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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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## 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 unwellcome. 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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Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

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## 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 Chistian 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."

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*.

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While we live our souls are dead in  
us, but when we die our souls are re-  
stored to us.—*Heraclitus*.

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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 eglandere,

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 was 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 Sefpharial.)

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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## 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 knowl-  
 edge 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 say-  
 ings of Jesus that have been found re-  
 corded 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, prac-  
 tically complete except at one of the  
 lower corners. The book to which the  
 leaf belonged was of remarkably modest  
 dimensions, but though the written sur-  
 face only slightly exceeds two inches  
 square the scribe has succeeded in com-  
 pressing 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 follow-  
 ing is a translation of the fragment:

... before he does wrong makes all man-  
 ner 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 pun-  
 ishment 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  
 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 de-  
 scended by one staircase I ascended by an-  
 other, 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 thou  
 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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## 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 wait'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 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.—*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:

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

## 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 tinker 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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APR 3 1919

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## 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.

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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## 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.—*Porphyrius.*

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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# Theosophical Outlook

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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 Dohna, 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 wake 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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APR 28 1919



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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 ("quickeness") 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.

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## 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. Tyndall'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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# Theosophical Outlook

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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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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TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

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GIFT  
MAY 21 1919

# 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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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 fornation—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 evidences 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 epicycles, 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.

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### 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 *Augocides*, 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 out of her own experience, and the experience of others, as written in "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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## 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.

---

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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# 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 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  
 thralldom 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 Mackenzie.

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 spectroscopic 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 venturous 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 remains of that Personality through Manas, when the latter is perfect enough to assimilate Buddhi.—*Secret Doctrine*.

---

Lunar magnetism generates life, preserves 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 Calista, 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 mountains and the sea in the delicate enchantment of sunset. He was sensitive to the paroxysm of pleasure such an experience produces, and he conceived himself standing by the side of the grammarian, Epitherses, on board the merchant vessel, 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 reverberated it in a thousand accents of despair, with groans and shrieks of sorrow and confused bewailing, while all nature united in the echoing lamentation, "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?

(Copyright, 1919, by the New York Times Company. Special Cable to the New York Times.)

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 of 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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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED  
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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: "Metemphychosis 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 prakritic 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.—*Rellimco.*

## 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 within 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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## Theosophical Outlook

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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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# 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. 33. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, August 16, 1919. Price Five Cents

## 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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## MEDIUMSHIP.

*In your frequent deprecation 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.

---

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 conning 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,  
Hearkening 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 "Cesar-Aug." and "Cesar 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. Taedet 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:

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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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.

### 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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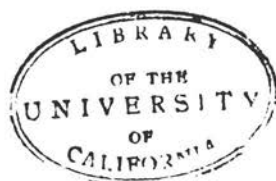
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## DEATH AND AFTER.

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) sandalwood, 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 sandalwood; 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.

# 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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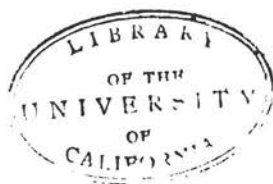
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## THE CROSS.

(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  
PLAYBOYS 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 laughters, 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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## Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED  
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Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

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NOV 14 1919

# 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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## 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 palters 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 Monadnoc'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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## Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED  
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

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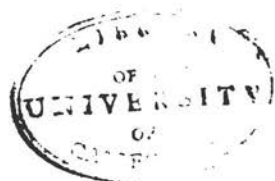
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# Theosophical Outlook

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT  
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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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

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED  
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

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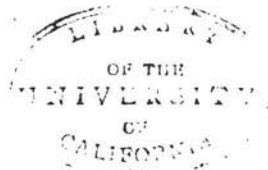
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DECEMBER 2 1919



# 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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## 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 <sup>ancients</sup> 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 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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## 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*

*Harimann, M. D. Kegan Paul*

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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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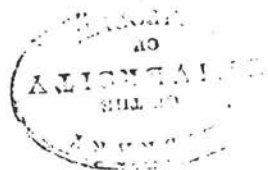
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## THE HERMETIC ART.

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.

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## 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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## 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.)

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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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Price 5 cents - \$1 a year

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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 arithmetical 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'd 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  
Breach'd '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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# 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, Kritikas) 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 telegermy—"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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