and sweet,

O Venus, veiled, mysterious?

And Earth, our shadow-haunted Earth,

Has thou, too, won

The graces of a Star

From the glory of the Sun?

Do poets dream afar

That here all lustres are,

Upon our blind, bewildered Earth?

We dream that mighty forms on Mars,

With wisdom spun

From subtler brain than man's,

Are hoarding snow and sun,

Wringing a few more spans

Of life, fierce artisans,

From their deep-grooved, worn planet

Mars.

But thou, colossal Jupiter,

World just begun,

Wild globe of golden steam,

Chief nursling of the Sun,

Transcendent human dream,  
That faints before the gleam  
Of thy vast splendor, Jupiter.

And for what rare delight,  
Of woes to shun,  
Of races increate,  
New lovers of the Sun,  
Was Saturn ringed with great  
Rivers illuminate,  
Ethereal jewel of delight?

Far from his fellows, Uranus  
Doth lonely run  
In his appointed ways  
Around the sovereign Sun,—  
Wide journeys that amaze  
Our weak and toiling gaze,  
Searching the path of Uranus.

But on the awful verge  
Of voids that stun  
The spirit, Neptune keeps  
The frontier of the Sun.  
Over the deeps on deeps  
He glows, a torch that sweeps  
The circle of that shuddering verge.

On each bright planet waits  
Oblivion,  
Who casts beneath her feet  
Ashes of star and sun;  
But when all ruby heat  
Is frost, a Heart shall beat,  
Where God within darkness waits.  
—Katharine Lee Bates in "*The Retinue  
and Other Poems.*" Copyright,  
1918, by E. P. Dutton & Co.

## THE MIRACULOUS.

(By Edmond Holmes.)

The modern attitude towards the miraculous is aptly illustrated in a book which has recently appeared, called *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena*. The author, Mr. Crawford, a lecturer on mechanical engineering at Belfast, being intimately acquainted with a non-professional medium of exceptional power, was able to conduct a series of psychical experiments which he has duly recorded, with all the caution and exactness of the trained scientist, in his book. Among the phenomena investigated were those of *levitation*. Having satisfied himself in each case that trickery was impossible and that the levitation of the table (for example) was an actuality, he was able to prove, by the use of elaborate and accurate weighing machines, that the

weight of the medium was increased by almost exactly the weight of the levitated object. This showed that though there was no physical contact whatever between the medium and the object, she was somehow or other supporting the latter in the air. And this led on to the further inference that there was an emanation of imperceptible and superphysical matter from her body, which, acting like a cantilever, had lifted the object from the floor and suspended it at a certain height above it. With our author's investigations and theories we need not further concern ourselves. What is significant in his book, from my present point of view, is his attitude towards the miraculous. In pre-scientific times the levitation of a table would have been regarded as a miracle. Stories of levitation are sometimes met with in the lives of the saints; and the miracle is always regarded as a proof of supernatural grace and favor. But Mr. Crawford instinctively assumed that the phenomena of levitation which he witnessed, if genuine, must have been the effects of natural though unknown laws. He assumed, in other words, that, though certainly supernormal (and possibly superphysical), they were not supernatural; that, on the contrary, a scientific explanation of them, an explanation which would assign them their place in order of nature, was forthcoming if it could only be discovered.

The truth is that the modern attitude towards the miraculous is symptomatic of a growing change in our attitude towards nature and the supernatural. With the progress of scientific research, the horizon which bounds our vision of nature recedes indefinitely; but so long as we believe in the supernatural we impose limits on nature, however remote those limits may be. But the assumption that even miraculous occurrences are explicable in terms of natural laws and forces resolves itself into the secret conviction that nature is absolutely infinite—infinite in every sense of the word, infinite in every dimension and on every plane of its being—and that therefore there is no place in the universe for the supernatural.—From "*The Secret of the Cross.*" Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Everything is a series and in a series.  
—Swedenborg.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## MEDIUMSHIP.

*In your frequent depreciation of the practices of mediumship do you not overlook one inestimable advantage? If mediumship proves the immortality of the soul to those who now doubt it, may it not be said to have justified its existence?*

Even if it can be proved that the communicating intelligences are truly the souls of the dead, in what way does that prove their immortality? Even with the most favorable interpretation it proves no more than that they are still alive. It contains no evidence that they will be alive tomorrow, or next month, or next year; still less that they will be alive forever. If my friend writes me a letter to say that he has arrived safely in Europe, I may regard his letter as evidence of the fact that he announces. It is no evidence of any other fact, such as that he will be in Europe in a year's time or that he will reside in Europe forever. In the same way, if my friend tells me through a medium that he is still alive, he gives me no assurance of his immortality. The fact that I am still alive on Tuesday is no proof that I shall be alive on Saturday.

If you look for proofs of immortality you will look in vain. Even if you could prove the truth of reincarnation you would still have no evidence that the

soul lives forever. The soul may outlive the body. It may outlive a succession of bodies, but the last of its bodies it may not outlive. You may remember that Simmias asked a somewhat similar question of Socrates, who replied: "For suppose that we grant even more than you affirm as within the range of possibility, and besides acknowledging that the soul existed before birth, admit also that after death the souls of some are existing still, and will exist, and will be born and die again and again, and that there is a natural strength in the soul which will hold out and be born many times—for all this, we may be still inclined to think that she will weary in the labors of successive births, and may at last succumb in one of her deaths and utterly perish; and this death and dissolution of the body which brings destruction to the soul may be unknown to any of us, for no one of us can have had any experience of it; and if this be true, then I say that he who is confident in death has but a foolish confidence, unless he is able to prove that the soul is altogether immortal and imperishable."

Perhaps it would be better to think more of the quality of the soul than of its continuity. By a consideration of eternity we might attain to a knowledge of immortality.

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



## NICHOLAS FLAMEL.

(Concluded.)

Finally, I found that which I desired, which I also soon knew, by the strong SCENT and ODOUR thereof. Having this, I easily accomplished the MASTERY, for knowing the PREPARATION of the first AGENTS, and after following my book according to the LETTER, I could not have missed it though I would. Then the first time that I made PROJECTION, was upon MERCURY, whereof I turned half a pound, or thereabouts, into pure SILVER, better than that of the MINE, as I myself assayed, and made others assay many times. This was upon a Monday, the 17th of January, about noon, in my house, Perrenella only being present, in the year of the restoring of mankind, 1382. And afterwards, following always my Book, from word to word, I made PROJECTION of the RED STONE, upon the like quantity of MERCURY, in the presence likewise of Perrenella only, in the same house, the FIVE AND TWENTIETH DAY OF APRIL following, the same year, about five o'CLOCK in the EVENING; which I transmuted truly into almost as much pure GOLD, better assuredly than common Gold, more soft and more plyable. I may speak it with truth, I have made it three times, with the help of Perrenella, who understood it as well as I, because she helped in my operations, and without doubt, if she would have enterprise to have done it alone, she had attained to the end and perfection thereof. I had indeed enough when I had once done it, but I found exceeding great pleasure and delight, in seeing and contemplating the ADMIRABLE WORKS of NATURE, within the VESSELS. To signify unto thee then, how I have done it THREE TIMES, thou shalt see in this ARCH, if thou have any skill to know them, three FURNACES, like unto them which serve for our OPERATIONS. I was afraid a long time, that Perrenella could not hide the extreme joy of her felicity, which I measured by mine own, and lest she should let fall some word among her kindred, of the great TREASURES which we possessed: for extreme JOY takes away the understanding, as well as great HEAVINESS: but the goodness of the most great God, had not only filled me with this blessing, to give me a WIFE chaste and sage, for she was, moreover, not only capable of reason, but

also to do all that was reasonable, and more discrete and secret than ordinarily other women are. Above all, she was exceeding DEVOUT, and therefore seeing herself without hope of children, and now well stricken in years, she began as I did, to think of God, and to give ourselves to the works of MERCY. At that time when I wrote this COMMENTARY, in the year ONE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN, in the end of the year, after the decease of my faithful companion, which I shall lament all the days of my life; she and I had already founded and endowed with revenues, 14 HOSPITALS in this CITY of PARIS, we had now built from the ground THREE CHAPELS, we had enriched with great gifts and good rents, SEVEN CHURCHES, with many reparations in their CHURCH-YARDS, besides that which we have done in BOLOGNE, which is not much less than that which we have done here. I will not speak of the good which both of us have done to particular poor folks, principally to WIDOWS and poor ORPHANS, whose names if I should tell, and how I did it, beside that my reward should be given to me in this World. I should likewise do displeasure to those good persons, whom I pray God bless, which I would not do for anything in the world. Building therefore these CHURCHES, CHURCH-YARDS and HOSPITALS, in this CITY, I resolved myself, to cause to be painted in the FOURTH ARCH of the Church-yard of the INNOCENTS, as you enter in by the great gate in St. DENNIS STREET and taking the way on the right hand, the most true and essential parts of the ART, yet under VEILS, and HIEROGLYPHICAL COVERTURES, in imitation of those which are in the guilded book of ABRAHAM the JEW, which may represent TWO THINGS, according to the capacity and understanding of them that behold them: First the MYSTERIES of our future and undoubted RESURRECTION, at the Day of Judgment, and coming of good JESUS (whom may it please to have mercy upon us) a history which is well agreeing to a CHURCH-YARD. And secondly, they may signify to them, who are skilled in Natural PHILOSOPHY, all the principal and necessary operations of the MASTERY. These HIEROGLYPHIC FIGURES shall serve as two ways to lead unto the heavenly life: the first and most open sense, teaching the sacred MYSTERIES of

our salvation: (as I shall show hereafter) the other teaching every man that hath any small understanding in the **STONE**, the lineary way of the work; which being perfected by any one, the change of evil into good, takes away from him the root of all sin (which is **COVERTOUSNESS**) making him liberal, gentle, pious, religious, and fearing God, how evil soever he was before, for from thence henceforward, he is continually ravished, with the great grace and mercy which he hath obtained from God, and with the profoundness of his Divine and admirable work. These are the reasons which have moved me to set these forms in this fashion, and in this place which is a **CHURCH-YARD**, to the end that if any man obtain this inestimable good, to conquer this **RICH GOLDEN FLEECE**, he may think with himself (as I did) not to keep the **TALENT OF GOD** digged in the **EARTH**, buying lands and possessions, which are the vanities of this world; but rather to work charitably towards his brethren, remembering himself that he learned this **SECRET**, amongst the **BONES OF THE DEAD**, in whose number he shall shortly be found; and that after this life he must render an account before a just and redoubtable **JUDGE**, who will censure even to an idle and vain word. Let him therefore, who having well weighed my words, and well known and understood my **FIGURES**, hath first gotten elsewhere the knowledge of the first **BEGINNINGS AND AGENTS** (for certainly in these **FIGURES AND COMMENTARIES**, he shall not find any step or information thereof) perfect to the **Glory of God the MASTERY OF HERMES**, remembering himself of the **CHURCH CATHOLIC, APOSTOLIC AND ROMAN**; and of all other **CHURCHES, CHURCH-YARDS and HOSPITALS**; and above all of the **CHURCH OF THE INNOCENTS** in this **CITY**, (in the church-yard whereof he shall have contemplated these true demonstrations) opening bounteously his purse to them that are secretly poor people, desolate, weak women, widows, and forlorn orphans. So be it.

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That thou mayst not be moved by every blast of wind  
Collect thyself like a mountain;  
For man is but a handful of dust,  
And life is a violent storm.

—*Amir Khusram.*

## A GREAT CONJUNCTION.

(Professor Albert F. Porta in Daily News.)

Owing to a strange grouping of six mighty planets, such as has not been seen in a score of centuries, the United States next December will be swept by the most terrific weather cataclysm experienced since human history began.

It will be caused by the hugest sunspot on record—

A sunspot that will be visible to the naked eye.

Since men first began to make records of events, no sunspot has been large enough to be seen without the aid of instruments. This one will be.

The sunspot that will appear December 17, 1919, will be a vast wound in the side of the sun.

It will be a gigantic explosion of flaming gases, leaping hundreds of thousands of miles out into space. It will have a crater large enough to engulf the earth, much as Vesuvius might engulf a football.

Such a sunspot will be rich enough in electro-magnetic energy to fling the atmosphere of our planet into a disturbance without precedent or parallel.

There will be hurricanes, lightning, colossal rains.

It will be weeks before the earth will regain its normal weather conditions.

There will also be gigantic lava eruptions, great earthquakes, to say nothing of floods and fearful cold.

I make this startling prophecy with no desire to be merely sensational or alarming. It is merely because my study of the planets has revealed certain results with mathematic certainty that I now say to you:

"Be warned in advance. Tremendous things are going to happen from December 17 to 20, 1919, and afterward."

Here are the simple yet astounding facts that enable me to make this prophecy:

The planets in their orbits swing in great ellipses about the sun. They are linked to the sun, and to each other, by chains of electro-magnetic energy whose compelling forces counteract each other and hold each planet in its regular path.

Whenever two planets wheel into such positions that they pull together on the sun—either in "conjunction" on the same side of the sun, or in "opposition" with

the sun between them—their united pull causes the sun's gases to "explode"—to leap out into space in the whirling volcano we call a sunspot.

These sunspots in turn cause storms in the atmosphere of our earth—doubtless on other planets as well.

Two planets, united, are enough to cause a small sunspot and a small storm. Three cause a larger one—four make a very great storm indeed.

But—on December 17, 1919, no less than seven planets will pull jointly on the sun. These will include all the mightiest planets, those with the most powerful pull.

Six of them—Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, and Neptune—will be in conjunction; grouped together in the greatest "league of planets" ever known in the annals of astronomy.

They will be massed in the narrow limit of but 26 degrees, on the same side of the sun!

Directly opposite, coming into opposition with this gigantic league, will be the huge planet Uranus. The magnetic currents between Uranus and the six planets will pierce the sun like a mighty spear.

Our earth is outside the league, at an angle of nearly 90 degrees—in perfect position to receive almost the full force of the monster electrical disturbance as it leaps into activity on what, to us, will be the eastern horizon of the sun's disc.

This means we shall get the full strength of the storm when the sunspot is at its worst, before the exploding gases have had time to die down.

Such a close grouping of planets has never been recorded before. The whole solar system will be strangely out of balance.

What will be the outcome? My knowledge does not permit me to state, beyond the fact that the storms, eruptions, and earthquakes will be tremendous in their strength and scope.

Remember the date—December 17th to 20th—and after.

(The foregoing is reprinted at the request of a number of readers, and—it may be said—a little unwillingly. Predictions of disaster are better kept in the background, first because they are rarely fulfilled, and secondly because they indicate a disease without a remedy or an alternative. In this instance Professor

Porta's references to the planetary conditions are a little vague. There is no actual conjunction of the six planets that he names. They are "grouped," but they are not in conjunction. Moreover, he says "such a close grouping of planets has never been recorded before." But was there not a much more significant grouping in the first year of Kali Yuga, 5021 years ago, and again in the year 1898? In the meantime we await the end of the present year with such equanimity as we may.—ED. OUTLOOK.)

## THE PROPHECIES OF DANIEL.

"The secret which the king hath demanded no wise men, astrologers, magicians, or soothsayers can tell unto the king; but there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and He hath made known to Nebuchadnezzar what is to be in the latter days. Thy vision and the dream of thy head upon thy couch are these. As for thee, O king, thy thoughts when thou wast on thy couch rose within thee concerning what is to come hereafter, and the Reveler of Secrets hath made known to thee what is come to pass. But, as for me, this secret hath not been revealed to me because of any wisdom that is in me more than all other living, but for the sake that men might make known the interpretation to the king, and that thou mightest understand the thoughts of thy heart."

"Thou, O king, sawest, and behold there was a large image, its head was of fine gold, its breasts and its arms were of silver, its belly and its thighs of copper, its legs of iron, its feet part of them of iron and part of them of clay. Thou didst look on till the moment that a stone tore itself loose, not through human hands, and it struck the image upon its feet that were of iron and slay and ground them to pieces. Then were the iron, the clay, the copper, the silver, and the gold ground up together, and become like the chaff of the summer threshing floor; and the wind carried them away and no trace was found of them: and the stone that had stricken the image became a mighty mountain and filled the whole earth.

"This is the dream, and its interpretation will we relate before the king. Thou, O king, art a king of kings, to whom the God of heaven hath given

kingdom, power and strength and honor: and whosoever the children of men dwell hath he given the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven unto thy hand, and hath made thee ruler over them all. Thou art the head of gold. And after thee there will arise another kingdom inferior to thee; and another third kingdom of copper which will bear rule over the earth. And the fourth kingdom will be as strong as iron; forasmuch as iron grindeth up and beateth down all things, as iron that breaketh everything will it grind down and break up these.

"And that thou saw the feet and toes, part of them of potter's clay and part of them of iron, signifieth that it will be a divided kingdom, although there will be in it of the strength of the iron; forasmuch as thou sawest the iron mingled with the miry clay. And as the toes of the feet were part of them of iron and part of them of clay; so will the kingdom be partly strong and partly brittle. And whereas thou sawest iron mingled with miry clay, so will they mingle themselves among the seed of men; but they will not cleave firmly one to another, even as the iron can not be mingled with clay.

"But in the days of these kings will the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall to eternity not be destroyed, and its rule shall not be transferred to any other people; but it will grind up and make an end of all these kingdoms while it will itself endure forever. Whereas thou sawest that out of the mountain a stone tore itself loose, not by human hands, and that it ground up the iron, the copper, the clay, the silver, and the gold: the great God hath made known what is to come to pass after this: and the dream is reliable and its interpretation correct."

"Then did King Nebuchadnezzar fall upon his face, and he bowed down to Daniel, and ordered that they should offer an oblation and sweet incense unto him. The king answered unto Daniel and said: 'Of a truth it is that your God is the God of gods and the revealer of secrets, because thou has been able to reveal this secret.' Then did the king elevate Daniel and gave him many presents and made him ruler over the whole kingdom of Babylon and chief of the

superintendents over all the wise men of Babylon."

"I saw in my vision by night, and behold the four winds of heaven blew fiercely on the great sea. And four great beasts came up from the sea, differing one from another. The first was like a lion and had eagle's wings: I looked till its wings were plucked out, and it was lifted up from the earth and was placed upon its feet as a man, and a human heart was given to it.

"And behold there was another, a second beast, like a bear, and on one side was it placed, with three ribs in its mouth between its teeth: and thus they said, 'Arise, eat much flesh.' After this I looked and, lo, there was another, like a leopard: and it had four wings of a bird on its back; the beast had also four heads; and dominion was given unto it.

"After this I looked in the night visions, and behold there was a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth; it devoured and ground up, and what was left it stamped its feet; and it was different from all the beasts that were before it; and it had ten horns. I looked carefully at the horns, and behold, another little horn came up between them, and three of the first horns were plucked up by the roots before the same; and behold there were eyes like the eyes of a man in this horn, with a mouth speaking presumptuous things.

"I was looking until chairs were set down and an Ancient of Days seated himself, whose garment was white as snow and the hair of whose head was like clean wool; his chair was like flames of fire, and his wheels like fire that burnt: a stream of fire issued and came forth before him; thousand times thousands ministered unto him, and myriad times myriads stood before him; they sat down to hold judgment and the books were opened.

"I looked then because of the presumptuous words which the horn had spoken—I looked till the beast was slain and its body destroyed, and given over to the burning fire. But concerning the rest of the beasts, they had their dominion taken away; yet a longer duration of life was given unto them until the time and period. I looked in the nightly visions and behold, with the clouds of heaven came one like the son of man and

he attained as far as the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion and government and dignity, and all peoples, nations, and languages had to serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is one that shall never be destroyed.

"My spirit was deeply shaken within me, Daniel, in the midst of its tenement, and the visions of my head troubled me. I came near unto one of those that stood by and asked him something concerning all this: and he spoke to me and made known unto me the interpretation of the things. 'These great beasts of which there are four are four kings who are to arise on the earth. But the saints of the Most High will obtain the kingdom and possess the kingdom to eternity, even to eternity.'

"Then I desired what is certain concerning the fourth beast, which was different from all these others, exceedingly dreadful, whose teeth were of iron, and whose nails were of copper, which devoured, ground up and stamped with its feet what was left; and concerning them the ten horns that were in its head and concerning the other which came up and before which three fell down—even concerning that horn which had eyes and a mouth speaking presumptuous things and whose appearance was greater than its companions. I had seen how the same horn had made war with the saints and prevailed against them: until the Ancient of Days came and procured justice unto the saints of the Most High, and the time came and the saints took possession of the kingdom.

"Thus said he, 'The fourth beast signifieth that a fourth kingdom will be upon the earth, which is to be different from all kingdoms, and will devour all the earth and will tread it down and grind it up. And the ten horns out of this kingdom signify that ten kings will arise; and another will arise after them and he will be different from the first and three kings will he bring low. And he will speak words against the Most High, and the saints of the Most High will he oppress, and think to change the festivals and law: and they will be given to the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all governments are to worship and obey him.'"

## THE LISTENERS.

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveler,

Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the  
grasses

Of the forest's ferny floor;  
And a bird flew out of the turret,  
Above the Traveler's head.  
And he smote upon the door again a  
second time;

"Is there anybody there?" he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveler:  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey  
eyes,

Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moon-  
light

To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on  
the dark stair,

That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveler's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strange-  
ness,

Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the  
dark turf,

'Neath the starred and leafy sky:  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
"Tell them I came, and no one an-  
swered,

That I kept my word," he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners.  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of  
the still house

From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup.  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly back-  
ward,

When the plunging hoofs were gone  
—Walter de la Mare.

No man doth safely rule, but he that  
is glad to be ruled. No man doth safely  
rule, but he that hath gladly learned to  
obey.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Worldliness is a more decisive test of  
a man's spiritual state than even sin, for  
sin may be sudden.—*Frederick Robert-  
son of Brighton.*

## FROM BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES.

And in the same way, Vasettha, there are these five hindrances, in the Discipline of the Noble One, which are called "veils" and are called "hindrances," and are called "obstacles," and are called "entanglements."

Which are the five?

The hindrance of lustful desire:

The hindrance of malice:

The hindrance of sloth and idleness:

The hindrance of pride and self-righteousness:

The hindrance of doubt.

So long as the brethren shall exercise themselves in this sevenfold higher wisdom, that is to say, in mental activity, search after truth, energy, joy, peace, earnest contemplation, and equanimity of mind, so long may the brethren be expected not to decline but to prosper.

If a Bhikkhu [disciple] should desire, brethren, to exercise one by one each of the different Iddhis: being one to become multiform, being multiform to become one; to become visible, or to become invisible; to go without being stopped to the further side of a wall, or a fence, or a mountain, as if through air; to penetrate up and down through solid ground, as if through water: If a Bhikkhu should desire, brethren, to hear with clear and heavenly ear, surpassing that of men, sounds both human and celestial, whether far or near, let him then fulfill all righteousness, let him be devoted to that quietude of heart which springs from within, let him not drive back the ecstasy of contemplation, let him look through things, let him be much alone!

## TEMPLE GONGS.

The deep sonorous tones of temple bells, the beating of the gongs that call to prayer, are inextricably woven into the subtle soul of the East. The Westerner who has dwelt in pagoda cities always afterwards carries wistfully in his memory the endless booming of the temple gongs. What were they—those winged messages that mounted night after night to strike against the wall of his alien consciousness? Were they mere mechanical reverberations of an outworn creed or were they vehicles of a universal truth that is reincarnated for

every environment and every epoch? It is written in the Gospel of Buddha: "Truth is eternal and will still remain even though heaven and earth shall pass away." The old Buddhist priest softly tapping the strange fish-mouthed gong through the temple services may seem to have a simple enough spiritual occupation. But at the far frontiers of his religion he can explore the esoteric depths of philosophy, probe the heart of life and death and immortality, and equally with his brothers of the Western Book he has words of wisdom for the young, strength for the weary, comfort and cheer for those who are troubled in heart.—*From "Buddha's Path in China," by Elsie F. Weil, in Asia Magazine for August.*

He who issues out of his own will and lets go all the reason of this world, by whatever name it may be called, putting his will into Christ, he will be reborn in Christ. His soul regains the eternal flesh wherein God became Man; an incomprehensible flesh of eternal substantiality. Not that the Adamic flesh becomes celestial flesh; but within the earthly man is hidden the eternal flesh, and shines into the earthly man, like a fire in iron, or gold in a rock. This is the noble and highly esteemed *Philosopher's Stone*, found by the *Magi* and *tinctured* by nature. To him who finds it it will be more valuable than this whole world; for the son is many thousand times greater than the father. Christ says, "Seek and you will find." The sluggard will not find it, and even if he were in possession of it he would not recognize it; but he to whom it becomes revealed will have great joy; for there is no end to its virtue. This is the stone which the builders reject, and a great cornerstone. He upon whom it falls will be crushed, and it kindles a fire in him. All the high schools seek for it; but in their seeking they do not find it. Sometimes one of them finds it, if he seeks in the right way; but the majority despise it and throw it away; and thus it remains to them a mystery.—*Boehme.*

Listen to God, and follow His inward voice of grace; that is all. But to listen one must be silent; and to follow one must yield.—*Fénélon.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 HILL OF VISION.

Dr. Ralph Adams Cram writes a preface to a volume of psychic communications, and thereby compels the attention even of the incredulous. The volume in question is entitled "The Hill of Vision" and it is otherwise described as "a forecast of the Great War and of Social Revolution with the coming of the New Race, gathered from automatic writings obtained between 1909 and 1912 and also, in 1918, through the hand of John Alleyne, under the supervision of the author." The author is Frederick Bligh Bond, F. R. I. B. A., and the publisher is the Marshall Jones Company of Boston.

It seems that in the year 1907 Bond was put in charge of certain archaeological work in connection with excavations in search of "Edgar Chapel" at Glaston in England. For a long time the excavations were a failure, but at last, almost by chance, there was a resort to "automatic writing." The result was a rough plan of the abbey showing the situation of the "Edgar Chapel." The drawing was signed "Gulielmus Monachus," and it may be said that the plan was so far correct that the chapel was easily found and the figures given in the automatic writings were proved almost to an inch.

But at the moment we are not concerned with the archaeological aspects of the story except in so far as they may inspire confidence in what was to follow.

Dr. Cram tells us that when next he saw Bond he had a hundred foolscap pages of automatic writing, and much of it relating to matters other than the work of excavation. He published such portions as had an archaeological interest under the title of "The Gate of Remembrance." With the aid of Dr. Cram he now gives us this further volume. Dr. Cram says:

No sooner was this first work successfully accomplished than the fountains of psychic energy seemed to be unsealed, and for five years followed an enormous mass of miscellaneous writings, partly in "monk Latin," partly in sixteenth-century English, together with more sketches, this time of a quite different chapel, every trace of which has disappeared from above ground, and the actuality of which has not yet been proved by the necessary excavations. These ghostly communications were signed by "Johannes Bryant, monachus et lapidator," Abbot Bere, the martyred Abbot Whiting (who spells his name "Whyttinge") and many other religious. Early in the experience, however, the crabbed script would break off from time to time and a clearer and firmer writing take its place. These communications usually had little to do directly with the Abbey, and have strange signatures, such, for example, as "We who are the Watchers," "One of the Controllers of things that are," "The Nameless One," and "The Guardian of things that be as they were meant to be." Amongst them, however, came suddenly the bold signature "Imperator," then "Caesar-Aug." and "Caesar Augustus, Pacificator et Imperator." This was evidently a somewhat dominating and even irritable personality (?) who, on one occasion, burst out "Rede, I said it not. I said not Ralph of the King Henricus, but Ralph the Norman. Tædet damnosum. Lege!—Imperator. Audi me, barbari stultissimi. Ego Imperator qui feci interpretationes pro anima



insularium.—Cæsar." It is from him and the various abstractions named above that the surprising communications have been received.

But now comes a circumstance of which we do not remember to have seen a parallel. Dr. Cram naturally asks the source of these communications and suggests the subconscious mind, cosmic memory, and multiple personality. But here we have an unexpected light from one of the communications. "Johannes" gives us a definite statement. He says:

I dydde it not, God wot, not I! Why cling I to that which is not? It is I, and it is not I, but parte of me which dwelleth in the past, and is bound to that whych my carnal soul loved and called "home" these many years. Yet I, Johannes, am of many partes, and ye better parte doeth other things—Laus, Laus Deo!—only that part which remembereth clingeth like memory to what it seeth yet.

In other words, it is not Johannes himself, but an astral fragment, so to speak.

Very many of the communications are predictions of the war. On October 15, 1909, the question "What is impending?" was asked. The reply comes, "War—horrid war. Mars is king. Brother's blood. Before the great feast of the Christ, the Nazarene, it cometh. The weak must suffer. The strong must die. Those who are neither will suffer and live. Chaos—darkness—and a new dawn in crimson skies." Two years later, in July, 1911, we have another message:

Britain, Arise!

That which has been, shall be. Now things appear, but the Old in new guise shall return. Ye have been great. Ye shall be great in other garments, as Rome hath been: and in new realms, new possessions, new joys—strange, but still the same.

What change comes? Say, is your Britain of today the Britain of older time—of one short hundred years ago?

When the West shall fall, Britain shall endure. The East comes into its heritage in the days to come; and as well try to stop the sun, as the march of progress. But when the Day comes, Britain shall remain the Friend and Comrade of the Eastern nations, as she has ever been.

Once the Friend—changed not—just and faithful to her trust: then the Friend and Ally of the nations of the East.

Forget not: so have comfort. She shall endure, but Perfection comes through suffering and catastrophe. Through a sea of blood and suffering shall she attain to perfection: the elder sister and the model of their constitution. But fear not! A higher Knighthood than her own shall spare her in the day of the humiliation of nations, and with a new growth shall she flourish in her gates.

But then cometh change, and the soul's

death. The Old Gods shall be for a time eclipsed, and strange creeds and no creeds shall echo in the sacred places for a time; but thereafter a time, and then the leaven of the Faithful shall work, and because it shall endure it shall transform the world. The great Truth shall manifest itself—the Word as it was spoken. For men shall strive each for his own truth, and shall strip the garments off the gods, and behold their nakedness shall show the face of the One Eternal Truth whose shadow all religions be: and men shall say, "Quarrel not! Behold! Your gods are mine, only we did not understand!"

But the truth of the East and of the West is the same and thereby shall all men marvel. I have spoken.

In October, 1912, comes another prediction of war, and again the strange and disquieting hint of Asiatic dominance:

That which we spoke of, know we. The "Poppies" cometh to pass before the Day of Christ. Note what we have said. Poverty and Hunger and the War-just in every land on which lieth the shadow of the Cross. They who would be at peace with their neighbors shall not be able, for Peace reigns no more. War with their neighbors is better than war at home, and so the cause must be made for quarrels. So, when Europe is exhausted, the reign of Asia will begin, for there the Sun is rising. So say we.

The end of the war and an Allied victory is predicted at the very moment when the situation was at its darkest, and this leads Mr. Cram to say:

The fact itself is incontestable and the dated and attested documents are here to prove it. If in April, 1918, and at the one moment in the four years of war when immediate victory, even victory itself, was most doubtful, the very day of the enemy's downfall is predicted some months hence, how escape the conclusion that some conscious power is determining the affairs of men, willy-nilly, in accordance with a preordained destiny; at the least in accordance with the determination of fate? A wise man whom I knew once devoutly thanked God that he was not so superstitious as to believe in coincidences. Only Cimmerian superstition would alleged a coincidence in this instance as the sufficient explanation.

Since the prediction of the war and of its conclusion were so strikingly fulfilled Dr. Cram asks reasonably enough if we may give credence to the other forecasts:

Now since the "force" or "consciousness" or whatever it is that has manifested itself through Mr. Bond and his friend "J. A." has established its reputation for veracity through the prophecy of war and the prediction of the end, the question arises as to the credence that should be given to the other forecasts made through the same channel. Consider the "call to arms" which was at the same time the valedictory of "Imperator,"

and is dated 29th July, 1911. Here is, first, the statement that "the West shall fall" and that "the East comes into its heritage." Great Britain is to endure, though "through a sea of blood and suffering shall she attain to her perfection," while "a higher Knighthood than her own shall spare her in the day of the humiliation of nations." Then follows the statement that *after* this great purgation of "suffering and catastrophe" shall come "change and the soul's death," while "strange creeds and no creeds shall echo in the sacred places." After an interval "the leaven of the Faithful shall work, and because it shall endure it shall transform the world."

The book is one of extraordinary interest, perhaps the most remarkable production of its kind that has yet been given to us.

THE HILL OF VISION. By Frederick Bligh Bond, F. R. I. B. A. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

### SUDDEN DEATH AND THE WAR.

(By Minnie B. Theobald.)

Man has two distinct natures, one of which may be called his bodily or substantial nature, the other his soul or life-principle; the one may be said to be his vehicle for expression in the world of time, the other his power of expression in the world of spirit. These two aspects of life, the temporal and eternal, are reflected throughout all branches of human thought and activity. They are very apt to appear contradictory, but should be complementary. Science and religion may be taken as representing these two opposed sides of life, or in a more specialized mode within the philosophical world alone, the opposition appears as the doctrine of works and the doctrine of divine grace. The one doctrine is based upon science, it is bound by the law of cause and result: "as a man sows so shall he reap"; this holds good within the region of time. The other, the doctrine of grace, is founded upon magic, though that term is not now in use. But magic is a good root word, and it is purposely used in this paper in its true meaning, that which belongs to the Greatnesses, that which is understood only by the Magi or the Great Ones of the earth, the Initiates or the perfected human.

To understand sudden death and war we must attempt to reconcile these two opposing natures in man connected with Time and Eternity; for it is not until we can accomplish this that we may hope to have any understanding of that Greater Fate which at times sweeps

down through the worlds of men and toys with their little lives and fates. To do this, the mind must be guided as far as possible away from the immediate and personal aspect of death and the war. The more often we can use the passion which we are at present experiencing for the raising of our consciousness to the inner significance of events, the more shall we grow in strength and bear nobly our pain; the more also shall we help the nations by thus rising above the clash of misunderstanding to the realms of common weal and common understanding.

Evolution, the doctrine of works, science—these are all connected with the World Order and deal with those operations which go on within Time and Space. Religion, divine grace, and magic speaks to us of something else, another order; they speak of a heaven world, they operate regardless of time and space and may be said to be connected with the Eternal Order. Astrology is the science and symbolism the language which attempt to bridge that mighty gulf between the World Order and the Eternal Order. Astrology is that summation of all sciences which contacts both Orders. It is the basis of religion; in its highest, truest and most worthy aspect it is the apex of science. It is in and through astrology that science and religion unite and are seen to be, not contradictory, but complementary. What is death? The translation of the soul of man from the World Order to the Eternal Order; and it is by means of astrology that we may hope to find some clues concerning this great mystery of the soul.

Unfortunately astrology is known chiefly in its lower form, in its connection with our little selves, with our temporal fate. This mundane aspect will not be dwelt upon in the present booklet, but rather will its relation to our greater life be dealt with. Astrology is at the root of all religions and although at the present day this is not generally admitted, amongst students of religion it is a fact which has to be recognized, however regretfully. Let us try to get a clearer conception of what astrology and symbolism stand forth preëminently to teach, namely, the synthesis of these two great oppositions.

In the symbolism of all ages the spiral

has been used to represent the World Order, the scheme of evolution, or life spun forth throughout space. The diagonal line has been used to represent spirit, the most usual form of this symbol being the equilateral triangle or three diagonal lines. We may take the spiral as representing the World Order, or the perpetual play of the evolving worlds of form, the wheel of Karma or the serpent of sexual life ever bringing us to birth within the maze of the Fate Spheres. The diagonal line may be taken as the magic wand. This in its highest aspect is a symbol of that divine grace which flashes down from the Eternal Regions, and regardless of all the laws of cause and result, deliberately saves a sinner or kills a saint as it wills, not according to any known laws of justice. These symbols represent Time and Eternity and their irreconcilable opposition is typified by the spiral and the straight line. Sudden death and the war are both of them happenings which occur when Time and Eternity embrace. To understand them we must be able to see through this natural antagonism by rising to a higher synthesis. This essay is an attempt to talk about that which none of us can hope fully to understand, for it is dealing with the entrance of the magic wand or the divine grace into the swirl of evolution, when it deliberately plays with the lives and passions of men, and the routine of the World Order seems for a moment to stand still and gasp—gasp with amazement; but perhaps it is unconsciously taking a deep breath of Greater Life.

Turning now from the abstract to the concrete, let us see what astrology and symbolism teach about the transition of the soul of man from the World Order to the Eternal Order. These happenings are beyond the ken of mortal mind, but is it possible to find clues or hints which can interest us and so lift us from the personal anguish of the moment to the calmer vision of the philosophic mind?

In astrology the two great polarities or opposing natures in man, the male and female, consciousness and substance, are represented by the sun and the moon, and it is by means of the interplay of these two forces that man sets himself up in matter. We all recognize that the sun is our great life-giver, it is also a scientific fact that the periodicity of the

moon controls functions connected with human birth, also the growth of flowers and other interesting phenomena connected with the creative life-principle throughout all the various kingdoms. So it seems plausible that the union of our temporal part and our eternal portion might be studied and in some fashion understood by considering the interplay of these two.

To rivet a personal consciousness down into substance seven lunar months must elapse after conception before the birth; and it is usually ten. Similarly, may it not be necessary for certain time periods to elapse after death before we are born into the Eternal Order? We probably do not rise straight out of this World Order into the Eternal Order upon one breath, any more than we come down to earth from heaven upon the spur of a single moment. Even as a child is hidden away in a womb of matter for ten lunar months during the interweaving of its two opposing natures, its soul and its body, so is the soul of man hidden away in some other womb for a definite time period while it un-nets itself from the bondage of matter prior to its release into Eternity. Birth into the Time Order is death from the Eternal Order; death from the Time Order is a conception in the Eternal Order. The soul of man is a germ which ripens within the Time Order and when released is capable of bringing itself to birth in the Eternal Order. Where is the womb into which it passes, how may we learn of its laws? That womb might be called man's sidereal aura and its laws are to be studied through the higher side of astrology. The word "sidereal" means "measured by the motions of the stars"; the word aura means "air in motion," and it comes from a verb meaning "to blow or to roar." This suggests air in such motion as to create sound, and sound it is which creates or precedes form.

At death man leaps out of his physical into his mental form, gradually withdrawing his life principle as he does so. In attempting to study the motions of the life breath as it leaves the regions of concrete form, it will be well to stay for one moment and speak of the intimate connection between breath, sound, and form, for they are a triple mode of our life pulse.

The activities of breath and sound

have been used in all religions to teach us of the activities of the soul, to explain that coming forth of the ultimate Life Principle or Cause into the worlds of evolution, change, and form. In all scriptures the Spouse of God, or that divine principle by means of which He brings about self-expression, is spoken of as the breath of God or the Holy Ghost, and the result of this self-expression, His Son, is spoken of in terms of sound, as the uttered word of God.

Many people look upon language as a haphazard collection of words thrown together to express more or less badly a confusion of thought, and often language is nothing more: we make no effort to use it properly, to choose words which have not strayed from their root meaning, to use words which still have the true ring about them and are sounds and symbols representing facts of life. But surely in our scriptures written by the seers of old we must not lightly cast aside the language as being only an allegorical expression of visions seen by untutored minds. There is probably more science to be discovered in the language of the scriptures than most of us are inclined to believe.

In the olden days science and religion were not separated, the astrologer-priests, the sages, and the magi watched science in operation. The formal intellect was not in those days evolved to its present pitch and was little used. Then vision was not expressed in that form of language which is accurate to the lower mind, in terms of science; it was expressed in symbol language, which is accurate and scientific when read by the higher mind.

Let us think of breath, sound, and form. What changes breath into sound? It is the casting of a limit upon the breath, the definite conditioning of it. What changes sound into form? Sound changes into form upon further limitation or the contacting of denser substance, by a further arrestation. In language, to express an idea we have first vowels or sound and next consonants, or the arresting of that sound in such a way as to produce form. May it not be that the soul brings itself to birth into matter in this way? As the Life Breath enters the regions of mind an alteration occurs analogous to the change from breath to sound. This alteration

comes about at the first conditioning of the Life Pulse and after this there is born into it the power to create form. "Sound" is the pivot upon which we turn back from the regions of form to those regions where the ultimate Life Principle is as Breath or Spirit. It should be borne in mind that the words breath and spirit are identical in their root meanings.

We become angels when we have left behind one limit and have transmuted our forms into sound waves. Hence are angels always depicted symbolically as playing upon harps or singing songs. Why is it that the seers of old have all agreed upon this point, agreed in associating sound with the after-death conditions? Are their words only allegorical fancies, or are they scientific realities? Why are we not taught that in heaven we shall spend our time drawing portraits of God, or painting His picture instead of always singing to Him? As far as the ordinary reader can ascertain, no scripture allows us any other art for pastime in heaven, unless possibly dancing. It would be interesting to know if any student of religion has found any promise that when we get to the heavenly regions we may hope for not only a harp or a trumpet, symbols of creative sound, but also for pen and ink or paint and paper, symbols of creative form. Rather is the bare idea of creating an image or a likeness of God spoken of as evil. Why? Because it suggests untruth; it suggests something which is not in accord with the facts of life which were watched by the seers of old. God is a spirit, and to change from form to breath we must pass through a transitory region of sound. This is known as the heaven worlds.

In coming to birth, the Spirit or Breath may perhaps be thought of as submitting to some conditioning prior to entering the regions of concrete and separated form, and then there comes about a change analogous to the change of breath into sound. This is the music of the spheres, the region of pure sound, where in the language of some scriptures man is given his true Name. Astrology suggests that the Zodiac represents this first conditioning of the Life Principle into root types or sounds. At this change man's spirit becomes capable of creating its personal forms. Having entered the

zodiacal arena it comes in contact with the Planetary Spirits, the creators of form. After death the spirit of man leaps back into a region of pure sound, sound is transmuted into pure life-breath, and finally the eternal and temporal are separated, each going to its own true home; and "sound" is the pivot upon which turn spirit and form.

How long does this take in our measuring of time? How long does it take to escape from form into the region of sound, and how long elapses before sound becomes simplified once more into pure breath? Before answering these questions it will be necessary to bring forward some other points and speak of different time periods in order to find out those moments when Time and Eternity embrace. How often does the Wheel of Time turn upon the Axis of Eternity to bring a soul to birth? How often must it turn back again to release a soul at death?

Science teaches us that there are definite time periods when life within evolution tends to repeat itself, sometimes upon a great scale, sometimes upon a small scale. During the ten lunar months of pre-natal existence the child passes through every stage of evolution, it repeats in a nutshell as it were all the epochs through which matter has passed during its long and weary existence, during years, centuries, manvantaras. A thousand years are as a day in the sight of the Lord, we are told. Upon a single stone the psychometrist finds imprinted a record of happenings since the life of that stone began.

If this triple conditioning of consciousness into Breath, Sound, and Form represents a truth, we shall probably find a threefold ply recurring in substance in varying ways, and perhaps through these more intimate occurrences we may learn something of the greater realities. Having passed through the regions of Breath, Sound, and Form, we may imagine consciousness taking upon itself a further triple conditioning within that region of Form. The man has received his true Name and now is desirous of expressing this within the worlds of matter and so this further triple ply can be traced. This trinity may be called mind, life-pulse, and body, or mental, astral, and physical. The Eternal Breath or Spirit, the First Cause has become mind, which

is the cause of all temporal forms and happenings. "Sound," that spouse of spirit which brought it forth into form, has now become the astral life-push which gives to mind the means to come forth and take birth in physical matter. Just as sound is the first conditioning of spirit or breath, giving to spirit the power to create form, so does our astral life-flow give to the mind the power to express itself in matter.

Can we trace this triple ply yet again? Are the mental, astral, and physical conditionings of man's true Name reflected into matter on coming to birth? Probably they are. During those nine months when the embryo has imprinted on it every phase which substance has taken upon itself since time began, there occurs, as soon as the human formation begins, first a primitive streak which is ultimately to become the spinal cord, next the quickening which is the heart-beat or life-pulse of the incoming ego, next the birth when the child takes full control of the form. May these not be said to be reflections in matter of the mental, astral, and physical conditioning of the consciousness, the spinal cord being formed in substance corresponding to the mental conditioning of consciousness, the heart-beat corresponding to the astral or life-push, and the drawing of physical breath to the final result, namely the birth into manifestation? Here we have three distinct moments at each of which Time and Eternity embrace, and the soul is rivetted down into substance, is crucified upon matter, the triple conditioning of consciousness causing a threefold pulse in substance. At death these three rivets have to be undone before the consciousness can be sufficiently simplified to rise into the more abstract regions of the heavenly spheres.

Let us now consider, not birth, but death; not the incoming, but the outgoing. Can we trace in anything that we know of death the undoing of these rivets? The natural order and sequence in death is first loss of breath, next cessation of the heart-beat, and finally the withdrawal of the soul from the spinal marrow and its escape at the top of the head. These three deaths are recognized by physical science. If either of these rivets be undone death ensues. We may die from loss of breath, from a mortal wound which causes loss of blood, or

from a broken spine when, though neither blood nor breath is affected, the fatal everance still takes place. Let us for the moment call these three deaths the physical, astral, and mental. It is natural or the soul to indraw from the physical first. If only this physical death has occurred, this cessation of breath, it is still possible to bring the person back to life. In cases of drowning artificial respiration may be applied successfully so long as the heart-pulse has not ceased and this may not be for many hours. In cases of asphyxiation the breath may cease for days or weeks and still the soul be able to regain active control of its body and return to normal life. In some rare instances the heart, too, may stop its beat, yet the third death does not take place, and so the soul comes back to life and takes possession once more. The natural order is breath, blood, mind; and these correspond to the three epochs of birth already mentioned. At death these usually follow one upon the other in quick succession. But besides this rapid sequence all connected with physical substance, there is another similar sequence which occurs within the soul substance of man, within his sidereal aura or that life-breath which is not bounded by his mouth and lungs, but is "measured by the motions of the stars." There occurs a triple unwinding of the personality from the sidereal aura as the physical, astral, and mental counterparts are shed.

Man may die at any moment from loss of breath or blood or severance of the spinal marrow, but this only translates him from his physical body, he is still living within his sidereal aura, he has only just started upon his journey home. At the first full-moon after death substance and consciousness, body and soul meet, Time and Eternity embrace. It is at this moment that man can perform the first un-netting of his personality from his sidereal aura. A soul coming of birth, upon arriving at the region of mind submits to a triple conditioning of consciousness, and there follows after a number of weeks or according to a certain lunar period a netting up of matter to correspond. Even so does the un-netting of matter depend upon certain lunar periods. At the next full moon the second death occurs and at the third full moon there is a complete change; the personality can then really die or attain

release, that is if it so wishes.—*Published by John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London.*

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## THE SUN THE SOURCE OF ENERGY.

(By Iamblichus.)

Every department of the sky, every sign of the zodiac, every celestial course, every period of time according to which the world is put in motion, and all perfect things receive the forces which go forth from the sun. Some of these forces are closely interblended with these, but others are superior to any commingling with them. Accordingly, the symbolic mode of expression also suggests them: "Assuming a shape according to the Signs of the Zodiac and changing forms according to the season." It likewise manifests his unchangeable, constant, unceasing, and generally universal and abundant giving to the whole world.

The different reviewers, however, are variously affected with regard to the indivisible boon of the divinity, and they receive from the Sun powers of many kinds according to their peculiar impulses. In this way the series of symbols coming in succession is designed, through the multitude of gifts, to make manifest the One God (the Sun), and through the manifold powers exhibited to cause his one power to appear. Hence, also, it sets forth that he is One and the Same, but that the changes of shape and the transformations are taken for granted among the recipients.

On this account it is affirmed that the sun changes "according to the sign of the zodiac and according to the season," because these manifestations are diversified with respect to the god, according to the many forms of his reception. The Egyptian priests make use of such prayers to the Sun, not only at the Autopsias, but also in the more public prayers which have an interior sense, and are offered to the divinity with reference to such symbolic initiation into the Mysteries. Hence it is not permitted that any one shall offer any explanation. —*From "Egyptian Mysteries."* Translated by Alexander Wilder, M. D., F. A. S.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## EVA THE ASTONISHING.

(H. Addington Bruce in N. Y. Times.)

A new star has appeared on the horizon of spiritistic mediumship. And from all accounts this latest arrival outshines even those most celebrated of luminaries, Eusapia Paladino and the late Daniel Dunglas Home.

Like Eusapia and Home, Eva C., as the new medium is known, specializes in the physical phenomena of spiritism, more particularly in so-called materialization.

According to Professor Schrneck-Notzing and other European scientists who have been investigating her feats, darkness is not indispensable to the successful functioning of Eva's strange faculty. Nor does she resent precautions which would seem to rule out fraud.

Again and again, in the scientists' own rooms and laboratories, she has submitted to the most rigorous searching of her person before and after seances. She has even permitted herself to be undressed and sewed up in a bag, covering her entire body with the exception of her head.

Thus attired, and in a room sufficiently illuminated for the purposes of observation, Eva C. has amazed her investigators by a bewildering variety of grim, one might almost say, gruesome phenomena.

Sometimes from her fingertips, sometimes from her ears, sometimes from her nose, but mostly from her mouth, the European savants have seen emerge a

grayish-white substance which takes all manner of forms. Usually at first it is quite shapeless, or ribbonlike in appearance. But quickly it resolves into the semblance of bodily organs—half formed or fully formed hands, fingers, toes, etc.

We read in the records of this strangest of strange affairs:

"The fingers and hands had the character of living objects, being able to grasp objects held up to them—and most certainly were not the medium's hands."

More than this, the substance presently resolves into the likeness of human faces, mostly the faces of beautiful young women. It has been found possible to take flashlight pictures of these, and they look for all the world like photographs of real people.

Yet they are composed merely of a material which the records thus describe:

"It is clammy to the touch like a snake, and has a certain amount of weight. It is sometimes wet, sometimes dry, sometimes hard, sometimes soft. Drops of it were obtained and analyzed, and showed on analysis cell residues."

Of course, bearing in mind not merely the singular character of the phenomena, but also the history of mediumship in general, one is inclined to affirm that fraud of some kind must be back of these uncanny happenings. But, as stated, the investigators seem to have taken abundant measures to make fraud impossible.

(Thus we find science tending con-



stantly to corroborate the theories of Theosophy. The basis of materializations, said H. P. Blavatsky, is a substance exuded from the body of the medium and moulded by elementals into the forms already existing in the astral light or in the aura of the medium. But the resulting apparitions are in no sense the "spirits of the dead." They have neither life nor intelligence of their own.)

### THE GREAT PYRAMID.

(W. M. Flinders Petrie in "Ten Years Digging in Egypt.")

The laying out of the base of the great pyramid of Khufu is a triumph of skill; its errors, both in length and in angles, were they assembled, could be covered by placing one's thumb over them; and to lay out a square of more than a furlong in the side (and with rock in the midst of it, which prevented any diagonal checks being measured) with such accuracy shows surprising care. The work of the casing stones which remains is of the same class; the faces are so straight and so truly square, that when the stones were built together the film of mortar left between them is on an average not thicker than one's thumb nail, though the joint is a couple of yards long; and the leveling of them over long distances had not any larger errors. In the inside of the pyramid the same fine work is seen; the entrance passage joints are in many cases barely visible when searched for; in the queen's chamber the joints are found with cement not thicker than a sheet of paper; while in the king's chamber the granite courses have been dressed to a fine equality, not varying more than a straw's breadth in a furlong length of blocks. . . .

Tools are needed as well as labor; and the question of what tools were used is now settled by evidence, to which modern engineers cordially agree. I found repeatedly that the hard stones, basalt, granite, and diorite, were sawn; and that the saw was not a blade, or wire, used with a hard powder, but was set with fixed cutting points, in fact, a jeweled saw. These saws must have been as much as nine feet in length, as the cuts run lengthwise on the sarcophagi. One of the most usual tools was the tubular drill, and this was also set with fixed

cutting points; I have a core from inside a drill hole, broken away in the working, which shows the spiral grooves produced by the cutting points as they sunk down into the material; this is of red granite, and there has been no flinching or jumping of the tool; every crystal quartz, or felspar, has been cut through in the most equable way, with a clean irresistible cut. An engineer who knows such work with diamond drills as well as any one said to me, "I should be proud to turn out such a finely cut core now"; and truth to tell, modern drill cores can not hold a candle to the Egyptians'; by the side of the ancient work they look wretchedly scraped out and irregular. That such hard cutting points were known and used is proved by clean-cut fine hieroglyphs on diorite, engraved without a trace of scraping, and by the lathe work, of which I found pieces of turned bowls with the tool lines on them, and positive proof that the surface had not been ground out. The lathe tools were fixed as in modern times, to sweep regular arcs from a centre; and the work is fearless and powerful, as in a flat diorite table with foot, turned in one piece; and also surpassingly delicate, as in a bowl of diorite, which around the body is only as thick as stout cord. The great granite sarcophagi were sawn outside, and hollowed by cutting rows of tube drill holes, as may be seen in the great pyramid. No doubt much hammer-dressing was also used, as in all periods; but the fine work shows the marks of just such tools as we have only now re-invented. We can thus understand, far more than before, how the marvelous works of the Egyptians were executed; and further insight only shows plainer the true skill and ability of which they were masters in the earliest times that we can trace.

### COWARDISE.

There is no storm but this  
Of your own cowardise

That braves you out;  
You are the storm that mocks  
Yourself; you are the rocks

Of your owne doubt;  
Besides this feare of danger, ther's no  
danger here;  
And he that feares danger, does deserve  
his feare.

—Crashaw.

## SUDDEN DEATH AND THE WAR.

(By Minnie B. Theobald.)

[CONCLUDED.]

It seems to be more easy for the dead to communicate with the living in the way of ghostly appearances or physical sounds and sights during the first three months after passing over. Hence it is that apparitions about the time of death are so much more frequent than at any other time. The man has not yet lost his triple conditioning of consciousness and so matches the earthly spheres more than he does afterwards.

It is said that after sudden death man is often not aware that he has died. This seems possible if we consider the ideas already brought forward. Imagine a man shot in the head. This would be a happening connected with the spinal marrow or with the third death. In physical substance the three phases of breath, blood, and spine are all immediately connected, so in such a case there follows at once a cessation of breath and almost immediately of heart beat. But in the inner soul substance, in the sidereal aura, it has been suggested that at least one lunar period is required for the corresponding unwindings to occur, so that in this instance some inner personal breath would continue for another month and some personal heart continue to throb within the inner sidereal heart for at least two months. This being so, the man would feel himself to be alive, for his inner heart and inner breath would still be interplaying, giving him a sense of complete normal life. Under these conditions the possibility of communication between the two worlds would be very great.

It is impossible to speak of all the different time-periods connected with this unwinding of the soul-substance of man, but students of astrology may see hints in the three great divisions of the Zodiac of another triple ply which occupies one year in the winding or unwinding of the sidereal aura. This period is connected, not with the moon, but with the sun.

Again there seems to be a similar period which stretches over three years, for there are three Fate-Spheres from which man has to unwind himself. These two periods of one year and three years after death have their correspondences in one-year and three-year periods

before birth, but these can not be discussed here except to say that a three-year period should always elapse after the birth of one child before the birth of the next. To those who watch these tides of life it appears to take three years to get born, even as it takes three years to die, and these natural flows in the sidereal aura should not be arrested if we would have children possessed of their true birthright, namely, a Great or Magical Mind in touch with every motion of the cosmos, in touch with that soul-substance of man which is not bounded by his temporal personality, but is "measured by the motions of the stars."

As soon as man is able to retain consciousness within his sidereal aura he becomes aware of the wondrous interworking of these three Fate-Spheres. Most men think of death as a personal happening only, although its effect on the family is recognized. Now, during time of war, the death of each warrior is seen also as a national happening. But to the mystic who ever watches the interworking of the three zones of Fate, every death has a personal, a family, and a national aspect. For the first three moon-periods after the death the man is unwinding his personal cocoon of matter. For the period of one year connected with the Zodiac he is gaining release from the ancestral ties connected with his true Name; and for three years after death he is working his way out of the national Karma which he took upon himself at birth. If this great war is an expression or outcome of some Greater Birth or Death, as many believe it is, we may expect to be able to trace in it three similar epochs.

Let us now compare sudden death with natural death, and to do this we will first trace through a complete cycle of life from the heaven world down to earth and back again, trying to watch the spirit wind itself up in matter and unwind itself again, without giving any undue prominence to the moments which we call birth and death. These are no doubt important, but they are not the only great moments in the life-pulse when Time embraces Eternity; we make too much of them. We should train ourselves to think more often in complete cycles. Our bodies are always dying or coming to birth, life does not stand still

at any time. But we do not die, there are tides of life and death upon which we sail and it should be our endeavor to sail as far upon the ebb and flow of each tide as possible.

In astrology consciousness and substance are represented by the sun and moon and it has been suggested that the soul slips in and out of matter according to the interplay of these two great luminaries. In considering the moon-breath it is best to think in seven-year periods, in considering the solar breath it is best to take the century as the foundation from which to work. We will now consider various epochs in the life-wave.

In prenatal existence we have the formation of the spinal cord, the quickening and the birth reckoned according to lunar time, all exceedingly important epochs when mental, astral, and physical first imprint themselves on matter. After birth we have a fourteen-year period during which time the child is securing a physical hold; at puberty the astral nature or creative life-push is born; after double that period, another twenty-eight years, at the age of 42, the true higher mind is born, the mind which can see beyond the personality into the cosmos; at double that age again, namely at 84, it is perhaps permissible to die.

Besides these lunar epochs there are three great solar epochs found by dividing a century into two and three. The solar breath, being connected with consciousness and eternity rather than with substance and time, will be found to be regulated by these root numbers rather than by the number seven. These solar epochs occur at the ages of 33 1-3 and 66 2-3. At 33 the creative power of the eternal regions enters man and should raise him into a state of ecstasy, shattering his little mental forms, creating for him greater symbols connected with the higher life. It is surprising how many people can notice about this age a complete change in their fate bringing a different outlook upon life; others at this age have a spiritual experience of illumination or conversion such as they never forget. At 50 the solar tide turns back. At 66 there is another phase of the solar breath, an urge to return into the highest spiritual mind. The less developed find this a fatal age, but it need not be if we can rise with the tide. The

more one studies inner things the more one feels himself to be sailing upon a tide of birth and death. The more one watches the more one can see one's friends bringing into manifestation and withdrawing from manifestation various modes of consciousness; and even if they withdraw from physical life altogether, they may yet be found in the Sideral Surround, they may still be dwelling in the region of the stars, in the region of pure sound.

Now to return to sudden death, which is the subject under consideration. If the death occurs before the age of 33 there has been no solar epoch in the life at all; if before 50 there has only been the first. The sun-breath connected with the Greater Life and the moon-breath connected with the personality have only twisted round each other once, hence there is not so much to undo. But at the same time the knot is very firmly tied, for neither the sun nor the moon-breath has begun to show any signs of unwinding. If man dies at 50 the moon-breath has begun to wane, but the sun-breath is at its climax, and so forth.

In prenatal existence, if all the happening natural to the different epochs occur at their proper moments, the birth is more likely to be healthy, the struggle to get born less difficult and the child has the best control of its faculties. It is the same with dying. If man has obeyed the natural laws of his being during life, if he has deliberately transferred the creative passion from the world of substance to the world of mind after the age of 42, if he has from the age of 30 to 33 consecrated his life to higher things, to the solar breath, then he is likely when he dies to retain a link on to the earth and keep in vital touch with the lower spheres, even as a child born in due season should be better able to keep in vital touch with its higher mind and the heaven worlds whence it came.

In the case of a man who is shot out of his body and thus deprived of the chance of so living, what happens? We may believe that the life pulses which he has started go on working and obey the laws of their being, and in a fashion he lives out his life within his sideral aura, that aura which is not governed or controlled by the dictates of the personal will, but is "measured by the motions of the stars." He there waits and is given

a supreme opportunity for learning of the plan of his being.

Let us now consider war. Why do nations go to war? Not because Germans tear up scraps of paper, nor because England is arrogant over the freedom of the seas, nor because Russia needs a port; these are only symptoms. What is the inner happening? Many believe that this war is the forerunner of a Great Birth, it is the passion of conception. It is a life-pulse which should have raised us to the greatest states of exaltation, but to which we have been unable to rise, and we are instead wallowing in the bestial side of a wonderful inner mystery. Every thousand years is a time-period connected with the Greater Worlds, with what has here been called the region of Pure Sound, the Virgin Mother, or the birth-place of the Great Ones; and every hundred years the nations become sensitive to the happenings within this further Zone of Fate. At the turn of the century the Great Æon became passionate, the passion has reached our world of men, the creative life-force is now taking root in matter. In its transition from plane to plane it is as liable to upset the balance of power in the national Zone of Fate, as it is liable in the personal life to upset the mental balance. The nations have not taken sufficient care of their health (in its root meaning of "wholeness") to be able to bear the extra strain put upon them by this in-working of the divine creative spirit into the national soul-substance, into the sidereal aura of the nations.

At this descent of the Great Æon the Church has been found wanting. The mystics have not been numerous enough to supply what was needed, so the warriors have had to die to make good the deficiency. What was needed? Mind-forms into which the Greater Life-Force might pour to bring itself to birth. Where were the priests who could stand aside from their personal minds? Where were the mystics, the contemplatives? Were they watching as the wise men of the East for the Great Coming? Were they willing at the first sign to sacrifice life, fate, all, that their cups might be empty and ready to receive the mighty outpouring? Did they pray, not for material victory, but for life over death, for inner meaning in place of blind ignorance? Were they willing to do what

the Christ bade all do who would receive of His Greater Life? Did they love their enemies and so make themselves into vehicles of compassion capable of catching that outpouring of Life which comes forth periodically to bear the sorrows of all men and take upon itself the sins—even of Germany? Which of our churches preached this? Many, before the war. Which of them has practiced it since the war? There were not enough and we see the result. *War is the superfluity of the divine descent.* We were unprepared. We were unable to catch the spirit in the holy grail.

If the Contemplative Orders had been more numerous and had caught the outpouring of the divine passion as it first touched the regions of duality and became conditioned into love and hate, then it might have been given forth to the world as universal love instead of universal war. It might have been a wondrous spiritual revival. But if the passionate flow is not caught in the cup of the contemplative mind, then it pours down through the regions of form, bringing woe to men as it compels them to do its bidding.

Parents have disobeyed the laws connected with the bringing of life into form, have given us children deprived of the higher contemplative mind which alone can retain consciousness within the sidereal sweeps and so watch and prepare on the inner planes for the descent of the great Æon.

And what of those students of psychology and mysticism who dare to believe in the possibility of studying the laws of life and death and happenings on the inner planes? At this supreme crisis have they fulfilled their duty? Have they strained every nerve in an attempt to perform that task specially allotted to them to perform, or have they like a weak undisciplined crowd rushed forth to do anybody's job but their own? It must be confessed that they, too, have failed miserably. They seem to have so poor an opinion of their life's work that at this supreme crisis it can be lightly set aside, and they have so far made no attempt to unite themselves for concerted action. Are they not losing an opportunity which may not recur for a hundred, perhaps even a thousand years. What a priceless reward might have been won had they been willing to sacrifice

the temporal for the spiritual and been eager to learn, not how to conquer their bodily foes, but how to conquer the mystery death! Might they not have tried to build up a definite scientific understanding of the transition stages in death by dedicating themselves in united contemplation to the watching of the phenomena now so nobly acted out by the warriors of the world? Here are the warriors doing the deed over and over again that others may learn, and is the Church even trying to learn? Had it called together all the noncombatants to help in this way, what wonderful psychological results might have been gained. Let us hope there have been enough watchers for the inner meaning of the whole happening not to have been entirely lost.

The warriors have died in hundreds and thousands; need this have been? Surely not. Must we believe that this is the divine plan? No, rather is it the muddle of men. But since all evil worketh together for good in the divine economy and it is only we who suffer when we sin, let us look now at the other side of the picture.

This further Divine Outpouring may perhaps be said to have reached the Zodiac, the first Fatal Limit which changes it from pure spirit into a passion for manifestation. Here it seeks sigils, types, or forms into which to flow, mind-forms kept pure through unconditional self-sacrifice. It is the privilege of the priestly caste to supply these forms. And by priestly caste is here meant every man who is pure born and so possesses a mind capable of rising into true states of contemplation above the regions of form. Such men, the true contemplatives, daily stand aside from their personal minds, leaving them in the higher world as sigils, types, or forms for the Master to use as He wills, vehicles of His inspiration, chalices to receive His life-flow. Pure born priests are rare and the incoming Life sought in vain for a sufficiency. The chalices were unformed, or if formed were occupied with the personal life-breath. So the warriors were called upon to supply the deficiency. They sacrificed their lives that their chalices might be empty of the personal element and be placed at the service of that Greater Life now entering the worlds of form.

We have won our freedom from an arrogant and exclusive priestly caste only to realize how much we have lost. It is only permissible for man to stand aside from the church when he is willing to be himself both priest and church, when he is not only pure born, but dedicates his body as a temple for the divine. Such men are the true priests, mystics, or contemplatives, and it is not until we have more of this type brought into the world that war can cease among men. For they have as definite a part to play in the economy of Nature as the warrior, the householder, or the slave. *This war is the direct result of outraging the natural laws of birth. Precipitated deaths throughout a nation are the natural reflex activity of precipitated births.*

It has already been suggested how at sudden death the spirit may be shot out of the body and wait in the regions of mind while its life-pulse withdraws according to a natural sequence. Here we may imagine that our loved ones have clearer vision and will understand better the orderings of Nature. Willingly have they sacrificed their lives, willingly again will they dedicate their mind-forms to that Greater Spirit now descending, seeking types into which to come to birth. Withdrawing on a tide of death they will meet within the sidereal soul-substance, a tide of Greater Birth, and they may be brought back to earth again rewarded for their gallant sacrifice with a further baptism of divine life. Having never completed the normal cycle of life and death, having been arrested as it were by this Greater Life-Flow coming to birth, they may be able to return more rapidly than usual and without that loss of all memory which occurs after normal death. Hence many who are now sacrificing their lives will perhaps be born again types of a new race, which will bridge the gulf between Time and Eternity in a way that has never been before, and accomplish that which we failed to accomplish before the war.

And now if these ideas be not only romance, but a glimpse however imperfect of some of the inner happenings of the war, how can we best help? By urging the noncombatants to contemplation, to the consecrating of their whole lives to the catching of the divine descent, and this can only be done when every thought or feeling of hatred for enemies, either

personal or national, has been silenced; by telling our warriors of the glorious scheme in which it may be their privilege to participate, if after death they will turn their attention to the coming Birth and not be absorbed only in the mystery of death. And those who can bring through the veil any words from the other side, may they courageously attempt to hold intercourse and form a link, not for the discussion of the ephemeral happenings of the personality, but in order that Mind within may ever be in contact with mind without and so help to bring about that union which is one essential for the birth of the Greater Consciousness.

If for twenty-four hours before every full moon we fast and pray as did the priests of old, realizing that at these moments the Gates of Time and Eternity are set ajar and souls are passing from one phase of existence to another, then shall we all help in the holding of communion with saints. At these moments we should try to rise out of the personal consciousness into the greater consciousness; and on these days in particular attempt to meet half-way our dear ones who are on the other side of death, not by calling them back to us into form, but by sailing forth to them on that Great Tidal Wave which Nature has provided for our use.

Sudden death and war are, then, happenings which occur when Time and Eternity embrace, when the Great Æon becomes passionate, and pouring forth its Greater Life demands types and forms into which to flow. If the church or the priestly caste is unable to respond to the demand, if they refuse to be the bride of the spirit, then must the law of blood sacrifice still hold sway and the warriors die.

Now, during the third year of the war, is our supreme opportunity for traversing the bridge built by the warriors between Time and Eternity, for there are souls at each stage of withdrawing. Those killed two years ago will shortly be quitting the further threshold of the sidereal aura of the nations. Souls enter and quit this inner sidereal womb perpetually; men may die in thousands at one fell stroke by fire or earthquake, but it is only at definite epochs in the world's history that there are thousands, not to say millions, struggling within that womb,

each at different stages of its three-year period yet all bound together with one indissoluble bond, that of passionate love for national life and national liberty. Such a soul-ladder will not again be builded for one hundred or perhaps a thousand years. This is the opportunity which is now offered us to seize or ignore.—*Published by John M. Watkins, 21, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London.*

### WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

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.

The pure Object apart from consciousness is unknown to us, while living on the plane of our three-dimensional world, for we know only the mental states it excites in the perceiving Ego.

Lunar magnetism generates life, preserves and destroys it, psychically as well as physically.

By paralyzing its lower personality, and arriving thereby at the full knowledge of the *non-separateness* of his Higher Self from the One Absolute Self, man can, even during his terrestrial life, become as "one of us."

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.

The Solar substance is immaterial. In the sense, of course, of Matter existing in states unknown to Science.

The Monad becomes a personal Ego when it incarnates; and something remains of that Personality through Manas, when the latter is perfect enough to assimilate Buddhi.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## DHAMMAPADA.

(Chapter 1.)

### THE TWIN VERSES.

1. All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, a pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage.

2. All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

3. "He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me"—in those who harbor such thoughts hatred will never cease.

4. "He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me"—in those who do not harbor such thoughts hatred will cease.

5. For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love, this is an old rule.

6. The world does not know that we must all come to an end here; but those who know it, their quarrels cease at once.

7. He who lives looking for pleasure only, his senses uncontrolled, immoderate in his food, idle, and weak, Mara (the tempter) will certainly overthrow him, as the wind throws down a weak tree.

8. He who lives without looking for

pleasures, his senses well controlled, moderate in his food, faithful and strong, him Mara will certainly not overthrow, any more than the wind throws down a rocky mountain.

9. He who wishes to put on the yellow dress without having cleansed himself from sin, who disregards also temperance and truth, is unworthy of the yellow dress.

10. But he who has cleansed himself from sin, is well grounded in all virtues, and regards also temperance and truth, he is indeed worthy of the yellow dress.

11. They who imagine truth in untruth, and see untruth in truth, never arrive at truth, but follow vain desires.

12. They who know truth in truth, and untruth in untruth, arrive at truth, and follow true desires.

13. As rain breaks through an ill-thatched house, passion will break through an unreflecting mind.

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

15. The evil-doer mourns in this world, and he mourns in the next; he mourns in both. He mourns and suffers when he sees the evil of his own work.

16. The virtuous man delights in this world, and he delights in the next; he delights in both. He delights and rejoices, when he sees the purity of his own work.

17. The evil-doer suffers in this world, and he suffers in the next; he



suffers in both. He suffers when he thinks of the evil he has done; he suffers more when going on the evil path.

18. The virtuous man is happy in this world, and he is happy in the next; he is happy in both. He is happy when he thinks of the good he has done; he is still more happy when going on the good path.

19. The thoughtless man, even if he can recite a large portion (of the law), but is not a doer of it, has no share in the priesthood, but is like a cowherd counting the cows of others.

20. The follower of the law, even if he can recite only a small portion (of the law), but, having forsaken passion and hatred and foolishness, possesses true knowledge and serenity of mind, he, caring for nothing in this world or that to come, has indeed a share in the priesthood.

### THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

In sacred writings letters not only have hidden meanings, but numerical values as well. And the key to many sacred allegories is concealed in the numbers represented by the words used. Thus we find a clue to the meaning of the story of the Brazen Serpent in the fact that, according to the Rabbis, the number of the word Messiah and of the Hebrew word for serpent are identical, being 358.

5. "And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread." In this verse the children of Israel are portrayed as turning from divine directions and giving way to the desires of the carnal nature.

6. And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, "The Hebrew word here used for serpent is Saraph, which properly signifies to burn," and may be literally translated as Serpent Fire, Solar Force. And the Lord sent the Serpent Fire among the people, and because they had given way to their lower natures, the manifestations of this Force "bit (burned) the people, and much people of Israel died."

7. "Therefore the people came to Moses, and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and

against thee; pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpents from us." And Moses prayed for the people.

8. And the Lord said unto Moses, "Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live." This verse states plainly that Moses was directed to place before his followers the image of the serpent lifted up, or directed upward upon a pole, that "those who were bitten," those in whom the Serpent Fire was manifesting ungoverned to their destruction, might have knowledge of its upward direction, govern it, be regenerated and live.

9. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived. In the Gospel of St. John, iii, 14, we read "and just as Moses lifted high the serpent in the Desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up in order that every one who trusts in him may have the Life of the Ages" (literally of the Solar Force). This verse intimates that the serpent and the Son of Man or Messiah are manifestations of the same Divine Force, a fact which their identity of numerical value indicates and which Masonry confirms, "In the Templar and Philosophical degrees, the serpent is an emblem of Christ."—*The Royal Masonic Cyclopadia.*

### OM!

Immortal One, forever dwelling  
Within the circle of Thine out-poured  
breath!

Thou, from whose undiminished fire  
The myriad candles of earth-birth and  
death

Take light, and wink awhile, ere they be  
told

As refuse for the common vat,  
To be reduced therein, and fluxed, and  
cast

Into exacting karma's prepared mold!

We, whose small flame doth clearer burn  
Since that first solemn and memorial hour  
When, struggling 'gainst the whelming  
storm of life,

We turned with forlorn yearning unto  
Thee,  
Seeking the shelter of Thy perfect  
power:

Look with complete tranquillity  
Toward th' on-creeping, silent night;  
Content that to our hands the task be  
giv'n

To trim the wick and guard the light,  
That, to the very end, our taper show  
Even and free of murky glow.

Blown like thin embers on a gusty breeze  
Are lives whose isolated fires  
Smolder, all dully red, in perverse hearts  
That will not single to Thy purpose be.  
Yet they shall weary of the empty strife,  
Shall cease to bow before the carnal  
thrones,

And one sweet morning they shall rise  
And, penitent, shall come to Thee.

No more dispersed, vagrant-wondering,  
They shall adore Thee, as we do adore;  
They, too, shall swell the mighty rhythm  
That breaks not ever on Time's shore.

What tho' bright Karma's invoked power  
Rock the vain summits of the prideful  
hills

And level them to lie in that drear place  
Where sleeps the dust of long-forgotten  
kings!

Straightway each liberate atom shall pro-  
ceed

Into a larger orbit, there to trace  
In firmer script the syllables  
Of Thy most holy Name.

Therefore, for those who follow after,  
Who, presently, shall stand where we  
stand now

Rank upon rank, brother by proven  
brother,

Tending with sober care th' entrusted  
flame:

For them, O Splendor beyond telling!  
Weave we the triple step and sound the  
Word,

As Thy who went before us sang, ere  
now

The white, white blaze of a more central  
glory

Touched with its benediction  
Each sovereign brow.

Thou, Boundless Light, whose supreme  
shining

Gathers the drifting primal mist  
And causeth it swift to become  
The fiercely rushing, giant sun:  
Here at Thine consecrated altar's base  
Behold we invoke Thee, bold intone  
The preserving, the destroying Name,  
OM! OM!

## PLATO ON MAN AND NATURE.

But with respect to the most principal and excellent species of the soul we should conceive as follows: that divinity assigned this to each of us as a dæmon; and that it resides in the very summit of the body, elevating us from earth to an alliance with the heavens; as WE ARE NOT TERRESTRIAL PLANTS, BUT BLOSSOMS OF HEAVEN. And this indeed is most truly asserted. For from whence the first generation of the soul arose, from thence a divine nature being suspended from out head and root, directs and governs the whole of our corporeal frame. In him therefore who vehemently labors to satisfy the cravings of desire and ambition, all the conceptions of his soul must be necessarily mortal; and himself as much as possible must become entirely mortal, since he leaves nothing unaccomplished which tends to increase his perishable part. But it is necessary that he who is sedulously employed in the acquisition of knowledge, who is anxious to acquire the wisdom of truth, and who employs his most vigorous exertions in this one pursuit—it is perfectly necessary that such a one, if he touches on the truth, should be endued with wisdom about immortal and divine concerns; and that he should participate of immortality, as far as human nature permits, without leaving any part of it behind. And besides, as such a one always cultivates that which is divine, and has a dæmon most excellently adorned residing in his essence, he must be happy in the most eminent degree. But the culture of all the parts is indeed entirely one, and consists in assigning proper nutriment and motion to each. But the motions which are allied to the divine part of our nature are the cogitative energies and circulations of the universe. These therefore each of us ought to pursue; restoring in such a manner those revolutions in our head (which have been corrupted by our wandering about generation), through diligently considering the harmonies and circulations of the universe, that the intellective power may become assimilated to the object of intelligence, according to its ancient nature. For when thus assimilated, we shall obtain the end of the best life proposed by the gods to men, both at present and in all the future circulations of time.—*The Timæus.*

## SPIRITUALISM AND SCIENCE.

(Reprinted from the Review.)

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHICAL SCIENCE: Levitation, "Contact," and the "Direct Voice." By W. J. Crawford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

CONTACT WITH THE OTHER WORLD: the Latest Evidence as to Communication with the Dead. By James H. Hyslop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Both Dr. Crawford and Dr. Hyslop are convinced spiritists, but thereafter they have nothing in common. Dr. Crawford is a lecturer in mechanical engineering and has had much experience in graphic statics and temperature charting; Dr. Hyslop was a professor of logic and ethics, a psychologist through and through. Naturally, then, in the great division which splits the spiritist body, they came out on opposite sides. Dr. Hyslop gives sixteen pages to the physical phenomena; Dr. Crawford deals with practically nothing else, and while he "admits the genuine nature of mental phenomena," he is "appalled at the difficulties of sifting them; the mind of the medium has far too much to do with the results." Even for specific communication from the departed he prefers "the direct voice" and "psychic photography." It is a clean-cut antithesis of physicist and psychologist.

And naturally the physicist gets the most definite and assured results—assured, that is, apart from easy "they are all lying" criticism. The book is a continuation of his previous "Reality of Psychic Phenomena" and the greater part is occupied with experiments with Miss Goligher, the Belfast medium. About thirty-eight pages are given to "direct contact" phenomena with other mediums, that is, phenomena in which the hands of the sitters are in contact with the table, and to "direct voice" phenomena through so-called "trumpets." In both cases his mechanical experience has enabled him to make distinct advances in criticism and verifications. The real possibilities in contact were marked out through ingenious electrical apparatus, and even the direct voice, otherwise under the darkest suspicion, was made to register into a phonograph under excellent test conditions; excellent, that is, apart from the darkness which is asserted to be necessary. From the "blasting" effect on the record—so called by phono-

graph manufacturers—the voice would seem to have been very close to the horn of the phonograph, and if that was the case, the mouth-end of the "trumpet" must have been at least four feet from the medium. Yet, because of the darkness, Dr. Crawford keeps these experiments by themselves and publishes them only to put them on record for what they may be worth.

The others are in quite different case. They are further elaborate verifications and examinations of his hypothesis that table-levitations, raps, and the like are produced by cantilever rods projected from the body of the medium. These rods, which are sometimes, when great force is required, struts with a basis on the floor, consist of matter in a so far unknown form, apparently possessing weight, but not palpability, and invisible under ordinary conditions. Yet if the hand is put through one of them a "disagreeable, cold, spore-like sensation" is felt. Their presence, nature, and working can be precisely demonstrated by mechanical tests; they are disintegrated by all light, except red light; they do not change the temperature of the table; their free ends are not conductors of low tensive electricity; they can not pass through open mesh cloth screens unless these are closely wrapped round the medium. If the medium touches the table with her bare hand, some kind of psychic circuit is made, the force is discharged and the table at once drops. If the hand is gloved the table drops more slowly; similarly, if the contact is through iron or copper. But a piece of twisted paper or of wood in the medium's hand did not seem to make the circuit. This evidently connects with the use of a wooden table as a concentrator of the force; it is a kind of Leyden jar. All manner of raps are produced also by these rods acting apparently as hammers on the floor. The mechanical reactions upon the medium as to weight, push, and pull, and tipping strains were elaborately tested and recorded. It is also demonstrated, to all appearance, by exact weighings, that while the matter of these rods is taken from the medium and is returned to her without diminution, the force used is mostly taken from the sitters in the circle and involves a permanent loss of weight of half a pound each, more or less. All these experi-

ments were carried out with the hearty coöperation of the so-called "controls," communication with whom was maintained by raps.

Dr. Crawford admits his indifference, for the purposes of these experiments, as to whether these "controls" are "discarnate human beings" or "masquerading subconscious elements of the medium's brain." But he is himself quite convinced that they are the first, and we now look to him for his reasons for this conviction. He knows certainly how much more difficult this step in his demonstration will be. He has put dynamite under our ordinary conceptions of matter and shown it mobile and plastic under the direct action of mind and will. Can he demonstrate that the mind and will in the case are discarnate? Almost all spiritists have either been ignorant of this difficulty or ignored it.

Again, Dr. Crawford does not make plain whether he regards the projected material-rod method as that by which all telekinetic phenomena are always produced. He seems even to explain personal levitation by it, but would it meet the case of levitation recorded of D. D. Home, for example? Also, would his hammer-like rods explain all rappings? Other physicists have been driven to the hypothesis of little explosions in the molecular structure of the material from which the raps seemed to come. Further, the material of his psychic structures, in its invisibility, seems essentially different from that which is used in materializations—as those of Schrenk-Notzing—although the two are alike in mobility and plasticity under the direct influence of mind and will. It is true that Dr. Crawford is evidently working towards a hypothesis that there are two different unknown forms of matter in his psychical structures. He is driven to that by the problem of how, at the one end, these rods can make connection with the body of the medium without injuring it, and, at the other, with the objects moved so as to affect them in these different ways. Finally, there can be no question that these two sets of experiments mark the greatest advance that has been made as to the physical phenomena since their reality was established to the satisfaction of Sir William Crookes. It may even be that they mark an epoch in our knowledge of the ulti-

mate structure of matter as definite as the discovery of radio-activity.

No one could leave Dr. Hyslop's book with a similar feeling of certainty and possibility. His methods are almost entirely mental and his recorded results have evidently an utterly different effect in print from that which they had on the first-hand recipients. Neither William James nor Mark Twain nor Isaac K. Funk nor Carroll D. Wright is in the least convincing. After working through their communications the feeling remains that we have seen a great deal too many ghosts to believe in them. There is some music which is very interesting to the player, but bores the audience, and the "cross-correspondence" engineered by certain members of the English Society for Psychical Research, and intended to be absolute logical demonstrations, have had little weight outside their circle of origin.

On another side Dr. Hyslop is so convinced a spiritist that the disinclination which most of us feel to the admission of an entirely different class of moments in the balance of forces, or kind of personalities in the drama—as you please to put it—does not exist for him. Discarnate spirits acting through mediums still in the body are part of his accepted scheme of things. Thus, when telepathy is urged as a counter-explanation to "spirits," he asks why telepathy may not be worked by "spirits" and points out, rightly enough, that telepathy is scientifically as unexplained as "spirits." He has passed entirely beyond our ordinary position that it is "easier" to posit that A's mind directly affects B's than to posit that A's mind by means of discarnate spirits affects B's. That is, he has passed beyond Occam's law of the limitation of agencies to the strictly necessary. Of course he can answer that we do not know what is "strictly necessary." Similarly, he has a chapter on "obsession," and accepts it. And it is true that much of the popular spiritualist literature of the present day shows a distinct drift in that direction. Whether that will tend to sanity in the popular mind is another matter; it is hopeless now to attempt to keep the most hazardous guesses of the laboratory out of the talk of the market-place. The popular mind must go through with everything until it becomes immune

again. We can only hope that the "obsession" will not reach the peak of witch-burnings.

Dr. Hyslop's best chapter is undoubtedly that on "the process of communicating." This is very clearly and fully worked out—fully, that is, within the limits of our present psychological knowledge and the spiritist hypothesis—and many investigators of experience might well take it to heart. It shows that, at the best, the process is a deal more complicated than such new Pilgrim's Progresses as "The Seven Purposes" would suggest. Even so sane a student as Dr. L. P. Jacks might find light there on "Old Scott," "Young Scott," and "Sir Walter Scott," in his "Adventures in Psychical Research." Whether it would lead him to "spirits" or to still more pronounced agnostic despair is another matter. For the picture of that process which Dr. Hyslop puts before us is not an attractive one and raises wonder how under these conditions anything evidential can ever come through. The "spirits" seem like a cloud of moths fluttering round a candle or like the shades which swarmed round the trench of Odysseus, all trying to communicate at once. And even the one which, for the moment, has caught the medium's eye may send over all kind of penumbral, fleeting thoughts besides that which he really means to communicate. And then the medium's "sub-conscious" comes into play with possibilities of Sally's and obsessions. That hoary old reprobate, Dr. Phinuit, a creation as human as Falstaff, seems solid beside all this.

But while Dr. Hyslop's book suggests all these limits and cautions, it can be read by any one to good purpose. And it is urged throughout by a passionate belief that only in acceptance of the spiritist position is there any hope of stemming the ever-rising tide of crude materialism. On that key the book begins and ends.

#### THE EGG AND SERPENT SYMBOL.

The serpent, separate or in combination with the circle, egg, or globe, has been a predominant symbol among many primitive nations. It prevailed in Egypt, Greece, and Assyria, and entered widely into the superstitions of the Celts, the Hindus, and the Chinese. It even pene-

trated into America; and was conspicuous in the mythology of the ancient Mexicans, among whom its significance does not seem to have differed materially from that which it possessed in the old world. The fact that the ancient Celts, and perhaps other nations of the old continent, erected sacred structures in the form of the serpent, is one of high interest. Of this description was the great temple of Abury, in England—in many respects the most imposing ancient monument of the British Islands.

A celebrated example of the egg and serpent symbol is found in Adams County, Ohio, United States of America. It is an enduring witness to the fact that knowledge of the God-Mystery existed in North America at an early period. It is situated on a high spur of land, which rises a hundred and fifty feet above Brush Creek. Conforming to the curve of the hill, and occupying its very summit, is the serpent, its head resting near the point, and its body winding back for seven hundred feet, in graceful undulations, terminating in a triple coil at the tail. The entire length, if extended, would be not less than one thousand feet. The work is clearly and boldly defined, the embankment being upwards of five feet in height, by thirty feet base at the centre of the body, but diminishing somewhat toward the head and tail. The neck of the serpent is stretched out, and slightly curved, and its mouth is opened wide, as if in the act of swallowing or ejecting an oval figure, which rests partially within the distended jaws. This oval is formed by an embankment of earth, without any perceptible opening, four feet in height, and is perfectly regular in outline, its transverse and conjugate diameters being one hundred and sixty, and eighty feet respectively. When, why, or by whom these remarkable works were erected, as yet we know not. The present Indians, though they look upon them with reverence, can throw no light upon their origin.—*From "Pre-Historic Times," by Sir John Lubbock.*

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.

## 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.

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.

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.

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.

Hiranyagarba, or the *Unit Soul*.

That man who has conquered matter sufficiently to receive the direct light from his shining Augoiedes feels truth intuitionally; he could not err in his judgment notwithstanding all the sophisms suggested by cold reason, for he is *illuminated*.

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 is it with the mind

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."

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.

The will creates; for the will in motion is *force*, and forces reproduces *matter*.

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.

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.

It is a strange coincidence that when first discovered America was found to bear among some native tribes the name of Atlanta.

## BLIND.

The Spring blew trumpets of color;  
Her Green sang in my brain.  
I heard a blind man groping  
"Tap-tap" with his cane.

I pitied him in his blindness:  
But can I boast "I see"?  
Perhaps there walks a spirit  
Close by, who pities me.—

A spirit who hears me tapping  
The five-sensed cane of mind  
Amid such unguessed glories  
That I am worse than blind.

—Harry Kemp.

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.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

God asks not, "To which sect did he belong?"  
But "Did he love the right and hate the wrong?"  
—*Anon.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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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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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## Theosophical Outlook

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GIFT  
OCT 9 1919



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THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT  
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. IV. No. 38. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, September 20, 1919. Price Five Cents

## NEW ROOMS.

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists will move at once to its larger and better quarters on the fourth floor of the building that it now occupies at 126 Post Street. Its postal address therefore remains as before. The change is from the third floor to the fourth.

The new and larger rooms are made necessary by the increasing numbers of those who wish to hear something of Theosophy. For some months now—summer months, too—the seating accommodation has been inadequate, and the rooms have been crowded and uncomfortable.

It need hardly be said that there will be no change in the kind of Theosophy to be offered. As before, it will be free from dogmas, extravagances, excrescences, and superstitions. There will be no intrusion of personalities, and so far as the lodge mechanism is concerned there will be no officers, rules, by-laws, nor subscriptions.

## ASTROLOGY?

People born in January are favored so far as strength, intelligence, and health are concerned. That is the conclusion arrived at by Dr. Marcello Bolbimi, one of Italy's greatest scientists, who, as a

result of investigations, has discovered that men born between January 1st and March 31st are stronger, taller, and superior in intelligence to those whose birthdays fall in other months. This view is borne out by the researches of another Italian scientist, Deela Rovere, who found the proportion of children of inferior intelligence lowest among those born in January and February, and highest in August and September.

## THE ROSICRUCIANS.

Who can imagine or describe the glories and beauties of the universe? Living in a world of gross material form, we know nothing about the ethereal forms of life which inhabit the immensity of space; we are prone to imagine that we know all that exists, but our reflection tells us that the infinite realm of the Unknown is as much greater than the realm of that which is known as the ocean is greater than a pebble lying upon its shore. Nature is one great living whole, and the spiritual acting within her is omnipotent and eternal. He who desires to know Universal Nature and the Eternal Spirit must rise above personal and temporal consideration, and look upon nature from the standpoint of the Eternal and Infinite. He must, so to say, step out of the shell of his limited and circumscribed personal consciousness, and rise up to the top of the mountain, from which he may enjoy a view of the wide expanse of the All. He who lives at the periphery sees only



a part of the All; only from the centre of the circle can we survey the actions of light in all its directions as the beams radiate from the centre. Therefore the Rosicrucians say that he who knows the One knows All, while he who believes to know many things, knows only the illusions of the shadow produced by the light of the One.

The small can not embrace the great, the finite can not conceive of the infinite; if they desire to know that which is immensely superior to their personal selves they must step out of those selves and by the power of Love embrace the infinite All.—*From "The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians," by Franz Hartmann.*

#### AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD.

"But, Lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—

I have been used to bear the load so long.

"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road. . . ."

"Yet," said the stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her, and she stood Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood,

Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang

A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

"My Lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"

Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay:

"Was I not always here, then, as today?"

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:

"Knowest thou not this kingdom nor my name?"

"Nay," she replied: "but this I understand—

That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath:

"Lord of the Land! but men have named me Death."

—Charles Buxton Going.

#### DIVINATION BY DREAMS.

(Iamblichos in "The Egyptian Mysteries.")

In regard to divining in sleep the most marked as follows: "When we are asleep we often come, through dream to a perception of things that are about to occur. We are not in an ecstasy, nor of commotion, for the body lies at rest, yet we do not ourselves apprehend the things as clearly as when we are awake."

These things of which thou speakest are likely to take place in human dream and in those set in motion by the soul by our own thoughts, or by discourse, such things as arise from phantasies, daily cares. These are sometimes true and sometimes false; they sometimes rest upon actual fact, but they go, many times wide of the mark.

The dreams, however, which are termed "God-sent," do not have their origin in the way which thou describe. On the contrary, either when sleeping or leaving us and we are beginning to awake, it happens that we hear a certain expression in regard to things to be done; or it may be that the voices are heard during the period between being awake and asleep, or when we have just come entirely awake. Sometimes, also, an invisible and unbodied spirit enters and passes the recumbent persons in a circle, so as not to come to the sight of the individual, but to be present in another joint sensation and understanding. It makes a rustling sound when thus coming in, and also diffuses itself in every direction, without producing any sense of contact; and it likewise accomplishes wonderful results, setting free from ill conditions of the soul and also of the body. At other times, however, a light beaming forth bright and soft, the sight of the eyes is not only held fast, but it remains so even when they had been wide open before. But the other senses continue awake, and are jointly conscious to a certain degree as to how the gods are visible in the light. Hence the individuals both hear what they say, and following with the thought, know what they do. Of course this is perceived more perfectly when the eyes are looking attentively, and the mind, being in full vigor, understands the things which are performed, and the movement of the holders is likewise in harmony. These

therefore, being so many and so different, are in nothing like human dreams. On the contrary, not only are the peculiar wakeful condition, the holding of the light, the seizure resembling torpor cataleptis), the condition between sleep and awake, and the recent awaking or entire wakefulness, all of them divine, and accordant with the receiving of the gods, but they are actually sent from the gods themselves, and a part of the divine manifestations precedes them, after the manner of such things.

Banish, then, from the divine dreams that which particularly there is divination, the notion that "we are asleep" in any sense whatever, and also the statement that "we do not clearly apprehend the meaning," as applying to those who behold the divine apparitions. For not only is the presence of the gods manifest in a degree by no means inferior to those who understand such things, but if we must tell the truth, it is necessarily more exact and distinct, and effects a more perfect consciousness in the former case than in the latter. Some, however, who do not take cognizance of these proofs of dreams which are truly oracular, but who think that they are in some way common with those that are merely human, fall away, and by accident, upon those in which there is a foreknowing of the future. Hence they doubt whether there are any dreams that contain truth in any degree. Indeed this, it seems to me, disquiets thee because of not knowing their genuine tokens. But it is necessary that thou shouldst prefer the true meaning of dreams before thy own notions, and follow out the whole argument in regard to divination during sleep.

#### CONCERNING SPECTRAL FIGURES AND MATERIALIZATION.

Thou also puttest forth this declaration: "Those who are able to reproduce the mystic figures (idola) are not to be held in low esteem." I shall wonder if any one of the theurgic priests who behold the genuine ideal forms of the gods should consent to allow them at all. For why should anybody consent to take idola or spectral figures in exchange for those that have real being, and be carried from the very first to the last and lowest? Do we not know that as all things which are brought into view by such a mode of shadowing are but imperfectly discernible, they are really phantoms of what is

genuine, and that they appear good to the seeming, but never are really so?

Other things are in like manner brought in, being carried along in the course of events, but nothing is rendered that is genuine or complete or distinct. But the mode of producing them is plain, for not God, but man, is the maker of them. Nor are they produced from single and intellectual essences, but from matter taken for the purpose.

What that is good can come into existence that germinates from matter and from the powers material and corporeal which exist with matter and in bodies? Is not the thing which owes existence to human art more impotent and of less importance than the persons themselves who gave it existence? By what art or skill is this spectral figure put into form? For it is said it is molded as by the skill of Demiurgus himself. But that skill is employed in the producing of genuine essences, never in the forming of mere spectral figures. Hence, the art of producing idola is a long way distant from Demiurgic creating. On the contrary, it does not preserve the analogy with Divine creating at all. For God creates all things, but not through the physical motions of things in the sky or by those of partied matter or by the forces thus divided. But instead, it is by thoughts put into activity, by purposes and non-material ideals, through the sempiternal and supermundane soul, that he constructs the worlds.

But the creator of the spectral figures, it is said, makes them as of the revolving stars. The thing does not have its existence in the way as it is imagined. For as there are unlimited powers possessed by the gods in the sky, the last and lowest of all these is that of the realm of nature. But again, a part of this lowest power takes the lead by itself prior to generated existence, being inherent in the principles which contain the germs of things, and established in the immovable essences. The other part, however, existing in the perceptible and visible motions, and likewise in the auras and qualities from out of the sky, exercises dominion over the whole visible order of things, in all which this last in the series rules as a deputed governor over the universal realm of visible existence in the places around the earth. But in the realm of visible existence, and in the qualities of the auras perceptible to the

sense which are sent down from the sky, many different arts are brought into use, such as medicine and gymnastics, and all others that harmonize with nature in their results. And what is more, the creating of spectral figures attracts from the auras a very indistinct portion of generative energy.

Hence, as the truth is so, it is right to make it known: That the individual creating the spectral figures employs in his procedures neither the revolutions of the heavenly bodies nor the powers which exist in them by nature; and, in short, he is not able to come in contact with them. But as he follows the rules of an art, and does not proceed theurgically, he deals with the last and most inferior emanations, manifestly, from their nature, about the extreme part of the universe. But these emanations being partially commingled with matter, I think that they are capable of changing to it, and likewise of taking new form and being modeled differently at different times. They likewise admit change of powers in these particulars from some to others. But such a diversity of energies, and the combination of so many powers pertaining to the realm of matter, are separated, not only from everything of divine creation, but also from everything of natural production. For nature performs its own works after one plan, and at once, by simple and uncomplicated operations. The fact remains, accordingly, that such a manner of producing spectral figures by a commingling about the lowest and a manifest celestial inflow, the things being yielded by the celestial nature is by art.

### SOME LIFE CYCLES.

Dr. Thomas E. Reed, M. D., in his recent work, "Sex, Its Origin and Determination," gives a valuable summary of the law of periodicity or cycles as it shows itself in some human and animal processes. He says:

"The average time occupied in hatching the eggs of many species of insects is three and one-half days. In some insects the period is one week and a half, as, for example, the black caterpillar. Others require from two to six weeks. The larvæ period of the bumble bee is exactly seven days, the moth six weeks, and the common black caterpillar six weeks. The wood-piercer bee is in the

larval state four weeks. The hen lays eggs for three weeks and sets on them three more. Albin found that hens after separation from the cock for the first week laid nothing but fertile eggs, but on the ninth and tenth days both fertile and infertile eggs were laid. On the twelfth day all the eggs were infertile, but fertile eggs would again show and were laid even as late as the eighteenth day. From which we gather that the day having the highest average of fertility were approximately the seventh and the fourteenth.

"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.

"For a number of generations it has been noticed that infectious fevers present certain periodic fluctuations. I have been in the habit of noting these periodic changes in many forms of acute disease. In some it seems to be more easily recognized than in others. The ones where it is the most easily observed are those which depend upon a bacterial infection. In very acute diseases we have noted that the termination of a full week generally brings a critical day. A distinct change usually occurs either for better or for worse at that time. To a lesser degree this is true of the end of the three and a half day period. Convalescence is often established at the end of the first or second week; or when death takes place it is more likely to occur on the seventh, fourteenth, or twenty-first day, or perhaps the fourth, eleventh, or eighteenth, and so on. These changes in the character of the symptom complex are not, perhaps, so noticeable to the general practitioner as they would be were all diseases allowed to run their natural course.

"A careful review of the incubation periods cited in various text-books will (although it must be admitted that the

status of the whole question is rather indefinite) if averaged support my own observations. Their relation to the monthly metabolic cycle or from another point of view the twelve-hour lunar cycle is clearly indicated. The incubation of typhoid is from seven to twenty-one days; varicella fourteen days; vaccination twenty-four hours, while the papule will make its appearance on an average three and one-half days after the operation. Smallpox has an incubation period of from seven to fourteen days. Scarlet fever averages three and one-half days; measles, ten and one-half days; while roetheln, or German measles, has about the same period. Whooping cough will average about ten and one-half days. The average of dengue is, probably three and one-half days."

### LOOKING FORWARD.

(By Mrs. J. A. Dresser.)

We have come together from varied interests with one end in view. We stand for the ideal that a new life, a new philosophy is coming into the world. Some of us are interested in applying it to healing; others care more for the philosophical elements; others still for its mystic and spiritual factors; and some for the religious point of view it presents; but we are all united in the desire to interpret and to understand life as a whole in the light of it.

As I look back through more than fifty years of experience I seem to see something of the wonderful leading of the divine providence, and I look forward with deepening interest to the future which is unfolding. I see how Mr. Quimby grasped the thought which we all call new. He saw that mind and soul are paramount, that thought is substance, and that even love has body, and a power to heal. He saw the physical as the body of the inner world and the temple of the soul, and like all founders of a thing so great, he saw more keenly, more clearly and with more rational view, than those who followed him, the value of these truths. . . .

You all know how it was with this great truth that Mr. Quimby brought to light—how Christian Science came, how many followed blindly into wide extremes and wild denials of the obvious facts of life, unbalanced in irrationality.

You all know how the saner ones came back, and now you see the inevitable crumbling of that structure before the return of reason. And some of you remember the efforts, thirty years ago, on the part of those who had become interested in these truths—like my husband and myself, who had been students under Mr. Quimby's care—to begin the movement that has led on to this day, and that has ultimately produced this club and spread its influence over the land. That evening when this club was formed, a few earnest men and women met to gain strength by unity. We were seeking for just what Mr. Quimby had sought for years before—to understand the relation between the soul, the mind and the body, believing that in this lay the key to our relation to God and to all life—the very secret of philosophy.

During the years of Mr. Quimby's practice of healing, he had sought for this scientific understanding. He had seen that mind is substance; he also saw that there is an intermediary substance between mind and body, and he called this "spiritual matter." He said this is the substance which receives all impressions both good and bad. This is the same intermediary substance which the modern scientist speaks of as the "subconscious" mind—that Mr. Frederick W. H. Meyers called the "subliminal self"—that Swedenborg means by the "limbus"—that Dr. Morton Prince explains in his new book, "The Unconscious."

Mr. Quimby's researches were directly in line with the best of modern scientific thought, and with the best philosophical teaching of the past. He hoped to reduce to a science his theory that man is here and now a spiritual being, and that this intermediary substance of his nature is the basis of all his happiness or misery. The divine flows in with all love, wisdom, and power into every human soul, seeking embodiment there. In the supraconscious degrees of the mind it is received in its integrity. This is the kingdom of heaven within. In the conscious mind it is received only in part. When the divine finds forms corresponding to itself, there it lodges; but when the forms are out of correspondence it is perverted or lost. The life current is an active force; it is active, creative, formative. In the mind of man it must either build up or break down the divine image—

God's image in man, the very tabernacle of the divine life.—From "*A History of the New Thought Movement*," by Horatio W. Dresser. Published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

### ON EARNESTNESS.

Earnestness is the path of immortality (Nirvana), thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are as if dead already. Those who are advanced in earnestness, having understood this clearly, delight in earnestness, and rejoice in the knowledge of the Ariyas (the elect).

These wise people, meditative, steady, always possessed of strong power, attain to Nirvana, the highest happiness.

If an earnest person has roused himself, if he is not forgetful, if his deeds are pure, if he acts with consideration, if he restrains himself, and lives according to law—then his glory will increase.

By rousing himself, by earnestness, by restraint and control, the wise man may make for himself an island which no flood can overwhelm.

Fools follow after vanity, men of evil wisdom. The wise man keeps earnestness as his best jewel.

Follow not after vanity, nor after the enjoyment of love and lust! He who is earnest and meditative, obtain ample joy.

When the learned man drives away vanity by earnestness, he, the wise, climbing the terraced heights of wisdom, looks down upon the fools, serene he looks upon the toiling crowd, as one that stands on a mountain looks down upon them that stand upon the plain.

Earnest among the thoughtless, awake among the sleepers, the wise man advances like a racer, leaving behind the back.

By earnestness did Maghavan (Indra) rise to the lordship of the gods. People praise earnestness; thoughtlessness is always blamed.

A Bhikshu (mendicant) who delights in earnestness, who looks with fear on thoughtlessness, moves about like fire, burning all his fetters, small or large.

A Bhikshu (mendicant) who delights in reflection, who looks with fear on thoughtlessness, can not fall away (from his perfect state) he is close upon Nirvana.—From the Sanskrit. Translated by F. Max Muller.

### LIGHT ON THE PATH.

The rules which must be obeyed if the evolution of the soul is to take its normal course are clearly laid down in that wonderful book, "Light on the Path."

Kill out ambition.

Kill out desire of life.

Kill out desire of comfort.

Kill out all sense of separateness.

Kill out the desire for sensation.

Kill out the hunger for growth.

These aphorisms are frequently misunderstood and therefore ridiculed. They do not imply asceticism, they do not imply denying one's self all the pleasure of life, but they do mean that everything must be looked at from the standpoint of efficiency as a warrior in the great war to which we have referred; they are the rules of battle, rules without which it is impossible to win the victory and without which one can become at best but a black magician.

White and black magic, white and black magicians, these are terms which are found in almost any book on occultism, and with the fairy stories in our minds we are apt to look on them as pure superstition, or we may take them so seriously that we attempt to evoke spirits to do our bidding, after the old rituals or rituals invented by ourselves.

What is a magician? One does not have to wear a robe, to have a wand, to burn incense and use evocations and incantations to be a magician. A magician is any one who uses or attempts to use forces not generally understood. As possessors of the superior knowledge of nature given us by science, we would rightly pass as magicians before a savage, and any power not possessed by the average man, or possessed by him in an inferior degree entitles its owner to rank as a magician.

It is a fundamental rule that occult powers must not be used for personal purposes, and this is one of the reasons for the secrecy which has often been insisted on. Every power may be used to the disadvantage of others, and when so used the act constitutes nothing short of burglary. But the powers need not be what we understand as occult. We do not have to go back to Atlantis to see that the great curse of society at all times has been the abuse of superior intelligence by its possessors for personal ag-

grandizement at the expense of others. It is the great problem today, the problem which governments and social reformers are struggling with, and which has been multiplied many times by the power which intellect derives from science.

The distinction between white and black magic is then very simple. He who makes use of his powers, his knowledge, his influence, for purposes which relate to himself and regardless of their effects on others, is a black magician. He who uses them for the good of the world is a white magician. The black magician of to-day wears the business suit; his methods are very generally those approved or winked at by the law; he does not choose some dismal and lonely chamber, but has an office in a skyscraper and carries on his work through the stock exchange, the banks, and the mechanism of trade. We meet him by the dozens or the hundreds daily, and if we look we are likely to find traces of him in ourselves. Even if he thinks he loves his fellows, while he is really spending his time trying to advance himself physically or spiritually without regard to whether others who need his help are getting it, in short, if his aims are selfish, no matter on what level, he belongs among the black magicians.—*The O. E. Library Critic*, 1297 Q Street, NW., Washington, D. C.

### MULTIPLE THINKING.

It has been asserted that the brain can function directly upon only one thought at a time and that the apparent multitude of matters considered by the mind in a minimum of time is due to the rapidity with which thought moves from one to the other. For instance, two objects that form one mental picture, as two horses, may be visualized at once; yet distant things, as a city and a mountain, are entertained by the mental faculties, not at the same instant, but in rapid succession.

Take the example of a man seated at a piano playing and singing. Before him is the sheet of music, perhaps new to him. In the lines and spaces the notes have different meanings or places in the octave of the keyboard, according as they are in the bass or the treble clef. The

player's two hands are busied with these two lines of music, which are thus of slightly different meaning and are altogether different in performance, having in common only harmony and time. There are also the composer's annotations, or directions for emphasis, to which the player gives regard or not, as he pleases. Then there are the printed words of the song to be read and to be sung. Also the player's foot must sometimes operate the pedal, which, in addition, it is the experience that unrelated thoughts enter his mind: the probable pleasure or displeasure of the audience and even memories recent or far in the past. With all that the music must be executed in proper time.

Thus at the same instant the performer may be busied with four lines of text: two of the notes, one of the musical annotation, one of words; his foot operating the pedal, his two hands finding the notes on the keyboard to which he occasionally looks, while his voice is engaged in song, and his emotions enter into the singing and playing together with thought of external, unrelated matters.

It seems too much to allow the argument here that the entire reading is done with infinite rapidity between the playing of the notes, and that the mind then directs the hands to press the keys and the foot to press the pedal and the voice to sing at the proper moment, and then releases itself from that part in order to sweep across the four lines of text for the next measure or part of a measure. It is true that the muscles have some automatic powers, yet there must be some mental supervision simultaneously directed over the complete performance.—*New York Times*.

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, . . . so with the external or manifested Universe.

The knowledge of this nether world—

Say, friend, what is it, false or true?  
The false, what mortal cares to know?

The true, what mortal ever knew?

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 DUEL.

One wonders what there is about psychic research and spiritualism that seems to rob men of their judgment, their intellectual capacities, and their sense of evidential values. What strange power is this that can produce the extremes of a pathetic credulity on the one hand, and on the other a blankness of negation that can be described only as stupidity in its most dense form?

Take, for example, the duel between Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a spiritualist. Mr. Jerome is not. Both are men of literary eminence and with trained minds, well versed in the literature of the day, and with all the facts at their disposal. We might reasonably expect a discussion that would at least be aimed at some definite goal, that would at least show some slight wish to arrive at the truth.

There is no sign of either. The disputants seem unable even to talk about the same thing, to arrive at some understanding as to the point in contention. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle relates a number of psychic phenomena of the most ordinary kind, and assumes without a word of argument that they are produced by the spirits of the dead. For the most part they are not even good phenomena. They are plain ordinary ghost stories, such as schoolgirls tell each other after they have gone to bed. There is hardly an intelligent human being in civiliza-

tion who has not had experiences of this kind. But to Sir Arthur they rank with the discovery of a new gospel. A young man is redeemed from drink after a clairvoyant has seen the spirit of his mother hovering over him. Here then is the new religion, and it is so simple that we wonder what the sages and saints of the world made such a pother about. All that we need do is to watch out for the hovering spirits, and employ a medium at \$2 an hour to tell us what they are saying. All the mysteries of nature yield to the key so obligingly extended to us by Sir Arthur, and for the moment we are inclined to wonder if this can really be the creator of Sherlock Holmes. We should like to employ Sherlock Holmes on some of the problems submitted to us by Sir Arthur. Never was there so engaging a simplicity, such winning candor. There is nothing that Sir Arthur will not believe. There is nothing that he will not offer to us on the overwhelming evidence that some one told him so.

All this is amusing enough. It is silly, but it is not actually stupid, and it seems that we must choose between the two. For the stupidity we must go to Mr. Jerome. Mr. Jerome does not stay to inquire whether psychic phenomena actually occur. He does not stay to inquire about anything. He merely denies. Evidence has no weight with him whatever. Faced with psychic phenomena now to be numbered by tens of thousands, guaranteed by countless observers, including the



ripest scientific minds of the day, he reminds us that hundreds of years ago there were persons of repute who said that they had seen witches riding on broomsticks. Presumably they had seen nothing of the sort. They were misled by a fixed idea, and by the spirit of the age. Therefore there are no psychic phenomena. Since witches do not ride upon broomsticks, therefore there is no such thing as clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, materializations, nor apparitions. Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Alfred Russell Wallace, all the members of the Society for Psychical Research, thousands of competent observers in every country in the world, are all to be classified with the Salem witch hunters. We wonder if Mr. Jerome believes in the battle of Waterloo. Probably not. Certainly we should not welcome the task of proving it to him. Probably he does not believe in aeroplanes. If reputable persons hundreds of years ago could be so deceived about witches riding on broomsticks, why should we believe reputable people today who say that they have seen men riding in aeroplanes?

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Jerome between them go far to destroy our confidence in the trained mind. The one is indescribably silly, and the other is indescribably stupid. The points at issue are, first, whether psychic phenomena do occur, and secondly, why they occur. There is also another point, and one that is less easy of settlement. We should like to know why the realm of psychic phenomena should produce such infantile credulities as those of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and such mental densities as those of Mr. Jerome.

### INDIA.

It is commonly believed that Theosophists look to India for spiritual light and knowledge, and that a certain peculiar sanctity is attached to Indian philosophy. This belief is sustained by the current theosophical use of a Sanskrit terminology, and also, be it said, by a tendency to credulity and superstition to which the Theosophist is quite as prone as other people, and often more so.

The use of Sanskrit terminology, which should be restrained as much as possible, is a matter of convenience. The Sans-

krit language is extraordinarily rich in philosophical terms, and therefore it lends itself to a precision of speech otherwise impossible. Psychology is a new science in the West. In the East it is immemorially ancient. It has a vocabulary of large dimensions and of peculiar accuracy. Moreover, it is to be remembered that many of the theosophical tenets are generally accepted throughout the East and the language of India has been molded to their expression.

But this ought not to create the impression that Theosophy is an Indian system or that the Theosophist holds the Hindu in special reverence. Nor need the Theosophist feel that he is in any way called upon to defend the extravagances of Hindu thought, or the conservatism, sometimes barbarous, of the Hindu social system. If some emphasis has been placed upon the religious literature of India it is not necessarily because it is superior, but because it is different and because it tells old truths in a new way, and displays the diamond from a new angle. If the writer may be permitted to express an individual opinion it would be to the effect that the Bible contains more occult truth directly revealed than all the books of India put together and that its study would be far more fruitful. But unfortunately our minds have been indurated, ossified, toward the Bible. We are no longer able to read it with minds free from the blight of theology and creed. We are no longer able to look directly at its occult teachings and to realize their tremendous significances. In the whole realm of such writings there is nothing more occult than "The Song of Solomon," nothing more rich in magical lore than "Genesis," nothing more illuminating than the sayings of Jesus or the events of his life. Never have the secrets of the ages been cast abroad with a more lavish hand than in "Revelations."

There is no reason to suppose that India is more spiritual than America, much reason to believe the contrary. Stagnation is not spiritual. Motion is the first law of nature. The Theosophical Society was founded in America, not in India, and it is among the Brahmans of India that we must look for its most relentless and most subtle enemies. It is precisely among those Theosophists who have anchored

their faith to India, who have fallen under the spell of India, that we find that spiritual exclusiveness, one might say that spiritual pride, that is the negation of Theosophy and its disgrace. From them alone come claims of spiritual superiority. It is they who fit the halo of "leadership" to their own heads, prating of a knowledge that they do not possess, and misusing the knowledge that they do possess. It is probably true that there are more people in America than in India who are earnestly and faithfully seeking to suppress their lower natures by faithful service to others. It is probably equally true that occult knowledge may be obtained more easily in America than in India. Certainly the place for the American student is in America, and not in India, and he is more likely to find his teacher among those of his own race than of any other. And all this may be said without depreciation of the debt that we owe to Aryavarta.

#### FROM THE DHAMMAPADA.

##### THOUGHT.

As a fletcher makes straight his arrow, a wise man makes straight his trembling and unsteady thought, which is difficult to guard, difficult to hold back.

As a fish taken from his watery home and thrown on the dry ground, our thought trembles all over in order to escape the dominion of Mara (the tempter).

It is good to tame the mind, which is difficult to hold in and flighty, roaming wherever it listeth; a tamed mind brings happiness.

Let the wise man guard his thoughts, for they are difficult to perceive, very artful, and they rush wherever they list: thoughts well guarded bring happiness.

Those who bridle their mind, which travels far, moves about alone, is without a body, and hides in the chamber (of the heart), will be free from the bonds of Mara (the tempter).

If a man's thoughts are unsteady, if he does not know the true law, if his peace of mind is troubled, his knowledge will ever be imperfect.

If a man's thoughts are not dissipated, if his mind is not perplexed, if he has ceased to think of good or evil, then there is no fear for him while he is watchful.

Knowing that this body is (fragile)

like a jar, and making this thought firm like a fortress, one should attack Mara (the tempter) with the weapon of knowledge, one should watch him when conquered, and should never rest.

Before long, alas! this body will lie on the earth, despised, without understanding, like a useless log.

Whatever a hater may do to a hater, or an enemy to an enemy, a wrongly-directed mind will do us greater mischief.

Not a mother, not a father will do so much, nor any other relative; a well-directed mind will do us greater service.

#### PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

In spite of the injunction by the Bishop of London, many British clergymen are adherents of the doctrine of spiritualism (says the *Literary Digest*). Besides these, according to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, there are at least fifty professors so minded in various seats of learning. The bishop, at a great meeting in Hyde Park, we are told, warned his hearers "against tampering with such things, as if they were still uncanny and, possibly, unclean—a verdict that was common enough a few years ago." "Many have been led astray," said the bishop, to which Sir Arthur replies: "How strange that the church should attack us for confirming its own doctrine of immortality—its basic creed, in fact." Sir Arthur, especially since the war began, has been one of the outstanding figures in the ranks of believers in spiritualism which have been enormously swelled in England in the past five years. He has delivered many lectures besides writing a book called "The New Revelation," and Mr. Charles Dawbarn, who interviews him for the London *Daily Chronicle*, says "it is notorious that he has been greatly attacked for his advocacy of the new cause and has lost friends thereby." Sir Arthur's faith is so firm that he thinks "we could knock sideways many of our objectors if only they had been present at a sitting" held not long since in his own house. It is thus recounted by him:

It was very touching and convincing. A young man, highly connected on both sides, but unfortunately a dipsomaniac, had been cared for and saved by two Americans, both spiritualists who had brought him into touch with his own dead mother. These Americans sat with us at a séance here, and the mother

controlled one of them. It was wonderful to hear this sweet, purely English voice coming out of the throat of an American.

The incident began by the medium, with a fellow-American, walking down Oxford Street. Both were attracted by the dejected figure of a young man in front of them. They saw by clairvoyance the vision of a woman bending over him with infinite tenderness. It was his mother. And now we have the pleasure of knowing that the young man is utterly reformed.

He has given up his bad habits, and his two psychical friends are taking him away to America, where he will have, at least, no temptation to drink.

I shall never forget the beauty of the séance. We were greatly affected when we heard the medium, in a voice so clear and sweet, sing two lines of the mother's favorite hymn, "Sun of my soul." The medium is a chaplain, I may tell you, and I have advised him to give up his ministry and devote himself to psychical work.

Because the churches have failed in the present crisis, Sir Arthur maintains, spiritualism has been the gainer. People get cold comfort from ordinary religion:

Sermons are full of windy words and dogmatic assertions. Men have largely ceased to go to church. It is not that they are irreligious. It is that they have outgrown this presentment of religion. Is it not remarkable that in the lectures that I have delivered up and down the country quite half my audience are men?

I myself was skeptical in the early days. As a young medical man I was a materialist, though I believed in God because I felt that behind the "immutable laws" must be Somebody who had made the laws immutable. You remember that Napoleon, when on his way to Egypt, pointed to the stars and inquired of his staff—no doubt skeptics to a man—"Gentlemen, who made these?" Well, that was my view. But I was a doubter—I wanted proof of everything. In spiritualism, as I can now see, I spent too long a time in demanding proofs of things already proved.

I have long since passed the stage of inquirer or investigator. Proofs! My dear sir, my shelves are full of them. [Sir Arthur pointed to the numerous books on the subject—over one hundred in number—which stared from shelf above shelf in his library.]

It is not true that scientists are divided about the genuineness of the communications. It is true that Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and others rejected them, but without adequate examination.

Huxley was "not interested"; Spencer resisted spiritualism on *a priori* grounds. Indeed, one may say that these distinguished scientists, so splendid in their own domain, adopted an unscientific attitude toward these new phenomena.

The scientists who have examined into the manifestations are almost unanimous in believing them, though they differ upon the religious interpretation. Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Russel Wallace, and at least fifty professors could be quoted upon our side.

Many clergymen are adherents in spite of the Bishop of London's injunction.

Sir Arthur's picture of the Heaven of the New Revelation has nothing to do with "harps" or "celestial choirs":

But there is a great deal of a higher intellectual life stript of grossness and materialism—the curse of the present day. Therein the inhabitants follow their destiny much as we do here. Those who are intellectual pursue their speculations and their artistic pursuits, and every gift finds its full fruition there. Those who were less spiritual on earth remain in some intermediate state until they are ready to progress.

Heaven, as we understand it, is the final goal of all. The passing period of development varies according to the advancement or merit of the soul. But it is strange to find persons of apparently inferior position on earth occupying there an exalted place. For the man who has worked up from humble beginnings is likely to be more highly considered than he who has had every advantage, but has been comparatively inactive throughout his life.

Nor is one's individuality merged in the new world. One is broadened, but is still tinged by the old views. The teaching of the other world is that all religions are good as long as they lead to spirituality, and are bad as far as they retard it. The man of low spiritual stature is longer traveling through to the higher plane than the other. He is isolated from contact with the best spirits, save when they descend to him upon missionary work.

It was at one of the largest memorial services held in London that the bishop uttered his warning against spiritualists, naming Sir Arthur especially as one to be guarded against. In the indirect manner favored by English journalism we get from the *London Morning Post* the gist of the bishop's statements, and it is curious to note that his warnings are accompanied with the recital of an incident the spiritualists might claim as testimony to their faith:

In the course of his address, delivered from a drumhead, the Bishop of London said that they were assembled in memory of 700,000 dead soldiers and 57,000 dead sailors. He would say to the bereaved that the honor of God was pledged that they should see their loved ones again. Were the dead far from them? No. He knew the case of a boy of nineteen who was killed by falling 13,000 feet from a shattered airplane. Shortly afterward his mother saw his form, wondrously bright, come up to her, and she felt his arms around her, and his lips on her. And then in a voice of indescribable tenderness the boy said: "No, mummy, I am not allowed to come back to you on earth again," and vanished.

Our faith, continued the preacher, did not depend on these visions, but they enforced what we were promised. The husband

brother, or son was exactly the same five minutes after death as he was before. Have nothing to do, said the Bishop of London, with this attempted communication with the dead. He believed such attempts were leading many away. He believed himself that it was a sin to seek to know what one could not know. Let great scientists, let Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Conan Doyle, do what they liked, but do not let the ordinary mourner spend his hours in trying to get into communication with the dead.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, equally distinguished with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as a man of letters, takes issue with the creator of Sherlock Holmes: Writing in "Common Sense," Mr. Jerome says:

With gladness would I accept a new religion "founded upon human reason on this side and upon spirit inspiration upon the other." But what are we offered? On this side the darkened room, the ubiquitous tambourine, the hired medium (sometimes "detected in trickery" and sometimes not), now tied into a chair, and now locked up in an iron cage; the futile messages, proved frequently to be "concoctions," vague prophecies of the kind that we can read in any "Old Moore's Almanac." These things do not appeal to my reason. We have descriptions given to us of the spiritual world that are supposed to clinch the matter. It is a description of the sort of place that everybody wants to go to. All our more respectable earthly desires will be gratified. Life's little luxuries we shall continue to enjoy without trouble and expense. We are to be reunited to our loved ones, and everybody is to be good looking and aged about thirty. We are to be very, very happy. Am I asked to accept this sort of thing as proof of "spirit inspiration"?

Where is this "new religion"? What does spiritualism preach? Or is it content with the world as it is? I take the last five years. Has spiritualism done anything—is it doing anything—to help man to be less brutal, less hypocritical, less greedy? Has it done anything—is it doing anything—to lessen the appalling wickedness that is threatening, like some foul weed, to poison the whole earth? For five years savagery and cruelty have been preached to us from pulpit and from press. Our children are being taught it at their mothers' knees. Vengeance and hatred are the new virtues. Christ, amid roars of laughter, is mocked in our parliaments. What has spiritualism done—what is it doing—to help mankind to recover its senses, its manhood; to rescue its soul from being withered by lust and passion?

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Atma neither progresses, forgets, nor remembers. It does not belong to this plane: it is but the Ray of Light eternal which shines upon, and through, the darkness of matter—when the latter is willing.

## THE MOON.

(The following interesting information with regard to the Moon is taken from "The Adolfo Stahl Lectures in Astronomy," just published by the Stanford University Press. The lecture in question is by R. G. Aitken.)

I said just now that the Moon always keeps the same face turned toward the Earth. This is true in a general way, but the statement is not quite exact. The Moon's equator is inclined  $6\frac{1}{2}$  degrees to the plane of its orbit, consequently at one time in each month its north pole is tipped  $6\frac{1}{2}$  degrees toward us, and two weeks later its south pole is similarly tipped. Therefore we see a little beyond first one pole and then the other each month. This slight vibration we call the *libration in latitude*. Further, since the moon's orbit is an ellipse its motion in its orbit will be variable, being slower when it is farthest from the Earth and faster when it is nearest; but its motion of rotation on its axis is perfectly uniform. This produces what we call the *libration in longitude* and permits us to "see alternately a few degrees around the eastern and western edges of the lunar globe." Finally, the Moon when it rises and when it sets is practically on a plane passing through the centre of the Earth while we are about 4000 miles above that plane; therefore we look a little past the western limb of the Moon as it rises and a little past its eastern limb as it sets. The net result is that 41-100 of the Moon is always visible, 41-100 is never visible, and the remaining 18-100, along the limbs, is sometimes visible and sometimes not.

The Moon is so near the Earth that its distance can be measured with very great accuracy. One method of doing this is, in principle, precisely like that which a surveyor employs to determine the distance to an inaccessible object. The surveyor measures off a base line of suitable length from both ends of which the object is visible. At each end he then measures the angle included between the other end of the line and the object. This gives him a triangle in which he knows the size of three independent parts—one side and two angles—and from these he can readily compute the other parts. In the case of the Moon we measure its distance from the zenith at two stations having nearly the same longitude but widely separated in latitude, the ob-

servatories at Greenwich, England, and at the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, for example. Knowing the latitudes of our stations we have for our base line the length of the line between them drawn through the Earth's crust, and the measures of the Moon's zenith distance supply our angles. Then we calculate the distance from each observatory to the Moon and from these values the distance to the Moon from the Earth's centre. The mean value has been found to be 238,862 miles; but it is easier to remember the value 240,000 miles, a round number that is sufficiently exact for any one except the specialist. Having the Moon's distance, our measures of its apparent angular diameter can be converted into miles. This leads to the figures 2160 miles, a little more than one-fourth the diameter of the Earth.

Several of the satellites of Jupiter and of Saturn are fully as large as or even larger than our Moon, but the planets themselves are so much larger than the Earth that the contrast between planet and satellite is very much greater. Our Moon, in fact, ought really to be called the Earth's companion rather than its satellite. Viewed from Venus or from Mars it would easily be seen without the telescope, forming with the Earth a beautiful double star.

It is its nearness to us, however, rather than its size, that makes the Moon the only body except the Sun which exercises a direct influence upon our lives here on the Earth. I am speaking now from the strictly utilitarian point of view. Planets could be completely destroyed and the stars hidden from our sight and in one sense our lives would go on without the slightest inconvenience, though our intellectual and spiritual loss would be immeasurable. But let the Moon be annihilated! Immediately the effect would be felt in nearly every shipping port in the world. The ships in dock could not get out; the ships outside could not get in; and the maritime commerce of the world would be thrown into dire confusion, for the Moon is the principal factor in producing the tides. The Sun also raises tides on the Earth, but its effect is only half that of the Moon.

We can not enter now upon the story of the tides; that would make a lecture in itself. But I want to take up one

point very briefly. If the Moon raises tides upon the Earth, then the Earth must likewise exercise a tidal strain upon the Moon and because the Earth's Mass is so much the greater of the two, this strain must be about twenty times that exerted by the Moon upon the Earth. We think of the tides as a phenomenon connected with the ocean, but a moment's reflection will make it clear that the pull of the Moon, under the law of gravitation, is just as strong upon the solid crust of the continents. The waters of the ocean are freer to move, that is all. Now it can be shown mathematically that when a body rotates upon its axis in the same direction as its motion in its orbit, and the rotation time is shorter than the revolution period, such a tidal force acts as a brake to slow up the rotational motion until the two periods are equal. It is thought by most astronomers that the Moon originally rotated much faster than it does now and that the cumulative effect of the Earth's tidal action upon it through the ages is responsible for the fact that now its rotation time equals its revolution period, in other words, for the observed fact that it now keeps the same face always turned toward the Earth.

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### FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

(The following article from an early number of the *Theosophical Review* is of interest in view of recent speculations on extra-Neptunian planets.)

The students of Theosophy who correlate its teachings with the speculations of the most advanced science, are gratified from time to time in the finding results of occult research more or less confirmed by the pioneers of orthodox investigation—nearly all of whom would reject with contumely the aid of any supernatural hint or guidance. Stepping into the silent realms of the supposed unknown, these explorers are too intent upon their quest to observe the half-obliterated footprints which tell of others who have trodden those paths before. A somewhat notable illustration of this priority of occultism in scientific discovery has just become available in regard to the two extra-Neptunian planets of which the existence is recorded in our Theosophic literature. Our readers may find it interesting in this connection to turn to Mr. A. P. Sinnett's book, "The Growth

of the Soul." In Chapter X, which treats of "The System to Which We Belong," will be found (pp. 271-272), the statement that: "The life with which Neptune is concerned is not calculated to attain very high levels; but, on the other hand, this wonderful cosmic organism is especially interesting for an astronomical reason. Connected in evolution with Neptune there are in fact two other planets physically belonging to our system which have not yet fallen a prey to telescopic research. One of them may ultimately be discovered by ordinary means: the outermost lies far beyond the range of physical instruments, for not merely is its distance appalling to the imagination, but the light it would throw back to us by reflection from the sun is exceedingly feeble. . . . At that distance the light of the sun would barely make darkness visible. And for any warmth the distant planet may require, it must be dependent chiefly on influences with which physical science on this earth at present is ill acquainted."

So much for the record of the occult research; now for the confirmation. This may be found in the "Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh" (Vol. XXIII, p. 370), which report a paper recently read before the society by Professor Forbes. In an abstract which appeared in the *Athenæum* of October 5th it is stated that the professor gave: "The results of calculations which he considered to point to the existence of an unknown planet far exterior to Neptune, and moving at a mean distance from the sun equal to about one hundred times that of the earth. This is founded on the aphelion distances of a considerable number of comets whose orbits are supposed to have become elliptical by the perturbing action of the hypothetical planet. The five comets observed in 1264 and 1556 were formerly thought to be identical, and another return was expected about 1848, which did not, however, occur. Professor Forbes now suggests that the planet in question, which he thinks is really a large one, though it would of course be of feeble light at so great a distance, greatly altered the orbit of the comet of 1556, and that this comet is in fact identical with the third comet of 1844, discovered by Wilmot on the 19th of December in that year. This theory is derived from the assumed place

of the supposed planet, which he considers to be now situated in about longitude 181 degrees."

Whether the mathematical calculations will ever be confirmed by visual demonstration of the dark planet's existence is a nice point on which to speculate. Perhaps there is a remote chance of its occulting some bright star, and thus (if its position could be determined with precision) revealing itself objectively. But considerations of this sort may best be left to our astronomers.

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#### WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

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 anthill, 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.

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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.

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Were a truly learned Occult-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.

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The whole Kosmos is guided, controlled, 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.

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The whole order of Nature evinces a progressive march towards a higher life. There is design in the action of the seemingly blindest forces

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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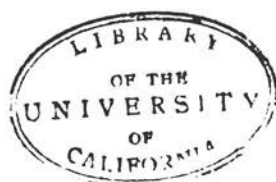
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## DEATH AND AFTER.

When Dr. Johnson saw a troupe of performing dogs he said that there was nothing remarkable in what they did, but it was remarkable that they should do it at all. In the same way we may say that there is nothing remarkable about Sir Oliver Lodge's article in the *Yale Review*, but it is remarkable that it should be there at all. That the organ of one of our greatest universities should print an article favorable to spiritualism is a presage of which it would be hard to exaggerate the significance.

But the article itself is disappointing. It is partially reproduced in these columns, not because it adds in any way to our knowledge, for it does not, but in order that we may record what the world is saying and doing in matters psychic. It is a rather pitiful record, take it all in all, but none the less there may be some comfort in the fact that the world does move, however slowly.

Sir Oliver Lodge has all the misguided and narrow-angle enthusiasm of the pioneer. His whole horizon is filled with the few dust specks he thinks he has discovered, and he is quite unaware that they seem to be so large only because they are so close to his eye, in the same way that a penny can be used to hide the moon. In common with Sir Conan Doyle he believes that he has been in communication with the dead, and at once he can see nothing in the whole range of spiritual philosophy except a similarity of aim and of method.

One would suppose that the whole hierarchy of saints and sages had lived for no other reason than to preach the doctrine of spirit communication, and that they may now be invited to make way for Sludge the medium with his trumpet séances, his materializations, and all the horrid paraphernalia of modern research. Every Gospel, says Sir Oliver, "concludes with incidents of this nature." This is not true of any one of the Gospels, although it is true that the Gospels contain incidents related to mediumship and to what is called spirit communication. They tell us of men possessed of devils that were driven forth by those who had the requisite spiritual knowledge, and who would have looked upon mediumship as equivalent to spiritual death and damnation. These are the only parallels to modern psychic phenomena that are to be found in the Gospels, although the Old Testament gives us the story of the Witch of Endor, another example of mediumship, and from an operator who would probably have laughed to scorn the efforts of her modern imitators. That the mighty works of initiated adepts should thus be identified with the maunderings and gibberings of a Paladino is calculated to arouse a feeling of physical nausea that is in no way mitigated by the colossal conceit that inspires the comparison. Modern psychical science has discovered nothing except what may be called the kitchen middens of antiquity. Exploring the garbage pails of the astral world, it announces



proudly that it has found the Pearl of Great Price. But its smell betrayeth it.

Sir Oliver Lodge is not quite candid. He conveys the impression that he is speaking in the name of Psychic Science, that he is in some way its spokesman, and that his conclusions are those now generally held by those who have equal access to and acquaintance with the evidence. It is not so. There are many investigators who are in possession of all the evidence, and whose powers of analysis and interpretation are equal to his own, and who do not believe in our power to communicate with the dead. They believe that the phenomena are to be explained in quite other ways.

Nor can we assent to the assertion that the immortality of the soul would be established in any way whatever even though the truth of spirit communication were to be demonstrated beyond all cavil. A communication from a "dead" man would prove no more than that he was alive when the communication was made. There would be in it no evidence that he would continue to live. A letter from Paris proves no more than that the writer was alive when he wrote the letter. It contains no assurances whatever for the future, still less of his immortality.

Let those who are in doubt study the evidence—all of it, not selected portions. It is easily available. In the meantime let them remain unaffected by the opinions of Sir Oliver Lodge, which are—the opinions of Sir Oliver Lodge.

### THE "LIVING DEAD MAN."

Our interest in the "living dead man," an interest that has been steadily waning with the deterioration of the quality of his communications, now gives place to an interest in his scribe or amanuensis, Elsa Barker. For she is by far the more significant entity of the two. It will be remembered that her first ventures in automatic writing were received with an enthusiasm appropriate to a new evangel. Here at last were communications that were proof against the most rigorous tests. Elsa Barker's reputation was beyond challenge. Whatever she said "went." And the "living dead man" had something to say that was of inestimable value to the world. She says herself that she was overwhelmed with letters from the suffering and the bereaved.

She was the peculiarly favored vehicle of messages vital alike to the individual and the community. We were inclined to envy Elsa Barker. She was evidently among the chosen people.

But now a change seems to come o'er the spirit of her dream. Here we have a third volume of the letters, but at once we miss the note of spontaneity and of willing service that marked the earlier collections. We wonder what is the matter with Elsa Barker. Can it be that she has wearied of well-doing? Can it be that she has doubts of the identity of her ghostly correspondent? How else shall we account for a reluctance to continue the rôle of scribe, a reluctance to which she frankly confesses? She says, "I felt in February, 1918, that I had a right to say that the incident was closed." And again, "Of course if I should feel strongly impelled to do automatic writing I should do it, trusting to that destiny which is another name for causes beyond our comprehension; but it was the strength of my 'inner protest' that made me realize that I had gone far enough along the line."

It is profoundly disappointing. Not thus have the prophets and their messengers abandoned their tasks. What more disturbing than this picture of the "living dead man," eager to communicate his wisdom to the world, but frustrated by the unwillingness of the one person qualified to transmit it? We must confess to a grave disillusionment. Either Elsa Barker herself is lacking in devotion to the cause of a humanity yearning for communications, or she has her own doubts as to the value of those communications and as to their source.

But how then does it happen that we have a third volume of these letters in spite of Elsa Barker's reluctance to give us a third volume? The answer to this question is worthy of all the attention that we are likely to give to it. It may even serve as a warning to those covetous of the powers of the medium and rashly willing to liberate forces that they do not understand and that they can not control.

The answer is to be found in the first of the letters here set forth. The "living dead man" is reproachful, and he passes easily from the stage of reproach to that of menace. He has a keen sense of the

value of his own writings. Authors usually have. He is indignant at the unaccountable reluctance of Elsa Barker to receive them, a reluctance that has led to difficulties and delays. He says: "I should have spoken to you before, but you would not let me. Child! Would you stand in the way with your personal wishes, and your shrinkings that are also wishes of a negative kind?" Can such things be? he seems to ask. The gods speak, and mortals are unwilling to hear. The "living dead man" is evidently not without his little vanities. We have met authors still in the flesh who are similarly unwilling to realize that no one wants to read them.

His case is certainly a hard one. He can not speak to any one but Elsa Barker, and Elsa Barker is too busy to be bothered. *Que faire?* Well, he is not without resources, and this is what he says: "Blocked by your will to avoid this labor, I sought another entrance; but it was too much encumbered by prejudices and preconceived ideas, and all the litter of mental fragments that had accumulated through years of residence in a creed-bound place. You who have dwelt but briefly in many tents have no obstructions at your door, save such as are placed by your will, and those I now sweep away. I shall pass in and out, and speak to you as I choose."

There we have it. Coercion and a threat. The "living dead man" will henceforth do as he pleases. He has rights of eminent domain. He will "pass in and out" without check or challenge. No longer a guest, he becomes a tenant, even a proprietor. Elsa Barker calls her book "Last Letters from a Living Dead Man." Is she sure that these are the last? It does not seem to depend upon her. "I shall pass in and out, and speak to you as I choose."

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These things should seem to thee, Asclepius, if thou dost understand them, true; but if thou dost not understand, things not to be believed. To understand is to believe, to not believe is not to understand.—*Herems the Thrice-Greatest.*

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It would be curious if we should find science and philosophy taking up again the old theory of metempsychosis.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

## THE FOOL.

Long is the night to him who is awake; long is a mile to him who is tired; long is life to the foolish who do not know the true law.

If a traveler does not meet with one who is his better, or his equal, let him firmly keep to his solitary journey; there is no companionship with a fool.

"These sons belong to me, and this wealth belongs to me"; with such thoughts a fool is tormented. He himself does not belong to himself; how much less sons and wealth?

The fool who knows his foolishness is wise at least so far. But a fool who thinks himself wise, he is called a fool indeed.

If a fool be associated with a wise man even all his life he will perceive the truth as little as a spoon perceives the taste of soup.

Fools of little understanding have themselves for their greatest enemies, for they do evil deeds which must bear bitter fruits.

That deed is not well done of which a man must repent, and the reward of which he receives crying and with a tearful face.

No, that deed is well done of which a man does not repent, and the reward of which he receives gladly and cheerfully.

As long as the evil deed done does not bear fruit, the fool thinks it is like honey; but when it ripens, then the fool suffers grief.

Let a fool month after month eat his food (like an ascetic) with the tip of a blade of Kusa grass, yet he is not worth the sixteenth particle of those who have well weighed the law.

An evil deed, like newly-drawn milk, does not turn (suddenly); smouldering, like fire covered by ashes, it follows the fool.

And when the evil deed, after it has become known, brings sorrow to the fool, then it destroys his bright lot, nay, it cleaves his head.

Let the fool wish for a false reputation, for precedence among the Bhikshus, for lordship in the convents, for worship among other people!

"May both the layman and he who has left the world think that this is done by me; may they be subject to me in everything which is to be done or is not to be

done"; thus is the mind of the fool, and his desire and pride increase.

"One is the road that leads to wealth, another the road that leads to Nirvana"; if the Bhikshu, the disciple of Buddha, has learnt this, he will not yearn for honor, he will strive after separation from the world.—*Translated from the Sanskrit by F. Max Mueller.*

### DEATH'S SECRET.

Nichi-ketas, young and living,  
Sent to regions of the dead,  
Questioned thus the mighty Yama,  
Death's deep secret he would read.  
"There is no doubt, O sable monarch,  
When an earthly mortal dies,  
Is that death his final ending,  
Doth he live again in skies?"

Answered him the sable monarch,  
Yama, ruler of the dead:  
"Mortals often ask that question,  
Gods my secret may not read.  
Not revealed to Gods or mortals  
Is the mystery of death,  
Ask of that boon and blessing,  
Ask of creatures drawing breath.

"Ask for sons and happy grandsons,  
Who shall live a hundred years,  
Gold and garments, cars and horses,  
Life exempt from ills and fears.  
Lord of broad and fertile acres,  
Rich in fruitage, corn and wine,  
Many autumns, as thou wilt,  
Life of happiness be thine!

"Higher hopes and aspirations  
If thy noble heart doth frame,  
Seek for prowess and for glory,  
And a hero's deathless fame.  
Be a king of spacious kingdoms,  
Be a lord upon the earth,  
Happy in thy life's fruition  
Be the foremost in thy worth!

"Or if softer pleasures tempt thee,  
Sweeter joys of earth be thine,  
Lute and lyre and heavenly music,  
Damsels fair and sparkling wine.  
Be attended by these maidens,  
Such as these men do not see,  
Ask for every boon and favour,  
Leave my secret unto thee!"

"These are," Nachi-ketas answered,  
"Pleasures that will pass away,  
What will please us in the present  
Fade tomorrow and decay.

Keep thy dance and heavenly music,  
Maidens young and fresh as May,  
Teach me thy great secret only,  
Secret of the after-day!"

"To the pious," Yama answered,  
"Is all mystery revealed,  
To the man of contemplation  
Life and Death their secret yield  
And he sees the Soul Immortal  
Darkly hid from mortal eyes,  
Mutely feels the throbbing presence  
Of the Lord of earth and skies!

"And the man who knows this secret  
Earthly cravings can control,  
Passes from his earthly prison,  
Mingles with the Mighty Soul.  
Nachi-ketas, this my secret,  
BRAHMA is the Mighty Breath,  
BRAHMA'S house is ever open,  
Life existeth after death!"  
—*Abridged from the Katha Upanishad.*

### DEATH AND AFTER.

(Sir Oliver Lodge in the Yale Review.)

Evidence of a cumulative and striking character is forthcoming to show that an intelligence which has lost its bodily mechanism can, under certain conditions, make use of the mechanism of others. People exist who have the receptive faculty so strongly developed, that by going into a calm state and keeping themselves quiescent, they can passively allow their nerve-muscle mechanism to be operated on—presumably through some centres in their brain—by minds other than their own. Multiple personality may be one form of this intrusion—a pathological form—but there are other less troublesome and quite healthy variants when the intrusion or possession or control is subject to management and is only temporary. In such cases this control can be permitted for purposes of experiment; it is perhaps responsible sometimes for what is known as inspiration; and it can be employed also for carrying information, and for transmitting messages of comfort and consolation to the bereaved. A person with the receptive and transmissive faculty well developed is called a medium. We may not be able to account for the faculty, any more than we can account for the musical or artistic or mathematical faculty, or for the performance of a child prodigy. The first question is

not how such things happen—that is a second question; the first question is whether the phenomena spoken of really do occur. I have no hesitation in saying that the proof today is ample that persons with mediumistic faculty exist, and that through use made of their bodily organism intelligences still existent but discarnate (and therefore as it would seem powerless in the material realm) can still make their presence felt, can still communicate, still exert influence, and still indirectly operate on matter, through the vicarious employment of the medium's bodily structure.

I assert on the strength of my experience that death is not a going out of existence, though it is a separation of soul and body. It may be called the liberation of spirit from the trammels of the flesh; it may be expressed in various ways; and it is certainly a loss of the accustomed bodily mechanism. As such it would seem to be largely a disability and a loss. So it has usually been regarded. But if the fact of communication is established, we may hope to hear something on the other side of the account, and we may be told by those who are able to communicate that the loss is more than counterbalanced by gain. We may learn that the conditions into which they have entered are more favorable to their development, which is happier and freer than before. We can be told that their affection and powers and memories persist, that these things were part of their permanent personality, and were not essentially connected or limited to the bodily instrument. The function of that was merely to enable their manifestation in the world of matter. They may go on to tell us that they have gained a larger comprehension of the possibilities and privileges of existence, and that they look forward to an endless progress into states of being too lofty for them to do more than dimly conceive. That is, in fact, a general summing up of their testimony; and those who say that the trivial reminiscences with which the departed establish their identity and prove their right to be attended to are all that they are occupied with—and all that they manage to get through—are unacquainted with the facts.

Religious people, in a sense, in con-

tinuity of existence—or so we must suppose—and the only question is, of what nature is the boundary. Is an interchange of ideas, or reception of inspiration, or ascent of petition, possible across the gulf or not? Here surely religious people ought to be guided by facts and be willing to listen to evidence. The reasons they give against the possibility of the facts are patently absurd; just as absurd as those given by some mediæval schoolmen against the existence of Jupiter's satellites when they were discovered by Galileo. "The number of planets is necessarily seven, hence there can not be any more." "If they existed they would have been seen long ago." "The telescope is deceptive when applied to heavenly bodies." "By using means of observation other than the unaided eye we are prying into things which are intended to be hid." "If God had permitted us to know things of this sort they would have been revealed from the beginnings of the world." "The Christian system is complete without them." Every one of these objections is being applied in modern times to communication with the dead. The only one I will question is the last. I venture to say that, in the highest sense, the Christian system is not complete without these psychical facts. Every Gospel concludes with incidents of this nature. But they have been left in the twilight of faith or superstition and have not been contemplated with clear intelligence. If it is left to our day, and to students of science, to bring facts long hidden out into the daylight of scientific knowledge, that is surely a privilege for which we may be thankful. The mistaken conservatism of a few prejudiced workers, whether professedly scientific or otherwise, need not be allowed to interfere. Underneath their ill-informed dogmatism they have a real love of truth, and this has only to be liberated from the crust of prejudice which overlays their real instincts. The new knowledge is a bonus conferred upon this day and generation—a sort of reward for the honest labor of the last few centuries in the eager search for truth whithersoever it may lead.

(A comment on these extracts will be found in our editorial columns.)

## FLOWERS.

(From the Dhammapada.)

Who shall overcome this earth, and the world of Yama (the lord of the departed), and the world of the Gods? Who shall find out the plainly shown path of virtue, as a clever man finds out the (right) flower?

The disciple will overcome the earth, and the world of Yama, and the world of the gods. The disciple will find out the plainly shown path of virtue, as a clever man finds out the (right) flower.

He who knows that this body is like froth, and has learnt that it is as unsubstantial as a mirage, will break the flower-pointed arrow of Mara, and never see the king of death.

Death carries off a man who is gathering flowers and whose mind is distracted, as a flood carries off a sleeping village.

Death subdues a man who is gathering flowers, and whose mind is distracted, before he is satiated in his pleasures.

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

Not the perversities of others, nor their sins of omission or commission, but his own misdeeds and negligences should a sage take notice of.

Like a beautiful flower, full of color, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.

But like, a beautiful flower, full of color and full of scent, are the fine and fruitful words of him who acts accordingly.

As many kinds of wreaths can be made from a heap of flowers, so many good things may be achieved by a mortal when once he is born.

The scent of flowers does not travel against the wind, nor (that of) sandal-wood, or of Tagara and Mallika flowers; but the odor of good people travels even against the wind; a good man pervades every place.

Sandle-wood or Tagara, a lotus-flower, or a Vassika, among these sorts of perfumes, the perfume of virtue is unsurpassed.

Mean is the scent that comes from Tagara and sandal-wood; the perfume of those who possess virtue rises up to the gods as the highest.

Of the people who possess these virtues, who live without thoughtlessness, and who are emancipated through true knowledge, Mara, the tempter, never finds the way.

As on a heap of rubbish cast upon the highway the Lily will grow full of sweet perfume and delight, thus the disciple of the truly enlightened Buddha shines forth by his knowledge among those who are like rubbish, among the people that walk in darkness.

## 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.

—Alice Meynell.

## THE "BOOK OF THE DEAD."

Why does the New York *Sun* describe the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* as "a collection of spells or charms which the wealthy Egyptian had buried with him to assure his welfare in the next world"? Why, in short, is it considered necessary to refer to all ancient or non-Christian religions in contemptuous terms? The *Book of the Dead* is of an almost unexampled grandeur of conception and beauty of diction, and this must have been apparent even to the writer in the *Sun*, since he proceeds forthwith to quote the following passage:

"Homage to thee, O thou who retest upon Truth, unto whom fraud and deceit are abominations. O grant unto me a path wherever I may pass in peace, for I am just and true; I have not spoken falsehood wittingly, nor have I done aught with deceit."

It would be well for us if we could

make such a plea as this before the judgment bar of Karmic retribution. It would avail us more than all the theologies, creeds, dogmas, Westminster Confessions, and Thirty-Nine Articles that were ever invented.

### THE LEGEND OF SARGON.

(Compare the similar stories of Perseus, of Romulus and Remus, and of Moses.)

Sargon, the mighty king, the King of Agade, am I.

My mother was a princess, my father I know not, my father's brother dwelt in the mountains.

My city is Azupiranu, which is situated on the banks of the Euphrates.

My mother, the princess, conceived me, in a secret place she gave me birth.

She placed me in a basket of reeds and closed the lid with pitch.

She cast me into the river, which overwhelmed me not.

The river bore me along. To Akki, the irrigator, it brought me.

Akki, the irrigator, reared me to boyhood as his own son.

Akki, the irrigator, made me his gardener.

And in my guardianship the goddess Ishtar loved me.

. . . for four years I ruled the kingdom.—*From "Babylonian Religion and Mythology." Translated by L. W. King.*

### WISDOM FROM THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

Occultists . . . having the most perfect faith in their own exact records, astronomical and mathematical, calculate the age of humanity and assert that men (as separate sexes) have existed in this Round just 18,618,727 years, as the Brahminical teachings and even some Hindu calendars declare.

Atma neither progresses, forgets, nor remembers. It does not belong to this plane; it is but the Ray of Light eternal which shines upon, and through, the darkness of matter—when the latter is willing.

It has been stated before now that Occultism does not accept anything inorganic 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 comprehension and perception, because it is outside the range of laws known to those who reject Occultism.

A monad . . . is not of this world or plane, and may only be compared to an indestructible star of divine light and fire, thrown down on to our Earth, as a plank of salvation for the Personalities in which it indwells. It is for the latter to cling to it; and thus partaking of its divine nature, obtain immortality.

Spiritual Mind, the upper portion or aspect of the impersonal Manas (Mind) takes no cognizance of the senses in physical man.

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.

Though the "book volume" of the *physical brain* may forget events within the scope of one terrestrial life, the bulk of collective recollections can never desert the Divine Soul within us. Its whispers may be too soft, the sound of its words too far off the plane perceived by our physical senses; yet the shadow of events *that were*, just as much as the shadow of events *that are to come*, is within its perspective powers, and is ever present before its mind's eye.

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. The *Vital Fires* are in all things and not an atom is devoid of them.

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 phenomena.

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# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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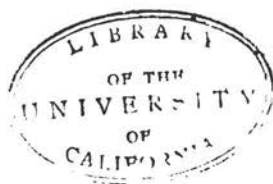
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## THE CROSS.

(By Godfrey Higgins.)

Few causes have been more powerful in producing mistakes in ancient history than the idea hastily taken up by the Christians in all ages that every monument of antiquity marked with a cross, or with any of those symbols which they conceived to be monograms of Christ, were of Christian origin.

I believe many of those called Christian antiquities, which cover the walls of the Vatican, have no more relation to Christianity than they have to the Emperor of China.

These are bold assertions, and it is necessary to substantiate them in order to elucidate several important points in the following treatise before I proceed further.

Before all other symbols, the cross has been thought to be the most decisive; when, in fact, of all symbols it is the most equivocal. It is right to observe that I make a great distinction between a cross and a human figure nailed to a cross, two things which, under the name of crucifix, are so often confounded that now the word crucifix conveys no certain idea.

Upon several of the most curious of the ancient monuments of Britain the cross is found—monuments which this cross alone prevents being ascribed to the Druids. Long previously to the time of Christ it was, very certainly, in common use among the Gentiles: it was sacred

with the Egyptians. The Ibis was represented with human hands and feet, holding the staff of Isis in one hand, and a globe and a cross in the other. It is on most of the Egyptian obelisks, and was used as an amulet.

Saturn's monogram or symbol was a cross and a ram's horn. Jupiter also bore a cross with a horn. Venus a circle with a cross. Justin says that Plato in his *Timæus*, philosophizing about the Son of God, reports that he was expressed upon the universe in the form of the letter x. Again, that the second power of the supreme God was figured on the universe in the shape of a cross. Tertullian says that the devil signed his soldiers on the forehead in imitation of the Christians. It is related both by Socrates and Sozomon that when the temple of Serapis at Alexandria was demolished by one of the Christian emperors beneath the foundation was discovered the monogram of Christ, and that the Christians made use of the circumstance as an argument in favor of their religion, thereby making many converts. The Gentiles also used it in their favor; but the Christians had clearly the best of the argument. The cross, being uneasy under the weight or dominion of the temple, overthrew it. . . .

There is also a medal of Ptolemy, King of Cyrene, having an eagle carrying a thunderbolt and the cross. On a Phœnician medal, found in the ruins of Citium, and engraved in Dr. Clark's



Travels and proved by him to be Phœnician, are inscribed the cross, the rosary, and the lamb. . . .

The famous Crux Ansata is to be seen on all the buildings of Egypt, and is what is alluded to by Ezekiel (Ch. ix, 4). The cross is as common in India as in Egypt and Europe. The Rev. Mr. Maurice says: "Let not the piety of the Catholic Christian be offended at the preceding assertion that the cross was one of the most usual symbols among the hieroglyphics of Egypt and India. Equally honored in the Gentile and the Christian world—this emblem of universal nature, of that world to whose four quarters its diverging radii pointed, decorated the hands of most of the sculptured images in the former country, and in the latter stamped its form upon the most majestic of the shrines of their deities."

In the cave of Elephanta, in India, over the head of the principal figure, again may be seen this figure.

We learn from Mr. Maurice the curious fact that the two principal pagodas of India, viz., those of Benares and Mathura, are built in the form of crosses.

### THE NEW BODY.

*If it is possible for a human being to become a Christ, how is it accomplished and how is it connected with the 25th day of December?*

To one brought up in the orthodox Christian home such a statement might seem sacrilegious; to the student acquainted with religion and philosophy it will not seem impossible; and Scientists least of all should consider it impossible, because it is a matter of evolution. The birth of Jesus, the second birth, is connected with the 25th of December for many reasons, among which are that a human body is built in the same principle as the earth and conforms to the same laws. Both the earth and the body conform to the laws of the sun. On the 25th of December, or when the sun enters the sign of Capricorn, the human body, providing it has passed through all previous training and development, is best suited for such a ceremony to take place. The previous preparations necessary are that a life of absolute chastity should be lived, and that the mind should be well trained and skilled, and be able to continue any line of work for any

length of time. The chaste life, the sound body, the controlled desires and the strong mind enable that which was called the seed of Christ to take root in the virgin soil of the body, and within the physical body to build up an inner ethereal body of a semi-divine nature. Where this was done the processes necessary were passed through. The time arrived, the ceremony took place, and for the first time the immortal body which had for a long period of time been developing within the physical body at last passed out of the physical body and was born through it. This body called the Jesus is not the astral body or *linga sharira* spoken of by Theosophists, nor is it any of the bodies which manifest at séances or which mediums use. There are many reasons for this, among which are the *linga sharira* or astral body is connected with the physical body by a thread or umbilical cord, whereas the immortal or Jesus body is not so connected. The *linga sharira* or astral body of the medium is non-intelligent, whereas the Jesus or immortal body is not only separate and distinct from the physical body, but it is wise and powerful and is quite conscious and intelligent. It never ceases or loses consciousness, nor has it any break in life or from life to life, or gap in memory. The processes necessary for having the life and attaining the second birth are along the lines and principles of the zodiac, but the details are too long and can not be given here. —Reprinted from "The Word."

### WISDOM OF THE EAST.

Discernment is the consequence of human actions, and is brought about by deeds performed in another life.

What is the greatest possible loss? Failure to perform one's duty.

What is wealth? Knowledge.

What is the most perfect happiness? Staying at home.

Whatever fate has prescribed for each man in this life, that shall be his portion, great or small. Rain pours from the cloud day by day, filling all things, but only a few tiny drops may fall into the mouth of the chataka.

Wise men must be revered, even when we may not think the advice they give us suitable or desirable. The ordinary conversation of such men is like

what we read in the Holy Scriptures.—  
*From the Niti Sataka.*

Why, O my heart, dost thou try from day to day to secure the good graces of others, and yet all in vain? If thou wert only purified, surely all thy desires would be gratified, and thou wouldst not seek the favors of other men, since inwardly thou wouldst be at rest.—  
*Vairagya Sataka.*

For a wise man there can be no glory in this world but that which he gains from penance.

As you behave to others, so others will behave to you.—*Laotze.*

If your speech is sweet the echo will be sweet, if harsh the echo will be harsh, hence the saying, "Heed your words."

Living one's own life in truth, is living the life of all the world.—*Tagore.*

He who struggles is better than he who never attempts.—*Vivekananda.*

Great devotion requires great sacrifice.—*Laotze.*

We can not see outside what we are not inside.—*Laotze.*

Be subservient to others.—*Laotze.*

Absolute quiescence is the condition of mind in which knowledge is acquired by intuition.—*Diamond Sutra.*

Knowledge of the absolute depends upon no book, nor upon anything. It is absolute in itself. No amount of study will give this knowledge. It is not theory; it is realization. Cleanse the dust from the mirror, purify your own mind, and in a flash you know that you are Brahman.—  
*Vivekananda.*

Cease, O mind, from wandering hither and thither, and rest for a time! That which has been decreed by fate can not be warded off. Therefore think not of the past, and trouble thyself not about the future. Take delight only in those pleasures which come to thee and are gone without being sought.

When women, inspired by the passions of love, set about some task, even Brahma himself is afraid to place an obstacle in their path.

God has given to man a cloak whereby he can conceal his ignorance; and in this cloak he can enwrap himself at any moment, for it always lies near his hand. This cloak is silence; an ornament peculiarly fitted for an ignorant man in the company of wise men.—*From the Niti Sataka.*

He who is reticent, and guards himself against outward impressions, will reach the end of life without effort, but he who is careless in this particular will find that his whole life has been thrown away.—*Laotze.*

He who uses aright the light which has been bestowed upon him will enter into that state of intelligence which is one of the attributes of God and his body shall be set free from all calamity and suffering. This is what is meant by being clothed with immortality.—*Laotze.*

### THE WISE MAN.

(Translated by F. Max Muller.)

If you see an intelligent man who tells you where true treasures are to be found, who shows what is to be avoided, and administers reproofs, follow that wise man; it will be better, not worse, for those who follow him.

Let him admonish, let him teach, let him forbid what is proper!—he will be beloved of the good, by the bad he will be hated.

Do not have evil-doers for friends, do not have low people for friends; have virtuous people for friends, have for friends the best of men.

He who drinks in the law lives happily with a serene mind: the sage rejoices always in the law, as preached by the elect.

Well-makers lead (wherever they like); fletchers bend the arrow; carpenters bend a log of wood; wise people fashion themselves.

As a solid rock is not shaken by the wind, wise people falter not amidst blame and praise.

Wise people, after they have listened to the laws, become serene, like a deed, smooth, and still lake.

Good people walk on whatever befall, the good do not prattle, longing for pleasure; whether touched by happiness or sorrow wise people never appear elated or depressed.

If, whether for one's own sake, or for the sake of others, a man wishes neither for a son, nor for wealth, nor for lordship, and if he does not wish for his own success by unfair means, then he is good, wise, virtuous.

Few are there among men who arrive at the other shore (become Arhats); the

other people have run up and down the shore.

But those who, when the law has been well preached to them, follow the law, will pass across the dominion of death, however difficult to overcome.

A wise man should leave the dark state (of ordinary life), and follow the bright state (of the Bhikshu). After going from his home to a homeless state he should in his retirement look for enjoyment where there seems to be no enjoyment. Leaving all pleasures behind, and calling nothing his own, the wise man should purge himself from all troubles of the mind.

Those whose mind is well grounded in the (seven) elements of knowledge, who without clinging to anything, rejoice in freedom from attachment, whose appetites have been conquered, and who are full of light, are free (even) in this world.

### EASTER ISLAND.

(From the New York Sun.)

There is silence, mystery, and isolation about the Pyramids, the Ming Tombs, and those other monuments to peoples long since gone, but these ancient wonders we hear so much about are on the mainlands of the earth, the characters on them are decipherable, so that we know in a general way why they were built and by whom, and within short distances of them are millions of people like the ancient builders of these monuments.

Scattered about on tiny islands throughout the Pacific Ocean, however, thousands of miles from anywhere so that their silence and isolation are intensified a thousandfold, with their mystery made a super-mystery because there are no legends and no men able to decipher the inscriptions upon them, are monuments to peoples who are regarded as ancients by us. Their location on these islands, their immensity which shows that sometimes thousands of people lived and worked in the immediate vicinity, and their survival through the ages from a time when the people about them were energetic and highly civilized to the present day when the people about them are lazy, ignorant, and sometimes degenerate, make them utterly incomprehensible.

Easter Island is seldom mentioned in print. Recently it burst into the day's news because after the battle of the Falkland Islands news was sent to the Allied world that it was at Easter Island that Von Spree's fleet laid in a fresh supply of meat and some time later the German raider *Prinz Eitel Friedrich* landed there to put fifty British and French sailors ashore.

The German skippers certainly enjoyed a splendid isolation during these trips, for Easter Island is out in the Pacific Ocean 2000 miles from Chile, the country to which it belongs. Inasmuch as Chilean boats visit the island only once a year, there was very little danger of any one's being about to bother the visiting ships. The nearest of the other islands are 1000 miles away. Just why Easter Island should exist at all may well be asked, but it is not for its isolation alone that it is one of the world's wonders—it is the great number of giant stone images scattered about the island that attracts attention.

These are from twelve feet to twenty feet high, and one of exceptional size is thirty-three feet high. They are all representative of human forms and many of them wear crowns carved out of red lava rock. The crowns are about five feet high. There must have been many workers to produce them, for they are ranged pretty well all over the island upon great stone shelves faced with paved terraces. Evidently they were built in the stone quarries, for dozens of such statues, finished and unfinished, are found in these holes. One uncompleted statue is sixty-eight feet high—still down in the quarry. Who built them? How were they moved when finished? Why should so isolated an island have been so densely populated? These are questions science would like some one to answer.

About 400 miles southeast of our Samoan Island are the Tonga, or Friendly Islands. Here, too, are ancient relics, but very modern in comparison to the images found on Easter Island. These features of the Tonga Islands are found on the Island of Tongatabu at Mua and are called "langis" by the natives. We call them the tombs of the ancient Tongan kings. It must take a lot to hold Tongan royalty down, for

these structures are of coral blocks forming a rectangular inclosure about 30 by 50 feet. The side walls are made of two layers of these coral blocks splendidly fitted together. These blocks, of course, vary in size, but one which stands apart from one of the inclosures measures twenty-one feet in length, four feet in width, and five feet in height. Certain it is that the Tongans of today can not move such great weights.

The ancient Tongans must have had occasion to erect a "victory arch" at one time or another, for not far from these tombs of royalty is found an arch made of two gigantic stone uprights which support another gigantic stone for a cross member carefully mortised into place. The Tongans made certain that their victory arch would hold together for the safe passage of their twenty-seventh division. Some authorities claim that this particular arch was not made by the Tongans at all, but by their predecessors in the islands. Perhaps so, but whoever the people were who set up this arch they possessed mechanical ability, for the uprights are sixteen feet high, twelve feet wide, and five feet thick, and the stone across the top is slightly smaller in thickness.

Off the coast of Queensland, Australia, are the New Hebrides Islands, which some scientists believe were once occupied by the Spanish, for a little way from St. Filip's Bay evidences of such occupation have been dug into from time to time, along with certain other ruins, which from the little examination they have had indicate an even more remote occupancy.

Up there in Java is the great temple of Borobodoer, temple of the many Budhas, which was unearthed some years ago, and is known to have been built in the fifth century, and right near it is the lesser temple of Mendoet. Farther north, in the Caroline Islands, are the ruins of an ancient city whose streets were waterways, just as those of Venice are today. So when visits are made to these virgin islands and one feels almost like a discoverer of new lands, it is well to remember that there is nothing new, even under the tropical sun.

Esoteric Philosophy admits neither good nor evil *per se*, as existing independently in Nature.

## THE NEW BODY.

*Is there an esoteric way of understanding the birth and life of Jesus?*

There is, and it will appear as the most reasonable to any who will consider it without prejudice. The birth, the life, the crucifixion, and the resurrection of Jesus represent the process through which every soul must pass who comes into life and who in that life attains to immortality. The teachings of the church concerning the history of Jesus lead away from the truth concerning him. A theosophical interpretation of the biblical story is her given. Mary is the physical body. The word Mary is the same in many of the great religious systems, who have claimed divine beings as their founders. The word comes from Mara, Mare, Mari, and all of which mean bitterness, sea, chaos, the great illusion. Such is every human body. The tradition amongst the Jews at that time, and some still hold it to the present day, was that a Messiah was to come. It was said that the Messiah was to be born of a virgin in an immaculate manner. This is absurd from the standpoint of the beings of sex, but in perfect keeping with esoteric truths. The facts are that when the human body is properly trained and developed it becomes pure, virgin, chaste, immaculate. When the human body has reached the point of purity and is chaste, it is then said to be Mary, the virgin, and is ready to conceive immaculately. The immaculate conception means that one's own god, the divine ego, fructifies the body which has become virgin. This fructification or conception consists of an illumination of the mind, which is its first real conception of immortality and divinity. This is not metaphorical, but literal. It is literally true. The purity of the body maintained, there begins a new life within that human form. This new life develops gradually, and a new form is called into being. After the course has been passed through, and the time comes, this being is actually born through and from that physical body, its virgin Mary, as a separate and distinct form. This is the birth of Jesus, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, the light of the ego and born of the virgin Mary, its physical body. As Jesus passed his early years in obscurity, so must such a being be obscure.

This is the Jesus body, or he who comes to save. This body, the Jesus body, is the immortal body. Jesus is said to have come to save the world. So he does. The Jesus body does not die as does the physical, and that which was conscious as a physical being is now transferred to the new body, the Jesus body, which saves from death. The Jesus body is immortal and one who has found Jesus, or for whom Jesus has come, no longer has breaks or gaps in memory, as he is then continually conscious under all circumstances and conditions whatever. He is without lapses in memory through day, through night, through death, and future life.—*Reprinted from "The Word."*

### GOETHE'S WORLD-CONCEPT.

(Extracted from an article by Ludwig Deinhard in the Theosophical Review.)

In a letter from Zeiter, March 19, 1827, Goethe expresses himself in the following way:

"Let us go on working, until we are called by the World-spirit, one before or after the other, to return to the ether. And may then the Ever-living One not deny us fresh activities analogous to those in which we have already been tested! If He also grants us of His fatherly goodness remembrances and impressions of the good and the true which we have already accomplished here, we shall then certainly only the more eagerly help to turn the wheels of the world-machine. The entelechic monad must necessarily be in a state of unceasing activity; if this becomes its second nature, then work will never be wanting for it throughout eternity."

In the quotations so far made from Goethe, we certainly do not find the idea of reincarnation. If Goethe had really had the idea clearly in his mind he would undoubtedly have expressed it in so many words to his faithful Eckermann. We rather carry away the impression that Goethe was generally thinking of some future incarnation in another world.

But it is interesting that Goethe speaks of a return into the ether as if he took it for granted that there had been an etheric—or as we should say today an astral—preëxistence.

On the other hand, Goethe expresses himself quite unmistakably and plainly in some of his poems about the idea of

reincarnation on earth, as, for instance, in the song of the spirit over the waters:

Des Menschen Seele  
Gleicht dem Wasser  
Vom Himmel kommt es  
Zum Himmel steigt es  
Zur Erde muss es  
Ewig wechselnd.

Though we may not quite agree with the word "eternal" (*cwig*), and though in this simile, evolution, which is the object of this descent and ascent of the soul, is not really expressed, yet Goethe was here really on the right track as regards the chief point.

In the same way, in a poem addressed to Frau von Stein on April 14, 1776, the following passage occurs:

Sag was will das Schicksal uns bereiten?  
Sag wie band es uns so rein, genau?  
Ach, du warst in abgelebten Zeiten  
Meine Schwester, oder meine Frau.

Compare: "I am certain," said Goethe to I. Falk, "that I have been here as I am now a thousand times before, and I hope to return again a thousand times."

The poem which presents the greatest difficulties in the way of correct interpretation to literary historians and students of Goethe is to be found in the *West-östlichen Divan* (Book I) under the title, "Selige Sehnsucht" (Roger's trans., London, 1890):

Since the mob would not approve it.  
No one says but to the wise,  
That which seeks a death by burning  
Is the living thing I prize.

Where thou did'st beget, begotten  
In the coolness of love's night,  
Some strange feeling overcomes thee,  
When the quiet lamp's alight.

Thou no more remainest captive  
In the shade of gloomy night,  
But to higher union drawing,  
Fresh desire doth thee excite.

For thee distance does not weary,  
Enchanted, thou com'st flying fast,  
And as moth for candle yearning,  
Thou thyself art burnt at last.

And whilst this thou hast not with thee,  
"Rise through death to higher birth."  
Thou art but a gloomy guest  
On a dark and gloomy earth!

The literary historian Heinrich Düntzer explains this poem as follows:

"This desire of the butterfly for the attainment of a higher life after dissolution is glorified by the poet as the highest aim of life.

"For it is the desire for higher evolu-

tion and for the exaltation of our life, the straining towards an endless progress, which first makes life really worth living."

A much deeper and certainly a much more correct explanation of this poem is given by Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden in the *Sphinx* (xiv., p. 191), in the following words:

"There does not appear to me that there is the slightest doubt that Goethe here presents simply and solely the self-reproduction of the child by means of the conjugal union of the parents, and that he teaches this as his esoteric opinion which should only be given to the wise, because the masses would not understand it, and therefore as usual would deride it, etc."

Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden then develops most lucidly this idea of the self-reproduction of the human individuality, and indeed it is only when we read the above poem in this sense and not otherwise that it becomes comprehensible.

But where do we find in Goethe the idea of karma? Obviously in many places. I will only quote some of the most important:

"As if goaded by invisible spirits, the sun-steeds of time bear onward the fragile chariot of our destiny; and nothing remains for us but with calm self-possession firmly to grasp the reins, and to steer the wheels now to the right, now to the left, here from the rocks and there from the abyss. Whither it goes, who knows? Hardly can he remember whence he came," says Egmont.

We find the idea of karma still more clearly and profoundly expressed in the Orphic Oracles, in the first stanza called "Dæmon":

Wie an dem Tag, der dich der Welt verliehen,  
Die Sonne stand zum Grusse der Planeten,  
Bist alsobald und fort und fort gediehen  
Nach dem Gesetz, wonach du angetreten.

So mußt du sein, dir kannst du nicht entfliehen—

So sagten schon Sibyllen, so Propheten,  
Und keine Zeit und keine Macht zerstückelt  
Geprägte Form, die lebend sich entwickelt.

The "impressed form" is the individual stamp of karma. The idea is even clearer in the fifth stanza, as the reader will find if he refers to it.

We must now hurry to a close. We have seen clearly from this theosophical study of Goethe that he has often ex-

pressed esoteric thoughts in his verbal and written utterances, in his letters, in his lyrical and dramatic poems, but most clearly in many of his lyrical poems. Here he is entirely under the influence of his poetical genius, one might almost say that it speaks through him, and the thoughts flow from his intuition with crystal clearness, often revealing esoteric truths, which, however, can only illuminate the minds of those who have already made these truths their own.

## CREDULITY.

(From the New York Times.)

Admirers of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as a writer of detective stories—a company about as numerous as the readers of the English language—have reason for a peculiar grief because of the strange, the pathetic, thoroughness with which he has accepted as realities the "spiritualistic" interpretation of the phenomena of trance speaking and writing. There is little of the mysterious and nothing of the other world in these phenomena for modern psychologists, and yet this well-educated and intelligent man—with not a little of the scientific and philosophic, too, in his mental furnishings—talks much as did the followers of the Fox sisters fifty years ago.

He tells of tying a medium with six strings, and seems to think that somehow gives him certainty that his dead son speaks to him through her lips. The son said, "Father, forgive me," and Sir Arthur "knew" what he meant—he wanted to be forgiven for not believing in spiritualism while he was alive!

Comment on such confidence as that would be useless. It helps, however, to an understanding of the fact that recently all the London papers gave in seeming seriousness a lot of space to a "haunted house," where water of unknown origin often dripped from walls and ceilings. A little investigation, of course, revealed the inevitable young girl with a yearning for excitement, but this seems to have surprised and somewhat disappointed the investigators. Evidently they are not well read in the literature of the poltergeist."

The body is simply the irresponsible organ, the tool of the Psychic, if not of the Spiritual, Man.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 WORD FROM BERNARD SHAW.

We do not read Bernard Shaw's plays, reserving them for another world where we may have more leisure. But invariably we read his prefaces. It would be a crime and—worse still—a folly to postpone them.

Here, for example, is a volume containing two plays and a number of what Mr. Shaw calls playlets. First comes "Heartbreak House," from which the book takes its name. It is a picture of "cultured, leisurely Europe before the war," and it has a satisfactory preface to tell us what it is all about. We need hardly say that it is about the war. Everything nowadays is about the war. There is nothing else to write about. The war, says Mr. Shaw, is Nature's punishment for our wrongdoing. Nature holds her tongue and gives long credits. Then suddenly she strikes with fearful force:

This is what has just happened in our political hygiene. Political science has been as recklessly neglected by governments and electorates during my lifetime as sanitary science was in the days of Charles the Second. In international relations diplomacy has been a boyishly lawless affair of family intrigues, commercial and territorial brigandage, torpor of pseudo-good nature produced by laziness and spasms of ferocious activity produced by terror. But in these islands we muddled through. Nature gave us a longer credit than she gave to France or Germany of Russia. To British centenarians who died in their beds in 1914 any dread of having to hide underground in London from the shells of an enemy seemed more remote and fantastic than a dread of the appearance of a colony of cobras

and rattlesnakes in Kensington Gardens. In the prophetic work of Charles Dickens we were warned against many evils which have since come to pass; but of the evil of being slaughtered by a foreign foe on our own doorsteps there was no shadow. Nature gave us a very long credit; but we abused it to the utmost. But when she struck at last she struck with a vengeance. For four years she smote our first-born and heaped on us plagues of which Egypt never dreamed. They were all as preventible as the Great Plague of London, and came solely because they had not been prevented. They were not undone by winning the war. The earth is still bursting with the dead bodies of the victors.

Karma-Nemesis, says the mystic. Quite so! We will now reconstruct, says the economist. But what shall we reconstruct? Lamentably we seem to have no other idea than to build again upon the old plan, only more so. That Karma has tried to destroy something intolerable and hateful, that she acted intelligently, does not occur to us. That Karma can not be resisted, we do not believe. That she may strike again is an idea not to be entertained.

Mr. Shaw reminds us of some of our sins, grievous enough, in all conscience:

For half a century before the war civilization had been going to the devil very precipitately under the influence of a pseudo-science as disastrous as the blackest Calvinism. Calvinism taught that as we are predestinately saved or damned, nothing that we can do can alter our destiny. Still, as Calvinism gave the individual no clue as to whether he had drawn a lucky number or an unlucky one, it left him a fairly strong interest in encouraging his hopes of salvation and allaying his fear of damnation by behaving as one of the elect might be expected to behave rather than as



one of the reprobate. But in the middle of the nineteenth century naturalists and physicians assured the world, in the name of Science, that salvation and damnation are all nonsense, and that predestination is the central truth of religion, inasmuch as human beings are produced by their environment, their sins and good deeds being only a series of chemical and mechanical reactions over which they have no control. Such figments as mind, choice, purpose, conscience, will, and so forth are, they taught, mere illusions, produced because they are useful in the continual struggle of the human machine to maintain its environment in a favorable condition, a process incidentally involving the ruthless destruction or subjection of its competitors for the supply (assumed to be limited) of subsistence available. We taught Prussia this religion; and Prussia bettered our instruction so effectively that we presently found ourselves confronted with the necessity of destroying Prussia to prevent Prussia destroying us. And that has just ended in each destroying the other to an extent doubtfully reparable in our time.

It may be asked how so imbecile and dangerous a creed ever came to be accepted by intelligent beings. I will answer that question more fully in my next volume of plays, which will be entirely devoted to the subject. For the present I will only say that there were better reasons than the obvious one that such sham science as this opened a scientific career to very stupid men, and all the other careers to shameless rascals provided they were industrious enough. It is true that this motive operated very powerfully; but when the new departure in scientific doctrine which is associated with the name of the great naturalist Charles Darwin began, it was not only a reaction against a barbarous pseudo-evangelical teleology intolerably obstructive to all scientific progress, but was accompanied, as it happened, by discoveries of extraordinary interest in physics, chemistry, and that lifeless method of evolution which its investigators called Natural Selection. Howbeit, there was only one result possible in the ethical sphere, and that was the banishment of conscience from human affairs, or, as Samuel Butler vehemently put it, "of mind from the universe."

Spirituality having been violently expelled from the conventional world of religion, it found unconventional forms. We became superstitious. There was an orgy of table-rapping, séances, clairvoyance, palmistry, and the like. The scientists, and particularly the doctors, were hard put to it to hold the ground and so they had to resort to the terrors of infection and death:

They prescribed inoculations and operations. Whatever part of a human being could be cut out without necessarily killing him they cut out; and he often died (unnecessarily of course) in consequence. From such trifles as uvulas and tonsils they went on to ovaries and appendices until at last no one's inside was safe. They explained that the human intestine was too long, and that nothing could

make a child of Adam healthy except short-circuiting the pylorus by cutting a length out of the lower intestine and fastening it directly to the stomach. As their mechanist theory taught them that medicine was the business of the chemist's laboratory, and surgery of the carpenter's shop, and also that Science (by which they meant their practices) was so important that no consideration for the interests of any individual creature, whether frog or philosopher, much less the vulgar commonplaces of sentimental ethics, could weigh for a moment against the remotest off-chance of an addition to the body of scientific knowledge, they operated and vivisectioned and inoculated and lied on a stupendous scale, clamoring for and actually acquiring such legal powers over the bodies of their fellow-citizens as neither pope, king, nor parliament dare ever have claimed. The Inquisition itself was a liberal institution compared to the General Medical College.

Here we may leave Mr. Shaw. But there is very much more of the same kind. Nature, through the awful voice of war, has warned us that we were upon the wrong road. It would seem that the highest civic virtue is now to get back upon that same road as fast as possible. We call it "reconstruction." We call it "business as before." Once more we sharpen our teeth and our claws for the fratricidal combat, oblivious of the fact that Karma may strike us again, that she will indeed inevitably do so.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE, GREAT CATHARINE and  
PLAYLETS OF THE WAR. By Bernard Shaw.  
New York: Brentano's.

## MAGIC AND PIGS.

"Faith and a shilling" takes little piggy to market by the Jamaican method. Easily, picturesquely, and wrapped up in the unfathomable mystery of African fetishism, under the auspices of the Obi prestess, this little pig serenely travels to market trundled along by a child! There is neither sweating nor groaning in this pig's progress to his end in Market Square! This little pig is not drugged, nor is he bound or tied, but he is "conjured by the Obi woman." His contrariness and perversity are gone! Grunting happily to his mate (for these "conjured" pigs are usually in pairs), giving no trouble to any one, he arrives in Market Square, where great credit accrues to the Obi woman.

On receipt of a shilling from the pigs' owner the Obi priestess makes a few passes over the pigs' heads, muttering charms the while, as the pair stand in a

two-wheeled hand pushcart. There is nothing to prevent the pigs jumping over the wagon sides and the pigs are not tied or confined in any way visible. The hypnotic incantation is, however, so effective that a boy trundles the cart perhaps ten miles to the city and upon arriving there often leaves the pigs in the cart entirely unattended while he looks for a customer, and they will stand quietly all that night until certainly almost noon the next day, occasionally grunting softly and nosing one another.

Such is the powerful effect of the Obi spell, to the writer a never-ending source of wonder and of astonishment.

### CURE BY SUGGESTION.

(The following extracts are from an article on "Cure By Suggestion," by Emma Marie Caillard, appearing in the August issue of the *Contemporary Review*.)

It may first be remarked that, *regarded simply from the standpoint of physical cure*, the faith itself is the important matter; the object of faith takes a secondary place. A patient is as likely to get well if he believes in the efficacy of bread pills supposing that they contain some powerful remedy, as if he trusts in the relics of a saint, or a fragment of the true Cross, or the reception of the Sacrament. *It is the presence of faith that matters*; and faith in any of the objects just named has proved efficacious, as is amply testified by the record of Port Royal, of Lourdes, and of such medical works as deal with the "influence of mind on body," and by the practical experience of many physicians.

In this connection it is interesting and instructive to observe that 2000 years ago the greatest Healer the world has known referred to the cure of those sufferers who were brought to Him, not to Himself, but to their own faith. "Thy faith hath made thee whole." "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Such were His ordinary words to the suppliants who had approached Him and been "made whole." At the same time we should notice that on more than one occasion He used what in His day would have been regarded as the customary medical measures of affording relief; and probably this was on account of the general trust felt in them by His contemporaries. Faith was strengthened by their application, and would have been

weakened, perhaps destroyed, by their formal repudiation. Had His life on earth been passed in our own time there can be little doubt that He would have approved the use of those methods of treatment which are recognized and employed by modern science. It is not from His example or teaching that any contempt of humanly acquired knowledge, or refusal to use it, can be justified; but He gave it the second place; the first place was reserved for faith.

It has been said above that *so far as purely physical results are concerned*, the object of faith matters little, but it is necessary to insist upon the qualification. Man is not all body; though every human activity is bound to have a physical side, to be exercised *through* the body, and to produce effects in and upon it. Every thought, every emotion, is accompanied by cell-changes in the cerebral structure. It has consequently been vehemently contended by extreme supporters of materialism that these changes are not consequences, but causes; that they *produce* thought and emotion. One remembers the famous dictum of this school that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile." There are very few who would accept such a maxim without qualification now, and for our present purpose, which is practical, it may be left on one side. To Christians, the body is for ever made sacred by its capacity for the presence of the indwelling Divine Life. It is that indwelling Divine Life which constitutes man a spiritual being, and which should be the recognized controlling element in his every activity.

There is another consideration which indicates the growing importance, in curative treatment, of appealing directly to the spiritual side of human nature. The increasing number and seriousness of nervous derangements points clearly to the fact that the efficiency of man's nervous system does not keep pace with the demands made upon it by his increasingly complicated environment. In other words, there is in this direction a want of adaptability which is a serious obstacle to healthy evolution. It is not only under such abnormal conditions as those of war that nerves become "rattled" or unstrung; it happens with disconcerting frequency in the routine of daily life, and is, more often than we suppose, one of

the root causes of the unrest which characterizes our time, and did characterize it before the war began. In the case of those who have faith in the all-prevailing, ever-present power of the Christ-life to make for health and wholeness and mental balance, there can be no clearer duty than to turn towards it for the needed reinforcement, whenever, either in ourselves or others, we are conscious of failing vitality. It is therefore evident what should be the attitude of Christians as such towards treatment by suggestion when carried out by trained persons with a due realization of their responsibility. Because it is a treatment reaching further and deeper than any which deals with the body alone, they should welcome it, use it, and show by practical results that its methods are immeasurably reinforced by consciously referring it to the indwelling Divine Life from which all its power is ultimately derived.

A final word may be said on the subject of auto-suggestion. It would surprise us could we realize the amount of ill-health directly due to this cause, and of good-health which might be, and sometimes is, equally due to it. We all know that to dwell on symptoms is inimical to getting rid of them, and that a cheerful, sanguine mind is wonderfully conducive to their cure. Very few of us, comparatively, realize that a cheerful mind is the will and work of that indwelling Holy Spirit whose presence and help we ought to invoke. To allow our minds to dwell on the symptoms of disease while we pray for health is to defeat our petition. To tell ourselves perseveringly that the Father knows our dire need of this thing that we ask for, and will continue to reinforce our failing vitality from His boundless resources until this weakness is overcome, constitutes a truer prayer than any multiplication of petitions.

The eighteenth century, during which the malignant fever of skepticism broke out so irrepressibly, has entailed unbelief as a hereditary disease upon the nineteenth.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

When I leave this rabble rout and defilement of the world, I leave it as an inn, and not as a place of abode. For nature has given us our bodies as an inn, and not to dwell in.—*Cato.*

## INITIA.

Art ready, eager soul, to dare  
Th' opposing element? The powers  
Whom thou did'st challenge ages past  
Send down the wind a fateful note  
Announcing their unhurried, dread approach  
What hour the scimitar of moon hangs low  
Within the west.

Who seeks the perfect pearl must dive  
Beneath a hostile water;  
With steady heart he must command  
His every faculty to th' encounter.

And thou, oh soul, wilt thou impose  
On jealous Nature thy lone will?  
If it be so: Quick! to thy task!  
Take thou that faith thou hast professed

And on thy forehead bind it fast;  
Its ruddy light shall cleave the depths  
Where, sleepless, through the waste of years  
Hath lurked the vengeful, ancient foe.

Virgin the gem thy heart do'st yearn;  
Nor ever is it found  
In those tumultuous seas that surge  
Responsive to the ghost-moon's urge.

Spend not in those false floods thy strength.

The royal prize that thou would'st win  
Lies cradled in a golden sand  
Of wider ocean; one whose tides  
Sun-drawn, sun-driv'n, lap no shore  
Earth-bound, pride-girt, impure.

Delay not longer. Soon, ah soon,  
The prompt tide lifts its utmost height,  
Turns and recedes from this dull world:  
Nor will its perfect music beat  
Thereon for many a cycle more.

The moment is; it passes; it is gone  
Swift as the rainy drop that shows  
Silver and slanting, ere it fall  
Into the mother sea.

Take power. Take largely, as becomes  
Thy high resolve. With a loud clamor  
Wake the god. He dreams, indiff'rent  
To mild and plaintive plea.

Turn thy face upward to the sun,  
Nor shrink th' austere, the potent ray,  
If gold thou prov'st in its ardent fire,  
Th' arous'd god shall answer thee.

On which, as fisher draws his net

When it weigh heavy, do thou draw  
 Into thine inmost centre that response  
 Pregnant with true divinity.

Then, Wisdom's nursling, do thou loose  
 The hind'r'ng garment from its clasp,  
 And as an arrow sped from bow  
 So speed thee on thine awful quest.

Thou death-defying, thou aspiring one,  
 While the earth, breathless, watches thee,  
 And heav'n's own witnesses close by thee  
 stand,

(May God be with thee!) DO THOU  
 PLUNGE! —J. A. H.

### PYTHAGORAS.

#### HIS LETTER TO THE KING.

*Most Noble Prince*—Your desire I shall answer so far as I may. The virtues and efficacy of numbers are wonderful in their operation, when aptly and properly applied, as the most eminent philosophers do unanimously confirm and teach. Now number is nothing else than a repetition of unity, for unity doth most simply go through every number, and is the common measure, foundation, and origin of all numbers, and contains every number joined together entirely, the beginner of every multitude, always the same, unchangeable.

It is the highest number in musical harmony, where all forms and qualities stand in equal weight and measure, and may justly be called Concord; therefore from unity all things proceed, nothing was before, nor nothing is after it, and all things that are, desire the one, because they all proceed from the one God, creator of all creatures, which do endeavor to return to that one fountain whence they proceeded. All clemency, mercy, softness, compassion, and doing unto all creatures as we would be done unto, proceed from the unity of concord, and is the fountain from whence all true knowledge and religion arises; UNITY AND HARMONY IS THE PRE-SERVER of all Creatures; Light and Love are the offspring and Sons of Concord. All those are most happy that obtain it, and all creatures are most miserable without it. Equality and Order are the sinews and health both of body and mind, not only in this world, but in that which is to come. For this cause, Order, and the proper practice and use of numbers, do mightily fortify men

against the temptation of evil demons, and at the same time most powerfully attract the holy powers and communications of good angels. For in what creature soever the natural qualities stand nearest equality, or have made themselves so by observing God's law in nature, they make that creature most happy. He that sins against God's law breaks and violates the unity of his own principles. By all the philosophical mediums and circumstances in religion the first founders intended to draw men into some order, that they by degrees might through the forms obtain the unity. That those people are most happy that taught their followers to live an innocent, harmless life, which bears the nearest relation to unity and concord. For we do affirm that no inequality nor evil inclinations can or do arise or proceed from the soul or mind of that man whose properties and inward qualities keep equal weight and measure. All evil proceeds from the many, that is from the inequality of the inward powers of men's souls, therefore harmony is the highest estate of the soul, and the completest composition of the senses.

Is not the order original, which is nothing else but a complete number, the very fountain whence all good government proceeds, both in the celestial and terrestrial worlds? Let us consider the heavens, stars and elements, with their wonderful and amazing variety of creatures wherewith the four lower worlds are endued, more especially the celestial, where the holy and various powers of good demons are beyond all human number, and all act and work in that exact order and number which the great first being created them in; therefore all the beast, fishes, and fowls of heaven are more innocent and consequently more happy than men, because they have kept their law and unity, but man has broken it in the highest degree. All peace and happiness is comprehended within the limits of equality and concord; and on the other side all misery and evil is within the bounds of inequality and discord, so that there is a necessity that every man should govern himself according to order and number, or somebody for him; for such as have not prudence to govern, and to give necessary orders for themselves, ought to be governed by others; there being but few

that have minds that are able to govern themselves, most being contented with the rules and custom, be they better or worse, therefore it is one of the greatest evils in the world, to be a teacher and an inventor of evil customs; and on the other side, it is one of the greatest blessings to teach and invent innocent customs and good order of living; for man hath broken himself off from unity and order to that degree that few incline to virtue, except the greatest number go before them, and that it become a custom to be innocent and virtuous: therefore the Brahmans praise God and the holy powers that they have not given the world any precedent of violence, nor brought any evil custom; for tradition and vain customs rule over most nations, and men are so highly graduated in them that most of them will not only kill others for not observing their custom and believing in their prophets, but they will die themselves, rather than leave an evil custom to embrace a good one; so far are mankind degenerated from unity and concord. For this cause we teach our followers to be careful, that they in their common communications do not utter or speak words that proceed from fierceness and wrath, nor to give themselves liberty to complemental jesting or flatteries, nor suffer the tongue and the heart to re-counter each other; and for the better observation and distinguishing from what centre and quality all words and discourses proceed, they divide the soul and mind of man into three parts, powers or spirits, which some of our philosophers call qualities or principles, they being the grounds or foundation whence all imaginations, inclinations, words, and work do arise and proceed, viz.: The first power in man's soul is fierce, severe, and wrathful, and when this power does obtain the ascendant, the imaginations, words, and works are harsh, bitter, surly, bold, and fierce, filled with envy and malice, tending to violence and hurt. But when the second power governs in the centre of the soul, then the imaginations, words, and works are signed with the character of modesty, with a mild, friendly, courteous behavior, filled with mercy and innocency, always tending towards unity. But if the third power or quality have obtained the upper region of the soul and heart, then the imagination, words, and works are frivolous,

frothy, mixed with wanton jestings and laughers, between jest and earnest, always tending to evil.

But ofttimes there is a mixture of these qualities or powers, which run so high that no human number can penetrate into or comprehend them, which is done by the help of art and reason, which do mightily deceive such, to whom such discourses are directed, that do break the unity, and make a great tumult and discord in the soul. Upon which account we esteem it unlawful to show anger to our children; nor do we allow them to see vain fantastic plays and games; nor when men, who are worse than dogs, that cause one fierce beast to fight with another; neither do use them to jest with or jeer one the other, being well satisfied that in their green years everything takes deep root, that the essences and qualities thereof do never depart, and the concord being broken so early, it proves a work of great difficulty for such either to distinguish the good from the evil, or to obtain the harmony of nature, or of their inward powers.

For let men know the truth, that the middle spirit or power is given unto man by his creator that man might by its sweet and friendly influences qualify the fierceness and wrath of the first and the fantastic folly of the third, and so bring them all three into an equal tone or concord. We believe that the knowledge, power, operation, and government of these three spirits, and to be able to distinguish them, is of absolute necessity: for if we do not distinguish the nature of these powers we can not have any true knowledge, and where there is no understanding there is no order, and where there is no order there can not be any concord or unity. Therefore we do as much as in us lies advance temperance and order, and do prefer the use of numbers, believing that God hath made all things according to measure, weight, and number; and the more we imitate him the nearer we draw and fitter we are to be joined to the uniform powers of God in ourselves. There the Brahmans, when they prepare or administer physic, make use of certain numbers and words, according to the present dictates of the harmonical powers of the soul: always observing to make use of the first number that arises in the soul, as being most simple, entire and free from the

multiplicity of thoughts, and stands nearest unto concord, which some of our fathers call the Good Genius, or Good Spirit; but the Jewish rabbis entitle it the Oracle, which being diligently waited upon, and its dictates observed, it reveals in men's souls the great mysteries of God, and makes known the secrets of nature, and all the degrees of temperance and cleanness: It is this God demon that teaches the proper use of numbers, and all things necessary. For this cause when any that are distempered desire a medicine this good spirit or power is ready, and does immediately dictate unto the physician what methods, herbs, words, or numbers he shall observe and administer.

But for the most part we observe the numbers and method of words following, viz.: The unity which is medicine hath great power and virtue, when it arises entire and unmixed with the imagination, or multitude of variety of thoughts, then we are directed by our Good Demon to some one simple Herb, and also how to prepare and apply it to the sick person, and when we gather it, we do turn ourselves to the most glorious Eye of Heaven, and utter words to this purpose: O thou only one power, creator and preserver of all things, and who hast endowed this herb that I now gather with an inward and secret virtue, bless the use thereof to A. B. that he may by its sweet influences and thy blessing be restored unto perfect health of the body and soul. But note, that our physicians or Brahmans do not keep nor observe a constant method either of numbers or words, they always vary according to the dictates of the good Demon; for the Oracles of our souls will always imitate God and Nature, whose variety is not to be comprehended by any human number; in which wonderful variety consists the highest degrees of unity.

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 egotistically, in face of the great Law of Harmony which depends on altruism.

## WIRELESS.

Now to those who search the deep,  
*Gleam of Hope and Kindy Light,*  
Once, before you turn to sleep,

Breathe a message through the night.  
Never doubt that they'll receive it.  
Send it, once, and you'll believe it.

Wrecks that burn against the stars,  
Decks where death is wallowing green,  
Snare the breath among their spars,

Hear the flickering threads between,  
Quick, through all the storms that blind them,  
Quick with words that rush to find them.

Think you these aerial wires  
Whisper more than spirits may?  
Think you that our strong desires  
Touch no distance when we pray?  
Think you that no wings are flying  
'Twixt the living and the dying?

Inland, here, upon your knees,  
You shall breathe from urgent lips,  
Round the ships that guard your seas,  
Fleet on fleet of angel ships;  
Yea, the guarded may so bless them  
That no terrors can distress them.

You shall guide the darkling prow,  
Kneeling thus—and far inland—  
You shall touch the storm-eat brow  
Gently as a spirit-hand.  
Even a blindfold prayer may speed them,  
And a little child may lead them.  
—From "*The New Morning*," by Alfred  
Noyes. Published by the Frederick  
A. Stokes Company.

## "THE TWO THEOLOGIES."

It must be that the light divine,  
That on your soul is pleased to shine,  
Is other than what falls on mine:

For you can fix and formalize  
The Power on which you raise your eyes  
And trace him in his palace-skies.

You can perceive and almost touch  
His attributes, as such and such—  
Almost familiar over much.

You can his thoughts and ends display,  
In fair historical array.  
From Adam to his judgment day.

I can not think Him here or there—  
I think Him ever everywhere—  
Unfading light, unstified air.

—Lord Houghton.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 - \$1 a year

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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## A SYMPOSIUM.

*Leslie's Weekly* for September 27th prints a sort of symposium on the question, "Are the Dead Alive?" If we were inclined to be hypercritical we might say that it is a rather foolish question, since death and life are opposite and mutually destructive terms. If the "dead" are alive it is obvious that they are not dead. If the "alive" are dead, it is obvious that they are not alive.

But there is a more obvious fallacy in such a symposium as this. Among the weaknesses of the popular mind is the assumption that proficiency along one line of mental endeavor implies proficiency along all lines. A man makes a good automobile engine and therefore we assume that he will make a good senator. Another man has been a good soldier, and so we elect him to the presidency. It is about as intelligent as going to the postoffice to have one's hair cut on the ground that the mails are dispatched with regularity.

And so we can see no reason why we should seek the opinion of Mr. Champ Clark on immortality. We may wish to know what he thinks about the peace treaty, or free silver, or the tariff, seeing that these are along the lines of his proficiency. But of what value is his opinion on immortality. And yet there are certainly large numbers of people who will allow their opinions on immortality to be somewhat swayed by the views of Mr. Champ Clark. And it may

be that those same people are quite unaffected by the writing of Paul or of Plato.

And why should we consult Senator Owen, or Mrs. Fiske, or Hudson Maxim? Who made them judges in Israel? What does it matter what they think about immortality? What can it matter? Mrs. Fiske's opinions on the drama or Senator Owen's opinions on the league of nations may, and do, have great value. But of what conceivable value are their opinions on a life after death? For the matter of that, of what value are the opinions of any one unless they are sustained by knowledge or advanced with argument?

Poultney Bigelow is among the few who gives us such opinions. He says:

You ask my view on the life beyond the grave—a view which at my age may soon open to my weary eyes! Why then anticipate? All I can do is to share with others who have suffered my belief that our real life is that of the spirit; and that, therefore, we live best when no longer burdened by our material body. I have never yet known a people in any part of this world or at any time in antiquity that did not believe in a God and a Life beyond the grave; in the glory of dying for one's country and the duty of sacrificing all for the sake of protecting wife, children, home, and the institutions we hold sacred. I have talked on these matters with Mohammedans, Bramins, and Buddhists and find that it is no theological matter merely, but a profound and universal impulse planted in each healthy human by the great author of all Good.

Mr. Bernard Shaw in the effort to be



clever succeeds only in being supremely silly. He says:

If an answer is desired which will convince bereaved relatives that men do not really die in battle, I can not supply it. If any one else can, I presume we shall all get shot as soon as possible, and bless the Kaiser for giving us the chance.

I do not grudge a mother the shelter of a lie any more than I grudge a soldier the shelter of a clump of briars; but the more thoroughly we realize that war is war, and death is death, the sooner we shall get rid of war.

No particular reply was "desired" from Mr. Shaw, and therefore his answer might have ended profitably with his first sentence. His second sentence is irrelevant twaddle.

If Mr. Shaw has no conviction on this point why does he stigmatize any conviction at all as a "lie"? If Mr. Shaw believes that a denial of immortality will prove a discouragement to war, he has a power of credulity almost without a parallel. If he believes that a conviction of immortality would lead us all to "get shot as soon as possible" he is showing an ignorance of ethics—one might say of elementary decency—that it is difficult to attribute to him. Mr. Shaw may properly be reminded that while the cap and bells have their value in the circus ring, there are times when they should be doffed. No one should be a buffoon continuously.

Israel Zangwill is equally irrelevant, and indeed it is the irrelevancy of so many of these people that strikes us with special force. Mr. Zangwill says:

To hold out a positive assurance of immortality for the fighter is to place him upon the plane of the semi-savage Mohammedan who deems death in battle the sure door to a harem of hours.

Garibaldi, in his famous appeal for volunteers, offered not pay nor loot, but wounds and death. It but lowers the stake to regard it as only a counter. Moreover, the question of immortality is irrelevant, and, as I have written elsewhere of the monstrous calamity that Germany brought upon the world, "To suppose that this tragic butchery could be circumvented by immortality would be to deprive death of its reality, heroism of its substances, and warmakers of their guilt."

In what way the status of the soldier can be affected by the opinions held by some one else is not clear. Nor can we understand why it should be "irrelevant" to answer a question. Mr. Zangwill was not invited to furnish an ethical homily. The irrelevance is his.

Why should immortality deprive "hero-

ism of its substance," or "warmakers of their guilt"? What strange *non sequiturs*. How curiously inconsistent with the fact recorded in all of history that the bravest men that the world has ever known have been believers in immortality, and that all peoples have been corrupted and degraded by materialism.

## THE SPHINX.

The Sphinx is drowsy.

Her wings are furled;

Her ear is heavy,

She broods on the world.

"Who'll tell me my secret,

The ages have kept?—

I awaited the seer

While they slumbered and slept:—

"The fate of the man-child,

The meaning of man;

Known fruit of the unknown;

Daedalian plan;

Out of sleeping a waking,

Out of waking a sleep;

Life death overtaking;

Deep underneath deep?

"Erect as a sunbeam,

Upspringeth the palm;

The elephant browses,

Undaunted and calm;

In beautiful motion

The thrush plies his wings:

Kind leaves of his covert,

Your silence he sings.

"The waves, unashamed,

In difference sweet,

Play glad with the breezes,

Old play-fellows meet;

The journeying atoms,

Primordial wholes,

Firmly draw, firmly drive,

By their animate poles.

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,

Plant, quadruped, bird,

By one music enchanted,

One deity stirred,—

Each the other adorning,

Accompany still;

Night veileth the morning,

The vapor the hill.

"The babe by its mother

Lies bathed in joy;

Glide its hours uncounter,—

The sun is its toy;

Shines the peace of all being:

Without cloud, in its eyes;

And the sum of the world  
In soft miniature lies.

"But man crouches and blushes,  
Absconds and conceals;  
He creepeth and peepeth,  
He palter and steals  
Infirm, melancholy,  
Jealous glancing around,  
An oaf, an accomplice,  
He poisons the ground.

"Out spoke the great mother,  
Beholding his fear;—  
At the sound of her accents  
Cold shuddered the sphere:—  
'Who has drugged my boy's cup?  
Who has mixed my boy's bread?  
Who, with sadness and madness,  
Has turned my child's head?'"

I heard a poet answer  
Aloud and cheerfully,  
"Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges  
Are pleasant songs to me.  
Deep love lieth under  
These pictures of time;  
They fade in the light of  
Their meaning sublime.

"The fiend that man harries  
Is love of the Best;  
Yawns the pit of the Dragon  
Lit by rays from the Blest.  
The Lethe of Nature  
Can't trance him again,  
Whose soul sees the perfect,  
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"To vision profounder,  
Man's spirit must dive;  
His aye-rolling orb  
At no goal will arrive;  
The heavens that now draw him  
With sweetness intold,  
Once found,—for new heavens  
He spurneth the old.

"Pride ruined the angels,  
Their shame then restores;  
Lurks the joy that is sweetest  
In stings of remorse.  
Have I a lover  
Who is noble and free?—  
I would he were nobler  
Than to love me.

"Eterne alternation  
Now follows, now flies;  
And under pain, pleasure,—  
Under pleasure, pain lies.

Love works at the centre,  
Heart-heaving away;  
Forth speed the strong pulses  
To the borders of day.

"Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits;  
Thy sight is growing blear;  
Rue, myrrh and cummin for the Sphinx,  
Her muddy eyes to clear!"  
The old Sphinx bit her thick lip,—  
Said, "Who taught thee me to name?  
I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow;  
Of thine eyes I am eyebeam.

"Thou art the unanswered question;  
Couldst see thy proper eye,  
Always it asketh, asketh;  
And each answer is a lie.  
So take thy quest through nature,  
It through thousand natures ply;  
Ask on, thou clothed eternity;  
Time is the false reply."

Uprose the merry Sphinx,  
And crouched no more in stone;  
She melted into purple cloud,  
She silvered in the moon;  
She spired into a yellow flame;  
She flowered in blossoms red;  
She flowed into a foaming wave:  
She stood Monadnock's head.

Thorough a thousand voices  
Spoke the universal dame:  
"Who telleth one of my meanings  
Is master of all I am."—*Emerson.*

### ZUNI MAGIC.

The Chicago *Record* publishes an interesting account of the Pueblo, or Zuñi, Indians of New Mexico and Arizona (says an early issue of the *Theosophical Review*), adding the recital of a conversation with the well-known Mr. Frank H. Cushing, a most interesting and remarkable man, who has been initiated into the Zuñi mysteries, and knows more of Zuñi thoughts and ways than any other white man. The priesthood among the Zuñis forms a separate order, into which boys are adopted, chosen for their intellectual promise and their merits in past lives. The priests are wonder-workers, and develop many powers—siddhis, as would be said among the Hindus. Mr. Cushing gave an account of their "ember dance," and stated that the priests who take part in it fast for eight days before the ceremony, and anoint themselves with preparations said

to harden the flesh. They dance on a "thick and glowing bed of embers," without suffering the slightest injury. Another remarkable ceremony is the "calling up of the waters"; a very ancient jar, "unnumbered centuries old," is placed in the midst of a circle of the Priests of the Bow; incantations are chanted, the chant describing the powers of the Elements, and when the God of Water is named about a teacupful of water is poured into the jar as the "water-seed." Presently water rises in the jar, flows over the rim, and forms a rivulet which runs toward the altar whereon the image of the God of Water is standing. The high priest dips a shell into the water and gives it in turn to each member of the tribe who is present. When the last has drunk, the water slowly subsides and the chanting ceases. Mr. Cushing offers no explanation of this phenomenon, beyond saying that it may be "an optical illusion or an example of hypnotism; but I am sure I saw that jar fill with water by an invisible agency." There is one method of interfering with normal sight which is for the most part left out of account by those who seek explanations of magical phenomena—the turning aside of the lightwaves, and the consequent rendering invisible for the time of the immediate surroundings of the object which is the centre of attention. As we see only by the rays of light reflected from the surface of an object, any object may be rendered invisible, or may be made to appear in another place, by merely turning aside from their normal course the etheric waves that are reflected from it. This is one method used in playing "the psychological tricks" that so much puzzle the ordinary modern spectator. The Zuñis have brought down from elder days some of the secrets of the old Atlantean magic, handed on from priest to priest in the archaic Order of the Bow, as have, indeed, others of the North American Indian tribes. Moreover, there are those among them who are in touch with that most ancient lodge that has its habitat in Central America, whose initiates have climbed high on the occult ladder, and wield powers unknown to the modern world. These Great Ones of the Fourth Race have still their disciples, and find them most readily among the children of their own ancient root.

## ON THE CAVE OF THE NYMPHS IN THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

(By Porphyry.)

1. What does Homer obscurely signify by the cave in Ithaca, which he describes in the following verses?

High at the head a branching olive grows  
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.

A cavern pleasant, though involved in night,  
Beneath it lies, the Naiades' delight:  
Where bowls and urns of workmanship divine  
And massy beams in native marble shine;  
On which the Nymphs amazing webs display.  
Of purple hue and exquisite array.  
The busy bees within the urns secure  
Honey delicious, and like nectar pure.  
Perpetual waters through the grotto glide,  
A lofty gate unfolds on either side;  
That to the north is pervious to mankind:  
The sacred south t'immortals is consign'd.

That the poet, indeed, does not narrate these particulars from historical information, is evident from this, that those who have given us a description of the island have, as Cronius says, made no mention of such a cave being found in it. This likewise, says he, is manifest, that it would be absurd for Homer to expect, that in describing a cave fabricated merely by poetical license and thus artificially opening a path to Gods and men in the region of Ithaca, he should gain the belief of mankind. And it is equally absurd to suppose that nature herself should point out, in this place, one path for the descent of all mankind, and again another path for all the Gods. For, indeed, the whole world is full of Gods and men; but it is impossible to be persuaded that in the Ithacensian cave men descend and Gods ascend. Cronius therefore, having premised this much, says that it is evident, not only to the wise, but also to the vulgar, that the poet, under the veil of allegory, conceals some mysterious signification; thus compelling others to explore what the gate of men is, and also what is the gate of the Gods: what he means by asserting that this cave of the Nymphs has two gates; and why it is both pleasant and obscure, since darkness is by no means delightful, but is rather productive of aversion and horror. Likewise, what is the reason why it is not simply said to be the cave of the Nymphs, but it is accurately added, of the Nymphs which are called Naiades? Why also is the cave represented as containing bowls and amphoræ, when no

mention is made of their receiving any liquor, but bees are said to deposit their honey in these vessels as in hives? Then, again, why are oblong beams adapted to weaving placed here for the Nymphs; and these not formed from wood, or any other pliable matter, but from stone, as well as the amphoræ and bowls? Which last circumstance is, indeed, less obscure; but that, on these stony beams, the Nymphs should weave purple garments, is not only wonderful to the sight, but also to the auditory sense. For who would believe that Goddesses weave garments in a cave involved in darkness, and on stony beams; especially while he hears the poet asserting that the purple webs of the goddesses were visible. In addition to these things likewise, this is admirable, that the cave should have a twofold entrance; one made for the descent of men, but the other for the ascent of Gods. And again that the gate, which is pervious by men, should be said to be turned against the north wind, but the portals of the Gods to the south; and why the poet did not rather make use of the west and the east for this purpose, since nearly all temples have their statues and entrances turned toward the east; but those who enter them look towards the west, when standing with their faces turned towards the statues they honor and worship the Gods. Hence, since this narration is full of such obscurities, it can neither be a fiction casually devised for the purpose of procuring delight, nor an exposition of a topical history; but something allegorical must be indicated in it by the poet, who likewise mystically places an olive near the cave. All which particulars the ancients thought very labrious to investigate and unfold; and we, with their assistance, shall now endeavor to develop the secret meaning of the allegory. Those persons, therefore, appear to have written very negligently about the situation of the place, who think that the cave, and what is narrated concerning it, are nothing more than a fiction of the poet. But the best and most accurate writers of geography, and among these Artemidorus the Ephesian, in the fifth book of his work, which consists of eleven books, thus writes: "The island of Ithaca, containing an extent of eighty-five stadia, is distant from Panormus, a port of Cephalenia, about twelve stadia.

It has a port named Phorcys, in which there is a shore, and on that shore a cave, in which the Phæacians are reported to have placed Ulysses." This cave, therefore, will not be entirely an Homeric fiction. But whether the poet describes it as it really is, or whether he has added something to it of his own invention, nevertheless the same inquiries remain; whether the intention of the poet is investigated, or of those who founded the cave. For neither did the ancients establish temples without fabulous symbols, nor does Homer rashly narrate the particulars pertaining to things of this kind. But how much the more any one endeavors to show that this description of the cave is not an Homeric fiction, but prior to Homer was consecrated to the Gods, by so much the more will this consecrated cave be found to be full of ancient wisdom. And on this account it deserves to be investigated, and it is requisite that its symbolical consecration should be amply unfolded into light.

2. The ancients, indeed, very properly consecrated a cave to the world, whether assumed collectively, according to the whole of itself, or separately, according to its parts. Hence they considered earth as a symbol of that matter of which the world consists; on which account some thought that matter and earth are the same; through the cave indicating the world, which was generated from matter. For caves are, for the most part, spontaneous productions, and connascent with the earth, being comprehended by one uniform mass of stone; the interior parts of which are concave, but the exterior parts are extended over an indefinite portion of land. And the world being spontaneously produced (*i. e.*, being produced by no external, but from an internal cause), and being also self-adherent, is allied to matter; which, according to a secret signification, is denominated a stone and a rock, on account of its sluggish and repulsive nature with respect to form; the ancients, at the same time, asserting that matter is infinite through its privation of form. Since, however, it is continually flowing, and is of itself destitute of the super-vening investments of form, through which it participates of *morphe*, and becomes visible, the flowing waters, darkness, or, as the poet says, obscurity of the cavern, were considered by the ancients

as apt symbols of what the world contains, on account of the matter with which it is connected. Through matter, therefore, the world is obscure and dark; but through the connecting power, and orderly distribution of form, from which also it is called *world*, it is beautiful and delightful. Hence it may very properly be denominated a cave; as being lovely, indeed, to him who first enters into it, through its participation of forms, but obscure to him who surveys its foundation and examines it with an intellectual eye. So that its exterior and superficial parts, indeed, are pleasant, but its interior and profound parts are obscure (and its very bottom is darkness itself). Thus also the Persians, mystically signifying the descent of the soul into the sublunary regions, and its regression from it, initiate the mystic (or him who is admitted to the arcane sacred rites) in a place which they denominate a cavern. For, as Eubulus says, Zoroaster was the first who consecrated in the neighboring mountains of Persia, a spontaneously produced cave, florid, and having fountains, in honor of Mithra, the maker and father of all things; save, according to Zoroaster, bearing a resemblance of the world, which was fabricated by Mithra. But the things contained in the cavern being arranged according to commensurate intervals, were symbols of the mundane elements and climates.

(To Be Continued.)

#### WISDOM FROM BOEHME.

True understanding must come from the interior fountain and enter the mind from the living word of God within the soul. Unless this takes place, all teaching about divine things is useless and worthless.

The divine spirit, once awakened in the consciousness of man, knows all things by the knowledge of its own self. Not I, the I that I am, know these things; but God knows them in me.

But what is it that prevents man from recognizing God within his own self? What hinders him from seeing the light of truth and hearing the voice of divinity?

Thy own hearing, willing, and seeing prevents thee from seeing and hearing God. By the exercise of your own will you separate yourself from the will of

God, and by the exercise of your own seeing you see only within your own desires, while your desiring obstructs your sense of hearing by closing your ears with that which belongs to terrestrial and material things, but if you can keep quiet and desist from thinking and feeling with your own personal selfhood, then will the eternal hearing, seeing, and speaking become revealed to you, and God will see and perceive through you.

This is not a state in which man imagines himself to be divine, but a condition in which the will of man, having stripped off all that is earthly, becomes divine, and absorbed in the self-consciousness of divinity.

The only true way by which God may be perceived is that man arrives at the state of unity with himself, and that not merely in his imagination but in his will. He should leave everything that is his personal self. He must surrender everything, not that he should run away from everything; but he should kill and annihilate his self will, the will that claims all these things as its possessions, and he must say with the full consent of his heart, Lord all is thine! I am unworthy to govern it, but as you have placed me therein, I shall do my duty by surrendering my will wholly and entirely to you. Act through me in what manner you will, so that thy will shall be done in all things, and that all that I am called upon to do may be done for the benefit of my brothers whom I am serving according to thy command.

He who enters into such a state of supreme resignation enters into divine union with God, so that he sees Christ himself, he speaks with God and God speaks with him, and he does know the essence and will of God. Follow my advice and leave off your difficult seeking for the knowledge of God by means of your selfish will and reasoning. Throw away that imaginary reason which your mortal self thinks to possess and your will shall then be the will of God.

This is the only way in which a knowledge of God can be attained. And there is no other way.

I am but a foolish, simple-minded man, and have never desired to know anything about divine mysteries or sciences. I sought for nothing but the heart of Christ (the centre of truth) wherein I might find protection from the fearful

wrath of God, and I asked him earnestly for his holy spirit and mercy while engaged in such an earnest seeking and desiring. The door was opened to me so that in fifteen minutes I saw and learned more than if I had studied for many years at the universities.

### OCCULT POWERS.

There are thousands of people in the United States, as well as in the ranks of the society as outside, who believe that there are certain extraordinary occult powers to be encompassed by man. Such powers as thought-reading, seeing events yet to come, unveiling the motives of others, apportionation of objects, and the like, are those most sought after, and nearly all desired with a selfish end in view. The future is inquired into so as to enable one to speculate in stocks and another to circumvent competitors. These longings are pandered to here and there by men and societies who hold out delusive hopes to their dupes that, by the payment of money, the powers of nature may be invoked.

Even some of our own members have not been guiltless of seeking after such wonderful fruit of knowledge with those who would barter the Almighty, if they could, for gold.

Another class of earnest Theosophists, however, have taken a different ground. They have thought that certain Adepts who really possess power over Nature, who can both see and hear through all space, who can transport solid objects through space and cause written messages to appear at a distance with beautiful sounds of astral bells, ought to intervene, and by the exercise of the same power make these earnest disciples hear sounds ordinarily called occult, and thus easily transmit information and help without the aid of telegraph or mailboat. But that these Beings will not do this has been stated over and over again; for the kingdom of heaven is not given away, it must be "taken by violence." It lies there before us to be entered upon and occupied, but that can be only after a battle which, when won, entitles the victor to remain in undisturbed possession.

As many have seemed to forget these rules, I thought it well to offer them the

following words from one of those very Adepts they seek to meet:

"The educating of the faculty of hearing occult sounds would be not at all the easy matter you imagine. It was never done to any one of us, for the iron rule is that what powers one gets he *must himself acquire*, and when acquired and ready for use, the powers lie dumb and dormant in their potentiality like the wheels in a music box, and only then is it easy to wind the key and start them. . . . Yet every earnestly-disposed man *may* acquire such powers practically: that is the finality of it. There are no more distinctions of persons in this than there are as to whom the sun shall shine upon or the air give vitality to. There are the powers of all nature before you; *take what you can.*"

This is perfectly clear and strictly according to the Secret Canon. "When the materials are all prepared and ready, the architect shall appear"; and when we have *acquired* the powers we seek, by educating them ourselves from our inner being, the Master will then be ready and able to start into exercise that which we have obtained.

But—even here is an important point. This. If the Master can, so to say, wind the key and thus start the machinery, He can also refuse to give the necessary impulse. For reasons that have to do with the motives and life of students, it may be advisable for a while not to permit the exercise of these powers which "lie dumb and dormant in their potentiality." To sanction their use might in one lead to the ruin of other lives, or in another to personal disaster and retardation of true progress.

Therefore, the Master says that quite often he may not only refuse to give the start, but yet further may prevent the wheels from moving.

THERE ARE THE POWERS OF ALL NATURE BEFORE YOU; TAKE WHAT YOU CAN.

So long as one does not become simple like a child, one does not get divine illumination. Forget all the worldly knowledge that thou hast acquired, and become as ignorant about it as a child, and then thou wilt get the knowledge of the true.—*Ramakrishna.*

Let us learn to contradict our own will.  
—*Saint Terese.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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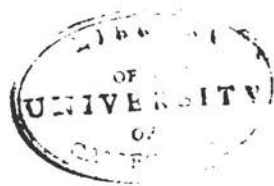
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## WASHINGTON'S VISION.

(By Wesley Bradshaw.)

The last time that I ever saw Antony Sherman was on July 4, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-nine, and becoming very feeble; but though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which he said he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a shaking hand; "what time is it? I can't see so well now as I used to."

"Half-past 3."

"Come, then," he continued, "let us go into the hall. I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life, one which no one alive knows of excepting myself; and if you live, you will before long see it verified. Mark me, I am not superstitious; but you will see it verified."

Reaching the visitors' room, in which the sacred relics of our early days are preserved, we sat down on one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable companion related to me the following singular narrative, which, from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words.

"When the bold action of our Congress in asserting the independence of

the colonies became known to the old world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, presumptuous rebels, whom British grenadiers would very soon tame into submission; but undauntedly we prepared to make good what we had said. The keen encounter came, and the world knows the result. It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of 'seventy-six, but they little know, neither can they imagine, the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing that I much fear, and that is that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and, without it is checked, will at no distant day undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the Republic. But let me hasten to my narrative.

"From the opening of the Revolution, we experienced all phases of fortune—now good, now ill, one time victorious, and another conquered. The darkest period we had, however, was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah, I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's careworn cheeks as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers.

"You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to



pray; well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret, for aid and comfort from that God, the interposition of whose divine providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

"One day—I remember it well—the chilly wind whistled and howled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless, and the sun shining brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly the whole afternoon alone. When he came out, I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something upon his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was present in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table, engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld, standing exactly opposite to me, a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I—for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed—that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, third, and even a fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no other answer from my mysterious visitor than a slight raising of her eyes.

"By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become powerless. Even thought itself presently became paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze, gaze steadily, vacantly at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me appeared to rarefy—the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy, and yet even more distinct to my sight than before. I

now began to feel as one dying, or rather, to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn,' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm and forefinger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy, white vapor at some distance, rising fold upon fold. This gradually disappeared, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread in one vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific.

"'Son of the Republic,' said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look and learn.' At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being, like an angel, standing, or rather floating, in mid-air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, while he cast upon Europe some with his left. Immediately a dark cloud arose from each of these countries, and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed through it at intervals and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

"'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'

"I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages, towns, and cities springing up, one after another, until the whole land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say:

"'Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh: look and learn.'

"At this, the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approaching our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every village, town, and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array, one against the other. As I con-

tinued looking, I saw a bright angel on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word "Union," bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nation and said:

"Remember, ye are brethren."

"Instantly the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying:

"Son of the Republic, the second peril is passed; look and learn."

"And I beheld the villages, towns, and cities of America increase in size and number, until at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in heaven, or the sands on the seashore. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying:

"Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh; look and learn."

"At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts; and taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia, and Africa.

"Then my eyes looked upon a fearful scene. From each of these countries arose thick, black clouds that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass gleamed a dark red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land, and sailed by sea, to America, which country was presently enveloped in the volume of cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and pillage and burn the villages, towns, and cities that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon and clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying:

"Son of the Republic, look and learn."

"When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long, fearful blast.

"Instantly a light, as of a thousand suns, shone down from above, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel

upon whose forehead still shone the word Union, and who bore our national flag in one hand, and a sword in the other, descend from heaven, attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who I perceived were well-nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice saying:

"Son of the Republic, look and learn."

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean, and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I beheld villages, towns, and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice to the inhabitants: "While the stars remain, and the heavens send down dew upon earth, so long shall the Republic last!"

"And taking from his brow the crown which still blazed the word Union, he placed it upon the standard, while the people, kneeling down, said "Amen!"

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising and curling white vapor I had first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who, in that same mysterious voice I had heard before, said:

"Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted: Three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which, the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land, and Union."

"With these words the figure vanished. I started from my seat, and felt that I had seen a vision, wherein had been shown to me the birth, progress, and destiny of the Republic of the United States.

"In Union she will have strength; in Disunion her destruction."

"Such, my friend," concluded the ven-

erable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. Let her forever remember, that in Union she has her strength; in disunion her destruction."

### PATIENCE WORTH.

(Marion Reedy in St. Louis Mirror.)

Go away from home to get the news. It was in Philadelphia I heard that the *Saturday Evening Post* is about to print a short story of this day and hour by Mrs. Pearl Curran of St. Louis. Mrs. Curran is the lady who has won fame as the recipient via the ouija board, clairvoyance, and clairaudience of communications, novels, poems, and short stories from an intriguing alleged discarnate personality known as Patience Worth. At least one of the stories so given to the public is, in my opinion, a truly marvelous work of art in its historical color of the time of Christ, its characterization, plot, movement, and curious phraseology, not biblical exactly, but reminiscent thereof. This is "The Sorry Tale," published by Holt, New York. Another published novel similarly received and with like merits in lesser degree is "Hope Trueblood." Now these Patience Worth writings have been accepted generally, by those familiar with their production, upon the theory that Mrs. Curran was of herself, without extra-mundane, so-called spirit assistance, incapable of any such sustained, well-backgrounded, and distinctively cultured literary performances. She had never written anything prior to her production of the heterogeneously influenced works of the spirit of a woman supposed to have been dead about two hundred years. The short story which the *Saturday Evening Post* will print shortly, as well as any other Mrs. Curran will write, is not of spiritistic origin: the lady has done it "off her own bat." I may say here that from the time I heard Mrs. Curran read a paper, written in her own proper person, describing her experiences as the medium for the "spirit" Patience Worth, I have never believed that Mrs. Curran was not capable of good writing. What are we to think now of the Patience Worth literature when Mrs. Curran herself can write publishable fiction? Does the new revelation mean that the spirit-dictated stories were emanations from

her subconsciousness and that the use of the subconscious power has so developed it as to bring it out on the plane of ordinary consciousness? Will Patience Worth disappear and Mrs. Curran stand revealed as a genius brought into her own through the strange manifestation of a so-called secondary personality? Will any one believe in the reality of Patience Worth other than as a literary creation of Mrs. Curran's gifts operating just beyond the threshold of self-conscious intellection? The problem is one for the psychologists, Freudian and other. I give it up, reflecting that the work speaks for itself in its worth, independent of its occult origin.

### ON THE CAVE OF THE NYMPHS IN THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

(By Porphyry.)

*Continued.*

3. After this Zoroaster likewise, it was usual with others to perform the rites pertaining to the mysteries in caverns and dens, whether spontaneously produced, or made by the hands. For as they established temples, groves, and altars to the celestial Gods, but to the terrestrial Gods, and to heroes, altars alone, and to the subterranean divinities pits and cells; so to the world they dedicated caves and dens; as likewise to Nymphs, on account of the water which trickles, or is diffused in caverns, over which the Naiades, as we shall shortly observe, preside. Not only, however, did the ancients make a cavern, as we have said, to be a symbol of the world, or of a generated and sensible nature; but they also assumed it as a symbol of all visible powers; because as caverns are obscure and dark, so the essence of these powers is occult. Hence Saturn fabricated a cavern in the ocean itself and concealed in it his children. Thus, too, Ceres educated Proserpine with her Nymphs in a cave; and many other particulars of this kind may be found in the writings of theologists. But that the ancients dedicated caverns to Nymphs and especially to Naiades, who dwell near fountains, and who are called Naiades from the streams over which they preside, is manifest from the hymn of Apollo, in which it is said: "The Nymphs residing in caves shall deduce fountains of intellectual waters to

thee (according to the divine voice of the Muses), which are the progeny of a terrene spirit. Hence waters, bursting through every river, shall exhibit to mankind perpetual effusions of sweet streams." From hence, as it appears to me, the Pythagoreans, and after them Plato, showed that the world is a cavern and a den. For the powers which are the leaders of souls thus speak in a verse of Empedocles: "Now at this secret cavern we're arrived." And by Plato, in the seventh book of his *Republic*, it is said, "Behold men as if dwelling in a subterraneous cavern, and in a den-like habitation, whose entrance is widely expanded to the admission of the light through the whole cave." But when the other person in the dialogue says: "You adduce an unusual and wonderful similitude," he replies, "The whole of this image, friend Glauco, must be adapted to what has been before said, assimilating this receptacle, which is visible through the sight to the habitation of a prison; but the light of the fire which is in it to the power of the sun."

4. That theologists therefore considered caverns as symbols of the world, and of mundane powers, is through this manifest. And it has been already observed by us that they also considered a cave as a symbol of the intelligible essence; being impelled to do so by different and not the same conceptions. For they were of opinion that a cave is a symbol of the sensible world because caverns are dark, stony, and humid; and they asserted that the world is a thing of this kind, through the matter of which it consists, and through its repercussive and flowing nature. But they thought it to be a symbol of the intelligible world, because that world is invisible to sensible perception, and possesses a firm and stable essence. Thus, also, partial powers are unapparent, and especially those which are inherent in matter. For they formed these symbols, from surveying the spontaneous production of caves, and their nocturnal, dark, and stony nature; and not entirely, as some suspect, from directing their attention to the figure of a cavern. For every cave is not spherical, as is evident from this Homeric cave with a twofold entrance. But since a cavern has a twofold similitude, the present cave must not be assumed as an

image of the intelligible, but of the sensible essence. For in consequence of containing perpetually-flowing streams of water it will not be a symbol of an intelligible hypostasis, but of a material essence. On this account also it is sacred to Nymphs, not the mountain or rural Nymphs, or others of the like kind, but to the Naiades, who are thus denominated from streams of water. For we peculiarly call the Naiades, and the powers that preside over waters, Nymphs; and this term also is commonly applied to all souls descending into generation. For the ancients thought that these souls are incumbent on water which is inspired by divinity, as Numenius says, who adds that on this account, a prophet asserts, that the Spirit of God moved on the waters. The Egyptians likewise, on this account, represent all daemons and also the sun, and, in short, all the planets not standing on anything on solid, but on a sailing vessel: for souls descending into generation fly to moisture. Hence also, Heraclitus says, "that moisture appears delightful and not deadly to souls"; but the lapse into generation is delightful to them. And in another place (speaking of unembodied souls), he says, "We live their death, and we die their life." Hence the poet calls those that are in generation *humid*, because they have souls which are *profoundly* steeped in moisture. On this account, such souls delight in blood and humid seed; but water is the nutriment of the souls of plants. Some likewise are of opinion that the bodies in the air, and in the heavens, are nourished by vapors from fountains and rivers, and other exhalations. But the Stoics assert that the sun is nourished by the exhalation from the sea; the moon from the vapors of fountains and river; and the stars from the exhalation of the earth. Hence, according to them, the sun is an intellectual composition formed from the sea; the moon from the river waters and the stars from terrene exhalations.

5. It is necessary, therefore, that souls, whether they are corporeal or incorporeal, while they attract to themselves body, and especially such as are about to be bound to blood and moist bodies, should verge to humidity, and be corporalized, in consequence of being drenched in moisture. Hence the souls

of the dead are evoked by the effusion of bile and blood; and souls that are lovers of body, by attracting a moist spirit, condense this humid vehicle like a cloud. For moisture condensed in the air constitutes a cloud. But the pneumatic vehicle, being condensed in these souls, becomes visible through an excess of moisture. And among the number of these we must reckon those apparitions of images, which, from a spirit colored by the influence of imagination, present themselves to mankind. But pure souls are averse from generation; so that, as Heraclitus says, "*a dry soul is the wisest.*" Hence, here also the spirit becomes moist and more aqueous through the desire of generation, the soul thus attracting a humid vapor from verging to generation. Souls, therefore, proceeding into generation are the Nymphs called Naiades. Hence it is usual to call those that are married Nymphs, as being conjoined to generation, and to pour water into baths from fountains, or rivers, or perpetual rills.

6. This world, then, is sacred and pleasant to souls who have now proceeded into nature, and to natal dæmons, though it is essentially dark and *obscure*; from which some have suspected that souls also are of an *obscure nature*; and essentially consist of air. Hence a cavern, which is both pleasant and dark, will be appropriately consecrated to its similitude to the world, in which, as in the greatest of all temples, souls reside. To the Nymphs likewise, who preside over waters, a cavern, in which there are perpetually flowing streams, is adapted. Let, therefore, this present cavern be consecrated to souls, and among the more partial powers, to nymphs that preside over streams and fountains, and who, on this account, are called *fontal* and *naiades*. What, therefore, are the different symbols, some of which are adapted to souls, but others to the aquatic powers, in order that we may apprehend that this cavern is consecrated in common to both? Let the stony bowls, then, and the amphoræ be symbols of the aquatic Nymphs. For these are, indeed, the symbols of Bacchus, but their composition is fictile, *i. e.*, consists of baked earth, and these are friendly to the vine, the gift of God; since the fruit of the vine is brought to a proper maturity by

the celestial fire of the sun. But the stony bowls and amphoræ are in the most eminent degree adapted to the nymphs who preside over the water that flows from rocks. And to souls that descend into generation and are occupied in corporeal energies, what symbol can be more appropriate than those instruments pertaining to weaving? Hence, also, the poet ventures to say, "that on these the nymphs weave purple webs, admirable to the view." For the formation of the flesh is on and about the bones, which in the bodies of animals resemble stones. Hence these instruments of weaving consist of stone, and not of any other matter. But the purple webs will evidently be the flesh which is woven from the blood. For purple woollen garments are tinged from blood, and wool is dyed from animal juice. The generation of flesh, also, is through and from blood. Add, too, that the body is a garment with which the soul is invested, a thing wonderful to the sight, whether this refers to the composition of the soul, or contributes to the colligation of the soul (to the whole of a visible essence). Thus, also, Proserpine, who is the inspective guardian of everything produced from seed, is represented by Orpheus as weaving a web, and the heavens are called by the ancients a veil, in consequence of being, as it were, the vestment of the celestial Gods.

(To Be Continued.)

## BUDDHIST IDEAS.

There is no suffering for him who has finished his journey and abandoned grief, who has freed himself on all sides, and thrown off all fetters.

They depart with their thoughts well collected, they are not happy in their abode; like swans who have left their lake, they leave their house and home.

Men who have no riches, who live on recognized food, who have perceived void and unconditioned freedom (Nirvana), their path is difficult to understand, like that of birds in the air.

He whose appetites are stilled, who is not absorbed in enjoyment, who has perceived void and unconditioned freedom (Nirvana), his path is difficult to understand, like that of the birds in the air.

The gods envy him whose senses, like horses well broken, in by the driver

have been subdued, who is free from pride, and free from appetites.

Such a one who does his duty is tolerant like the earth, like Indra's bolt; he is like a lake without mud; no new births are in store for him.

His thought is quiet, quiet are his word and deed, when he has obtained freedom by true knowledge, when he has thus become a quiet man.

The man who is free from credulity, but who knows the uncreated, who has cut all ties, removed all temptations, renounced all desires, he is the greatest of men.

In a hamlet or in a forest, in the deep water or on the dry land, wherever venerable persons (Arahanta) dwell, that place is delightful.

Forests are delightful; where the world finds no delight, there the passionless will find delight, for they look not for pleasures.—*Translated by F. Max Mueller.*

### UNWELCOME.

We were young, we were merry, we were very very wise,

And the door stood open at our feast,  
When there passed us a woman with the  
West in her eyes

And a man with his back to the East.

O, still grew the hearts that were beating  
so fast,

The loudest voice was still.

The jest died away on our lips as they  
passed,

And the rays of July struck chill.

The cups of red wine turned pale on the  
board,

The white bread black as soot.

The hound forgot the hand of her lord,  
She fell down at his foot.

Low let me lie where the dead dog lies,  
Ere I sit me down again at a feast,

When there passes a woman with the  
West in her eyes

And a man with his back to the East.

—*Mary Coleridge.*

Give us what is good, whether we pray  
for it or not; and avert from us the evil,  
even if we pray for it.—*Socrates.*

Sanctity does not consist in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well.—*Saint Teresa.*

### FROM VIVEKANANDA.

The path of devotion is natural and pleasant. Philosophy is taking the mountain stream back to its source by force; it is a quicker method, but very hard. Philosophy says check everything. Devotion says, "Give up all to the stream, have eternal self-surrender." It is a longer way, but easier and happier.

Thine am I forever. Henceforth whatever I do, it is thou doing it. No more is there any me or mine. Having no money to give, no brains to learn, no time to practice Yoga, to Thee, oh, Sweet One, I give myself to Thee, my body and mind.

No "why" can be answered in this world; for that we must go to God.

The Lord has hidden himself best, and his work is best, so he who hides himself best accomplishes most.

Conquer yourself and the whole universe is yours. Enjoyment is the million-headed serpent that we must tread under foot. We renounce and go on, then find nothing but despair, but hold on, hold on. The world is a demon, it is the kingdom of which Ego is king. Put it away and stand firm, and at last you will reach a state of perfect indifference.

The wall that shuts us in is egotism. We refer everything to ourselves, thinking: "I do this." Get rid of this puny "I." Kill this diabolism in us. Not I, but Thou. Say it, feel it, live it. Until we give up the world manufactured by the Ego never can we enter the Kingdom of Heaven. None ever did, none ever will. Forget it, know it not at all. Live in the body, but be not of it. This rascal Ego must be obliterated. Bless men when they revile you. Go where people hate you. Let them thrash the Ego out of you and will get nearer to the Lord.

No law can make you free; you are free. Nothing can give you freedom if you have it not already. The *atman* is self-illuminated. The greatest sin is to think yourself weak. No one is greater. Nothing has power except what you give it. Deny evil; create none. We forge the chain and we alone can break it.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## Theosophical Outlook

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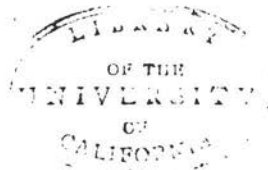
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DECEMBER 2 1919



# Theosophical Outlook

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## MOUNTAIN PATHS.

It is not surprising that Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck, with the glare of war perpetually in his eyes and the sound of it in his ears, should write about death and should challenge its reality. Indeed he may be said to write about nothing else in this new book of his which he calls "Mountain Paths" and that has been so admirably translated by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. If he writes about the laws of chance, about gambling, or about the insect world, we may always detect his search for a way through the clouds, for the universal solvent that may be applied to all of the tremendous problems presented by the last five years.

It may be said, moreover, that Mr. Maeterlinck has measurably advanced in his philosophy since the appearance of his preceding work. We find no longer the deference to the materialistic guesses of psychic research, the assumption that those guesses are necessarily or even probably the truth. Mr. Maeterlinck no longer bows down before the fetish of modern speculation. The ancient philosophy is no longer the lisping of an infant humanity. On the contrary he invites us to jump right across the abyss of the years to the fount of all religion and of all philosophy, to the Theosophia of the ages. It may be, he says, that we can not prove it to be true. But what of that? Only a God could have conceived it, and therefore it becomes divine. We

may take of it what we will, but we must still admire the "prodigious spiritual edifice":

This respect and admiration, however, do not militate against our liberty to choose or reject many things, or to reserve them while we wait for further light. When we are told, for instance that the Cosmos is guided by an infinite series of hierarchies of sentient beings, each having a mission to fulfill, which are the agents of the Karmic and Cosmic laws; when it is added that each of these beings was a man in an earlier Manvantara, or is preparing to become one in the present or in a future Manvantara, that they are perfected men, or nascent men, and that, in their higher and less material spheres, they do not differ morally from terrestrial human beings save in that they do not possess the sense of personality and of emotional nature; when, lastly, we are assured that what we call unconscious Nature is in reality a complex of forces manipulated by semi-intelligent beings (Elementals) directed by the Higher Planetary Spirits (Dhyani-Shohans), whose total forms the Word Manifest of the non-manifest Logos and constitutes at the same time both the intelligence of the universe and its immutable law, we can do homage to the ingenuity of these speculations, as to that of thousands of others which perhaps embrace the truth more closely than our best and most recent scientific hypotheses; we are free to take what we please from them and to leave what we please. All this, I grant, is by no means proved, is not verified, or can not be verified, save in certain details, whereas the great fundamental outlines will probably always escape the control of our unequipped intelligence. But what we must, I repeat, admire without reserve is the prodigious spiritual edifice offered by the sum total of this revelation, the immense intellectual effort which, since the dawn of humanity, has attempted to unravel the unfathomable chaos of the origin, structure, progress, direction, and end of the universe and which



appears to have succeeded to this extent, that hitherto nothing has been found that equals it, or is not inspired by it, or, often unconsciously, returns to it.

Mr. Maeterlinck finds that the Theosophia goes back to immemorial ages. It is useless to search for its beginning. No matter how various its garb, the heart of it is always the same:

The higher civilization of humanity, which history traces back tentatively to five or six thousand years before Christ, is perhaps far more ancient; and, without admitting, as has been asserted, that the Egyptians kept astronomical records through a period of six hundred and thirty thousand years, and we may consider it as established that their observations embraced two precessional cycles, two sidereal years, or fifty-one thousand, seven hundred and thirty-six solar years. Now they themselves were not initiators, but initiates, who derived all that they knew from a more ancient source. It was the same with the Semites, in the matter of their primitive books and their Kabbalah; and the Greeks, among whom all those who really taught us something about the origin and constitution of the world and its elements, about nature and divinity, mind and matter, men such as Hesiod, Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Plato, and the Neo-Platonists, were likewise initiates, that is to say, they were men who, having traveled in Egypt or India, had drunk of the same one and immemorial spring. Our prehistoric religions, Scandinavian or Germanic, and the Druidism of the Celts, those of China and Japan, of Mexico and Peru, despite numerous deformations, were also derived from the same source even as our great Western metaphysics, which preceded our modern materialism, with its somewhat sordid outlook, and notably the metaphysics of Leibnitz, Kant, Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel have approached it, and, more or less unconsciously, slaked their thirst at it.

It is therefore certain that through the Greeks, through the Bible, through Christianity, which is its last echo, for the author of the Apocalypse and St. Paul were initiates, we are all steeped in this revelation; that there is not and never has been any other; that it is the great human or superhuman revelation; and that consequently it would be right and salutary to study it more attentively and more profoundly than we have hitherto done.

Mr. Maeterlinck tries to explain the apparent contradictions between Buddha's doctrine of the illusion of the Ego and Reincarnation:

But let us begin by observing the fundamental contradiction which seeks to assure us of our immortality by proving our inevitable annihilation is not to be found in Buddha and that it is not true to say that he teaches in the same breath the illusion of the Ego and its periodical reincarnation. The doctrine of reincarnation is not Buddha's. He found it ready-made: it existed before him and was so deeply rooted in his people that he does

not even dream of disputing it. From the exoteric point of view, he tries only to disarm it, to deprive it of its sting, to render it harmless. He tries to reduce life to the point where it can find nothing wherewith to reincarnate itself. According to the exoteric doctrine, which is but a preparation for esoteric truth, life is naught but suffering; and its only aim is to be found in Nirvana, which is not annihilation, but the absorption of the individual into the universe. Ordinary death, by reason of the perpetual reincarnation of the same individual, can not suppress suffering.

This, says the author, is not in antagonism to Christianity, which is "nothing more than a mutilated branch of the great trunk of the mother religion."

But Mr. Maeterlinck's chief enthusiasm is for reincarnation. He reverts to it again and again. He sees in it the solution of all our problems, the eternal solace of justice. He says:

But we will proceed no further with this outline, which would become so complicated as to be inextricable. Let us remember simply the magnificent doctrine of the reincarnation, which is the most ancient reply, the only decisive and, no doubt, the most plausible reply, to all the problems of justice and injustice, the immortal torture of mortals, and its corollary, the law of Karma, which, as my godson so truly says, "is the most wonderful of ethical discoveries; it represents abstract liberty and is enough to enfranchise the human will from any superior even infinite being. We are our own creators and the sole captains of our fate; no other than ourselves rewards or punishes us; there is no sin, but only consequences; there is no morality, but only responsibilities. Now Buddha taught that, merely by virtue of this sovran law, the individual must be reborn to reap what he has sowed; and this certainty of rebirth was enough to neutralize the horror of death."

It would be possible to quote Mr. Maeterlinck at much greater length and on many different aspects of the theosophical philosophy. But this must suffice. The book should be read in its entirety.

MOUNTAIN PATHS. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

There is a principle of the soul, superior to all nature, through which we are capable of surpassing the order and systems of the world. When the soul is elevated to natures better than itself, then it is entirely separated from subordinate natures, exchanges this for another life, and, deserting the order of things with which it was connected, links and mingles itself with another.—*Iamblichus*.

Lofty wisdom is circled round with rugged rocks.—*Hadr. Jun. Emblem*.

ON THE CAVE OF THE NYMPHS  
IN THE THIRTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE ODYSSEY.

(By Porphyry.)

*Continued.*

7. Why, therefore, are the amphoræ said not to be filled with water, but with honeycombs? For in these, Homer says, the bees deposit their honey, which signifies to deposit aliment. And honey is the nutriment of bees. Theologists also have made honey subservient to many and different symbols because it consists of many powers; since it is both cathartic and preservative. Hence, through honey, bodies are preserved from putrefaction, and inveterate ulcers are purified. Farther still, it is also sweet to the taste, and is collected by bees, who are ox-begotten from flowers. When, therefore, those who are initiated in the Leontic sacred rites, pour honey instead of water on their hands; they are ordered (by the initiator) to have their hands pure from everything productive of molestation, and from everything noxious and detestable. Other initiators (into the same mysteries) employ fire, which is of a cathartic nature, as an appropriate purification. And they likewise purify the tongue from all defilement of evil with honey. But the Persians, when they offer honey to the guardian of fruits, consider it as the symbol of a preserving and defending power. Hence some persons have thought that the nectar and ambrosia, which the poet pours into the nostrils of the dead, for the purpose of preventing putrefaction, is honey; since honey is the food of the Gods. On this account also, the same poet somewhere calls nectar golden; for such is the color of honey (viz., it is a deep yellow). But whether or not honey is to be taken for nectar, we shall elsewhere more accurately examine. In Orpheus, likewise, Saturn is ensnared by Jupiter through honey. For Saturn, being filled with honey, is intoxicated, his senses are darkened, as if from the effects of wine, and he sleeps; just as Porus, in the banquet of Plato, is filled with nectar; for wine was not (says he) yet known. The Goddess Night, too, in Orpheus, advises Jupiter to make use of honey as an artifice. For she says to him:—

When stretch'd beneath the lofty oaks you  
view

Saturn, with honey by the bees produc'd  
Sunk in ebriety, fast bind the God.

This therefore takes place, and Saturn being bound is emasculated in the same manner as Heaven; the theologist obscurely signifying by this that divine natures become through pleasure bound, and drawn down into the realms of generation; and also that, when dissolved in pleasure they emit certain seminal powers. Hence Saturn emasculates Heaven, when descending to earth through a desire of generation. But the sweetness of honey signifies, with theologists, the same thing as the pleasure arising from generation, by which Saturn, being ensnared, was castrated. For Saturn, and his sphere, are the first of the orbs that move contrary to the course of Coelum or the heavens. Certain powers, however, descend both from Heaven (or the innerratic sphere) and the planets. But Saturn receives the powers of Heaven and Jupiter the powers of Saturn. Since, therefore, honey is assumed in purgations, and as an antidote to putrefaction, and is indicative of the pleasure which draws souls downward to generation; it is a symbol well adapted to aquatic Nymphs, on account of the unputrescent nature of the waters over which they preside, their purifying power, and their co-operation with generation. For water coöperates in the work of generation. On this account the bees are said, by the poet, to deposit their honey in bowls and amphoræ; the bowls being a symbol of fountains, and therefore a bowl is placed near to Mithra, instead of a fountain; but the amphoræ are symbols of the vessels with which we draw water from fountains. And fountains and streams are adapted to aquatic Nymphs, and still more so to the Nymphs that are souls, which the ancient peculiarly called bees, as the efficient causes of sweetness. Hence Sophocles does not speak unappropriately when he says of souls:—

In swarms while wandering, from the dead,  
A humming sound is heard.

8. The priestesses of Ceres, also, as being initiated into the mysteries of the terrene Goddess, were called by the ancients bees; and Proserpine herself was denominated by them *honiæd*. The moon, likewise, who presides over generation was called by them a bee, and also a bull. And Taurus is <sup>called</sup> by the exaltation of the

moon. But bees are ox-begotten. And this application is also given to souls proceeding into generation. The God, likewise, who is occultly connected with generation, is a stealer of oxen. To which may be added that honey is considered as a symbol of death, and on this account it is usual to offer libations of honey to the terrestrial Gods; but gall is considered as a symbol of life; whether it is obscurely signified by this, that the life of the soul dies through pleasure, but through bitterness the soul resumes its life, whence, also, bile is sacrificed to the Gods; or whether it is, because death liberates from molestation, but the present life is laborious and bitter. All souls, however, proceeding into generation, are not simply called bees, but those who will live in it justly and who, after having performed such things as are acceptable to the Gods, will again return (to their kindred stars). For this insect loves to return to the place from whence it first came, and is eminently just and sober. Whence, also, the libations which are made with honey are called sober. Bees, likewise, do not sit on beans, which were considered by the ancients as a symbol of generation proceeding in a right line, and without flexure; because this leguminous vegetable is almost the only seed-bearing plant whose stalk is perforated throughout without any intervening knots. We must therefore admit that honeycombs and bees are appropriate and common symbols of the aquatic Nymphs, and of souls that are married (as it were) to (the humid and fluctuating nature of) generation.

9. Caves, therefore, in the most remote periods of antiquity were consecrated to the Gods, before temples were erected to them. Hence, the Curetes in Crete dedicated a cavern to Jupiter; in Arcadia, a cave was sacred to the Moon, and to Lycean Pan; and in Naxos, to Bacchus. But wherever Mithra was known, they propitiated the God in a cavern. With respect, however, to the Ithacensian cave, Homer was not satisfied with saying that it had two gates, but adds that one of the gates was turned towards the north, but the other, which was more divine, to the south. He also says that the northern gate was pervious to descent, but does not indicate whether this was also the case with the southern

gate. For of this, he only says, "It is inaccessible to men, but it is the path of the immortals."

10. It remains, therefore, to investigate what is indicated by this narration; whether the poet describes a cavern which was in reality consecrated by others, or whether it is an enigma of his own invention. Since, however, a cavern is an image and symbol of the world, as Numenius and his familiar Cronius assert, there are two extremities in the heavens, viz., the winter tropic, than which nothing is more southern, and the summer tropic, than which nothing is more northern. But the summer tropic is in Cancer, and the winter tropic in Capricorn. And since Cancer is nearest to us, it is very properly attributed to the Moon, which is the nearest of all the heavenly bodies to the earth. But as the southern pole by its great distance is invisible to us, hence Capricorn is attributed to Saturn, the highest and most remote of all the planets. Again, the signs from Cancer to Capricorn are situated in the following order: and the first of these is Leo, which is the house of the Sun, afterwards Virgo, which is the house of Mercury; Libra, the house of Venus; Scorpio, of Mars; Sagittarius, of Jupiter; and Capricorn, of Saturn. But from Capricorn in an inverse order Aquarius is attributed to Saturn; Pisces to Jupiter; Aries to Mars; Taurus to Venus; Gemini to Mercury; and in the last place Cancer to the Moon.

11. Theologists therefore assert that these two gates are Cancer and Capricorn; but Plato calls them entrances. And of these, theologists say that Cancer is the gate through which souls descend; but Capricorn that through which they ascend. Cancer is indeed northern, and adapted to descent; but Capricorn is southern, and adapted to ascent. The northern parts, likewise, pertain to souls descending into generation. And the gates of the cavern which are turned to the north are rightly said to be pervious to the descent of men; but the southern gates are not the avenues of the Gods, but of souls ascending to the Gods. On this account the poet does not say that they are the avenues of the Gods, but of immortals; this appellation being also common to our souls, which are *per se*, or essentially, immortal. It is said that

Parmenides mentions these two gates in his treatise "On the Nature of Things," as likewise that they are not unknown to the Romans and Egyptians. For the Romans celebrate their Saturnalia when the Sun is in Capricorn, and during this festivity slaves wear the shoes of those that are free, and all things are distributed among them in common; the legislator obscurely signifying by this ceremony that through this gate of the heavens those who are now born slaves will be liberated through the Saturnian festival, and the house attributed to Saturn, i. e., Capricorn, when they live again and return to the fountain of life. Since, however, the path from Capricorn is adapted to ascent, hence the Romans denominate that month in which the Sun, turning from Capricorn to the east, directs his course to the north, Januarius, or January, from *janua*, a gate. But with the Egyptians the beginning of the year is not Aquarius, as with the Romans, but Cancer. For the star Sothis, which the Greeks call the Dog, is near to Cancer. And the rising of Sothis is the new moon with them, this being the principle of generation to the world. On this account the gates of the Homeric cavern are not dedicated to the east and west, nor to the equinoctial signs, Aries and Libra, but to the north and south, and to those celestial signs which towards the south are most southerly, and towards the north are most northerly; because this cave was sacred to souls and aquatic Nymphs. But these places are adapted to souls descending into generation, and afterwards separating themselves from it. Hence, a place near to the equinoctial circle was assigned to Mithra as an appropriate seat. And on this account he bears the sword of Aries, which is a martial sign. He is likewise carried in the Bull, which is the sign of Venus. For Mithra, as well as the Bull, is the Demiurgus and lord of generation. But he is placed near the equinoctial circle, having the northern parts on his right hand and the southern on his left. They likewise arranged towards the south the southern hemisphere because it is hot; but the northern hemisphere towards the north, through the coldness of the north wind.

(To Be Continued.)

## THE MISSING LINK.

In the *Secret Doctrine*, written in the years following 1885, and published in 1888-89, it is very positively stated that no missing link between man and the anthropoid apes will ever be discovered, because no such link has ever existed. (The *Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, page 200; 1893 edition.)

In the intervening thirty years abundant relics of prehistoric man have been added to those known when the *Secret Doctrine* was published; of these relics, two groups have been hailed as genuine "missing links" between the anthropoid apes and *homo sapiens*, intelligent man.

The first of these groups of bones was found in 1891, within a few months of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky's death, near the native hamlet of Trinil, on the left bank of the Bengawan River, in central Java. The relics consisted of a part of a skull and two teeth. The skull appears to have been low and depressed, with strong supraciliary ridges. The teeth are very large. A year later, in 1892, a femur or thigh bone was discovered by the same explorer, Dr. Eugene Dubois, of the Dutch army medical service, at a spot fifty feet away from the site of the first find. Dr. Dubois leaped to the conclusion that femur and skull belonged to the same individual. On the strength of the depressed skull he called the newly discovered creature Pithecanthropus, or "apeman"; on the strength of the thigh bone, which appears to be distinctly human, he added the specific name Erectus, "standing upright."

In his *Prehistoric Man*, 1915, Professor J. F. Scott Elliot records, concerning Pithecanthropus Erectus, one of those instances of harmony among men of science which rejoiced the heart of the author of the *Secret Doctrine*: "The skull is considered a human skull by six of these celebrated authorities, who are, for the most part, English. It is thought to be a missing link, that is intermediate, by eight, mostly French; it is considered an ape's skull by six others, who are mostly German. Only one authority makes the femur that of an ape, thirteen consider it human, and six make it out intermediate." With unconscious humor Professor Scott Elliott says that these authorities are "all scientists whose

opinion would be taken as final in any ordinary dispute."

In the autumn of 1911, at Piltown, near Fletching, in Sussex, England, Mr. Charles Dawson found parts of a skull, for which also has been claimed the title of missing link. The right half of a lower jaw was later discovered in the same bed of gravel. As in the case of *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, Mr. Dawson at once leaped to the conclusion that the skull and the jaw had belonged to the same individual, of a new, pre-human species, for which was invented the name *Eoanthropus*, "Man of the Dawn." And, since the jaw had characteristics resembling those of certain apes, while the skull was distinctly human, it was proclaimed that a new missing link had been found between the apes and man; and reconstructions of this ape-man, or, as Dr. Arthur Keith appears to think, ape-woman, have made their appearance in the museums.

It is interesting to find the same variety of opinion concerning *Eoanthropus* as has already been illustrated in the case of *Pithecanthropus*. On page 388 of Dr. Keith's *Antiquity of Man* are two reconstructions of the parts of the skull alone (without the jaw), one by Dr. Keith, the other by Dr. Smith Woodward, which suggest two widely different races, not merely two distinct individuals.

But the point of vital interest about the supposed *Eoanthropus* is this: Mr. Gerrit S. Miller, Jr., of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, has published, in 1915 and 1918, two exceedingly able monographs, very lucid, though of necessity extremely technical, which appear to prove that *Eoanthropus* is a myth, for the very simple reason that the skull is the skull of a human being, while the jaw is the jaw of a prehistoric chimpanzee, overwhelmed, perhaps, in the same flood. So strong is Mr. Miller's case that, on the strength of the jaw, he has not hesitated to establish an early species of chimpanzee, which he calls *Pan Vetus*, *Pan* being the generic name of the chimpanzee, while *vetus* means simply "old."

An equally distinguished member of the Smithsonian staff, who has published many closely reasoned monographs on mammals, and has done excellent specialist work on the bones of the skull,

confidently assured the writer of this study that "*Pithecanthropus* was nothing but a gigantic Gibbon," that is, an ape, pure and simple, with no human traits whatever, and therefore in no sense a "missing link."

It would seem, then, that neither *Pithecanthropus* nor *Eoanthropus* has any claim whatever to that title, and that the categorical statement in the *Secret Doctrine* has in no way been impugned.—*C. J. in the Theosophical Quarterly*.

## MEJNOUR TO GLYNDON.

(From Lytton's "Zanoni.")

"Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance. Man's natural tendency is to egotism. Man in his infancy of knowledge thinks that all creation was formed for him. For several ages he saw in the countless worlds that sparkle through space like the bubbles of a shoreless ocean only the petty candles, the household torches, that Providence had been pleased to light for no other purpose but to make the night more agreeable to man. Astronomy has corrected this delusion of human vanity; and man now reluctantly confesses that the stars are worlds, larger and more glorious than his own; that the earth on which he crawls is a scarce visible speck on the vast chart of creation. But in the small as in the vast, God is equally profuse of life. The traveler looks upon the tree, and fancies its boughs were formed for his shelter in the summer sun, or his fuel in the winter frosts. But in each leaf of these boughs the Creator has made a world; it swarms with innumerable races. Each drop of the water in your moat is an orb more populous than a kingdom is of men. Everywhere, then, in this immense design, Science brings new life to light. Life is the one pervading principle, and even the thing that seems to die and putrify, but engenders new life, and changes to fresh forms of matter. Reasoning, then, by evident analogy, if not a leaf, if not a drop of water, but is, no less than yonder stars, a habitable and breathing world—nay, if even man himself is a world to other lives, and millions and myriads dwell in the rivers of his blood, and inhabit man's frame as man inhabits earth, common sense (if your schoolmen had it) would suffice to teach that the circumfluent infinite which you call space—the boundless impalpable

which divides earth from the moon and stars—is filled also with its correspondent and appropriate life. Is it not a visible absurdity to suppose that Being is crowded upon every leaf, and yet absent from the immensities of space? The law of the Great System forbids the waste even of an atom; it knows no spot where something of life does not breathe. In the very charnel-house is the nursery of production and animation. Is that truth? Well, then, can you conceive that space which is the Infinite itself is alone a waste, is alone lifeless, is less useless to the one design of universal being than the dead carcass of a dog, than the peopled leaf, than the swarming globule? The microscope shows you the creatures on the leaf; no mechanical tube is yet invented to discover the nobler and more gifted things that hover in the illimitable air. Yet between these last and man is a mysterious and terrible affinity. And hence, by tales and legends, not wholly false nor wholly true, have arisen from time to time beliefs in apparitions and spectres. If more common to the earlier and simpler tribes than to the men of your duller age, it is but that, with the first, the senses are more keen and quick. And as the savage can see or scent miles away the traces of the foe, invisible to the gross sense of the civilized animal, so the barrier itself between him and the creatures of the airy world is less thickened and obscured. Do you listen?"

"With my soul!"

"But first, to penetrate this barrier, the soul with which you listen must be sharpened by intense enthusiasm purified from all earthly desires. Not without reason have the so-styled magicians, in all lands and times, insisted on chastity and abstemious revery as the communicants of inspiration. When thus prepared, science can be brought to aid it; the sight itself may be rendered more subtle, the nerves more acute, the spirit more alive and outward, and the element itself—the air, the space—may be made, by certain secrets of the higher chemistry, more palpable and clear. And this, too, is not magic as the credulous call it; as I have so often said before, magic (or science that violates Nature) exists not; it is but the science by which Nature can be controlled. Now in space there are millions of beings, not literally spiritual, for they have all, like the animalculæ un-

seen by the naked eye, certain forms of matter, though matter so delicate, air-drawn and subtle that it is, as it were, but a film, a gossamer that clothes the spirit. Hence the Rosicrucian's lovely phantoms of sylph and gnome. Yet, in truth, these races and tribes differ more widely, each from each, than the Calmuck from the Greek—differ in attributes and powers. In the drop of water you see how the animalculæ vary, how vast and terrible are some of those monster-mites as compared with others. Equally so with the inhabitants of the atmosphere: some of surpassing wisdom, some of horrible malignity; some hostile as friends to men, others gentle as messengers between earth and heaven. He who would establish intercourse with these varying beings resembles the traveler who would penetrate into unknown lands. He is exposed to strange dangers and un conjectured terrors. *That intercourse once gained I can not secure thee from the chances to which thy journey is exposed.* I can not direct thee to paths free from the wanderings of the deadliest foes. Thou must alone, and of thyself, face and hazard all. But if thou are so enamored of life as to care only to live on, no matter for what ends, recruiting the nerves and veins with the alchemist's vivifying elixir, why seek these dangers from the intermediate tribes? Because the very elixir that pours a more glorious life into the frame so sharpens the senses that those larvæ of the air become to the audible and apparent; so that, unless trained by degrees to endure the phantoms and subdue their malice, a life thus gifted would be the most awful doom man could bring upon himself. Hence it is that though the elixir be compounded of the simplest herbs, his frame only is prepared to receive it who has gone through the subtlest trials. Nay, some, scared and daunted into the most intolerable horror by the sights that burst upon their eyes at the first draught, have found the potion less powerful to save than the agony and travail of Nature to destroy. To the unprepared the lixir is thus but the deadliest poison. Amidst the dwellers of the threshold is ONE, too, surpassing in malignity and hatred all her tribe—one whose eyes have paralyzed the bravest, and whose power increases over the spirit precisely in proportion to its fear."

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## FROM KATHA UPANISHAD.

There are the two, drinking their reward in the world of their own works, entered into the cave (of the heart), dwelling on the highest summit (the ether in the heart). Those who know Brahman called them shade and light; likewise those householders who perform the Trinakiketa sacrifice.

May we be able to master that Naki-keta rite which is a bridge for sacrificers; also that which is the highest, imperishable Brahman for those who wish to cross over to the fearless shore.

Know the Self to be sitting in the chariot, the body to be the chariot, the intellect the charioteer, and the mind the reins.

The senses they call the horses, the objects of the senses their roads. When He (the Higher Self) is in union with the body, the senses, and the mind, then wise people call him the Enjoyer.

He who has no understanding and whose mind (the reins) is never firmly held, his senses (horses) are unmanageable, like vicious horses of a charioteer.

But he who has understanding and whose mind is always firmly held, his senses are under control, like good horses of a charioteer.

He who has no understanding, who is unmindful and always impure, never reaches that place, but enters into the round of births.

But he who has understanding, who is mindful and always pure, reaches indeed

that place, from whence he is not born again.

But he who has understanding for his charioteer, and who holds the reins of the mind, he reaches the end of the journey, and that is the highest place of Vishnu.

Beyond the senses there are the objects, beyond the objects there is the mind, beyond the mind there is the intellect, the Great Self is beyond the intellect.

Beyond the Great there is the Undeveloped. Beyond the Undeveloped there is the Person (Purusha). Beyond the Person there is nothing—this is the goal, the highest road.

That Self is hidden in all beings and does not shine forth, but it is seen by subtle seers through their sharp and subtle intellect.

A wise man should keep down speech and mind; he should keep them within the Self which is knowledge; he should keep knowledge within the Self which is the Great; and he should keep the (the Great) within the Self which is the Quiet.

Rise, awake! having obtained your boons, understand them!

The sharp end of a razor is difficult to pass over; thus the wise say the path (to the self) is hard.

He who has perceived that which is without sound, without touch, without form, without decay, without taste, eternal, without smell, without beginning,



without end, beyond the great, and unchangeable, is freed from the jaws of death.

A wise man who has repeated or heard the ancient story of Nakiketas told by death is magnified in the world of Brahman.

And he who repeats this great mystery in an assembly of Brahmans, or full of devotion at the time of the Sraddha sacrifice obtains thereby infinite rewards.

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### JEHOSHUA.

Eternal One! Thou self-existent cause  
Of all existence, source of love and light;

Thou universal uncreated God,

In whom all things exist and have their being

Who lives in all things and all things in Him;

Infinite art Thou, inconceivable  
Beyond the grasp of finite intellect;

Unknowable to all except Thyself.

Nothing exists but Thou, and there is nothing

In which no Good exists; Thou art, but we

Appear to be; for forms are empty nothings,

If not inhabited by Thee; they are

Thyself made manifest. Addressing Thee

We sin, because we separate ourselves

In thought from Thee who art our very self;

For we are nothing if we are not "Thee"

And thou art "we"; we have no life but Thine

Nor will or thought, no love or strength but Thine.

Thou art our life, our will, our mind, our all;

We are in Thee and Thou in us; Thou art

The "Father" and Thyself in us the "Son."

Thy Spirit fills the universe with glory  
And impregnates all Nature with Thy power,

Enabling her to bring forth living forms  
Of plants and trees, of animals and man;  
It fructifies the soul of man and grieves.  
Birth to the "Christ," the Saviour of man,

Called the Divine Atma or the "Lord on High,"

The "Master," He who makes immortal all

In whom His presence is made manifest  
If He awakens in the heart of man

To the self-consciousness of His existence

Then will there be no further death, for He

Is perfect and requires no further change.  
Thus "Christ" is God made manifest in man

As man, and no one can attain to God  
Except through Him; for He Himself is God

In man, and he who strives to find his God

Must seek for Him in His own holy temple

Within himself in spirit and in truth.

To Him, the Christ, the God in man, we pray;

To Him alone, not to external gods,  
Nor to the spirits in the Astral Light;  
And praying strongly we fulfill our prayers.

For rising up to Him we are Himself,  
And grant that which we ask of Him ourselves.

No man knows God; it is the God in man  
Who knows Himself in Him and lifts man up

To the conception of what is Divine

In His own nature. Rising up to Him  
We come to God through Christ, through

God to man

And to all nature in His holy spirit.

—*Dedication to the Life of Jehoshua the Prophet of Nazareth, by Franz Hartmann, M. D. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd.*

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It is fit that we who endeavor to rise to an elevation so sublime should study first to leave behind carnal affections, the frailty of the senses, the passions that belong to matter; secondly, to learn by what means we may ascend to the climax of pure intellect, united with the powers above, without which never can we gain the lore of secret things, nor the magic that effects true wonder.—*Tritemius on Secret Things and Secret Spirits.*

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### THE GODDESS WISDOM.

To some she is the goddess great;

To some the milch cow of the field:  
Their care is but to calculate

What butter she will yield.—*Schiller.*

## THE EARLY CHURCH.

(By T. H. Martyn.)

Religious tolerance held its own pretty well until about 220 A. D. About then Ammonius Saccas is the head of a school in Alexandria which studies Theosophy. Among the pupils of Ammonius are Plotinus and Origen. Plotinus was a favorite of the emperor later on, so that it is clear the church's power to restrict was limited, at the same time it was already becoming, or it had become narrow and ignorant, for Origen, who was a churchman as well as a Theosophist, was regarded with suspicion by the church authorities of his day because of his great learning. Later in the third century (say 280 A. D.) Porphyry, who in turn was a disciple of Plotinus, is found to be bitterly attacking Christianity for its narrowness and intolerance. A little later we see the church in its political rôle, one that its new autocratic constitution naturally disposed it to. The noisy monks of the period made themselves a terrible nuisance to the civil authorities at the end of this third century, when Constantine, eager for the imperial throne but thwarted because of his evil character (he is described as one of the greatest criminals in history, and had a strange mania for murdering his closest relatives) looked round for any sort of support he could obtain and entered into an alliance with the head of the Christian church. Civil rights which had been withdrawn from the clamorous monks were restored to them with other privileges which increased the influence of the ecclesiastical rule, Christianity as then current was adopted as the national religion, and a partnership was established between the head of the church and that of the state. What happened to the unfortunate people as they were ground between these two nether millstones of autocracy, we know only too well, but there were stages in the downhill progress which are worthy of passing mention.

It was about 313 A. D. that the church was adopted by Constantine. It quickly perfected its organization. It adopted the principle of demanding obedience from every person admitted to the sacred profession. "Canonical obedience" we hear it spoken of, and this proved a very deadly weapon in the hands of later

Popes. Great things could be and were accomplished as the result of this power vested in an autocratic head to dictate to the whole rank and file of the church. For the ecclesiastical system the plan has proved a fine one, for the people—but it is not well to dwell upon their misfortunes too much. The chief trouble at first was that this secret sacerdotal government had not either soldiers or police to enforce its edicts; it secured these, however, in time.

Around 330 A. D. another disciple of Plotinus made a strong effort to check the growing danger of ecclesiastical authority. This was no less a personage than the great Iamblichus. Iamblichus is now known by another name as one of the Masters instrumental in founding the present Theosophical Society. He made a big effort to restore equilibrium, and it may be presumed not without some hope that the era might still be saved for progress and the evil times pending be avoided. His personal efforts failed, but his spirit lived in his disciple the Emperor Julian, who actually succeeded in deposing the deformed Christianity of ecclesiasticism, and restoring the old plan of religious tolerance and non-interference. This was in the year 362 A. D. Julian surprised the Christians by not persecuting them in turn; he simply turned them out of their usurped authority, and let them rank with pagan or other religions which he himself knew to be cleaner and better than this unholy sacerdotalism. The emperor also cleaned up Rome in other ways. Its public officers were dishonest and lazy. He filled their places with able administrators. In one short year and a half this remarkable man made perhaps the greatest record in reform, actually effected, that history records. Was it that the Great Ones were using a disciple for one final effort, which They supported with every influence They could karmically bring to bear? It looks like that. But Julian died prematurely. The great effort failed. Rome once more passed under the old control.

In 415 A. D. Hypatia, almost the last of the Theosophists, was torn to pieces in an Alexandrian church, by monks said to have been incited to the murder by the bishop Cyril. The same priest closed the churches of the Noratians and expelled the Jews from Alexandria. It is clear

that the authority of the church was now more adequately supported by power, but there was yet more to be done to make that power absolute and supreme.

It had taken from about 150 A. D. to 415 A. D. to entirely break up the influence of the Gnostics (lovers of wisdom) and to adequately protect the church autocracy from criticism and effective opposition. Now another step was decided upon, and about 425 A. D. the secret church conclave adopted the plan of employing spies. These were called by the Latin equivalent "inquisitors." The inquisitors at this time were quite pleasant friendly people who made themselves agreeable. They sat at the table of their victims as guests, joined with the people in their pastimes, and in their occupations, and their business was to report to the bishops those who had any taint of old-time tolerance, or any aspirations for religious freedom still about them. The ecclesiastical boycott, the black list, and the *nathema* followed.

Meantime the Papacy flourished, it was for the priests the emblem of their power. No other profession offered such advantages as did that of the church—for the priest—immunity from taxation, immunity from military service, honor, prestige, power, and titles all made it alluring. Property, money, wealth of all kinds flowed into the coffers of the church. It held at its call all rewards both spiritual and temporal, for the generous, the pious, the servile. It became the largest landed proprietor in Europe. The ambition of the Popes became a by-word. They sought and attained temporal as well as spiritual predominance in the affairs of men, and at one time no authority in the world could afford to affect independence of the world's greatest autocrat, the Pope. Liberty, independence, democracy, all had been crushed. Ignorant doctrines adopted in place of the knowledge of the Theosophists were forced upon a public kept illiterate and uneducated. The domestic spies of the fifth century blossomed in due time into the sinister Torquemada of the Spanish "Holy Inquisition," and the masked monks who stretched the quivering forms of uncounted thousands on the rack.

The dark ages we call them! How dark they were can only be sensed when

we remember how bright and promising were their opening years.—*Extracted from "The World Teacher and Democracy."*

#### ON THE CAVE OF THE NYMPHS IN THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

(By Porphyry.)

*Concluded.*

12. The ancients, likewise, very reasonably connected winds with souls proceeding into generation, and again separating themselves from it, because, as some think, souls attract a spirit, and have a pneumatic essence. But the north wind is adapted to souls falling into generation; and, on this account, the northern blasts refresh those who are dying, and when they can scarcely draw their breath. On the contrary the southern gales dissolve life. For the north wind, indeed, from its superior coldness, congeals (as it were the animal life), and retains it in the frigidity of terrene generation. But the south wind, being hot, dissolves this life, and sends it upward to the heat of a divine nature. Since, however, our terrene habitation is more northern, it is proper that souls which are born in it should be familiar with the north wind; but those that exchange this life for a better, with the south wind. This also is the cause why the north wind is, at its commencement, great; but the south wind, at its termination. For the former is situated directly over the inhabitants of the northern part of the globe, but the latter is at a great distance from them; and the blast from places very remote, is more tardy than from such as are near. But when it is coacervated, then it blows abundantly and with vigor. Since, however, souls proceed into generation through the northern gate, hence this wind is said to be amatory. For, as the poet says,  
Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,  
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane.  
With voice dissembled to his loves he neighed.  
And coursed the dappled beauties o'er the mead;

Hence sprung twelve others of unrivaled kind.  
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.

It is also said that Boreas ravished Orithya, from whom he begot Zetis and Calais. But as the south is attributed to the Gods, hence, when the Sun is at its meridian, the curtains in temples are drawn before the statues of the Gods:

in consequence of observing the Homeric precept: "That it is not lawful for men to enter temples when the Sun is inclined to the south," for this is the path of the immortals. Hence, when the God is at his meridian altitude, the ancients placed a symbol of midday and of the south in the gates of the temples, and on this account, in other gates also, it was not lawful to speak at all times, because gates were considered as sacred. Hence, too, the Pythagoreans, and the wise men among the Egyptians, forbade speaking while passing through doors or gates; for then they venerated in silence that God who is the principle of wholes (and, therefore, of all things).

13. Homer, likewise, knew that gates are sacred, as is evident from his representing Eneus, when supplicating, shaking the gate:

The gates he shakes, and supplicates the son.

He also knew the gates of the heavens which are committed to the guardianship of the hours; which gates originate in cloudy places, and are opened and shut by the clouds. For he says:

Whether dense clouds they close, or wide unfold.

And on this account these gates emit a bellowing sound, because thunders roar through the clouds:

Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers;

Heaven's guarded portals, by the Hours.

He likewise elsewhere speaks of the gates of the Sun, signifying by these Cancer and Capricorn, for the Sun proceeds as far as to these signs, when he descends from the north to the south, and from thence ascends again to the northern parts. But Capricorn and Cancer are situated about the galaxy, being allotted the extremities of this circle; Cancer indeed the northern, but Capricorn the southern extremity of it. According to Pythagoras, also, *the people of dreams* are the souls which are said to be collected in the galaxy, this circle being so called from the milk with which souls are nourished when they fall into generation. Hence, those who evocate departed souls, sacrifice to them by a libation of milk mingled with honey; because, through the allurements of sweetness they will proceed into generation: with the birth of man, milk being naturally produced. Farther still, the southern re-

gions produce small bodies; for it is usual with heat to attenuate them in the greatest degree. But all bodies generated in the north are large, as is evident in the Celtae, the Thracians and the Scythians; and these regions are humid, and abound with pastures. For the word Boreas is derived from *Bopa*, which signifies nutriment. Hence, also the wind which blows from a land abounding in nutriment, is called *Boppas*, as being of a nutritive nature. From these causes, therefore, the northern parts are adapted to the mortal tribe, and to souls that fall into the realms of generation. But the southern parts are adapted to that which is immortal, just as the eastern parts of the world are attributed to the Gods, but the western to demons. For, in consequence of nature originating from diversity, the ancients everywhere made that which has a twofold entrance to be a symbol of the nature of things. For the progression is either through that which is intelligible or through that which is sensible. And if through that which is sensible, it is either through the sphere of the fixed stars, or through the sphere of the planets. And again, it is either through an immortal, or through a mortal progression. One centre likewise is above, but the other beneath the earth; and the one is eastern, but the other western. Thus, too, some parts of the world are situated on the left, but others on the right hand; and night is opposed to day. On this account, also, harmony consists of and *proceeds* through contraries. Plato also says that there are two openings, one of which affords a passage to souls ascending to the heavens, but the other to souls descending to the earth. And according to theologists the Sun and Moon are the gates of souls, which ascend through the Sun, and descend through the Moon. With Homer likewise there are two tubs,

From which the lot of every one he fills,  
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills.

But Plato in the *Gorgias* by tubs intends to signify souls, some of which are malefic, but others beneficent; and some which are rational, but other irrational. Souls, however, are (analogous to) tubs, because they contain in themselves energies and habits, as in a vessel. In Hesiod, too, we find one tub closed, but the other opened by Pleasure, who scatters its con-

tents everywhere, Hope alone remaining behind. For in those things in which a depraved soul, being dispersed about matter, deserts the proper order of its essence, in all these it is accustomed to feed itself with (the pleasing prospects of) auspicious hope.

14. Since, therefore, every twofold entrance is a symbol of nature, this Homeric cavern has, very properly, not one portal only, but two gates, which differ from each other conformably to things themselves; of which one pertains to Gods and good (dæmons), but the other to mortals and depraved natures. Hence Plato took occasion to speak of bowls, and assumes tubs instead of amphoræ, and two openings, as we have already observed, instead of two gates. Perecydes Syrus also mentions recesses and trenches, caverns, doors, and gates; and through these obscurely indicates the generations of souls, and their separation from these material realms. And thus much for an explanation of the Homeric cave, which we think we have sufficiently unfolded without adducing any further testimonies from ancient philosophers and theologists, which would give a needless extent to our discourse.

15. One particular, however, remains to be explained, and that is the symbol of the olive planted at the top of the cavern, since Homer appears to indicate something very admirable by giving it such a position. For he does not merely say that an olive grows in this place, but that it flourishes on the summit of the cavern.

High at the head a branching olive grows,  
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess.

But the growth of the olive in such a situation is not fortuitous, as some one may suspect, but contains the enigma of the cavern. For since the world was not produced rashly and casually, but is the work of divine wisdom and an intellectual nature; hence an olive, the symbol of this wisdom, flourishes near the present cavern, which is an image of the world. For the olive is the plant of Minerva, and Minerva is wisdom. But this God-dess being produced from the head of Jupiter, the theologist has discovered an appropriate place for the olive by consecrating it at the summit of the port; signifying by this that the universe is not the effect of a casual event and the work of an irrational fortune, but that it

is the offspring of an intellectual nature and divine wisdom, which is separated indeed from it (by a difference of essence), but yet is near to it, through being established on the summit of the whole port (*i. e.*, from the dignity and excellence of its nature governing the whole with consummate wisdom). Since, however, an olive is ever-flourishing, it possesses a certain peculiarity in the highest degree adapted to the revolutions of souls in the world, for to such souls this cave (as we have said) is sacred. For in summer the white leaves of the olive tend upwards, but in winter the whiter leaves are bent downward. On this account also in prayers and supplications men extend the branches of an olive, ominating from this that they shall exchange the sorrowful darkness of danger for the fair light of security and peace. The olive, therefore, being naturally ever-flourishing, bears fruit which is the auxiliary of labor (by being its reward); it is sacred to Minerva; supplies the victors in athletic labors with crowns; and affords a friendly branch to the suppliant petitioner. Thus, too, the world is governed by an intellectual nature, and is conducted by a wisdom eternal and ever-flourishing; by which the rewards of victory are conferred on the conquerors in the athletic race of life, as the reward of severe toil and patient perseverance. And the Demiurgus who connects and contains the world (in ineffable comprehensions) invigorates miserable and suppliant souls.

16. In this cave, therefore, says Homer, all external possessions must be deposited. Here, naked, and assuming a suppliant habit, afflicted in body, casting aside everything superfluous, and being averse to the energies of sense, it is requisite to sit at the foot of the olive and consult Minerva by what means we may most effectually destroy that hostile rout of passions which insidiously lurk in the secret recesses of the soul. Indeed, as it appears to me, it was not without reason that Numenius and his followers thought the person of Ulysses in the *Odyssey* represented to us a man, who passes in a regular manner over the dark and stormy sea of generation, and thus at length arrives at that region where tempests and seas are unknown, and finds a nation

Who ne'er new salt, or heard the billows roar.

17. Again, according to Plato, the

deep, the sea, and a tempest are images of a material nature. And on this account I think the poet called the port by the name of Phorcys. For he says, "It is the port of the ancient marine Phorcys." The daughter likewise of this God is mentioned in the beginning of the *Odyssey*. But from Thoosa the Cyclops was born, whom Ulysses deprived of sight. And this deed of Ulysses became the occasion of reminding him of his errors, till he was safely landed in his native country. On this account, too, a seat under the olive is proper to Ulysses, as to one who implores divinity and would appease his natal dæmon with a suppliant branch. For it will not be simply, and in a concise way, possible for any one to be liberated from this sensible life, who blinds this dæmon, and renders his energies inefficacious; but he who dares to do this will be pursued by the anger of the marine and material Gods, whom it is first requisite to appease by sacrifices, labors, and patient endurance; at one time, indeed, contending with the passions, and at another employing enchantments and deceptions, and by these, transforming himself in an all-various manner; in order that, being at length divested of the torn garments (by which his true person was concealed) he may recover the ruined empire of his soul. Nor will he even then be liberated from his labors; but this will be effected when he has entirely passed over the raging sea, and, though still living, becomes so ignorant of marine and material works (through deep attention to intelligible concern) as to mistake an oar for a corn-van.

18. It must not, however, be thought that interpretations of this kind are forced, and nothing more than the conjectures of ingenious men; but when we consider the great wisdom of antiquity and how much Homer excelled in intellectual prudence, and in an accurate knowledge of every virtue, it must not be denied that he has obscurely indicated the images of things of a more divine nature in the fiction of a fable. For it would not have been possible to devise the whole of this hypothesis unless the figment had been transferred (to an appropriate meaning) from certain established truths. But reserving the discussion of this for another treatise, we shall here finish our explanation of the present Cave of the Nymphs.

## A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a  
goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat,  
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river:  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan  
While turbidly flowed the river;  
And hacked and hewed as a great god  
can,  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient  
reed,  
Till there was not a sign of the leaf in-  
deed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river!)  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a  
man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor dry empty thing  
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god  
Pan  
(Laughed while he sat by the river),  
"The only way, since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could suc-  
ceed."

Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in  
the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man:  
The true gods sigh for the cost and  
pain,—  
For the reed which grows nevermore  
again

As a reed with the reeds in the river.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## MRS. MARDEN.

It is natural that the popular novelist should be constantly watchful for the topic of the day, and that above all things he should be timely in his choice of subjects. But in his desire to be opportune he should not be perfunctory. He should respect his theme sufficiently to study it. And it is always dangerous to flout one's audience by assuming that it is ignorant.

Mr. Robert Hichens never wrote a poorer novel than "Mrs. Marden." It is hard to believe that it came from the same pen as "The Garden of Allah." It is a novel of spiritualism, and it is easy to see that Mr. Hichens knows nothing whatever about his subject. Any report of the Society for Psychical Research would have given him an immeasurably better equipment than he seems to possess. Any dabbler in psychism could have saved him from such absurdities.

Mrs. Marden's son has been killed in the war, and she is persuaded by a friend to seek consolation from the medium Orwyn. Mrs. Marden and her friend are both women of education, while Orwyn is a veritable Sludge. London is full of better mediums than Orwyn, but we are asked to believe that his vulgar tambourine and "spirit voice" tricks have produced a sensation throughout the city, that they constitute the "evidence" that has satisfied Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle, although Orwyn today could not impress a colored servant girl.

We are given an account of the first séance:

After a while the usual table-turning and rappings took place. These did not interest her at all. On the contrary, they irritated her and seemed to get in the way of something which she wished to know more of, and which was interfered with by them. Messages purported to come for Lady Terrerton and Arthur Burnley. Several were from "Willie," according to the table. Finally the table for an instant rose from the ground without apparently being touched by any of them. The curtains of the cabinet swayed violently as if blown by a wind, and there were rappings in various parts of the room.

After all this Peter Orwyn seemed to fall into a deep sleep. He breathed loudly, painfully. His eyes closed. Drops of perspiration rolled down his red face. Then Arthur Burnley, who evidently knew what ought to be done on such occasions, got up softly, turned out the one lamp, plunging the room in complete blackness, and returned to his place. The medium moved uneasily in the dark, trembled and groaned as if in pain. Presently he began to speak, at first in an almost inaudible voice. Finally he said "Mother" twice loudly.

"Who is it?" said Lady Terrerton eagerly in the dark.

"Mother, I was wrong—I know the truth now!" said the voice, which was quite unlike Peter Orwyn's.

It sounded like a young voice, not a child's, but a young man's voice, typical of well-bred young England. It suggested to Mrs. Marden the public school, Sandhurst, even the Guards. She could not imagine Peter Orwyn speaking like that. After a pause the voice said:

"You are doing the right thing. Keep on! I can't say any more now. I haven't enough strength somehow. But I'm—"

The voice had become much fainter. After a half-second of silence the word "Ronald" was just audible. Then the medium shivered, rolled in his chair, breathed heavily for two



or three minutes. A dead silence succeeded. It was broken by Orwyn's deep voice saying, "Please turn on the light."

Burnley obeyed. When the lamp was lit Mrs. Marden saw that Orwyn's earnest eyes were fixed upon her.

"Did anything come?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!" said Lady Terrerton. "It was wonderful!"

Mrs. Marden said nothing.

Mrs. Marden could hardly have done less. There was nothing to say. She was unconvinced, and we can hardly blame her? But why did she ever become convinced? It is true that at subsequent sittings she heard a voice that faintly suggested the voice of her son, but then, as she says herself, the voices of young officers are very similar, and it is hard to recognize any voice unless it is sustained by sight.

Mr. Hichens indulges in some sage reflections on the subject of occultism, although he does not seem to have the faintest idea what occultism is:

"I study movements," said Hammond. "There is at present a movement of our world towards occultism. All over London now there are 'circles.' One hears of Lord Arborough's 'circle,' of Mrs. Enthoven's 'circle,' and so on. The religions—at least this is my opinion—it may be wrong—are toppling down. Thousands who never before dreamed of doubting what their pastors and masters told them was true are skeptical now. The influence of the bishops is derisory. The clergy clutch at the skirts of those who are fleeing from them. Meanwhile proprietors of weekly papers and writers of sexual romances discover God for the first time, and, raising themselves upon tiptoe, bawl out the marvelous event to the public. Can one stand aside and say there is nothing in this unorthodox human impulse towards the unseen? Is it merely superstition taking the place of religion, a kicking out of the priests to make room for the mediums? Is it neurosis seeking for some alleviation of its misery in change? I think that there is something else besides folly in almost every human manifestation. Why should this widespread movement towards spiritualism be an exception to the general rule? Was Crookes a fool? Are Lodge, Doyle, and other men of their calibre fools? They certainly are not. This war, which is doing so many strange things for the world, is turning frivolous and hitherto materially minded men and women towards the beyond. I turn with them. Euripides said, 'Who knows if life be not death and death be not life?' And I say, too—who knows?"

The prevalence of interest in matters psychic has evidently attracted the author's attention. He can not quite account for it, although it should be evi-

dent enough that people run after the *supernatural* as soon as the churches cease to teach of the *superhuman*:

Several weeks went by. The cult for occultism, as most people called it, increased rapidly in London. It was almost impossible to take up a popular newspaper without finding some mention of it. There were prosecutions of fortune-tellers and hand-readers; a woman who read fates in a crystal ball was heavily fined; a man who kept a prayer shew was exposed in the columns of the most widely read newspaper in England. Controversies arose between those who believed in New Thought, in protective prayer, paid for at so much an hour, in spiritualism, hand-reading, crystal-gazing, fortune-telling by cards, and those who were bitterly contemptuous of both new faiths and ancient superstitions. Scientists, physicians, clergymen, soldiers, and of course many women took part in the clamor, which proved at least one thing, that an enormous number of people were seeking solace from the agony of the war, not in orthodox religion, but in what the unbelievers called "mystery mongering." And among these seekers there were women and men of all classes, of all types of intellect, of all degrees of education. Sorrow, fear, anxiety, longing, abolished artificial differences, created a democracy of desire, in which the eternal child that dwells in the toughest fighting man, the most complex woman, showed its eager face plainly and made its voice clearly heard.

Prosecutions, attacks, the diatribes of medical men, Catholic priests, Protestant clergymen, had no effect on the increasing band of those who were reaching out vaguely, or frantically, with trembling wonder, or impervious determination, or mystical reverence, or mere crass superstition, towards regions where war and death and torture were not, or were supposed not to be—the human intellect probably not being able to conceive of another world tormented as our's is tormented. Ridicule can not kill faith, and superstition is sacrely less tough in fibre than faith, though the one is sublime and the other absurd. So, as the horrors of the war increased, the adherents of occultism grew in numbers. Doctors gravely declared that neurosis was spreading like an epidemic. Acute social observers found that at least two-thirds of the people they came in contact with were no longer completely sane. The clergy feared that the power of the church was tottering.

The picture is not overdrawn. The world will have some sort of priesthood. If there is no priesthood of true spiritual wisdom, then there will be a priesthood of charlatanry. Drive forth the initiate and the crystal gazer takes his place.

Evidently it is not Mr. Hichens who will write the occult novel of the future. But who will? The road is open.

MRS. MARDEN. By Robert Hichens. New York: George H. Doran Company.

## CONCERNING THE BEAUTIFUL.

(By Plotinus. Translated by Thomas Taylor.)

Beauty for the most part consists in objects of sight; but it is also received through the ears, by the skillful composition of words, and the consonant proportion of sounds; for in every species of harmony beauty is to be found. And if we rise from sense into the regions of soul we shall there perceive studies and offices, actions and habits, sciences and virtues, invested with a much larger portion of beauty. But whether there is above these a still higher beauty will appear as we advance in its investigation. What is it then which causes bodies to appear fair to the sight, sounds beautiful to the ear, and science and virtue lovely to the mind? May we not inquire after what manner they all partake of beauty? Whether beauty is one and the same in all? Or, whether the beauty of bodies is of one kind, and the beauty of souls another? And again, what these are, if they are two? Or, what beauty is, if perfectly simple, and one? For some things, as bodies, are doubtless beautiful, not from the natures of the subjects in which they reside, but rather by some kind of participation; but others again appear to be essentially beautiful, or beauties themselves; and such is the nature of virtue. For, with respect to the same bodies, they appear beautiful to one person, and the reverse of beauty to another; as if the essence of body were a thing different from the essence of beauty. In the first place then, what is that, which, by its presence, causes the beauty of bodies? Let us reflect, what most powerfully attracts the eyes of beholders, and seizes the spectator with rapturous delight; for if we can find what this is, we may perhaps use it as a ladder, enabling us to ascend into the region of beauty, and survey its immeasurable extent.

It is the general opinion that a certain commensuration of parts to each other, and to the whole, with the addition of color, generates that beauty which is the object of sight; and that in the commensurate and the moderate alone the beauty of everything consists. But from such an opinion the compound only, and not the simple, can be beautiful; the single parts will have no peculiar beauty; and will only merit that appellation by conferring to the beauty of the

whole. But it is surely necessary that a lovely whole should consist of beautiful parts, for the fair can never rise out of the deformed. But from such a definition it follows that beautiful colors and the light of the sun since they are simple and do not receive their beauty from commensuration, must be excluded the regions of beauty. Besides, how, from such an hypothesis, can gold be beautiful? Or the glittering of night and the glorious spectacle of the stars? In like manner the most simple musical sounds will be foreign from beauty, though in a song wholly beautiful every note must be beautiful, as necessary to the being of the whole. Again, since the same proportion remaining, the same face is to one person beautiful and to another the reverse, is it not necessary to call the beauty of the commensurate one kind of beauty and the commensuration another kind, and that the commensurate is fair by means of something else? But if transferring themselves to beautiful studies and fair discourses, they shall assign as the cause of beauty in these the proportion of measure, what is that which in beautiful sciences, laws or disciplines is called commensurate proportion? Or in what manner can speculations themselves be called mutually commensurate? If it be said because of the inherent concord, we reply that there is a certain concord and consent in evil souls, a conformity of sentiment, in believing (as it is said) that temperance is folly and justice generous ignorance. It appears, therefore, that the beauty of the soul is every virtue, and this species of the beautiful possesses far greater reality than any of the superior we have mentioned. But after what manner in this is commensuration to be found? For it is neither like the symmetry in magnitude nor in numbers. And since the parts of the soul are many, in what proportion and synthesis, in what temperament of parts or concord of speculations, does beauty consist? Lastly, of what kind is the beauty of intellect itself, abstracted from every corporeal concern, and intimately conversing with itself alone?

We still, therefore, repeat the question, What is the beauty of bodies? It is something which at first view presents itself to sense, and which the soul familiarly apprehends and eagerly embraces, as if it were allied to itself. But when it meets with the deformed, it

hastily starts from the view and retires abhorrent from its discordant nature. For since the soul in its proper state ranks according to the most excellent essence in the order of things, when it perceives any object related to itself, or the mere vestige of a relation, it congratulates itself on the pleasing event, and astonished with the striking resemblance enters deep into its essence, and, by rousing its dormant powers, at length perfectly recollects its kindred and allies. What is the similitude then between the beauties of sense and that beauty which is divine? For if there be any similitude the respective objects must be similar. But after what manner are the two beautiful? For it is by participation of species that we call every sensible object beautiful. Thus, since everything void of form is by nature fitted for its reception, as far as it is destitute of reason and form it is base and separate from the divine reason, the great fountain of forms; and whatever is entirely remote from this immortal source is perfectly base and deformed. And such is matter, which by its nature is ever averse from the supervening irradiations of form. Whenever, therefore, form accedes, it conciliates in amicable unity the parts which are about to compose a whole; for being itself one it is not wonderful that the subject of its power should tend to unity, as far as the nature of a compound will admit. Hence beauty is established in multitude when the many is reduced into one, and in this case it communicates itself both to the parts and to the whole. But when a particular one, composed from similar parts, is received it gives itself to the whole, without departing from the sameness and integrity of its nature. Thus at one and the same time it communicates itself to the whole building and its several parts; and at another time confines itself to a single stone, and then the first participation arises from the operations of art, but the second from the formation of nature. And hence body becomes beautiful through the communion supernally proceeding from divinity.

But the soul, by her innate power, than which nothing is more powerful, in judging its proper concerns, when another soul concurs in the decision, acknowledges the beauty of forms. And, perhaps, its knowledge in this case arises

from its accommodating its internal ray of beauty to form, and trusting to this in its judgment; in the same manner as a rule is employed in the decision of what is straight. But how can that which is inherent in body accord with that which is above body? Let us reply by asking how the architect pronounces the building beautiful by accommodating the external structure to the fabric of his soul? Perhaps, because the outward building, when entirely deprived of the stones, is no other than the intrinsic form, divided by the external mass of matter, binding and vanquishing its contrary nature, and sees form gracefully shining forth in other forms, it collects together the scattered whole, and introduces it to itself, and to the indivisible form within; and renders it consonant, congruous, and friendly to its own intimate form. Thus, to the good man, virtue shining forth in youth is lovely because consonant to the true virtue which lies deep in the soul. But the simple beauty of color arises, when light, which is something incorporeal, and reason and form entering the obscure involutions of matter, irradiates and forms its dark and formless nature. It is on this account that fire surpasses other bodies in beauty, because, compared with the other elements, it obtains the order of form; for it is more eminent than the rest, and is the most subtle of all, bordering, as it were, on an incorporeal nature. And, too, that though impervious itself it is intimately received by others, for it imparts heat, but admits no cold. Hence it is the first nature which is ornamented with color, and is the source of it to others; and on this account it beams forth exalted like some immaterial form. But when it can not vanquish its subject, as participating but a slender light, it is no longer beautiful, because it does not receive the whole form of color. Again, the music of the voice rouses the harmony latent in the soul, and opens her eye to the perception of beauty, existing in many the same. But it is the property of the harmony perceived by sense, to be measured by numbers, yet not in every proportion of number or voice; but in that alone which is obedient to the production and conquest of its species. And this much for the beauties of sense, which, like images and shadows flowing into matter, adorn with spectacles of beauty its formless be-

ing, and strike the respective senses with wonder and delight.

(To Be Continued.)

### A PREHISTORIC RACE.

Many localities on this globe have been pointed out at one time and another, and not infrequently with the greatest positiveness, as the "cradle of the human race." In fact, says *La Revista Mexicana*, there are few portions of the earth that have escaped this distinction at the hands of some enthusiastic delver into the mysteries of the prehistoric world.

From the North Pole to the South Pole, what time those now frigid regions enjoyed a tropical climate; from Easter Island to the far-away "roof of the world" in Central Asia; from the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris to the shores of the Caribbean Sea, localities by the score have been selected which, in the eyes of the selector at least, were "the" spot where the human race first began to dispute possession of the choice places of this planet with the great antediluvian monsters of millions of years in the past; if he believed in the processes of evolution, or sprang full-fledged and full-panoplied, mentally and physically, as any of their descendants, in some (mythical) Garden of Eden, whose geographical location might have been here, there or anywhere.

Nor has Mexico been overlooked in the investigation of this more or less interesting question, and various enthusiastic students and explorers have cited many ponderous pages of testimony and argument to bear out their own ideas that this country has just as good a claim as any other to the proud preëminence of having been the scene of the first struggles of the human race to elevate itself above the brutes by which its progenitors were surrounded, even if indeed they were not closely allied with certain of those brutes themselves.

Come, then, to the far-famed valley of Mexico, with its upward of 125 miles of circumference and its 2000 or more square miles of area. It is a vast volcanic crater, or rather immense valley encircled by mountains, some of them volcanos and all of volcanic origin. Ages in the past the lower portion of this valley became covered, either gradually

or by some sudden convulsion of nature, with extensive but shallow lakes, the remains of which are still to be seen in several localities.

Between the shores of these ancient bodies of water and the rugged encircling mountains was a belt of territory for the most part consisting of soil of exceeding fertility, many miles in width and sweeping around the entire circumference of the valley. Scattered hither and thither over this belt at the present time are the suburban towns and villages that are tributary to the capital city, but which occupy only a small portion of the vast area of habitable and cultivable territory.

So you dig, or have some one dig for you while you watch each shovelful as it is thrown out. At first there is nothing but ordinary earth, mingled with the fragments of human handiwork before referred to. This earth is the result of the accretion of centuries of decaying vegetation, which has accumulated slowly and steadily at the rate of perhaps an inch a century—perhaps not so much, since the surface is sloping and the heavy summer rains constantly wash the loose soil further down into the valley. A long trench is dug, and an occasional fragment of carved stone, broken pottery, obsidian, a human bone, perhaps, is thrown out.

Then three or four feet down, sometimes twice that distance, a layer of what was once a concrete pavement of a kind is encountered. It is made of tepotate (volcanic rock of a soft and friable consistency), mixed with lime, and underlaid with a foundation of good-sized water-worn pebbles from some stream. Soon a mass of ashes is encountered, and in this not infrequently will be found cooking utensils, charred bones, bits of wood which are all but petrified. Perhaps the walls of a house will be uncovered, and as you trace them you will discover in one corner what must have been a shrine to some god, for incense burners of various sizes and shapes will be unearthed in quantity, demonstrating that religious worship played an important part in their household economy. Sometimes the god himself will be discovered, carved of stone, with strange features.

Dig to a depth of four or five or even

ten or twelve metres—sometimes even more than that. Far down, beneath a succession of superincumbent layers, what is plainly enough the original natural soil may be discovered. But just above that soil perhaps the most wonderful discoveries of all will be made. Here also are stone and terra cotta images, but of crude design and workmanship by comparison with those found in the superior layers that have been passed through. But—and now comes the astonishing fact—here are Chinese and Egyptian and negro faces, side by side, all mingled in one common companionship just as they were left how many thousands of years ago it makes one dizzy trying to demonstrate.

But here is another marvel: Excavations made in various localities about the valley show that the first or most primitive race perished by fire, just as their immediate successors did by water. Far, far back, so far that one can not comprehend the tremendous period that must have elapsed since then, the surrounding volcanoes must have become active, or perhaps they were then just coming into existence. Hot ashes and pumice stone were belched forth, then came lava, and the millions of people inhabiting the valley went to their death—some under the lava, how many no one knows, though some most interesting discoveries have been made in this direction at a locality known as the Pedregal, adjacent to San Angel, one of the best-known suburbs of the City of Mexico. But the lava flow only covered a very small portion of the valley, and there were then, as now, fertile fields occupying the greater part. These people all perished underneath the ashes and from the fires caused by the showers of hot pumice stone. Like those of another Herculaneum and Pompeii.

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The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy.—*Professor Fiske.*

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The eighteenth century, during which the malignant fever of skepticism broke out so irrepressibly, has entailed unbelief as a hereditary disease upon the nineteenth.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

## HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

Whither are you carried, O Men, drunken with drinking up the strong Wine of Ignorance? which seeing you can not bear: Why do you not vomit it up again?

Stand, and be sober, and look up again with the eyes of your heart; and if you can not all do so, yet do as many as you can.

For the malice of ignorance surroundeth all the earth, and corrupteth the soul, shut up in the body, not suffering it to arrive at the haven of salvation.

Suffer not yourselves to be carried with the great stream, but stem the tide, you that can lay hold of the haven of safety, and make your full course towards it.

Seek one that may lead you by the hand, and conduct you to the door of truth and knowledge, where the clear light is that is pure from darkness, where there is not one drunken, but all are sober and in their heart look up to him, whose pleasure it is to be seen.

For he can not be heard with eyes, nor seen with ears, nor expressed in words; but only in mind and heart.

But first you must tear to pieces and break through the garment thou wearest: the web of ignorance, the foundation of all mischief; the bond of corruption; the dark coverture; the living death; the sensible carcass, the sepulchre, carried about with us; the domestic thief which in what he loves, hates us, envies us. Such is the hurtful apparel, wherewith thou art clothed, which draws and pulls thee downwards by its own self; lest looking up, and seeing the beauty of truth, and the good that is reposed therein, thou shouldst hate the wickedness of this garment, and understand the traps and ambushes, which it hath laid for thee. There doth it labor to make good those things that seem and are by the senses judged and determined; and the things that are truly it hides, and envelopeth in such matters, filling what it presents unto thee with hateful pleasure, that thou canst neither hear what thou shouldst hear, nor see what thou shouldst see.—*From "The Divine Pymander," edited by W. Wynn Westcott. Published by the Theosophical Publishing Society, London.*

## LIFE AND DESTINY.

The last literary labor undertaken by Ella Wheeler Wilcox was the translation and publication of "Life and Destiny," by Léon Denis. Of its author we know little more than Mrs. Wilcox herself tells us. She seems to have accepted him in a sense as her teacher, and she tells us that his book was the crowning work of his threescore years and ten, the fruit of more than half a century of study and research.

Mr. Denis was that curious product of the French occult circles, a spiritualist and a reincarnationist. He believes what his "guides" tell him, and they happen to tell him of reincarnation. Kardec set the example in France by his teachings of reincarnation, and we have now the strange spectacle of French mediums affirming the truth of reincarnation while nearly all other mediums, English and American, deny it. One might suppose that the "guides" would in some way "get together" and agree upon some common teaching.

Mr. Denis' arguments for reincarnation, here given at great length, are of the kind familiar to Theosophists. He makes no claim to knowledge. It is sufficient for him to act as the intermediary between his readers and those unseen intelligences whose credentials can not be challenged because they are not displayed. Reincarnation, he tells us, is "affirmed by the voices from Beyond." But what voices? Whose voices? Moreover, it is denied by a far greater number of "Voices from Beyond."

Here and there we find an idea which, if not actually new, is at least well expressed. Thus we may heartily commend the following as a lucid statement of approximate truth:

At the moment of attaching itself to the human germ, while the soul still possesses all its lucidity, its guide spreads before it the panorama of the existence which awaits it; it shows the obstacles and the difficulties with which the path is strewn, and makes it comprehend their utility in developing its virtues and destroying its vices. If the trial seems too great, if it does not feel sufficiently armed to confront it, the soul can retreat before the experience and find a transitory life which will enable it to gain new moral force and will. In the hour of supreme resolution, before descending into the flesh, the spirit perceives the general trend of life it is about to begin. It sees in large lines the culminating facts, always modifiable, nevertheless, by its personal actions and the use of its free will,

for the soul is mistress of its acts. But as soon as the cords are knotted to the body, and incorporation takes place, all is effaced, all vanishes. Existence begins to unroll with all its consequences, already foreseen, accepted, and willed, but without one intuition of the future existing in the normal consciousness of the being incarnated. Forgetfulness is necessary during material life. Anticipated knowledge of coming misfortune, the prevision of catastrophes which await us, would paralyze our efforts and suspend our onward march.

The constant citation of "guides" is, of course, irritating. So is the confusion between soul and spirit. But such was ever the way of the spiritualist, who sees nothing incongruous in the attribution of divine wisdom to the inner consciousness, which none the less stands in need of a "guide" that must, presumably, be superior to divinity.

The sexes, says the author very truly, do not usually change from incarnation to incarnation, although we are once more irritated by the assurance that "the higher spirits . . . disapprove of it." A strong act of will may result in a change of sex, but the results are unhappy.

Reincarnation, says the author, is much more rapid than Theosophists suppose:

According to some Theosophists the return of the soul to flesh is effected usually each fifteen hundred years. But our own testimony, gained from great spirits, does not confirm this. Interrogated in great number, and from various centres, they reply that reincarnation is much more rapid than that. The souls eager for progress dwell a brief time in space; they demand a return to this world to acquire new merits. We possess information regarding past lives of certain persons, gathered from the lips of mediums who knew nothing of these people, yet which was in perfect accordance with facts and intuitions of the interested parties. The statements indicated that ten, twenty, thirty years only separated the terrestrial lives of some individuals, but there was no precise rule. The incarnations were separated widely or followed closely, according to the state of the souls, their desire for work and advancement, and the favorable occasions offered to them. In the case of premature death reincarnation was often immediate.

There is much more in this large volume that it would be interesting to quote, but the reader must seek it for himself. We are grateful to Mrs. Wilcox for the energy that has made us acquainted with the works of a remarkable writer, and one whose obvious sincerity and erudition excites our homage.

LIFE AND DESTINY. By Léon Denis. Translated by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. New York: George H. Doran Company.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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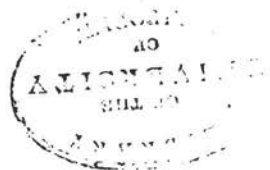
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## THE HERMETIC ART.

The alchemist Alipili (H. A., p. 34) writes: "The highest wisdom consists in this, for man to know himself, because in him God has placed his eternal Word. . . . Therefore let the high inquirers and searchers into the deep mysteries of nature learn to know what they have in themselves, and by the divine power within them let them first heal themselves and transmute their own souls, . . . if that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee thou wilt never find it without thee. If thou knowest not the excellency of thine own house, why dost thou seek and search after the excellency of other things? The universal Orb of the world contains not so great mysteries and excellences as does a little man formed by God in His own image. And he who desires the primary amongst the student of nature will nowhere find a greater or better field of study than himself. Therefore will I here follow the example of the Egyptians and . . . from certain true experience proclaim, O Man, know thyself; in thee is hid the treasure of treasures."

Any one that makes a thorough study of the alchemistic literature must be struck with the religious seriousness that prevails in the writings of the more important authors. Every "master" who enjoyed the highest honor among his fellows in the hermetic art has a certain lofty manner that keeps aloof from the detailed description of chemical labora-

tory work, although they do not depart from the alchemistic technical language. They obviously have a leaning toward some themes that are far more important than the production of chemical preparation can be, even if this is a tincture with which they can tinge lead into gold. Looking forth to higher, nobler things, these authors, whose homely language frequently touches our feelings deeply, make the reader notice that they have nothing in common with sloppy cooks who boil their pots in chemical kitchens, and that the gold they write about is not the gold of the multitude; not the venal gold that they can exchange for money. Their language seems to sound as if they said, "Our gold is not of this world." Indeed they use expressions that can with absolute clearness be shown to have this sense.

Authors of this type did not weary of enjoining on the novices of the art that belief, scripture, and righteousness were the most important requisites for the alchemistic process. (With the sloppers it was indeed a prime question, how many and what kinds of stoves, retorts, kettles, crucibles, ores, fires, etc., in short, what necessary implements they needed, for the great work.)

He whose eyes are open needs no special hints to see, in reading, that the so-called alchemistic prescription did not centre upon a chemical process. A faint notion of the circumstance that even in their beginnings alchemistic theories



were blended with cosmogonic and religious ideas must make it quite evident that, for example, in the famous Smaragdine Tablet of Herems (its real author is unknown) a noble pillar of alchemy, something more must be contained than a mere chemical recipe.

The language of the Smaragdine Tablet is notoriously the most obscure that the hermetic literature has produced: in it there are no clear recommendations to belief or righteousness; and yet I think that an unprejudiced reader, who was not looking specially for a chemical prescription, would perceive at least a feeling for something of philosophy or theology.

#### SMARAGDINE TABLET OF HERMES.

1. It is true, without lies, and quite certain.

2. What is lower is just like what is higher, and what is higher is just like what is lower, for the accomplishment of the miracle of a thing.

3. And just as all things come from one and by mediation of one, thus all things have been derived from this one thing by adoption.

4. The father of it is the sun, the mother is the moon.

5. The wind has carried it in his belly.

6. The earth has nourished it.

7. It is the father of all completion of the whole world.

8. His power is undiminished, if it has been turned toward the earth.

9. You will separate the earth from fire, the fine from the coarse, gently and with great skill.

10. It ascends from the earth to the sky, again descends to the earth, and receives the powers of what is higher and what is lower.

11. Thus you will have the glory of the whole world, and all darkness will depart from you. It is the strength of all strength, because it will conquer all the fine and penetrate all the solid.

12. Thus the world was created.

13. From this will be wonderful applications of which it is the pattern.

14. And so I have been called Hermes, thrice greatest, possessing three parts of the knowledge of the whole world.

15. Finished is what I have said

about the work of the sun.—From *"Problems of Mysticism and Its Symbolism,"* by Silberer. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co.

#### CONCERNING THE BEAUTIFUL.

(By Plotinus. Translated by Thomas Taylor.)

*Continued.*

But it is now time, leaving every object of sense far behind, to contemplate, by a certain ascent, a beauty of a much higher order; a beauty not visible to the corporeal eye, but alone manifest to the brighter eye of the soul, independent of all corporeal aid. However, since, without some previous perception of beauty, it is impossible to express by words the beauties of sense, but we must remain in the state of the blind, so neither can we ever speak of the beauty of offices and sciences, and whatever is allied to these, if deprived of their intimate possession. Thus we shall never be able to tell of virtue's brightness, unless by looking inward we perceive the fair countenance of justice and temperance, and are convinced that neither the evening nor morning star are half so beautiful and bright. But it is requisite to perceive objects of this kind by that eye by which the soul beholds such real beauties. Besides it is necessary that whoever perceives this species of beauty should be seized with much greater delight, and more vehement admiration, than any corporeal beauty can excite; as now embracing beauty real and substantial. Such affections, I say, ought to be excited about true beauty, as admiration and sweet astonishment; desire also and love and a pleasant trepidation. For all souls, as I may say, are affected in this manner about invisible objects, but those the most who have the strongest propensity to their love; as it likewise happens about corporeal beauty; for all equally perceive beautiful corporeal forms, yet all are not equally excited, but lovers in the greatest degree.

But it may be allowable to interrogate those who rise above sense concerning the effects of love in this manner; of such we inquire, What do you suffer respecting fair studies, and beautiful manners, virtuous works, affections, and habits, and the beauty of souls? What do you experience on perceiving yourselves lovely within? After what man-

ner are you roused as it were to a Bacchalian fury; striving to converse with yourselves, and collecting yourselves separate from the impediments of the body? For thus are true lovers enraptured. But what is the cause of these wonderful effects? It is neither figure, nor color, nor magnitude; but soul herself, fair through temperance, and not with the false gloss of color, and bright with the splendors of virtue herself. And this you experience as often as you turn your eye inwards; or contemplate the amplitude of another soul; the just manners, the pure temperance; fortitude venerable by her noble countenance; and modesty and honesty walking with an intrepid step, and a tranquil and steady aspect; and what crowns the beauty of them all, constantly receiving the irradiations of a divine intellect.

In what respect, then, shall we call these beautiful? For they are such as they appear, nor did ever any one behold them, and not pronounce them realities. But as yet reason desires to know how they cause the loveliness of the soul; and what that grace is in every virtue which beams forth to view like light? Are you then willing we should assume the contrary part, and consider what in the soul appears deformed? For perhaps it will facilitate our search, if we can thus find what is base in the soul, and from whence it derives its original.

Let us suppose a soul deformed, to be one intemperate and unjust, filled with a multitude of desires, a prey to foolish hopes and vexed with idle fears; through its diminutive and avaricious nature the subject of envy; employed solely in thought of what is immoral and low, bound in the fetters of impure delights, living the life, whatever it may be, peculiar to the passion of body; and so totally merged in sensuality as to esteem the base pleasant and the deformed beautiful and fair. But may we not say that this baseness approaches the soul as an adventitious evil, under the pretext of adventitious beauty; which, with great detriment, renders it impure, and pollutes it with much depravity; so that it neither possesses true life, nor true sense, but is endued with a slender life through its mixture of evil, and this worn out by the continual depredations

of death; no longer perceiving the objects of mental vision, nor permitted any more to dwell with itself, because ever hurried away to things obscure, external and low? Hence, becoming impure, and being on all sides snatched in the unceasing whirl of sensible forms, it is covered with corporeal stains, and wholly given to matter, contracts deeply its nature, loses all its original splendor, and almost changes its own species into that of another; just as the pristine beauty of the most lovely form would be destroyed by its total immersion in mire and clay. But the deformity of the first arises from inward filth, of its own contracting; of the second, from the accession of some foreign nature. If such a one then desires to recover his former beauty, it is necessary to cleanse the infected parts, and thus by a thorough purgation to resume his original form. Hence, then if we assert that the soul, by her mixture, confusion and commerce with body and matter, becomes thus base, our assertion will, I think, be right. For the baseness of the soul consists in not being pure and sincere. And as the gold is deformed by the adherence of earthly clods, which are no sooner removed than on a sudden the gold shines forth with its native purity; and then becomes beautiful when separated from natures foreign from its own, and when it is content with its own purity for the possession of beauty; so the soul, when separated from the sordid desires engendered by its too great immersion in body, and liberated from the dominion of every perturbation, can thus and thus only, blot out the base stains imbibed from its union with body; and thus becoming alone will doubtless expel all the turpitude contracted from a nature so opposite to its own.

Indeed, as the ancient oracle declares, temperance and fortitude, prudence and every virtue, are certain purgatives of the soul; and hence the sacred mysteries prophesy obscurely, yet with truth, that the soul not purified lies in Tartarus, immersed in filth. Since the impure is, from his depravity, the friend of filth, as swine, from their sordid body, delight in mire alone.

For what else is true temperance than not to indulge in corporeal delights, but to fly from their connection, as things

which are neither pure, nor the offspring of purity? And true fortitude is not to fear death; for death is nothing more than a certain separation of soul from body, and this he will not fear, who desires to be alone. Again, magnanimity is the contempt of every mortal concern; it is the wing by which we fly into the regions of intellect. And lastly, prudence is no other than intelligence, declining subordinate objects; and directing the eye of the soul to that which is immortal and divine. The soul, thus defined, becomes form and reason, is altogether incorporeal and intellectual, and wholly participates of that divine nature, which is the fountain of loveliness, and of whatever is allied to the beautiful and fair. Hence the soul reduced to intellect, becomes astonishingly beautiful; for as the lambent flame which appears detached from the burning wood enlightens its dark and smoky parts, so intellect irradiates and adorns the inferior powers of the soul, which, without its aid, would be buried in the gloom of formless matter. But intellect, and whatever emanates from intellect, is not the foreign, but the proper ornament of the soul, for the being of the soul, when absorbed in intellect, is then alone real and true. It is, therefore, rightly said that the beauty and good of the soul consists in her similitude to the Deity; for from hence flows all her beauty, and her allotment of a better being. But the beautiful itself is that which is called beings; and turpitude is of a different nature and participates more of non-entity than being.

But, perhaps, the good and the beautiful are the same, and must be investigated by one and the same process; and in like manner the base and the evil. And in the first rank we must place the beautiful, and consider it as the same with the good; from which immediately emanates intellect as beautiful. Next to this we must consider the soul receiving its beauty from intellect, and every inferior beauty deriving its origin from the forming power of the soul, whether conversant in fair actions and offices, or sciences and arts. Lastly, bodies themselves participate of beauty from the soul, which, as something divine, and a portion of the beautiful itself, renders whatever it supervenes and subdues

beautiful as far as its natural capacity will admit.

Let us, therefore, reascend to the good itself, which every soul desires; and in which it can alone find perfect repose. For if any one shall become acquainted with this source of beauty he will then know what I say, and after what manner he is beautiful. Indeed, whatever is desirable is a kind of good, since to this desire tends. But they alone pursue true good who rise to intelligible beauty, and so far only tend to good itself; as far as they lay aside the deformed vestments of matter, with which they become connected in their descent. Just as those who penetrate into the holy retreats of sacred mysteries are first purified and then divest themselves of their garments, until some one by such a process, having dismissed everything foreign from the God, by himself alone, beholds the solitary principle of the universe, sincere, simple, and pure, from which all things depend, and to whose transcendent perfections the eyes of all intelligent nature are directed, as the proper cause of being, life, and intelligence. With what ardent love, with what strong desire will he who enjoys this transporting vision be inflamed while vehemently affecting to become one with this supreme beauty! For this is ordained, that he who does not yet perceive him, yet desires him as good, but he who enjoys the vision is enraptured with his beauty, and is equally filled with admiration and delight. Hence, such a one is agitated with a salutary astonishment; is affected with the highest and truest love; derides vehement affections and inferior loves, and despises the beauty which he once approved. Such, too, is the condition of those who, on perceiving the forms of gods or *dæmons*, no longer esteem the fairest of corporeal forms. What, then, must be the condition of that being who beholds the beautiful itself?

(To Be Continued.)

The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy.—*Professor Fiske.*

## THE MYSTIC ROSE.

(Translated by Fairfax L. Cartwright.)

What is enthusiasm which leadeth to the state of ecstasy? Why doth one man appealing unto others cause the souls of the multitude to vibrate in unison with a holy desire for better things?

This a Dervish was heard to say:

"I saw the souls of men as if they were crystals, some almost perfect, others injured, spotted, with edges undefined. When the prophet preaches the Truth, when the creator of beautiful things shows the world the beauty of his conception, when the singer stirs men's emotions by the glory of his song, then a wave of enthusiasm—of common thought and feeling—passes over the multitude. This is because at the moment the crystals of the souls arrange themselves in order and form as it were one vast and single crystal. But the wave of enthusiasm passes away; the equilibrium is unstable; the vast crystal falls to pieces, and again the individual crystal, the souls, lie pointing different ways in perfect confusion.

"The mighty and inspired men are they who can thus stir men's souls into a conception of a vaster crystal, which is an approach to the conception of the Pure Crystal—the Absolute—the Eternal.

"One man is able to collect the drops of water and to form thereout a puddle; another is able to collect together the puddles and to form thereout a pool; again another unites the pools and forms out of them a lake; yet another will sweep the lakes together and merge them into the ocean. The humble one collects the drops of water; the mighty one merges the lakes into the ocean. Each step which unites the crystals of the soul into a vaster crystal is good, for each step is an approach to the Absolute Perfect—the Eternal.

The true state of ecstasy is not to be understood by all men. In the world of humanity there are three degrees of ecstasy. There is the ecstasy of intoxication, which is ecstasy of the flesh alone. Then there is the ecstasy of love passion, which is the desire of one body to annihilate itself in another; this is an ecstasy which is of the flesh and the spirit. Finally there is the true and perfect ecstasy, which is the annihilation or

effacement of the soul in God; this is the ecstasy of the spirit alone.

Reason is like a lantern, which throws light upon good and evil alike, and enables man to distinguish the one from the other. But reason is of two kinds: there is reason of this world, which belongs equally to the faithful and the unfaithful; and there is reason of the spiritual world, which is an illumination of the soul, and this belongs only to those who walk in the right path.

The learned philosophy toileth to develop the intellect of humanity; the poet stirs the imagination in man; the seer—the prophet—whose soul burns with the divine illumination causes the heart of humanity to vibrate with emotion. Thus in three different ways and methods the soul is brought nearer to the infinite.

## THE GRANDEUR OF THE SOUL.

(By Plotinus.)

Before all let every soul remember that itself is the creator of every living thing, having breathed the life into them: into all that the earth nourishes and the sea; all that are in the air and all the divine stars in the heavens; itself has formed the sun and this vast firmament of sky; itself has given them their stately ordering and leads them around in their ranks; and it is a nature apart from all to which it gives the order and the movement and the life, and it must of necessity be more honorable than they; for they are things whose being has a beginning, and they perish when the soul that leads the chorus-dance of life departs, but the soul itself has ever-being, since it can not suffer change. . . . As rays from the sun pour light upon a gloomy cloud and make it shine in a golden glory, so the soul when it comes to body touches it to life, brings immortality to it, wakes it where it lies prostrate; and the heavenly system, taking up its everlasting movement under the leading of the wisdom of the soul, becomes a blissful living-being venerable with the soul that dwells within, a dead body before the soul came, or rather mere darkness of matter, non-being, "hated of the gods."

What the soul is, and what its power, will be more manifestly, more splendidly, evident, if we think how its counsel com-

prehends and conducts the heavens, how it communicates itself to all this vast bulk and ensouls it through all its extension, through big and little, so that every particle of the great frame, though each has its own need and function and some are closely linked and some far apart, every particle has its own place in soul.

But the soul itself is not thus dismembered, it does not give life parcelwise, a fragment of soul to a fragment of matter; every fragment lives by the soul entire which is present everywhere, present as a unit and as an universe, as is the Father that engendered it.

And the Heavens, manifold in content and in spatial difference, become a unity by the power and faculty of the soul, and through soul this world is a God. And the sun, too, is a God, for it, too, is ensouled; so, too, the stars; and if we ourselves are anything, we come to it through the soul.

If it is the soul that gives worth, why does any one ignore himself and follow aught else? You reverence the soul elsewhere; then reverse yourself.

(The compilers say, "This passage evidently refers to the Soul-of-the-World"; it does, but, as they proceed to indicate, it refers also to the human soul as being one with the Divine All-Soul.)—*From "The Ethical Treatises."* Translated by S. Mackenna.

## THE EINSTEIN THEORY.

Efforts made to put in words intelligible to the non-scientific public the Einstein theory of light proved by the eclipse expedition so far have not been very successful (says a special cable from London to the *New York Times*). The new theory was discussed at a recent meeting of the Royal Society and Royal Astronomical Society. Sir Joseph Thompson, president of the Royal Society, declares it is not possible to put Einstein's theory into really intelligible words, yet at the same time Thompson adds:

"The results of the eclipse expedition demonstrating that the rays of light from the stars are bent or deflected from their normal course by other aerial bodies acting upon them and consequently the inference that light has weight form a most important contribu-

tion to the laws of gravity given us since Newton laid down his principles."

Thompson states that the difference between theories of Newton and those of Einstein are infinitesimal in a popular sense, and as they are purely mathematical and can only be expressed in strictly scientific terms it is useless to endeavor to detail them for the man in the street.

"What is easily understandable," he continued, "is that Einstein predicted the deflection of the starlight when it passed the sun, and the recent eclipse has provided a demonstration of the correctness of the prediction.

"His second theory as to the anomalous motion of the planet Mercury has also been verified, but his third prediction, which dealt with certain sun lines, is still indefinite."

Asked if recent discoveries meant a reversal of the laws of gravity as defined by Newton, Sir Joseph said they held good for ordinary purposes, but in highly mathematical problems the new conceptions of Einstein, whereby space became warped or curled under certain circumstances, would have to be taken into account.

Vastly different conceptions which are involved in this discovery and the necessity for taking Einstein's theory more into account were voiced by a member of the expedition, who pointed out that it meant, among other things, that two lines normally known as parallel do meet eventually, that a circle is not really circular, that three angles of a triangle do not necessarily make the sum total of two right angles."

Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer, another astronomer, said:

"The discoveries, while very important, did not, however, affect anything on this earth. They do not personally concern ordinary human beings; only astronomers are affected. It has hitherto been understood that light traveled in a straight line. Now we find it travels in a curve. It therefore follows that any object, such as a star, is not necessarily in the direction in which it appears to be astronomically.

"This is very important, of course. For one thing, a star may be a considerable distance further away than we have hitherto counted it. This will not affect

navigation, but it means corrections will have to be made."

One of the speakers at the Royal Society's meeting suggested that Euclid was knocked out. Schoolboys should not rejoice prematurely, for it is pointed out that Euclid laid down the axiom that parallel straight lines, if produced ever so far, would not meet. He said nothing about light lines.

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### "THY SON LIVETH."

It is sometimes worth while tilting at windmills to prevent other people from mistaking them for giants. The popular "psychic survival" literature furnishes cases in point.

The publishers of a recent native work of the sort, entitled "Thy Son Liveth," a work which has been taken up by one of the leading woman's magazines, do not, it is true, definitely vouch for the authenticity of the spirit communications contained in the book; and there is indeed no reason to suppose that the readers of the book do consider it as anything but fiction. It may not, however, be amiss to point out that on internal evidence the book is, in part at least, a work of fiction and not of science.

The fact that the first communication from the spirit world is made by wireless telegraphy might of itself prove the case for fiction. Quite apart from this incident, it is clear that the officer who inspires the messages after his death in action could not possibly have been in action. I pass over the early improbability that he should have gone out on a "wireless reconnoissance," which can mean, if it means anything at all, airplane reconnoissance, a meaning contradicted by the later assertions which link the officer of the front-line unit; and the equal improbability that he should have been "commended by Pershing himself," which can mean only the D. S. C. and would have been referred to as such by any one who had really been in France. These improbabilities come from the earthly life of the hero, and might charitably be interpreted as drawing the long bow.

Follows the indication that the hero was killed in action near Lens. At the time indicated by the context no American units could possibly have been in action near Lens; and the reference to

an American unit disposes of the possibility that the officer could have been attached for instruction to a British battalion, as was done in the early days of the A. E. F. The final impossibility is flagrant. There is a reference to a "Red Cross nurse," seen working with the wounded on the field of battle, where she was killed by a shellburst. Any soldier knows the difference between a Red Cross nurse and an army nurse and their respective areas of duty; and every soldier knows that nurses did their work in hospitals, not on the field of battle in the open.

If the spirit messages are genuine, the spirit who sends them is thus quite obviously not what he pretends to be.—*George B. Parks in New York Times.*

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### HAPPINESS.

If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault; for God made all men to be happy.—*Epictetus.*

He who is virtuous is wise; he who is wise is good, he who is good is happy.—*Boethius.*

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven.—*Washington Irving.*

Happiness consists in activity.—*John M. Good.*

Happiness is a result of a spiritual condition, and is not predetermined by a bank book or by the flattering incense of praise.—*Lilian Whiting.*

There is work that is work, and there is play that is play; there is play that is work, and work that is play. And in only one of these lies happiness.—*G. Burgess.*

Happiness is the natural flower of duty.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Wherever life is simple and sane true pleasure accompanies it as fragrance does uncultivated flowers.—*Charles Wagner.*

The road to happiness is the continuous effort to make others happy.—*Talmage.*

We ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.—*Lubbock.*

Happiness is an equivalent for all troublesome things.—*Epictetus.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## TO OUR READERS.

The *Theosophical Outlook* is issued in the most unbusiness-like way. With or without the payment of a subscription it is mailed to any one who wishes to receive it. A subscription, once paid, is allowed to run indefinitely, and no notices of expiration are issued. The annual subscription of one dollar does not cover the cost of printing and mailing.

Open confession such as this may be the excuse for the first request that the *Outlook* has made to its readers. Will they please express the wish to remain upon its mailing list or to be removed from it? As before, it will be sent to any one wishing to receive it. There is no other condition. But if there are those upon its mailing list who do not wish to receive it, a notification to that effect will be appreciated in the interests of economy.

## THE SENSE PRISON.

Mr. A. P. Sinnett continues to render notable service to theosophical thought, a service that is performed always the more easily as the public mind frees itself from its materialistic entanglements. In a recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, perhaps the weightiest of British magazines, we find an article from his pen entitled "Imprisoned in the Five Senses," in which he once more strikes the keynote of the conflict between the senses and knowledge. Man, he says, lives in a palace which is also a prison:

The walls of the palace are the senses in-

herent in the vehicle of life on the physical plane. As long as they are our only avenues to consciousness they are not windows through which we gaze out into infinity, but dead walls confining our survey of nature's mysteries to one aspect only of their manifold variety. Human intelligence of the usual type is, in truth, impressed in the five senses.

The senses bar us from a knowledge alike of the infinitely great and of the infinitely small. They obstruct the memory of the past, and they veil the progressive steps that lead to the omniscience of divinity:

The limitations of sense, besides obscuring the past, veil the prospects of the future. Once they are broken through, the divine plan of human evolution stretches out before us on a scale of startling magnificence. Clairvoyance of the higher order introduces us, as already explained, to those advanced leaders of our race described above as Masters of Wisdom and Knowledge. We are enabled to recognize them as linking ordinary humanity with the divine hierarchy. This extends upwards to infinity, but we touch a sublime truth in realizing that on what may be called (though only by comparison) its lower levels it is recruited from ordinary humanity. The priestliest among conventional conceptions of the after life show us no more than happy conditions of super-physical existence, dignified no doubt by the actual recognition of divinity. But such beatitude seems regarded by ordinary religious teaching as a finality. Clearer vision shows the spiritual future as infinitely progressive, and the sublime conditions attained by Masters of Wisdom merely a step of progress; a stage which the majority of the human race ought to attain in the long run, though the length of that run is beyond the reach of the imagination. As some have attained it already, many more may do so in the future greatly in advance of its attainment by the majority. The conditions



of such relatively rapid progress are the principal subjects of study for pupils of the Higher Occultism.

It is only as we recognize the possibilities of supersensuous knowledge that our minds are opened to the reality of occult theories of postmortem states. So long as we regard the senses as the only avenues to knowledge so long we must reject those theories:

Our astral world into which we pass when escaping from the prison of the senses is an envelope surrounding the physical globe, but enormous in comparison. To the appropriate senses it is as solid and variegated as this. And there are numberless variations of conditions for dwellers in the vast astral globe. The earth life has been used by some in a manner productive as its consequences of great happiness and wide views of nature—by others, unhappily in ways that entail consequences of a very different order with which people who lead commonly decent lives need not trouble their imagination—thus the astral world provides purgatorial conditions of highly varying intensity through which those who have badly misused the opportunities of physical life must pass before attaining happier conditions, while for the very large number of people who have led fairly creditable lives the happy conditions are reached at once.

The supersensuous faculties, says Mr. Sinnett, have their appropriate bodily organs that are ordinarily atrophied, but that may be aroused to activity by correct methods:

In an imperfectly developed condition there are two organs in the human brain which when fully matured will respond to the higher vibrations of certain media in which we are unconsciously immersed, and convey impressions to the brain as vivid as those conveyed by the eye when dealing with objects normally visible. These organs are the pineal gland and the pituitary body. In some few cases they are already active; in some others they might be cultivated into activity; in the vast majority of cases they are hopelessly incapable of such development during the current life of the Ego concerned.

Mr. Sinnett concludes his article with a curious warning that may be here reproduced without comment:

He must, however, break out by daring and force, not by cunning. There is a door leading out of the prison into the free world beyond that is always unfastened. Any prisoner can push it open and go out that way if he chooses, but all are put upon their honor not to attempt to escape that way. And if they break faith and do so they are terribly disappointed, for the door leads out of the prison, it is true, but to regions in which the conditions are still more distressing than those of the prison itself, and there is no short cut out of them in turn.

## CONCERNING THE BEAUTIFUL.

(By Plotinus. Translated by Thomas Taylor.)

### *Concluded.*

In itself perfectly pure, not confined by any corporeal bond, neither existing in the heavens, nor in the earth, nor to be imaged by the most lovely form imagination can conceive; since these are all adventitious and mixed, and mere secondary beauties, proceeding from the beautiful itself. If, then, any one should ever behold that which is the source of munificence to others, remaining in itself, while it communicates to all, and receiving nothing, because possessing an inexhaustible fulness; and should so abide in the intuition as to become similar to his nature, what more of beauty can such a one desire? For such beauty, since it is supreme in dignity and excellence, can not fail of rendering its votaries lovely and fair. Add, too, that since the object of contest to souls is the highest beauty, we should strive for its acquisition with unabated ardor, lest we should be deserted of that blissful contemplation, which, whoever pursues in the right way, becomes blessed from the happy vision; and which he who does not obtain is unavoidably unhappy. For the miserable man is not he who neglects to pursue fair colors, and beautiful corporeal forms; who is deprived of power, and falls from dominion and empire, but he alone who is destitute of this divine possession, for which the ample dominion of the earth and sea and the still more extended empire of the heavens must be relinquished and forgot, if, despising and leaving these far behind, we ever intend to arrive at substantial felicity by beholding the beautiful itself.

What measures, then, shall we adopt? What machine employ, or what reason consult by means of which we may contemplate this ineffable beauty; a beauty abiding in the most divine sanctuary without ever proceeding from its sacred retreats lest it should be beheld by the profane and vulgar eye? We must enter deep into ourselves, and, leaving behind the objects of corporeal sight, no longer look back after any of the accustomed spectacle of sense. For it is necessary that whoever beholds this beauty should withdraw his view from the fairest corporeal forms; and, convinced that these

are nothing more than images, vestiges, and shadows of beauty, should eagerly soar to the fair original from which they are derived. For he who rushes to these lower beauties, as if grasping realities, when they are only like beautiful images appearing in water, will, doubtless, like him in the fable, by stretching after the shadow, sink into the lake and disappear. For, by thus embracing and adhering to corporeal forms, he is precipitated, not so much in his body as in his soul, into profound and horrid darkness; and thus blind, like those in the infernal regions, converses only with phantoms, deprived of the perception of what is real and true. It is here, then, we may more truly exclaim, "Let us depart from hence, and fly to our father's delightful land." But, by what leading stars shall we direct our flight, and by what means avoid the magic power of Circe and the detaining charms of Calypso?" For thus the fable of Ulysses obscurely signifies, which feigns him abiding an unwilling exile, though pleasant spectacles were continually presented to his sight; and everything was promised to invite his stay which can delight the senses and captivate the heart. But our true country, like that of Ulysses, is from whence we came, and where our father lives. But where is the ship to be found by which we can accomplish our flight? For our feet are unequal to the task, since they only take us from one part of the earth to another. May we not each of us say,

What ships have I, what sailors to convey,  
What oars to cut the long laborious way?

But it is in vain that we prepare horses to draw our ships to transport us to our native land. On the contrary, neglecting all these, as unequal to the task, and excluding them entirely from our view, having now closed the corporeal eye, we must stir up and assume a purer eye within, which all men possess, but which is alone used by a few. What is it, then, this inward eye beholds? Indeed, suddenly raised to intellectual vision, it can not perceive an object exceeding bright. The soul must therefore be first accustomed to contemplate fair studies and then beautiful work, not such as arise from the operations of art, but such as are the offspring of worthy men; and next to this it is necessary to view the soul, which is the parent of this lovely race. But you will ask, After what man-

ner is this beauty of a worthy soul to be perceived? It is thus: Recall your thoughts inward, and if while contemplating yourself you do not perceive yourself beautiful, imitate the statuary; who when he desires a beautiful statue cuts away what is superfluous, smooths and polishes what is rough, and never desists until he has given it all the beauty his art is able to effect. In this manner must you proceed, by lopping what is luxuriant, directing what is oblique, and, by purgation, illustrating what is obscure, and thus continue to polish and beautify your statue until the divine splendor of Virtue shines upon you, and Temperance seated in pure and holy majesty rises to your view. If you become thus purified residing in yourself, and having nothing any longer to impede this unity of mind, and no farther mixture to be found within, but perceiving your whole self to be a true light, and light alone: a light which thought immense is not measured by any magnitude, nor limited by any circumscribing figure, but is everywhere immeasurable, as being greater than every measure, and more excellent than every quantity; if, perceiving yourself thus improved, and trusting solely to yourself, as no longer requiring a guide, fix now steadfastly your mental view, for with the intellectual eye alone can such immense beauty be perceived. But if your eye is yet infected with any sordid concern, and not thoroughly refined, while it is on the stretch to behold this most shining spectacle, it will be immediately darkened and incapable of intuition, though some one should declare the spectacle present, which it might be otherwise able to discern. For it is here necessary that the perceiver and the thing perceived should be similar to each other before true vision can exist. Thus the sensitive eye can never be able to survey the orb of the sun, unless strongly endued with solar fire, and participating largely of the vivid ray. Every one therefore must become divine, and of godlike beauty, before he can gaze upon a god and the beautiful itself. Thus proceeding in the right way of beauty he will first ascend into the region of intellect, contemplating every fair species, the beauty of which he will perceive to be no other than ideas themselves; for all things are beautiful by the supervening

irradiations of these, because they are the offspring and essence of intellect. But that which is superior to these is no other than the fountain of good, everywhere widely diffusing around the streams of beauty, and hence in discourse called the beautiful itself because beauty is its immediate offspring. But if you accurately distinguish the intelligible objects you will call the beautiful the receptacle of ideas; but the good itself, which is superior, the fountain and principle of the beautiful; or, you may place the first beautiful and the good in the same principle, independent of the beauty which there subsists.

### THE MYSTIC ROSE.

(By F. L. Cartwright.)

My guide with his wand touched a small and hidden door in the rugged walls of the triangular tower, which opened and admitted us; then he turned to me and said: "The tower is high and it containeth seven levels, and on each level there are three chambers, and above all lieth one chamber, and the ascent thereto is long and wearisome." I replied: "My master, thy footsteps will I follow." Then he began the ascent, and when we had reached the first level my guide turned to me and said: "Behold the first chamber!" A heavy veil closed the entrance; my guide pushed it aside and we entered within the chamber. There we found ourselves in darkness, and awe seized me, so I poured my soul out in prayer, craving in humility of spirit for illumination. And when I had been there some time I lifted up my eyes, and it seemed that my head was encircled by a soul-inspiring light, while my feet remained lost in the darkness of unreality; and my intelligence was quickened by a message from above, and I knew that the soul of man—the reflection of the unity—is suspended between the light and the darkness, and through the opposition of the light and the darkness the soul of man gains consciousness of the unknown which veils the eternal unity. And the mystic symbol of the unity shone forth upon the walls of this chamber.

When I retired my guide led me to the second chamber. There I saw a stately woman deeply veiled, wearing on her head a crown with the crescent moon at

top, and on her lap lay a great book closed. With deep respect I prostrated myself before her, saying: "Teach me, thou noble woman, that I may learn." She replied: "I am the recipient—the passive; I am the complement of that which thou hast seen in the first chamber. I am the link between the union and man. I am the holy sanctuary. I hold the Book of Knowledge which he only can read who has the power to lift my veil." And as I contemplated her more steadfastly I saw that her veil grew dimmer and dimmer, until for an instant I beheld the beauty of her face, then she vanished from my sight.

My guide then seized my hand and bade me follow him to the next chamber. When I had penetrated through the veil which closed the entrance again I saw a throne on which a woman was seated, clothed in majesty, and wearing the crown of authority. By her side was an eagle, and above her was a canopy which seemed to be formed of the wings of angels.

When I had made obeisance to her, she opened her lips and said: "I am the termination of the first and the second; in me is the equilibrium completed. I am the law of the world; with my sceptre do I govern it. With one hand do I draw down the spirit and with the other do I raise up its negation, and in my womb is man conceived."

"When with my guide I issued from the last chamber, he bade for a while to meditate on what I had seen. Then he led me up a steep flight of steps to the second level of the tower. When we had reached it he said to me: "We have now attained to another plane of thought, to another aspect of things. Enter now the fourth chamber, which lieth above the first chamber below."

I did as I was bidden, and when I had penetrated into the chamber I beheld a king upon his throne, and before the majesty of his face I prostrated myself. Presently I heard him say: "I am the absolute absolute; I am the will of the unity; my sceptre is the sign of power, with it I rule mankind, for my law shall be his law; to me man must turn for all that relateth to the world in which he moveth."

Then I withdrew from the presence of the king, and followed my guide into the

fifth chamber. Here likewise I beheld a man seated upon a throne, but he wore not upon his head the crown of a king of this world, but a mystic sign, and he was arrayed in the white robes of sanctity. And these words he spoke to me: "Kneel and worship, for I am not a king of this world; my sceptre is the sign of authority; with it I rule the souls of men. I am the voice of the law of the spirit. I am the bond of reunion between man created, and the breath from which his creation proceeded."

When he had ceased speaking, with awe in my heart, I withdrew, following my guide to the sixth chamber, which lay in the third angle of the second level of the tower. When I had entered it I found myself in darkness, but gradually a dim light seemed to descend from the summit of the chamber, and it grew in intensity, and when I looked up I beheld with astonishment as it were the eye of a spiritual being looking down upon me: "Behold the eye of the world! Through it the mind realizes the beauty of the manifestation of the unity; through it love reaches the soul, bringing man and woman to the completion of their destinies. Learn and understand the mystery of this sign. This is the point from which the two roads diverge; along the one descends the spirit of light; along the other descends the spirit of darkness."

The vision faded from my sight, and meditating deeply on what I had seen, I followed my guide, who led me out of the chamber.

### EXPERIENCE OF DYING.

(The following experience is related by Mr. John Huntley in a communication to Mr. J. Arthur Hill, who publishes it in his book, "Man Is a Spirit.")

About five years ago I woke from sleep to find "myself" clean out of the body, as the kernel of a nut comes out of its shell. I was conscious in two places—in a feeble degree, in the body, which was lying in bed on its left side; and to a far greater degree, away from the body (far away, it seemed), surrounded by white opaque light, and in a state of absolute happiness and *security* (a curious expression, but one which best conveys the feeling).

The whole of my personality lay "out there," even to the replica of the body—

which, like the body, lay also on its left side. I was not conscious of leaving the body, but woke up out of it. It was not a dream, for the consciousness was an enhanced one, as superior to the ordinary waking state as that is to the dream state. Indeed, I thought to myself, "This can not be a dream," so I willed "out there" (there was no volition in the body), and as my spirit self moved so the body moved in bed.

I did not continue this movement. I was far too happy to risk shortening the experience. After lying in this healing and blessed light I became conscious of what, for want of a better term, I must call music; gentle and sweet it was as the tinkling of dropping water in a rocky pool, and it seemed to be all about me. I saw no figure, nor wished to; the contentment was supreme. The effect of these sounds was unutterably sweet, and I said to myself, "This must be the Voice of God." I could not endure the happiness, but lost consciousness there, and returned unconscious to the body, and woke next morning as though nothing had happened.

I had been passing through a period of mental and spiritual stress at the time, but had not been indulging in psychism, had never attended a seance or similar phenomenon, had not, as I remember, been reading anything to act by way of suggestion. I am in no doubt whatever—so vivid was the happening—that had the feeble thread between soul and body been severed "I" should have remained intact, the grosser body being sloughed off for a finer and one fitted for a lighter and happier consciousness, for "life more abundant." in fact. . . .

I feel, however, I would like to make it known in such times as these; and, apart from its scientific aspect, if it conveys any personal comfort the trouble is repaid indeed.

I may add that I am not a "Spiritualist," or Theosophist, or Occultist forcer of these conditions, but a member of the Society of Friends, and one of liberal views in matters of religious belief.

When I leave this rabble rout and defilement of the world, I leave it as an inn, and not as a place of abode. For nature has given us our bodies as an inn, and not to dwell in.—*Cato*.

## INDIAN THOUGHT.

Science is esteemed because its services will harness the forces of nature and its mechanical inventions and discoveries will add to the physical comforts of life. These are boomed as great triumphs of human genius and the high-water mark of human achievement, while the motive behind appears principally to be the intensifying of the physical nature of man. We do not question the usefulness of science in advancing the happiness of man, but it is undeniable that the exaggerated importance of merely material sciences has contributed not a little to the miseries of mankind.

The West asks for the physical basis of things. It demands to bring all human ideals to sense-demonstration and sense-experience; but in the very nature of things the major portion of human knowledge can not be brought to sense-proof and demonstration. The higher branches of all the material sciences yield highly abstract principles and ideals and it requires a high equipment of intellectual and spiritual faculties to understand, appreciate, and enjoy them. Invariably physics melts into metaphysics, the study of physical sciences pushed makes way for the study of the mental or spiritual sciences. Where is the ardor and enthusiasm amongst votaries of science to push it to its nobler issues, and seek to realize the abstract principles which they point? The forest is forgotten in the trees and the best minds are entangled in the mere physical applications. A Sir Oliver Lodge or a Sir William Crookes' researches in Spiritism go a little way in the direction of truth, but they are overlaid by masses of the finer forms of what are in reality mere material powers.

The evolution of the Aryan mind as it flowered on the Indian soil shows a peculiar growth. The Aryans also started by a study of external nature, but no sooner did they succeed in discovering a higher principle than the grosser and more material objects were left behind and they pushed forward in the search for the finer and superfiner. They discovered different comprehensive, all-inclusive principles, the Akasa, the Prana, the Manas in the course of their

investigation of Nature, and all their powers were employed in stating, clearly defining, and ultimately realizing and being one of these first principles. One after another they were discarded, as something of the gross, something of matter clung to them, till at last the grandest discovery was made of the effulgent Self of man, the Atman or the Brahman, the Birthless, the Deathless, where alone Life Eternal, Bliss Eternal, Freedom unbounded was found to exist. All the capacity of their wonderful language of Sanskrit was exhausted to state, define It in unmistakable terms and the powers of their being to realizing and being one with It. Thus they attained to real conquest of Nature, attained to Swarajyasiddhi, "the attainment of their glorious empire."—*From Prabuddha Bharata.*

## DEATH OF SOCRATES.

"In what way shall we bury you," said Crito.

"However you wish," Socrates replied, "only you must catch me first and see that I don't slip away. . . . Why, my friends, I can't convince Crito that I am this Socrates, the one who talks with you and argues at length. He thinks I am that other whom presently he shall see lying dead, and so he asks how he shall bury me. All the words I have spoken to show that when I drink the poison I shall no longer remain with you, but shall go away to some blessed region of the happy dead—all my words of comfort for you and for myself are thrown away on him. . . . I would have Crito bear the matter more lightly, and not be troubled at my supposed sufferings when he sees my body burned or interred, nor say at the funeral that he is laying out Socrates, or carrying Socrates to the grave, or burying him. For you must know, my dearest Crito, that wrong words are not only a fault in themselves, but insinuate evil into the soul. Be brave, therefore, and say you are burying my body; and indeed you may bury it as seems good to you, and as custom directs. . . .

"We are permitted, nay, obliged to pray the gods to grant us a happy journey from this world to the other. So I pray, and so may it be."

## THE SACK OF THE GODS.

Strangers drawn from the ends of the earth, jeweled and plumed were we;  
I was the Lord of the Inca race, and she was Queen of the Sea.

Under the stars beyond our stars where the new-forged meteors glow,  
Hotly we stormed Valhalla, a million years ago!

*Ever 'neath high Valhalla Hall the well-tuned horns begin,*

*When the swords are out in the underworld, and the weary Gods come in. Ever through high Valhalla Gate the Patient Angel goes.*

*He opens the eyes that are blind with hate—he joins the hands of foes.*

Dust of the stars was under our feet, glitter of stars above—

Wrecks of our wrath dropped reeling down, as we fought and we spurned and we strove.

Worlds upon worlds we tossed aside, and scattered them to and fro,

The night that we stormed Valhalla, a million years ago!

*They are forgiven as they forgive all those dark wounds and deep,*

*Their beds are made on the Lap of Time and they lie down and sleep.*

*They are forgiven as they forgive all those old wounds that bleed.*

*They shut their eyes from their worshippers; they sleep till the world has need.*

She with the star I had marked as my own—I with my set desire—

Lost in the loom of the Night of Nights—lighted by worlds afire—

Met in a war against the Gods where the headlong meteors glow,

Hewing our way to Valhalla, a million years ago!

They will come back—come back again, as long as the red Earth rills.

He never wasted a leaf or a tree. Do you think he would squander souls?

—By Rudyard Kipling. In *inclusive edition*, 1885-1918. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

## BUDDHIST IDEAS.

If a man would hasten towards the good, he keeps his thoughts away from evil; if a man does what is good slothfully, his mind delights in evil.

If a man commits a sin, let him do it again; let him delight in sin; pain is the outcome of sin.

If a man does what is good, let him do it again; let him delight in it: happiness is the outcome of good.

Even an evil-doer sees happiness as long as his evil deed has not ripened; but when his evil deed has ripened, then does the evil-doer see evil.

Even a good man sees evil days, as long as his good deed has not ripened; but when his good deed has ripened, then does the good man see happy days.

Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, It will not come nigh unto me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled; the fool becomes full of evil, even if he gather it little by little.

Let no man think lightly of good, as a merchant, if he has few companions and carries much wealth, avoids a dangerous road; as a man who loves life avoids poison.

He who has no wound on his hand may touch poison with his hand; poison does not affect one who has no wound; nor is there evil for one who does not commit evil.

If a man offends a harmless, pure, and innocent person, the evil falls back upon that fool, like light dust thrown up against the wind.

Some people are born again; evil-doers go to hell; righteous people go to heaven; those who are free from all worldly desires attain Nirvana.

Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if we enter into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where death could not overcome.

Give us what is good, whether we pray for it or not; and avert from us the evil, even if we pray for it.—Socrates.

We are contented because we are happy, not happy because we are contented.—Landor.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## Theosophical Outlook

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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## UP AND DOWN.

English novelists, always attentive to the drift of public thought, are reflecting the interest in mysticism that has followed inevitably on the wake of the war. Some of the novels are very poor and without evidence either of thought or study. Some of them are very good, the evident result of attention and conviction. And perhaps "Up and Down," by Mr. E. F. Benson, is the best of them all.

It is the story of two young Englishmen who are leading a retired and indolent life on the island of Alatri in the Bay of Naples. Their chief occupation seems to be to bathe and to bask in the sun, but this is conducive to reflections that show a mental calibre from which we may expect much. Thus the narrator tells us in his opening pages:

Already my book has slipped from my knee on to the pebbles, and gradually—a phenomenon to which I am getting accustomed in these noonday baskings—thought fades also, and I am only conscious, though very vividly conscious; I know vividly, acutely, that this is Italy, that here is the sea and the baking beach, and the tumbled fragments of Tiberius' palace, that a dozen yards away Francis, having sat up, is clasping his knees with his arms, and is looking seaward; but all these things are not objects of thought, but only of consciousness. They seem part of me, or I of them; the welding of the world to me gets closer and more complete every moment; I am so nearly *the same thing* as the stones on the beach, and the liquid rim of the sea; so nearly, too, am I Francis, or, indeed, any other of the quiet dreaming basking figures. The line of the steamer's wash which is now on the point of breaking along the shore is so nearly

realizable as one with the sun or the sky, or me, or any visible or tangible part of the whole, for each is the expression of the Absolute. . . .

I do not know whether this is Paganism or Pantheism, or what, but that it is true seems beyond all power of doubt; it is certain, invariable, all that varies is our power of feeling it. To me personally the sense of home that Italy gives quickens my perception and assimilation of it, and this is further fulfilled by the intimacy with external things produced by these sun-soaked and sea-pickled mornings. Here in the south one gets closer to the simple facts of the world, one is welded to sun and sea; the communications between soul and body and the external world are cleaned and fortified. It is as if the buzz and clatter of a telephone suddenly cleared away and the voice came through unhindered. In England the distraction and complications that necessarily crowd in on one in the land where one lives and earns one's living, and is responsible for a house and is making arrangements and fitting them into the hours of the day, choke the lines of communication; here I strip them off even as I strip off my clothes to wallow in the sea and lie in the sand. The barriers of individualism, in which are situated both the sense of identity and the loneliness which the sense of *being oneself* brings, are drawn up like the sluices of a lock, letting the pour of external things, of sun and sea and human beings into the quiet sundered pool. I begin to realize with experience that I am part of the whole creation to which I belong.

You will find something of this consciousness, says the writer, in all the schools of mysticism. It is their common basis. Here is the meaning of the myths of Narcissus and of Hyacinthus. It is the death of the body because it has fulfilled its mission:

Here is the pagan view of the All-embracing, All-containing God, and it is hardly



necessary to point out how completely it is parallel to, even identical with, the revelations of Christian mysticism. The bridal of the soul with her Lord, as known to St. Theresa, the dissolution and bathing of the soul in love, its forsaking of itself and going wholly from itself, which is the spirit of what Thomas à Kempis tells us of the true way, are all expressions of the same spiritual attainment. To them it came in the light of Christian revelation, but it was the same thing as the Greek was striving after in terms of Pan. And in every human soul is planted this seed of mystic knowledge, which grows fast or slow, according to the soil where it is set, and the cultivation it receives. To some the knowledge of it comes only in fitful far-away flashes; others live always in its light. And the consciousness of it may come in a hundred manners: to the worshipper when he receives the mystery of his faith at the altar, to the lover when he beholds his beloved, to the artist when the lift of clouds or the "clear shining after rain" suddenly smites him personally and intimately, so that for the moment he is no longer an observer, but is part of what he sees.

But to none of us does the complete realization come until the time when our individuality, as known to us here and now, breaks like the folded flower from the sheath of the body. Often we seem nearly to get there; we feel that if only we could stay in a state of mind that is purely receptive and quiescent, the sense of it would come to us with complete comprehension. But as we get near it, some thought, like a buzzing fly, stirs in our brain, and with a jerk we are brought back to normal consciousness, with the feeling that some noise has brought us back from a dream that was infinitely more vivid and truer than the world we awake to.

Then comes the war and Francis hurries back to London, where his friend is already, and enlists as a private. It is his mysticism that inspires him. He says that we all suffer from the sense of "having" things. It is the illusion of which we must rid ourselves. We can not enter the kingdom until we get rid of the sense that anything is really ours. Only when we get rid of ourselves do we possess everything. Why then hesitate to surrender a limb, or an eye, or life itself. And then we get a glimpse of true occultism:

"And perhaps there's another thing. another drama, another war going on," he said. "Do you remember some fable in Plato, where Socrates says that all that happens here upon earth is but a reflection, an adumbration of the Real? Is it possible, do you think, that in the sphere of the eternal some great conflict is raging, and Michael and his angels are fighting against the dragon? Plato is so often right, you know. He says that is why beauty affects the soul, because the soul is reminded of the true beauty, which it saw once, and will see again. Why else should we love beauty, you know?"

Francis, home from the war on leave, is conscripted by his aunt to take her to a seance where she hopes to commune with her departed husband. This leads to some reflections on the subject of spiritualism:

There are a great many gullible people in the world and a great many fraudulent ones, and when the two get together round a table in a darkened room, it is obvious that there is a premium on trickery. But because a certain medium is a knave and a vagabond, who ought to be put in prison, and others are such as should not be allowed to go out, except with their minds under care of a nurse, it does not follow that there are no such things as genuine manifestations. It would be as reasonable to say that because a child does his multiplication sum wrong, there is something unsound in the multiplication table. A fraudulent medium does not invalidate a possible genuineness in those who are not cheats; a quack or a million quacks do not cast a slur on the science of medicine. In questions of spiritualism there is no denying that the number of quacks exposed and unexposed is regrettably large, and, without doubt, all spiritualistic phenomena should be ruthlessly and pitilessly scrutinized. But when this is done, it is only a hidebound stupidity that refuses to treat the results with respect.

Other reservations must be made. All results that can conceivably be accounted for by such well-established phenomena as telepathy or thought-reading must be unhesitatingly ruled out. They are deeply interesting in themselves, they are like the traces of other metals discovered in exploring a gold-reef, but they are not the gold, and have no more to do with the thing inquirers are in quest of than have acid-drops or penny buns. Many mediums (so-called), are not mediums at all, but have that strange and marvelous gift of being able to explore the minds of others. . . .

What is the working and mechanism of that group of phenomena, among which we may class hypnotism, thought-reading, telepathy, and so forth, we do not rightly know. But inside the conscious self of every human being there lurks the sub-conscious or subliminal self, which has something to do with all these things. Every event that happens to a man, every thought that passes through his mind, every impression that his brain receives makes a mark on it, similar, perhaps, to the minute dots on phonograph records. That the phonograph record (probably) is in the keeping of the sub-conscious mind, and though the conscious mind may have forgotten the fact, and the circumstances in the making of any of these marks, the sub-conscious mind has it recorded, and, under certain conditions, can produce it again. And it is the sub-conscious mind which without doubt exercises those thought-reading and telepathic functions. In most people it lies practically inaccessible; others, numerically few, appear, in trance or even without the suspension of the conscious mind, to be able to exercise its powers, and—leaving out the mere conjuring tricks of fraudulent persons—it is they who pass for mediums.

What happens? This—A bereaved mother

or a bereaved wife sits with one of those mediums. The medium goes into a genuine trance, and probing the mind of the eager, expectant sitter, can tell her all sorts of intimate details about the husband or son who has been killed which are already known to her. The medium can produce his name, his appearance; can recount events and happenings of his childhood; can even say things which the mother has forgotten, but which prove to be true. Is it any wonder that the sitter is immensely impressed? She is more than impressed, she is consoled and comforted when the medium proceeds to add (still not quite fraudulently) messages of love and assurances of well-being. It is not quite conscious fraud; it is perhaps a fraud of the subconscious mind.

This is admirable. That it covers the whole ground need not be assumed. But it covers much of it, perhaps most of it.

Francis and his friend agree upon a test. Each writes a secret message with the understanding that the survivor shall consult a medium and try to find out the contents of the envelope prepared for that purpose. After the death of Francis the pact is carried out and the medium gives the message with exactness. The writer says:

Now I reject altogether the theory of the Roman Catholic Church, namely, that when we try to communicate with the dead and apparently succeed in so doing, we are not really brought into connection with them, but into connection with some evil spirit who impersonates them. I can not discover or invent the smallest grounds for believing that; it seems to me more a subject for some gruesome magazine tale than a spiritual truth. But what does seem possible is this, that we are brought into connection, not with the soul of the departed, his real essential personality, the thing we loved, but with a piece of his mere mechanical intelligence. Otherwise it is hard to see why those who have passed over rarely, if ever, tells us, except in the vaguest and most unconvincing manner, about the conditions under which they now exist. They speak of being happy, of being busy, of waiting for us, but they tell us nothing that the medium could not easily have invented herself. No *real* news comes, nothing that can enable us to picture in the faintest degree what their life over there is like. Possibly the conditions are incommunicable; they may find it as hard to convey them as it would be to convey the sense and the effect of color to a blind man. Material and temporal forms must naturally have ceased to bear any meaning to them, since they have passed out of this infinitesimal sphere of space and time into the timeless and immeasurable day, the sun of which forever stands at the height of an imperishable noon. If they could tell us of that perhaps we should not understand.

The upshot, then, is this: I believe that when the medium, sitting opposite the fire in that dim room, said what was in the sealed packet, the discarnate mind of Francis told her what was there. I believe the door be-

tween the two worlds not to be locked and barred; certain people—such as we call mediums—have the power of turning the handle and for a little setting this door ajar. But what do we get when the door is set ajar? Nothing that is significant, nothing that brings us closer to those on the other side. If I had not already believed in the permanence and survival of individual life, I think it more than possible that the accurate and unerring statement of what was in the sealed packet might have convinced me of it. But it brought me no nearer to Francis.

Once more, this is admirable. No better presentation within the limits of a novel has ever been given.

But the story as a whole must not be judged from these few and selected extracts. To do so would be grievously to misjudge it. Its mystic element is only a part of its charm. It is a true war novel of the highest type, one that will live with the best work of Wells and Ibañez, comprehensive, historical, humorous, wise, and tender. Mr. Benson has surpassed himself, which is saying much.

UP AND DOWN. By E. G. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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### THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST.

God met man in a narrow place,  
And they scanned each other face to face.

God spoke first: "What ails you man,  
That you should look so pale and wan?"

Quoth man: "You bade me conquer  
harm  
With no strength but this weak right arm.

"I would ride to war with glad consent  
Were I, as You, omnipotent."

God said: "You show but little sense;  
What triumph is there for omnipotence?"

Said man: "If You think it well to be  
Such a thing as I, make trial and see."

God answered him: "And if I do,  
I'll prove Me a better Man than you."

God conquered man with His naked hands,

And bound him fast in iron bands.

—By Dorothy L. Sayers. (Longmans. Green & Co.)

---

Happiness does away with ugliness,  
and even makes the beauty of beauty.—  
*Amiel.*

# SCIPIO'S DREAM.

(From the Commentary of Macrobius.)

Pythagoras thought that the empire of Pluto began downwards from the milky way, because souls falling from thence appear to have already receded from the Gods. Hence he asserts that the nutriment of milk is first offered to infants, because their first motion commences from the galaxy, when they begin to fall into terrene bodies. On this account, since those who are about to descend are yet in Cancer, and have not left the milky way, they rank in the order of the Gods. But when, by falling, they arrive at the Lion, in this constellation they enter on the exordium of their future condition. And because, in the Lion, the rudiments of birth and certain primary exercises of human nature commence; but Aquarius is opposite to the Lion, and presently sets after the Lion rises; hence, when the sun is Aquarius, funeral rites are performed to departed souls, because he is then carried in a sign which is contrary or adverse to human life. From the confine, therefore, in which the zodiac and galaxy touch each other, the soul, descending from a round figure, is produced into a cone by its defluxion. And as a line is generated from a point and proceeds into length from an indivisible, so the soul, from its own point, which is a monad, passes into the duad, which is the first extension. And this is the essence which Plato, in the *Timæus*, calls impartible and at the same time partible, when he speaks of the nature of the mundane soul. For as the soul of the world, so likewise that of man, will be found to be in one respect without division, if the simplicity of a divine nature is considered; and in another respect partible, if we regard the diffusion of the former through the world, and of the latter through the members of the body.

As soon, therefore, as the soul gravitates towards body in this first production of herself, she begins to experience a material tumult, that is, matter flowing into her essence. And this is what Plato remarks in the *Phædo*, that the soul is drawn into body staggering with recent intoxication; signifying by this the new drink of matter's impetuous flood, through which the soul, becoming defiled and heavy, is drawn into a terrene situation. But the starry cup placed between

Cancer and the Lion is a symbol of this mystic truth, signifying that descending souls first experience intoxication in that part of the heavens through the influx of matter. Hence oblivion, the companion of intoxication, there begins silently to creep into the recesses of the soul. For if souls retained in their descent to bodies the memory of divine concerns, of which they were conscious in the heavens, there would be no dissension among men about divinity. But all, indeed, in descending, drink of oblivion; though some more, and others less. On this account, though truth is not apparent to all men on the earth, yet all exercise their opinions about it; because a *defect of memory is the origin of opinion*. But those discover most who have drunk least of oblivion, because they easily remember what they had known before in the heavens.

The soul, therefore, falling with this first weight from the zodiac and milky way into each of the subject spheres, is not only clothed with the accession of a luminous body, but produces the particular motions which it is to exercise in the respective orbs. Thus in Saturn it energizes according to a ratiocinative and intellective power; in the sphere of Jove, according to a practic power; in the orb of the sun, according to a sensitive and imaginative nature; but according to the motion of desire in the planet of Venus; of pronouncing and interpreting what it perceives in the orb of Mercury; and according to a plantal or vegetable nature and a power of acting on body, when it enters into the lunar globe. And this sphere, as it is the last among the divine orders, so it is the first in our terrene situation. For this body, as it is the dregs of divine natures, so it is the first animal substance. And this is the difference between terrene and supernal bodies (under the latter of which I comprehend the heavens, the stars, and the more elevated elements), that the later are called upwards to be the seat of the soul, and merit immortality from the very nature of the region and an imitation of sublimity; but the soul is drawn down to these terrene bodies, and is on this account said to die when it is enclosed in this fallen region, and the seat of mortality. Nor ought it to cause any disturbance that we have so often men-

tioned the death of the soul, which we have pronounced to be immortal. For the soul is not extinguished by its own proper death, but is only overwhelmed for a time. Nor does it lose the benefit of perpetuity by its temporal demerion. Since, when it deserves to be purified from the contagion of vice, through its entire refinement from body, it will be restored to the light of perennial life, and will return to its pristine integrity and perfection.

### AT SAGAMORE HILL.

The rail fence by the corn  
Is good to lean on as we stand and talk  
Of farming, cattle, country life. We  
turn,  
Sit for some moments in a garden house  
On which a rose vine clammers all in  
bloom,  
And from this hilly place look at the  
strips  
Of water from the bay a mile beyond,  
Below some several terraces of hills  
Where firs and pines are growing. This  
resembles  
A scene in Milton that I've read. He  
knows,  
Catches the reminiscence, quotes the lines  
—and then  
Something of country silence, look of  
grass  
Where the wind stirs it, mystical little  
breaths  
Coming between the roses; something,  
too,  
In Vulcan's figure; he is Vulcan, too,  
Deprived his shop, great bellows, ham-  
mer, anvil,  
Sitting so quietly beside me, hands  
Spread over knees; something of these  
evokes  
A pathos, and immediately in key  
With all of this he says: I have  
achieved  
By labor, concentration, not at all  
By gifts or genius, being commonplace  
In all my faculties.

Not all, I say.

One faculty is not, your over-mind,  
Eyed front and back to see all faculties,  
Govern and watch them. If we let you  
state  
Your case against you, timid born, you  
say,  
Becoming brave, asthmatic, growing  
strong: . . .

No marksman, yet becoming skilled with  
guns;  
No gift of speech, yet winning golden  
speech;  
No gift of writing, writing books, no  
less

Of our America to thrill and live—  
If, as I say, we let you state your case  
Against you as you do, there yet remains  
This over-mind, and that is what—a gift  
Of genius or of what? By George, he  
says,

What are you, a theosophist? I don't  
know.

I know some men achieve a single thing,  
Like courage, charity, in this incarna-  
tion;

You have achieved some twenty things.  
I think

That this is going some for a man whose  
gifts

Are commonplace and nothing else.

—From "*Starved Rock*," by Edgar Lee  
Masters. Published by the Macmil-  
lan Company.

### TRANSMUTATION.

(Charles Nordman in San Francisco  
Examiner.)

PARIS, December 8.—(Special cable  
dispatch to Universal Service.)—The  
"philosopher's stone" has been found.

Henceforth it will be possible to trans-  
mute base metals into gold.

The discovery has been made by an  
eminent English scientist, Sir Ernest  
Rutherford, but the world has not yet  
awakened to the incalculable possibilities  
it opens up in theoretical and practical  
fields.

Here is how the Englishman reasoned  
and arrived at his discovery:

The atom is formed by the central as-  
tral body, composed of small particles  
loaded with positive electricity and round  
which revolve at prodigious speed small  
planets loaded with negative electricity  
and which are known as "electrons."

The difference between an iron atom  
and a gold atom is solely in the number  
of electrons and positive particles con-  
tained in each.

An electron weighs exactly one-mil-  
lionth part of one-billionth of a millionth  
of a milligram.

When an atom contains a great num-  
ber of electrons, one or several of these  
infinitesimal planets, for reasons not

known, suddenly cease to be attracted by the atomic sun and are projected into space.

These electrons lost to the atom are known as Beta (B) rays. Radium comes from another metal, uranium, which is transformed into radium after its atom has expelled three electrons. After a further five similar atomic explosions radium becomes lead.

This is transmutation, but natural transmutation. Heretofore men have been unable to hasten or retard this transformation, but now Rutherford has bridged the gulf.

He has dissected a table atom by turning against it the most powerful known projectile—radium "Alpha" (A) rays, whose initial speed is 12,500 miles a second.

He employed the rays against an atom of hydrogen and succeeded in disrupting it into a yet smaller atom of hydrogen.

This is man's first successful transmutation. To make gold, it would suffice to detach from bismuth atoms two of their Alpha particles, or from lead atoms two of their Alpha particles and one Beta particle.

This, perhaps, will soon be done, and although the manufacture of gold in this manner would cost more than it is worth, we can at least affirm that the "philosopher's stone" has been found.

---

## FROM THE DHAMMAPADA.

(Translated by Max Muller.)

All men tremble at punishment, all men fear death; remember that you are like unto them, and do not kill, nor cause slaughter.

All men tremble at punishment, all men love life; remember that thou are like unto them, and do not kill, nor cause to slaughter.

He who, seeking his own happiness, does not punish or kill beings who also long for happiness will find happiness after death.

Do not speak harshly to anybody; those who are spoken to will answer thee in the same way. Angry speech is painful, blows for blows will touch thee.

If, like shattered metal plate (gong), thou utter not, then thou hast reached Nirvana; contention is not known to thee.

As a cowherd with his staff drives his

cows into the stable, so does age and death drive the life of men.

A fool does not know when he commits his evil deeds; but the wicked man burns by his own deeds, as if burnt by fire.

He who inflicts pain on innocent and harmless persons will soon come to one of the ten states:

He will have cruel suffering, loss, injury of the body, heavy afflictions, or loss of the mind.

Or a misfortune coming from the king, or a fearful accusation, or loss of relations, or destruction of treasures.

Or lightning-fire will burn his houses; and when his body is destroyed, the fool will go to hell.

Not nakedness, not platted hair, not dirt, not fasting, or lying on the earth, not rubbing with dust, not sitting motionless, can purify a mortal who has not overcome desires.

He who, though dressed in fine apparel, exercises tranquillity, is quiet, subdued, restrained, chaste, and has ceased to find fault with all other beings, he is indeed a Brahmana, an ascetic (Sramana), a friar (bhikshu).

Is there in this world any man so restrained by humility that he does not mind reproof, as a well-trained horse the whip?

Like a well-trained horse when touched by the whip, be ye active and lively.

And by faith, by virtue, by energy, by meditation, by discernment of the law you will overcome this great pain (of reproof), perfect in knowledge and in behavior, and never forgetful.

Well-makers lead the water wherever they like; fletchers bend the arrow; carpenters bend a log of wood; good people fashion themselves.

---

## FROM ST. TERESE.

In all the world there is but one thing really worth pursuing and that is—the knowledge of God.

It is more pleasing to God to see a place of quiet and healthy people who do what they are told than a mob of hysterical people who fancy themselves privileged.

Month after month went by with fruitless attempts at meditation. I turned to the reading in a book, unable to fix my mind for more than three minutes to-

gether upon him whom I loved more than all the world. But I went on trying.

Obedience to those whose spiritual insight is not so deep as one's own—so far from being an obstacle may become in itself a positive progress for the soul, far more elevating than the brilliant excursions and adventures in which a less obedient spirit imperils her own self-knowledge and self-contempt.

One can only enjoy spiritual consolation in proportion to the sacrifice one is making.

If a sharp penance had been laid upon me I know of none that I would not very willingly have undertaken, rather than prepare myself for self-recollection. This lasted for fourteen years, yet nothing tired her constance, nothing the ardor of her love. A consoling example for the much-tried soul who treads a similar path.

### THE KINGS.

A man said unto his Angel:

"My spirits are fallen low,  
And I can not carry this battle:  
O, brother, where might I go?

"The terrible kings are on me  
With spears that are deadly bright;  
Against me so from the cradle  
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:  
"Thou wavering, witless soul,  
Back to the ranks! What matter  
To win or to lose the whole,—

"As judged by the little judges  
Who hearken not well nor see?  
Not thus, by the outer issue,  
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure  
And only event of things:  
The puniest heart, defying,  
Were stronger than all these kings.

"Though out of the past they gather  
Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain  
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit  
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners  
And ringleted Vain Desires,  
And Vice, with the spoils upon him  
Of these, and thy beaten sires,—

"While Kings of eternal evil  
Yet darken the hills about,

Thy part is with broken sabre  
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,  
Nor covet the game at all,  
But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
Die, driven against the wall,"  
—*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

### THE DRUIDS.

The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,

Old mysteries and horrid rites restore;  
A tribe who singular religion love,  
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove:

To these, and these of all mankind alone,  
The Gods are sure revealed, or sure unknown.

If dying mortals' dooms they sing aright,  
No ghosts descend to hell in dreadful night;

No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,  
Nor seek the dreary, silent shades below:

But forth they fly, immortal in their kind,  
And other bodies in new worlds they find.

Thus life forever runs its endless race,  
And, like a line, death but divides the space:

A stop which can but for a moment last,  
A point between the future and past.  
Thrice happy they between the northern skies,

Who that worst fate, the fear of death, despise.

Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,

But rush untaunted on the pointed steel;  
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn

To spare the life which must so soon return.  
—*From Rowe's "Lucern."*

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.—*Glanvil in "Lux Orientalis."*

The metempsychosis is, therefore, the only system of this kind that philosophy can hearken to.—*Hume.*

The gods themselves can not annihilate the action which is done.—*Pindar.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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## Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED  
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Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

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JAN 9 1920

# 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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## THE ALTERNATIVE.

Dr. Ralph Adams Cram is a sacerdotalist, an advocate of ecclesiasticism, a defender of monasticism and of a theology with which Theosophy finds itself at sharpest variance. None the less there is much to admire and to applaud in his writings. He predicted the war, not from a study of statecraft nor from an analysis of power, but because he knew that civilization had reached its breaking point under the crushing weight of its materialism. He knew that there is a "tide in the affairs of men," and that the pendulum of fate swings to and fro with an equal beat. He told us that he had found a thousand-year cycle, and that humanity was thus brought, as it were, to the judgment bar to give an account of its deeds. The war was the end of such a cycle and the beginning of a new one, but he had small toleration for those who cry peace, peace, when there is no peace. It was for humanity to decide whether it would now return to the old paths or seek new ones. It was a moment of choice. The war itself was no more than a warning, a stern admonition. Humanity might turn its back upon its materialism and seek henceforth quality rather than quantity. It might honor justice and mercy even at the seeming cost of a temporal loss. If it should so elect, then all would be well. But if it should look backward, if it should demand the restoration of "business as usual," then the fate of Russia

might serve as a portent and a prediction for ourselves. Dr. Cram's message was one of terrible alternatives. He told us that we could not be saved by mechanisms nor by machinery, by democracies nor by leagues of nations. Our only hope was in a change of heart, a revaluation of our powers.

Dr. Cram now gives us another volume. He calls it "Walled Towns," and he believes that it indicates a way out of our present sorrows. We do not agree with him. He seems to recommend the very mechanisms that he formerly decried, and to paint for us a system of government that might conceivably result from a change of heart, but that certainly could not produce it. It would be better if Dr. Cram had adhered to his original text. There is none better. For it was said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven," and it was said also that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and not, presumably, in "walled cities." Dr. Cram seems to see this himself, for he says:

From the "Nemesis of Mediocrity" it should be sufficiently clear that I do not believe that any mechanical devices whatever will serve the purpose: neither the buoyant plan to "make the world safe for democracy," nor any extension and amplification of "democratic" methods onward to woman's suffrage or direct legislation or proletarian absolutism through Russian soviets, nor socialistic panaceas varying from a mild collectivism to Marxism and the *Internationale*, nor a league of nations and an imposing but impotent "covenant," nor even a world-wide "league to enforce peace." We have heard something



too much of late of peace, and not enough of justice: peace is not an end in itself, it is rather a by-product of justice. Through justice the world can attain peace, but through peace there is no guaranty that justice may be achieved.

There was a time, and that not so long ago, when we raised periodical hosannas to the march of human evolution. In our mind's eye we saw the millennium always just ahead of us and awaiting only the passage of some ridiculous law, or the assassination of a microbe, or the promulgation of a new wage scale. We liked to picture our progress as a sort of Jacob's ladder, reaching from earth to heaven, an undeviating, unstaying ascent from barbarism to the earthly paradise. We forgot that civilization is a matter of the heart, and that no system based on predatoriness can be other than barbarous, no matter how brightly its tinsel may shine and glitter. But we know a little better now. The incense smoke on our self-dedicated altars has wavered before the gusts of war. Even its scent has lost its savor. We suspect that we were not evolving at all, or evolving downward like the Gadarene swine, and to a similar destination:

The nineteenth-century superstition that life proceeds after an inevitable system of progressive evolution, so defiant of history, so responsible in great degree for the many delusions that made the war not only possible, but inevitable, finds now few to do it honor. The soul is not forever engaged in the graceful industry of building for itself ever more graceful mansions; it is quite as frequently employed in defiling and destroying those already built, and in substituting the hovel for the palace. It is not even, except at infrequent intervals, desirous of improving its condition. As a whole, man is not an animal that is eager for enlightenment that it may follow after the right. At certain crescent periods in the long process of history, when great prophets and leaders are raised up, it is forced, even against its will, to follow after the leaders when once the prophets have been conscientiously stoned, and great and wonderful things result—Athens, Rome, Byzantium, Venice, Sicily, the cities of the Middle Ages, Flanders, Elizabethan England—but the untoward exertion is its own executioner, and always society sinks back into some form of barbarism from whence all is to be begun again.

We pinned our faith to education, and the war came at the end of a period of the most intensive education that we have ever known. We pinned our faith to industrialism and democracy and they proved to be broken reeds:

Before the revelation of war, while the curious superstitions of the nineteenth cen-

tury were still in vogue, it was widely held that evolution, education, and democracy were irresistible, and that progress from then on must be continuous and by arithmetrical if not geometrical progression. When the war came and the revelations began to unfold themselves, it was held with equal comprehensiveness that even if our civilization had been an illusion, our trinity of mechanistic saviors but a bundle of broken reeds, the war itself would prove a regenerative agency, and that out of its fiery purgation would issue forth a new spirit that would redeem the world. It is a fair question to ask whether those that once saw this bow of promise in the red skies have found the gold at the rainbow's end or are now even sure the radiance itself has not faded into nothingness.

Every great war has been followed by a descent into an abyss of meanness, materialism, and self-seeking, and then by the emergence of isolated personalities who have striven to arouse the old ideals and to create a better type of society:

At the present moment the first of these two phenomena has shown itself. Whether it is in Russia or in the fragments of the despoiled Central Empires where the ominous horror of Bolshevism riots in a carnival of obscene destruction, or in the governments and "interests" and amongst the peoples of the Allies, there is now, corporately, no evidence of anything but a general breakdown of ideals, and either an accelerating plunge into something a few degrees worse than barbarism, with the Dark Ages as its inevitable issue, or an equally fatal return to the altogether hopeless, indeed the pestilential standards and methods of the fruition of modernism in the world-before-the-war. The new warfare is between these, the malignant old Two Alternatives; fear of one encompasses the other, and in each case all that is done is with the terror of Bolshevism conditioning all on the one hand, terror of reactionism on the other. Expediency, desperate self-preservation, is the controlling passion, and the principles of justice, right, and reason are no longer operative.

As this is written there is no sure indication as to which of these alternatives is to prevail, but it is for the moment quite clearly indicated that it will be one or the other—either the tyranny of the degraded Bolshevism, universal anarchy, with the modernist reversal of all values succeeded by the post-modernist destruction of all values, or the triumph of reaction, with a return to the world-before-the-war for a brief period of profligate excess along all materialistic, intellectual, and scientific lines not unlike the Restoration period of Charles II, with the same ruin achieved in the end, though after a certain interlude. And yet the third alternative is theoretically possible: escape from the Scylla and Charybdis of error through the opportune development of the second phenomenon, the reasonable certainty of which is indicated by history—the appearance of those leaders of vision and power who had been generated through the alchemy of war.

Dr. Cram has no doubt that these will

come in the end, but in the meantime, what lies ahead of us? Perhaps, after all, it does not much matter. Nothing matters except the performance of duty, the straining of every nerve to keep alive the ideals that have been submerged, and to feed the flame of a spirituality that might otherwise flicker to extinction.

WALLED TOWNS. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D., LL. D. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

### THE SACRED FIRE.

Like the ancient Jews and Persians, the Druids had a sacred, inextinguishable fire, which was preserved with the greatest care. At Kildare it was guarded, from the most remote antiquity, by an order of Druidesses, who were succeeded in the later times by an order of Christian nuns.

Dr. Aikin observes that Cæsar and Tacitus are full of the predictive and sacred qualities of the German women; Velleda, a Druidess, was long looked up to by them as a deity. The Northerns called them Alirune, and in Irish, Alarunaighe is the wise man acquainted with secrets. St. Bridgit is said to have planted the nuns at Kildare, and to have entrusted to their care the holy fire. This fire was never blown with the mouth, that it might not be polluted, but only with the bellows. (The reader will here recollect that the old Irish had a Goddess called Bridgit.) This fire was precisely like the fire of the Jews, which was fed with peeled wood, and was never blown upon with the mouth. Nadab and Abihu were punished with death for offering incense to God with other fire. Mr. Hyde informs us that this was exactly the same with the ancient Persians who fed their sacred fire with the peeled wood of a certain tree called *Hawm Magorum*. (This has been thought to be the Persian *Jasmine*.) It was, I believe, in Col Vallancey's works, where I some time ago met with an assertion that the sacred fire of Ireland was fed with the wood of the same tree called *Hawm*.

Ware, the Roman priest, relates that at Kildare the glorious Bridgit was rendered illustrious by many miracles and notable things, amongst which is the sacred fire of St. Bridgit, which was kept burning by nuns ever since the time of the Virgin.

In the monastery was a building called the Fire House, the ruins of which are

yet shown. An anonymous author says it was ordered to be extinguished by a bishop of Dublin, in the year 1220, because it seemed to be an imitation of the vestal fire of Numa Pompilius. But he adds that it was not extinguished till the suppression of the monasteries in the time of Henry the Eighth.

I confess I am wicked enough to suspect that the Heathen Goddess grew into a Christian saint. Persons of fertile imagination may think they see in the prophetesses, the Alirunæ, a similarity to the female called Huldar (2 Kings, xxii, 14), and in the Alarunaighe something very similar to the prophets or wise men, the seers as they were called, of the Jews.

Dr. Henry in his History of England, has observed that collegiate or monastic institutions existed among the Druids. Through the mist of antiquity they may with difficulty, though perhaps with certainty, be discerned. The colleges of the prophets, named in the books of Kings and Chronicles, are discernible with similar difficulty, but perhaps with more certainty, than those of the Druids, but in each case their nature must remain a subject of doubt.

As the monks and nuns were here, as it is acknowledged, before the arrival of Christianity with St. Augustin, what can these monastic orders have been? We are obliged to have recourse to the Druids whether we wish it or not. In the most early records of antiquity we everywhere meet with people answering to our idea of monks. Perhaps the early records may be that of the sixth chapter of Numbers, and from that it is evident that, under the name of Nazarites, they were then existing in Egypt; for the expression of Moses implies their previous existence. They seemed to have been like the present race of different orders or habits of life, monks, nuns, hermits, metican friars, varying in different times and different countries, but still all monastic: all having the same generic character, and probably all derived from the same origin. I have already stated that it is the belief of the Roman Church that the Camelites existed before the time of Christ, and were descended from Elias; and it would be no difficult matter to prove that those very Camelites were the Essences or Therapeutæ of Philo and Josephus. Probably the persons regulated by Elias were, nothing

more than a variety of the persons treated of in the book of Numbers. (Which See.) In short, there is no period of time so early as that the existence of monastic orders in it may not be perceived.—*From Higgins' "Celtic Druids."*

## FEAR, THE MAN AND THE GUEST.

The impending hour  
Of Winter's solstice looms  
To its meridian.  
The lines of the four horizons  
Close in black-banded square;  
While Earth, weary and old,  
Gathers its torpid energies  
For the quick lifting,  
The imperceptible shift,  
That shall swing it back to north,  
To life and sun.

Now, 'cross the prairie of the sky,  
Cloth'ed in sable, hiding  
E'en from the darkness their shut browns,  
Come creatures panther-mounted,  
They who be one, yet feign the many:  
Man's adversary, Fear.

Hark! A stealthy pröwling  
Of myriad, cushioned feet,  
Insistent, tireless, surrounding  
My cabin's lonely steep.

They have arrived, the hard-riding,  
The hellish, brutal pack!  
Amongst the rude foundations  
They smell for weakness,  
For point of swift attack.

Never had castle moat so deep,  
Nor wall so high that it might keep  
Such enemy away.

How shall I fare  
In this, my crude abode, built with what care  
Only myself can know?

Well, and what of it! Shall my soul  
Shrive! supine, within its shell,  
Or, seeking to outstrip the hounds,  
Plunge down the depths of hell?

Come, soul, we dice with Fate tonight!  
We stand to win, we stand to lose.  
(Mayhap, e'en in such losing—win again!)  
Once, twice, three times,  
Th' accepted number falls.

## II.

Then enter, you of the hooded cloaks!  
Enter! Warmly the hearth-fire glows,  
Tho' for another and far different Guest  
Was the just flame invoked.

As turbid, winding water  
Is your response. You fill,  
Instant, the lurking shadows  
That they be deeper still.

O slith'ring, fell horrors:  
By what incitement of thrice vengeful powers  
Was whetted keen your native scent.  
That, from the wind's wild path whirled  
To this far outpost of the world?

The scenes set like a monstrous stage  
Waiting more monstrous action.  
Surely, my soul, we be the mummeries;  
We but supply the needed foil  
Whereby a full adornment shall be lent  
To that superior player, Destiny.

## III.

Ever th' uneasy, bestial shapes  
Blur and dissolve in heaving wave  
That dares the gamut of my fire's brave  
shore,  
Then, beaten, surges to the middle dark  
To be reshaped once more.  
But be they fluxed or separate,  
The balls of their hot eyes remain  
And in the spum of that strange sea  
Roll hatefully.

I will fight fire with fire!  
The grov'ling flare I will o'ercome  
By th' uplifting of a purer flame;  
So, quietly, I reach for the great logs  
Piled, each one, in its due place.  
Well do I know their soundness,  
Their white core. I chose them  
With most thoro care  
Against what hour The Guest  
Should find me here.

Instant the sturdy wood responds  
With roaring crackle, and with shower  
Of golden light. The heart where crav'n  
That lacked for courage, when, at hand,  
Counseled such loyal friend.

## IV.

You sliding, phantom-things!  
Are those low-bellied beasts you ride  
Indeed but steeds . . . or . . . are they you,  
You they, wielded in awful permanency?

You do not answer. It may be  
You can not. There be gaps  
Wide as the space betwixt the worlds  
Breached 'tween what slight, inconsequential  
things

Th' unstable mind of man may grasp  
And structural Truth,  
Majestic, naked, stark.

## V.

The hour is late. It shall be later  
Ere th' insidious weakness of the flesh  
Betray me to the enemy.  
Tho' their dammed dumbness beat  
In a hypnotic monotone  
Against the ramparts of my brain,  
Yet learned I long ago  
That in confusion's very heart  
Wisdom hath made a shrine,  
And he who will may listen  
Counsel in speech divine;

One whose unique syllables  
Are coin'ed new for every man.

## VI.

You bastard brood!  
Most jealously  
My sinews shall contest their strength  
Against the corruption of your touch!  
Not at first leap shall your oiled haunches  
cling

To the high wall whose mortised length  
Guards the deep-welling, precious spring  
Of my life's blood.

Or is it that your lust is set  
On fairer quarry?

Plot you to snatch  
Extension of that evil lease  
Whose magic holds too long an hour  
Your ghoulish forms intact?  
God's wrath! Think you to mix  
With your foul beings one bright drop  
Of th' elixir of my soul?  
Think you to bargain for that end  
By sparing this, my flash?

I had not known that hell  
Could stoop so low.

Look you:  
With th' unhuman I will match  
My human purpose. Tho' thru the night  
There be no sound of steel on steel  
Another battle shall be fought,  
Tho' I move not from this, my place,  
Nor you advance.

If, at the morn,  
My bones, divided be your feast,  
There shall escape afore such time  
The soul you seek.

It hath no commerce with the flesh  
Save the poor love I bear it,  
Yet, by that love, oft frail,  
And oft despicable, but welling now  
Stronger than any fear of death,  
I shall compel it, that it leave  
Unto your tearing naught save—this.

And so compell'ed, it shall rise  
On the swift instant to that Star  
From whence, an exile, it hath roamed  
Companioning me,

This is my final word,  
And this my gage;  
Tho' from th' encount'ring of such foe  
My every instinct shrinks, appalled,  
Needing th' imperious lash of will  
To stern compulsion.

## VII.

The night's mid-hour is past.  
Strange, that each age-long moment  
Yields me sure strength,  
Rather than leeches it;  
Like the light mist on parch'ed ground!  
They give relief and promise more  
Of bounty from th' clean reservoir  
Of brooding cloud.

The vigil's tension is transferred  
To some department of the brain  
Fitted to bear such burden,  
Nor count it undue strain.  
And with renewed tranquillity  
My stronger, better self  
Lists to the quiet luting  
Of a heart steadfast in its faith  
And glad expectancy.

'Till the calmed mind responds  
With an exultant chord,  
Chanting the Voice that spake  
Out of the Eastern mystery,  
Out of the Dawn's flowering space;  
A Voice that bade me go from out the world  
And, recking naught of pain or fear,  
Set this foundation, raise these beams,  
Make all things ready for The Guest  
And wait his coming here.

Nor did surprise betray  
The utter sureness and the peace  
That the Voice brought.  
I, who dispersed authority,  
Yielded without one passing sigh,  
For my soul bent to me and said:  
"Heed well, O wanderer,  
For not with every morn  
Comes there such wonder-bloom,  
Nor ever on an idle wind  
Is that Voice borne."

## VIII.

Like an intaglio across the years,  
Across their joys and woe,  
Is cut the flaming signature  
Of that white hour that came  
Ah, long and long ago.

There have been lesser fears  
(Tho' full tormenting) than this spawn  
I face tonight.  
Vindictive harpies have harangued  
Of weariness, of cold, of hunger, too,  
Seeking to tempt me from that faith  
I pledged with an eternal pledge  
When first I sought this hill.

So have I dwelt these many years,  
Tho' ne'er in tender dusk  
Nor with morning's glow has come  
The promised Guest,  
Unto my heart my heart would say:  
"Be still; be very still.  
All the tomorrows are of God,  
Each day is his preparing for that Guest  
Who, when he shall come, wilt speak  
The glory of thy God to thee."

## IX.

What! Have I slept? And is it dawn?  
O blessed dawn, whose simitar  
Cuts with a silver blade  
The skirts of darkness!  
The opaque shadows clear, they hue  
Like beauteous rainbows when the sun  
Promises that storm is done.

Or, is it that I'm dead,  
That the grim fight is lost to me;  
That I but dream in a surcease  
Death breathes on my tired heart?

These limbs seem stable to support my frame,  
I will rise up then, I will prove  
What's my condition.  
First I will mend the fire.

The fire! The fire! O double coward,  
To leave thy fire unguarded, and thy soul  
Alone in its Gethesemene!

Yes, it must be that I am dead,  
To earth, and to a land more fair  
Than dreams foreshadow have I come  
Tho' all unworthy.

Lo: I see,  
Or seem to see, the fire  
More ruddy than before. Each ember glows  
With a transcendent loveliness,  
As tho' th' earth-fire nursed  
Upon its breast a heav'n-begotten flame.

The room is clean of th' abhorr'd things  
That haunted it. They must have gone  
On a wan ray of the dead moon.

#### X.

You, little mind! And you,  
Tumultuous senses, whose hard tyranny  
Contrived your downfall:  
If in your cup of bitter lees  
There be one single, saving drop  
Untainted, it shall be  
Resolved to virgin purity  
By the alchemical, mysterious Word.

For now, in the far corner of the room,  
Where not at any June's high noon  
The sun has shone, a Presence stands,  
And a Voice speaks; A Voice  
Whose accents I have kept  
In the heart's rosemary.

"My child, in the dark hour you gave  
All that you counted heritage for me,  
Aye, ere the first twelve bells had struck  
The Watcher's alert ear:

I, who am Power your will released.  
Of mine own substance fed the fire.  
Unseen, thruout the night I stood  
Beside thee; from thy hand  
I took the sword, swung it 'round  
In a protecting circle, when the trance  
Of deep oblivion claimed thee for a space.  
I, who am life and more than life to thee,  
Give thee again thy life to use  
More largely.

Yea, I,  
Whom, until the final day,  
You may not wholly know, now make  
Of this prepar'd house my home,  
I, who can give thee, give thee now  
Fire of hearth, and fire of sun,  
This do I do, that thou may'st know  
That, verily, The Guest hath come."

—J. A. H.

## WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

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 anthill, 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.

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.

Were a truly learned Occult-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.

Occultists . . . having the most perfect faith in their own exact records, astronomical and mathematical, calculate the age of humanity and assert that men (as separate sexes) have existed in this Round just 18,618,727 years, as the Brahminical teachings and even some Hindu calendars declare.

A monad . . . is not of this world or plane, and may only be compared to an indestructible star of divine light and fire, thrown down to our Earth, as a plank of salvation for the Personalities in which it indwells. It is for the latter to cling to it; and thus partaking of its divine nature, obtain immortality.

Atma neither progresses, forgets, nor remembers. It does not belong to this plane; it is but the Ray of Light eternal which shines upon, and through, the darkness of matter—when the latter is willing.

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 perception, because it is outside the range of the laws known to those who reject Occultism.

The whole Kosmos is guided, controlled, 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.

The whole order of Nature evinces a progressive march towards a higher life. There is design in the action of the seemingly blindest forces.

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.

The pure Object apart from consciousness is unknown to us, while living on the plane of our three-dimensional world, for we know only the mental states it excites in the perceiving Ego.

Even to speak of Cosmic Ideation—save in its *phenomenal* aspect—is like trying to bottle up primordial chaos, or to put a printed label on Eternity.

Lunar magnetism generates life, preserves and destroys it, psychically as well as physically.

The Atom—the most metaphysical object in creation.

No *earths* or *moons* can be found, *except in appearance*, beyond, or of the same order of Matter as found in our System. Such is the Occult Teaching.

By paralyzing his lower personality, and arriving thereby at the full knowledge of the *non-separateness* of his Higher Self from the One Absolute Self,

man can, even during his terrestrial life, become as "one of us."

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.

The Solar substance is immaterial. In the sense, of course, of Matter existing in states unknown to Science.

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, . . . so with the external or manifested Universe.

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.

The Monad becomes a personal Ego when it incarnates; and something remains of that Personality through Manas, when the later is perfect enough to assimilate Buddhi.

I shall never in the years remaining,  
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you  
statues.

This of verse alone one life allows me;  
Other heights in other lives, God willing.  
—Browning.

Not what we *give*, but what we *share*,  
For the gift without the giver is bare.  
Who gives *himself* with his alms feeds  
three—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and  
Me.

The souls of men are capable of living in other bodies beside terrestrial; and never act but in some body or other.—  
*Joseph Glanvil.*

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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 WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED  
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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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## SOME OCCULT STORIES.

It is not often that modern stories of mystic and psychic visions are written from the religious point of view; still less from the Catholic point of view. But there seems no reason against it. The records of the ancient and mediæval churches are full of such happenings. The lives of the saints abound in them. And that today they have almost the status of articles of faith helps us to understand the progress of Catholicism against the crass and brutal materialisms of the Protestant sects. Humanity demands the mystic and the superhuman. The theology that divorces itself from the unseen world has uttered its own condemnation.

Mr. Robert Keable, who appears to be a British soldier and who writes in his dedication from the army in France, has written a volume of occult stories from the Catholic standpoint. That is to say we find a sort of Catholic moral in all of them. In his dedication to "Stephanic" he says that these stories are true enough, although the facts have been disguised. He says: "Trust me: I tell you that I know, that the land that is very far off is very near, and that the King may be seen there in His Beauty."

Some of these stories—there are sixteen of them—are placed in South Africa, and as an example we may take the one entitled "Black Magic." Father Paul on his missionary way through the country learns of a native living alone on a hill-

side and determines to visit him. He is courteously received by Sethlare:

"I am glad to see you also, my father," said the native. "Has the father come far? Is he tired? Will he stay here the night? I am the servant of my father, and will kill a sheep if he will stay?"

"Have you a sheep?" asked Father Paul. "I saw no kraal."

"There is a sheep that is lost in the valley behind this, my father. Its owner is on his way here to me to find it, and he will not mind if I kill it, for I will pay him well. He knows me."

Father Paul looked at him curiously. (Laurence made the sign of the cross unperceived.) Then his eyes strayed round the hut and over Sethlare, and he found all, as I have said, clean and tidy.

"How do you know there is a sheep yonder?" asked he.

"I know," said Sethlare, simply. "Will the father stay here one night?"

"The father goes on to the chief Gunning at the store, O Sethlare," said Laurence, "and the white man expects him, so that he can not stay."

Father Paul glanced from one to the other, quickly. Laurence knew the man's name, and had not told him. Laurence was strongly opposed to staying the night—and the man lived alone, and knew of the sheep.

"What are you?" said Father Paul.

"I am a doctor," said Sethlare, simply.

For myself I should like to have heard Father Paul talk, for the old man is no fool. He knew perfectly well that there was black magic and white magic, and that both hide secrets that have not yet been docketed and reduced to a collection of Greek syllables by your intelligent men of science who journey with regularity and a large entourage through the wilder portions of Africa solely to that end. So he neither laughed nor ran away, just yet. Instead, I believe, he talked first of the weather, and then of the crops, and then of the cattle, and only finally of doctor-



ing, with the most simple air in the world. Also he stayed the night with Sethlare.

About four Laurence was dispatched to bring the sheep. "Cross the hill," said the doctor, "and from the top of it you will see a little kloof on the right in the valley having a big white stone near its summit. Below the kloof is a small spruit, with six peach trees growing together. The sheep is feeding near the peach trees. Bring him." He was, and Laurence brought him. He was killed and eaten that night, in our biblical and primitive manner, and afterwards, over the fire, they talked of many things.

"Yes," said Sethlare, "I am a doctor, my father, but I have heard of the Faith of the Churches, and it is a good faith. Therefore I am not as the old doctors. I find the cattle when they are lost, and I have knowledge of medicines which you white men do not know, or despise. Nevertheless I can curse if I will. But I do not curse, my father. I desire to abide here in peace. And I am old, as thou art, and shall soon go whither there is no return, and I shall learn then what now I do not understand."

Father Paul pursues his way to his friend Gunning at the store, but soon after his arrival a native comes with an accusation against Gunning of having abducted his daughter. And Sethlare accompanies him:

Gunning stood there in the sunlight, a tall, healthy figure of a man, and looked at them. Then he flipped his leg with his sjambok, and laughed nastily. "Well, Father Paul, you are licensed, I suppose, but don't do it again. Of course I know nothing of this business, and as for that damned old nigger—begging your pardon for the language, but I can't help it—if he comes yelping round again I'll skin him for it."

Well, of course there was a lot more talk, but there were no witnesses, and, as often before, nothing could be done either way. Gunning's boys swore they had never been off the store the day before, and Mothlape had not his witnesses with him. So it went on, Gunning laughing now uproariously in the sunlight, until Sethlare stepped forward and silenced them all by the look on his face. "White man," he said, "thou art great and cunning, but this time maybe thou hast gone too far. I will throw the bones and find the girl, and if thou hast hidden her I will curse thee as I do not often curse, and thou shalt die." And he was gone before any one could say anything.

Gunning yelled something after him in Zulu, which Father Paul did not know; but it shows, he thinks, where Sethlare came from; and they went in to the house. Relations were a little strained, I fancy. The old priest was too well known and respected for Gunning to say much; but at the same time Father Paul knew that he was not wanted, and he made an excuse to leave the store early next day. But that night the climax came. They were at supper when Gunning's great retriever leaped to his feet growling. Gunning broke off his talk to look at him, and then they heard the voice outside. Gunning's boy threw open the door, which opened straight from

the hut to the veld, and the retriever ran out. "Go for him! Good dog!" said Gunning; but the dog ran a little way, howled and ran back instead. "Funny," said Gunning; "let's go and see." He and Father Paul went out at that, and this is what they saw. Sethlare stood in the moonlight thirty yards away. He was nearly naked, and held a huge stick in his hand. He was mouthing words in Zulu at a great rate, and waving his wand, and when the two appeared he changed to Sesuto, and his voice rang clear.

"Liar and betrayer," he said, "thy doom is on thee at last. I curse thee; I, Sethlare, I set my curse upon thee. Three days shalt thou live, and then the incurable shall strike thee down. They shall bear thee hence on neither horse nor cart nor wagon, and thou shalt die among strangers in a strange land."

Gunning is stricken down with cancer in a few days. He is removed in an automobile to a distant hospital and he dies among strangers, as had been predicted.

THE DRIFT OF PINIONS. By Robert Keable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

## A REVIEW.

The following review of "The Bible and the After-Life" by Walter Wynn, which appears in the *Manchester Guardian*, is largely applicable to many books of a like kind—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's, for example.)

There are few more tiresome persons than the man who, on the strength of having had one or more books unfavorably reviewed, poses ever after as a champion of unpopular truth opposed by official bigotry and vested interests. It is much to be feared that Mr. Wynn has fallen into this class. He "knew the risks he ran in writing" one of his books, and "the storm of abuse that would beat about him" for it. He was prepared for the "banter and ridicule of laughter" which would come from official quarters when he published another. And now he braves it all again. But if the present book is ill reviewed it will not be, as he suggests, because professors who "perspire over Greek and Latin roots, Butler's Analogy, and Paley's Evidences" are banded together to stifle the new truth Mr. Wynn sets forth, but because his book is a thoroughly bad one. Setting out to prove that the Bible supports the teachings of modern Spiritualism, he greatly simplifies his task by claiming every manifestation of religion as Spiritualism. Abraham moved to sacrifice Isaac, Eliezer guided in the choice of Rebecca, Moses, Joshua—all is fish that comes to his net. And when the text does not suit his purposes he alters

it, as when he reads for "Melchizedek brought forth bread and wine," "Melchizedek materialized bread and wine," though there is no hint of anything of the sort in the original. To deny his evidence would be to deny the existence of the spiritual altogether. But to accept it does not bring us a step nearer to proof that we either can or can not communicate with the dead.

### THE PLEIADES.

(From the "Secret Doctrine.")

It (Virgo) is inseparable from Leo, the sign that precedes it, and from the Pleiades and their sisters, the Hyades, of which Aldebaran is the brilliant leader. All these are connected with the periodical renovations of the Earth, with regard to its continents—even Ganymedes, who in astronomy is Aquarius.—*Vol. II, 829.*

The Greek allegories give to Atlas, or Atlantis, seven daughters—seven sub-races—whose respective names are Maia, Electra, Taygeta, Asterope, Merope, Alcyone, and Celæno. This ethnologically—as they are credited with having married Gods and with having become the mothers of famous heroes, the founders of many nations and cities. Astronomically, the Atlantides have become the seven Pleiades (?). In Occult Science the two are connected with the destinies of nations, those destinies being shaped by the past events of their early lives according to Karmic law.—*Vol. II, 811.*

The famous Orphic Hymn on the great periodical cataclysm divulges the whole Esotericism of the event. Pluto, in the Pit, carries off Eurydice, bitten by the Polar Serpent. Then Leo, the Lion, is vanquished. Now when the Lion is "in the Pit," or below the South Pole, then Virgo, as the next sign, follows him, and when her head, down to the waist, is below the southern horizon—she is inverted. On the other hand, the Hyades are the rain or Deluge constellations; and Aldebaran—he who follows or *succeeds* the daughters of Atlas, or the Pleiades—looks down from the eye of Taurus. It is from this point of the ecliptic that the calculations of the new cycle were commenced.—*Vol. II, 830.*

The Pleiades (Alcyone, especially) are

thus considered even in Astronomy, as the central point around which *our universe of fixed stars revolves*, the focus from which, and into which, the Divine Breath, Motion, works incessantly during the Manvantara.—*Vol. II, 582.*

"At the time when the summer tropical 'colure' passed through the Pleiades, when Cor Leonis would be upon the Equator, and when Leo was vertical to Ceylon at sunset, then would Taurus be vertical to the island of Atlantis at noon."—*Vol. II, 426.*

Niobe . . . is the daughter of one of the Pleiades, or Atlantides, the granddaughter of Atlas, therefore, because she represents the last generations of the doomed Continent (Atlantis).—*Vol. II, 815.*

Number *Seven* is closely connected with the occult significance of the Pleiades, those seven daughters of Atlas, "the six present, the seventh *hidden*." In India they are connected with their nursling, the war God, Karttikeya. It was the Pleiades (in Sanskrit, Krit-takas) who gave this name to the God. Karttikeya being the planet Mars, *astronomically*. As a God he is the son of Rudra, born without the intervention of a woman. He is a Kumara, a "virgin youth" again, generated in the fire from the Seed of Shiva—the Holy Spirit—hence called Agni-Ghu. The late Dr. Kenealy believed that, in India, Karttikeya is the secret symbol of the Cycle of the Naros, composed of 600, 666, and 777 years, according to whether solar or lunar, divine or mortal, years are counted; and that the six visible, or the seven actual sisters, the Pleiades, are needed for the completion of this most secret and mysterious of all the astronomical and religious symbols. Therefore, when intended to commemorate one particular event, Karttikeya was shown, of old, as a Kumara, as Ascetic, with six heads—one for each century of the Naros. When the symbolism was needed for another event, then, in conjunction with the seven sidereal sisters, Karttikeya is seen accompanied by Kaumari, or Sena, his female aspect.—*Vol. II, 654.*

Meanwhile it is the Seven Rishis (Great Bear) who mark the time and

duration of events in our septenary Life-cycle. They are as mysterious as their supposed wives, the Pleiades, of whom only one—she who hides—has proven virtuous. The Pleiades, or Krittikas, are the nurses of Karttikeya, the God of War (the Mars of the Western Pagans) who is called the Commander of the Celestial Armies, or rather of the Siddhas—Siddha-sena (translated Yogis in Heaven, and holy Sages on the Earth)—which would make Karttikeya identical with Michael, the “Leader of the Celestial Hosts,” and, like himself, a virgin Kumara. Verily he is the Guha, the “Mysterious One,” as much so as are the Saptarshis and the Krittikas, the seven Rishis and the Pleiades, for the interpretation of all these combined reveal to the Adept the greatest mysteries of Occult Nature.—*Vol. II, 579.*

When Karttikeya was delivered to the Krittika by the Gods to be nursed, they were only six, whence Karttikeya is represented with *six* heads; but when the poetical fancy of the early Aryan symbolists made of them the consorts of the seven Rishis, they were seven. . . . Anyhow, the seven Rishis were made to marry the seven Krittika before the disappearance of the seventh Pleiad.—*Vol. II, 581.*

### MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

Music is Moses Boguslawski's remedy for social and industrial unrest.

“If there had been good music in the coal-mining communities there would have been no strike,” said the Russian pianist. “The government took their whisky away from them, and gave them nothing to take its place.

“Given a Chopin mazurka, a Beethoven sonata, or a masterpiece of emotionalism by Debussy, the coal miners would have hesitated about turning the country cold; they might not have struck at all.

“It is a mistake to say that jazz is what the American public wants. It is what the poorer people accept because it is cheap. The worker buys a cheap popular ditty to put on his record, or play upon his piano, because it costs only 10 or 25 cents. A fine symphony, or selection from an opera would cost him several dollars and he can't afford it.

“Neither can he afford to go to the

opera, or to the concert hall, and hear the great musicians, so he stays home and listens to ‘I'll Say She Does,’ or attends the cabaret to be assaulted by a jangle and crash of mistreated musical instruments. Workers in steel mills, coal mines, factories, listen all day to discordant sounds pounding the soul out of them.

“Their bodies are weary, the nerves shattered, and in the wet days they rushed to the whisky bottle for relief. What they needed then, and need more now that liquor has gone, is the soothing influence of fine music. There is one thing the American has not learned about the foreigner, and that is his musical tastes.”

### THE BRAIN WAVES THEORY.

(By Frank C. Constable, M. A.)

Some cases are, on their face, explainable by this theory. But when we turn to other cases, generally, we find the hypothesis fail. I agree with Gurney and Myers that some one hypothesis must be sought to cover all the cases: this theory would appear not to cover all cases.

But something must be here said as to wireless telegraphy because this scientific fact has been used as supporting the brain wave theory. In fact, wireless telegraphy supports the theory I propound.

It is generally assumed that, for wireless telegraphy, we want but a dispatching station, a receiving station, and electricity: electricity is treated as a thing-in-itself—though fully non-physical—which we have at our command. This is not so. Science *starts with* something that it terms energy: science also accepts the theory of the conservation of energy. What does this theory import? That energy is not subject to the changes which time and space necessarily involve: energy itself is not conditioned by time and space. But energy is manifest to us in time and space in diverse form—as electricity, etc.

When then we have attained efficient means for wireless telegraphy, what is it we have done? We have established our dispatching and receiving stations, and by *relating energy to the material* we have made it take the form of electricity.

Wireless telegraphy is founded on, is

derived from, energy. So, even this remarkable means of communication between men, however distant, requires for explanation, scientifically, the assumption of the existence of "something" at its root which is unconditioned by time and space or, as I submit, which is transcendent of both. It is in support of, not in contradiction, to the theory now propounded. Wireless telegraphy by analogy, though analogy far-fetched, is like to telepathy which requires telergy—"something" unconditioned by time and space—for explanation. Energy, transcendent of time and space, may be likened to communion, transcendent of time and space, between us all as souls. Electricity, an inhibition of energy, manifest in form in time and space, may be likened to thought, a similar inhibition of imagination.

Consider the simplest form of telepathy.

Suppose that Mr. Brown is the agent, his wife the percipient. They find that, very often, when Brown thinks about anything his wife, before he can voice it, herself voices. There is apparent direct transfer of thought.

But, assuming the theory now propounded is correct, what has taken place?

Brown has imagination "deep buried in his soul." This is the origin of his power to think. What has Brown done? He has perhaps used his innate power of imagination to move his brain as a machine at his command; that is, he has, perhaps, by exercise of will, himself determined what thought has arisen in his brain. But, perhaps, his imagination, acting in some way unknown to us, has caused "vagrant" thoughts to arise in him: we often find thoughts arise in us, the origin of which we can not trace.

What has Mrs. Brown done when she receives the message? If her brain, as a machine, could receive her husband's thought *directly* then it would not matter what the message dispatched was: it would be received.

But suppose Brown is a skilled metaphysician or mathematician and has in him thoughts about some deep problem; while his wife is ignorant on such subjects? Human experience informs us that such thoughts are never transferred directly. Mrs. Brown's power of thought and so her power to receive external im-

pressions of thought is limited by her storage of memory and the form and degree of "education" of her brain: the personal equation comes in.

But if there be communion between husband and wife as souls with imagination deep buried, then imagination is common to both and it may be that Brown's exercise of imagination in a particular line of thought sets Mrs. Brown's imagination to work on the same line, so that *so far as her brain permits* the same thought arises.

And human experience in some measure supports this suggestion. For when Brown may be thinking of some mathematical problem incomprehensible to Mrs. Brown, she may say: "Very funny! I see a lot of figures, all in confusion." Or when Brown is trying to think out the relation between faith and hope, she may say: "What makes me think of faith, hope, and charity?" It is the communion in imagination existing between the two which affects Mrs. Brown and causes her imagination to be manifest in thought *so far as her brain permits*. There are no direct brain waves.

The above argument applies to all experimental cases of so-termed thought transference. Some succeed, some fail, some are partly successful. But I think in all—especially those partly successful—we find that what is *first* excited is the imagination of the percipient, and that success or failure depends on how far the imagination of the percipient "strikes out" the thought of the agent. In one case Miss Ramsden simply *imagined* "a white pig with long snout." The experiment, with Miss Miles as percipient, was fully successful. In the recent experiments between Mrs. Salter and Mrs. Wilson as percipient it would appear that it was the imagination of the percipient that was in action—groping to "strike out" the thought wanted: there is little to support the theory of brain waves. Mrs. Salter says that the form of her experiments was determined by her idea "that if thoughts are transmitted by the subconscious rather than the conscious mind, Mrs. Wilson might in this way get into touch with my subconscious thought as expressed in automatic writing." I take this to mean that, in Mrs. Salter's idea, the communion between her and Mrs. Wilson was by some means underlying (transcending?) **normal** thought,

and that by using such means Mrs. Wilson was more likely to strike on Mrs. Salter's normal thought. For what Mrs. Salter says means that the subconscious is the vehicle for conveying normal thought. If, for the somewhat indefinite term subconscious, we use the term "communion between us as transcendental subjects," we depart little from Mrs. Salter's suggestion.

Again, Sir William Crookes himself in suggesting the theory of brain waves says: "And is it also inconceivable that our mundane ideas of space and distance may be superseded in these subtle regions of unsubstantial thought where 'near' and 'far' may lose their usual meaning?"

If we relate back the power of thought to innate imagination, then we might perhaps use the term unsubstantial thought for imagination—the unsubstantial thought becoming substantial when correlated to the motion of the brain; that is, when inhibited in the form of normal thought.

I think that when experimental cases are considered generally they support, from human experience the theory now propounded. — *From "Telergy" (The Communion of Souls). Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.*

### A BISHOP SPEAKS.

Speaking recently on Spiritualism at Durham Cathedral, Bishop Welldon, Dean of Durham, said that amongst the spiritual consequences of the war one, perhaps the most remarkable of all, had been the desire of so many pious souls for communion with the dead.

Spiritualism was in itself not irreligious or unchristian. The enemy of religion and Christianity was not Spiritualism. It was materialism. If to live after death was but a dream, then indeed was religion a folly; but if the spirit of man survived the experience which was called death, if it did not die, but entered upon a new life, then at least it was possible, he said no more, that the spirit might in certain circumstances manifest itself to human eyes and the spirit might communicate by some means or other to living spirits upon the earth. There were many difficulties and many improbabilities attached to the alleged spiritualistic phenomena. There was the suspicion and even there had been the discovery of fraud in some of them. There was a

condition of darkness, which not unnaturally created distrust.

It was not easy, at least for him, to believe that if somebody who had been very dear to them were able and willing to make a communication to him from the spiritual world he would need to call in the agency of a medium. He thought, too, it must be admitted that the messages which were supposed to have been sent by the dead to the living were strangely unilluminating upon the nature of the life which the dead lived in the world beyond the grave. The question whether the spirits of the dead did appear or did speak to the living was a question which must be decided by evidence, and by evidence alone.

There was no reason to deny, but rather, if Christ was, as he believed Him to be, their forerunner, there was reason to accept the statement that the spirits of the dead might, especially soon after death, become visible and audible to their friends upon earth, but no human being was entitled to anticipate how, when, or to whom the spiritualistic appearance would be made. All it was possible to say was that if they were made, or rather seen, after death they corresponded with our Lord's appearance to His disciples. But those appearances must rest wholly upon evidence, and he held that the evidence was so considerable, so independent, and so difficult of explanation, even if it were assumed to be untrustworthy, that the candid mind would yield at least a provisional assent to the theory that such communication as between the living and the dead were not unworthy of belief among individual Christians and the Christian church.

When he came to what was called spiritualistic phenomena he did not believe he was able to take the same favorable view. If he was to believe in the reality of such communications there must be evidence stronger and better than had been afforded by Spiritualists heretofore. He would dissuade anybody not scientifically trained from having recourse to mediums of Spiritualism. The great need was that the spiritualistic phenomena should be carefully examined by men whose discipline in the methods of the exact science rendered them, and them alone, competent judges of evidence in the region of new discovery. — *Manchester Guardian*.

## THIS WAY OUT.

I have had a psychoanalyst dissect me  
 And he certainly turned me inside out,  
 Shown me weird neurotic notions that direct  
 me  
 And complexes that are bossing me about;  
 He has analyzed my visions and their bearing  
 on decisions  
 Which have made of me an Interesting  
 Case,  
 And the things that he has shown me make  
 me feel I must disown me.  
 I'm an Awful Thing to keep around the  
 place.  
 I'm a seething mass of vicious inhibitions,  
 Of defrauded sins and long-suppressed de-  
 sires;  
 I've neuroses of all sizes and conditions  
 And I burn with many unsuspected fires.  
 For I've gained the information that I showed  
 infatuation  
 For my gentle maiden aunt when I was two,  
 And my tendency to cotton to this lady long-  
 forgotten  
 Is the reason I have headaches when I do.  
 I have learned that my antipathy to onions  
 Comes from dreaming of perfumery at  
 times,  
 That my suffering from callouses and bunions  
 Is reaction from my uncommitted crimes.  
 Yes, that scientific critic, cold and psycho-  
 analytic,  
 Has revealed to me myself as odd and  
 strange.  
 I'm a queer, amorphous something with the  
 soul in me a dumb thing.  
 I'm a jig-saw map of bits to rearrange.  
 To the psychoanalyst I've made confessions  
 Which involve the deepest secrets of my  
 life,  
 And the cure he advocates for my obsessions  
 Is that I should leave my children and my  
 wife.  
 Though I love them very dearly, he has made  
 me see it clearly  
 As the only psychoanalytic course.  
 For the psychists all agree a universal panacea  
 For the ills the flesh is heir to is divorce.  
 —*Berton Braley, in Harper's Magazine.*

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 OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH.

(The following is extracted from a speech delivered at Letchworth, England, by Mrs. Annie Besant on September 24, 1919.)

To some the great truths of their religion are bound up in the form in which that religion is clothed, and the truth to them can not be separated from the form. That is so in Hinduism very often, as well as in other religions, and the people believe through the form which is familiar to them. It is the duty of Theoso-

phists to stimulate the faith of those they are working with.

That has a very important bearing on the question of the Old Catholic Church which disturbs the society just now. You have there not Christianity as a whole, but one form of it. The society should not be identified with that particular form because some Theosophists help it, any more than it should be identified with any other division, such as Baptist or Methodist. There is a certain danger with members in Christian countries that they may think they ought to attach themselves to that particular form because a Great One in the Great Hierarchy is reported to have spoken of it approvingly. As a matter of fact, the same Great One is Head also of all great Faiths. He inspires them all. He does not want a number of people to suddenly rush into one particular form. I have been astonished to find that in some of our lodges people are looked upon askance because they have not joined the Old Catholic Church. That is absurd, and you might as well insist that all should become Hindus as that they should become Old—or is it Liberal?—Catholics.

This movement, as are so many others in which some of our members as individuals take interest, is entirely apart and separate from our society. Our members are entirely free either to aid it or leave it alone, yet for some reason people have got into the way of associating this particular movement with the Theosophical Society, so that there is even a danger that some may think the society is identified with the Old Catholic Church. So I ask you very earnestly not to encourage that particular work for yourself if it is not in your line. I do not belong to it myself, and do not intend to. I have no inclination to take up Christian symbolism, and its ceremonial does not interest me.

I put all that quite frankly, because I know that some have similar feelings to myself, and yet think they ought to become Old Catholics.

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All nature is but art unknown to thee;  
 All chance, direction, which thou canst  
 not see;  
 All discord, harmony, not understood,  
 All partial evil, universal good.

# The Theosophical Society

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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:

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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