

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 PREDICTION.

The following is extracted from an article entitled "A Turkish Effendi on Christendom and Islam" which appeared in the *Theosophist* for March, 1880:

Thus it is that, from first to last, the woes of Turkey have been due to its contact with Anti-Christendom. The race is now paying the penalty for that lust of dominion and power, which tempted them in the first instance to cross the Bosphorus. From the day on which the tree of empire was planted in Europe, the canker, in the shape of the opposing religion, began to gnaw at its roots. When the Christians within had thoroughly eaten out its vitals, they called on the Christians without for assistance; and it is morally impossible that the decayed trunk can much longer withstand their combined efforts. But as I commenced by saying, had the invading Moslems in the first instance converted the entire population to their creed, Turkey might have even now withstood the assaults of "progress." Nay, more, it is not impossible that her victorious armies might have overrun Europe, and that the faith of Islam might have extended over the whole of what is now termed the civilized world. I have often thought how much happier it would have been for Europe, and unquestionably for the rest of the world, had such been the case. That wars and national antagonisms would have continued is doubtless true; but we should have been saved the violent polit-

ical and social changes which have resulted from steam and electricity, and have continued to live the simple and primitive life which satisfied the aspirations of our ancestors, and in which they found contentment and happiness, while millions of barbarians would to this day have remained in ignorance of the gigantic vices peculiar to Anti-Christian civilization. The West would then have been spared the terrible consequences, which are even now impending, as the inevitable result of an intellectual progress to which there has been no corresponding moral advance. The persistent violation for eighteen centuries of the great altruistic law, propounded and enjoined by the great founder of the Christian religion, must inevitably produce a corresponding catastrophe; and the day is not far distant when modern civilization will find that in its great scientific discoveries and inventions, devised for the purpose of ministering to its own extravagant necessities, it has forged the weapons by which it will itself be destroyed. No better evidence of the truth of this can be found than in the fact that Anti-Christendom alone is menaced with the danger of a great class revolution: already in every so-called Christian country we hear the mutterings of the coming storm when labor and capital will find themselves arrayed against each other—when rich and poor will meet in deadly antagonism, and the spoilers and the spoiled solve, by means of the most re-

cently invented artillery, the economic problems of modern "progress." It is surely a remarkable fact, that this struggle between rich and poor is specially reserved for those whose religion inculcates upon them, as the highest law—the love of their neighbor—and most strongly denounces the love of money. No country, which does not bear the name of Christian, is thus threatened. Even in Turkey, in spite of its bad government and the many Christians who live in it, socialism, communism, nihilism, internationalism, and all kindred forms of class revolution, are unknown, for the simple reason that Turkey has so far, at least, successfully resisted the influence of "Anti-Christian civilization."

In the degree in which the state depends for its political, commercial, and social well-being and prosperity, not upon a moral but a mechanical basis, is its foundation perilous. When the life-blood of a nation is its wealth, and the existence of that wealth depends upon the regularity with which railroads and telegraphs perform their functions, it is in the power of a few skilled artisans, by means of a combined operation, to strangle it. Only the other day the engineers and firemen of a few railroads in the United States struck for a week; nearly a thousand men were killed and wounded before the trains could be set running again; millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The contagion spread to the mines and factories, and, had the movement been more skillfully organized, the whole country would have been in revolution; and it is impossible to tell what the results might have been. Combinations among the working classes are now rendered practicable by rail and wire, which formerly were impossible; and the facilities, which exist for secret conspiracy, have turned Europe into a slumbering volcano, an eruption of which is rapidly approaching.

Thus it is that the laws of retribution run their course, and that the injuries—that Anti-Christendom has inflicted upon the more primitive and simple races of the world, which, under the pretext of civilizing them, it has explored to its own profit—will be amply avenged. Believe me, my dear friend, that it is under no vindictive impulse or spirit of religious intolerance that I write thus: on the contrary, though I consider Musselmans

generally to be far more religious than Christians, inasmuch as they practice more conscientiously the teaching of their prophet, I feel that teaching, from an ethical point of view, to be infinitely inferior to that of Christ. I have written, therefore, without prejudice, in this attempt philosophically to analyze the nature and causes of the collision which has at last culminated between the East and West, between the so-called Christendom and Islam.

RAYNHAM HALL AND ITS GHOSTS.

(A. H. Singleton in the *National Review*.)

Ghost stories have a wonderful attraction even for those who profess not to believe in ghosts and who try to explain them away on scientific grounds. As an old woman in Ireland said to me, when I asked her about some local fairy-lore, "There does be some as sees things, and more as doesn't." So it is with ghosts. To see them is to believe that such things are, but if you do not see them yourself, they do not exist. Very simple, but hardly conclusive.

I have often been asked to write down what I can remember about the "family ghosts" at Raynham Hall, having been told about them by my mother, whose mother, Lady Elizabeth Loftus, was a daughter of the first Marquis Townshend. Before her marriage she spent much of her time at Raynham with her sister, who had married her first cousin, Lord Charles Townshend, and also with her uncle, Lord Frederick Townshend, at his rectory at Stiffkey, which was not far distant. Many years later she and I stayed with her cousin, Lady Jane Hildyard, who had apartments at Hampton Court Palace, and there I was an attentive listener while they told each other old stories of the Raynham ghosts.

Lord Charles Townshend inherited the Raynham estate from his father, subject to a condition that he was not to come of age until he had attained his fortieth year. This occurred in 1840, and so many guests had been invited for the occasion that there was much difficulty in finding rooms for them all. In this dilemma the housekeeper came to Lord Charles and told him there was a room in one of the wings which had evidently not been used for some time, as the floor

was covered with ashes and rubbish and looked as if a fire had at some time been lighted in the middle of it. She thought, however, that with the help of some furniture and a carpet the room could be made quite comfortable. Lord Charles approved of the suggestion, and the ashes were at once removed and buried. When this was being done a door, which had hitherto been unnoticed, was discovered in one of the walls. It was opened, and found to lead to some steps, which ended in a blank wall with no apparent outlet. The guests arrived, the room was occupied, but from that day the "Brown Lady" again began to "walk."

She lost no time in revisiting her old home. On the first night of the festivities two young men, near relations, Compton Ferers and his cousin Loftus Ricketts, had been sitting up late smoking. "As we were going upstairs to bed," Compton told me himself many years later, "we saw a woman in an old-fashioned dress going up the 'brown stairs' in front of us. We thought at first that it was one of the servants, but soon realized that the figure in front of us was no living woman. We had heard of a figure dressed in brown who was supposed to haunt the 'brown stairs' (so called on account of her having been frequently seen on them), but nothing had been heard of her for a long time, and we looked on the story as a myth. However, there she was, and being both of us young and plucky, we determined to follow her and see where she would go. At the head of the stairs was a long passage ending in a closed door. When she reached the door she turned and faced us, then vanished *through* it."

"What was she like?" I asked.

"I can not describe her face; it looked like that of a skeleton, with the most extraordinary eyes. The next day we both went to have a look at the door through which she had disappeared and found merely an empty cupboard, nothing more!"

I wanted to ask for more particulars—how she was dressed, for instance—but was unfortunately interrupted and the opportunity lost.

Lady Jane Hildyard told me that the year after her brother inherited the Raynham estate and the title of Marquis of Townshend she, with her husband, who was a barrister on the Norfolk Circuit, went to stay at Raynham for the

Assizes. Mr. Hildyard was in delicate health at the time, and was taken very ill in the middle of the night of their arrival. She went into the adjoining dressing room to prepare some medicine he always took when he had similar attacks. When she returned with it he said: "Why, Jenny, how late you are! The housemaid has been in to light the fire." She assured him that it was impossible for any one to have entered his room without passing through the dressing room in which she had been all the time. But he persisted, saying, "She put back the curtains at the foot of the bed and stood staring at me for ever so long, and what extraordinary eyes the woman has!"

When she went down to breakfast the next morning Lady Jane told as a good joke that her husband had seen the "Brown Lady," but the others took it more seriously. However, Mr. Hildyard recovered sufficiently to be able to attend the Assizes at Norwich a few days later, but was taken ill the first evening, and died before she could reach him.

After this her sister-in-law, Lady Townshend, had the cupboard at the end of the passage thoroughly cleared out, papered and painted, and pegs put up to hang her dresses on. This, however, did not seem to trouble the "Brown Lady," who was frequently seen on the stairs called after her, especially before any death in the family.

Another story she told me was of a different apparition. On one occasion when the first Marquis of Townshend and his wife, "the beautiful Lady Townshend" as she was called, who was Mistress of the Robes to the wife of George IV when she was Princess of Wales, were staying at Raynham, the house was unusually full of guests. One day a letter came from an old friend who was traveling through Norfolk, telling them that he would arrive that evening to stay for a few days with them. They were in despair. There was not a vacant room in the house, and no way of putting him off. In this dilemma it was the French governess who saved the situation. There was quite a good room in one of the wings in which the servants slept. Could she not go into that and give up her room to the guest?

Her offer was gratefully accepted. Arrangements were made, the room made

comfortable for her, and a good fire lighted. Madame went to bed, but not to sleep. She felt restless, but ascribed her restlessness to having had a busy day, to a strange room, and unusual surroundings. She looked toward the fireplace and saw, to her horror, the figure of a man standing between it and her bed. How could he have got into her room? She felt sure that she had locked the door. How long had he been there; and, worst of all—was he in the room when she was preparing to go to bed? She did not like to get up and call the servants to turn him out. Thoroughly roused, she sat up in bed and scolded him in her broken English: "What you doing in my room? Get out this minute!" The figure made no answer, but, keeping his eyes fixed on her, slowly retreated toward the door, *through* which he passed, and she saw him no more.

The next morning Madame went to Lady Townshend's room and said there was something she felt she ought to tell her. When she had finished, Lady Townshend looked very grave and called to her husband, who was in his dressing room next door:

"George, come here. Madame has something to tell you."

Madame repeated her story of the night's adventure. When she had finished, he returned to his room and took out of a cabinet which stood there the miniature of a middle-aged gentleman wearing an old-fashioned court dress, his hair tied in pigtail, and a sword by his side. He handed it to Madame, saying:

"Was the gentleman you saw last night anything like this?"

"Dat!" exclaimed Madame; "dat was de very man was in my room last night."

"It was my father," said Lord Townshend, and replaced the miniature in the cabinet from which he had taken it.

Another of his appearances was to my aunt, Lady Charles Townshend, the night before her departure from Raynham after the death of her husband. She herself told the story to my mother the last time they met.

She said that she had been busy in her own sitting room looking over papers, tearing up old letters, and doing the countless things that have to be done before breaking up one's home. As she went up the "brown stairs" on her way to bed, she saw the figure of a man bend-

ing over a cabinet which stood near the head of the staircase. The doors of the cabinet were wide open, and he appeared to be taking out the miniatures which were kept in it, looking at and replacing them. She thought at first that it was one of the men-servants, and wondered how he could have got the keys, as the cabinet was always kept locked. She could not see him very clearly but thought he did not look like any of the servants, as he appeared to be wearing the costume of a hundred years ago. She said that he was still there when she got to the top of the long staircase, but he did not appear to take any notice of her, and she did not speak, but turned quickly down the passage which led to her bedroom.

The next morning she sent for the butler and questioned him as to what the men-servants had, been doing the previous night. He said they had all gone to bed in the servants' wing at the usual time; that he himself had waited up to put out the lights and see that all was right downstairs and had not been upstairs at all. After breakfast, my aunt said, she examined the cabinet and found it locked as usual, and the key on the bunch of keys in Lord Charles' room.

I was told other stories of the ghostly visitants of the old house, but it is so long since I heard them that I am not sure whether I remember them correctly. The foregoing are from notes made at the time and perfectly authenticated. Do these troubled spirits still linger round their old home, or have they yet found rest, I wonder.

The appearance of Lord Conyers Godolphin Osborne, second son of George, sixth Duke of Leeds, though it can not strictly be called "A Raynham Hall Ghost Story," is, apart from its interest, sufficiently connected with the family to deserve a place here. My mother, who was staying with her uncle at Stiffkey Rectory, heard all the details from her aunt, Lady James Townshend, a few days after the tragedy took place.

In the year 1831 Yorkshire and Oxford were a long way apart, and Lord Conyers broke his journey from Hornby Castle by staying for a night with his aunt, Lady James Townshend, at her house at Yarrow. He went on to Oxford the next morning, and on his arrival found a letter from the Dons of his college inviting him to dine with them that

evening. On his return to his rooms after the dinner he sat down in an arm-chair to rest while his servant prepared some coffee in an adjoining apartment. At the same time Lord H——, son of the Marquis D——, was at the same college as Conyers. He was known for his extraordinary strength, which had already caused the death of a waterman with whom he had had a wrestling match when quite a boy at Eton, who he had thrown with such violence as to kill the man on the spot. He had gathered round him at Oxford a set of wild young men, and Conyers, who was slightly made and rather delicate, had promised his tutor to have nothing to do with them. While he was resting, Lord H—— came in to invite him to go out with himself and some others "for a lark." Conyers refused, on the plea that he was tired after his journey and the dinner, and wanted to rest. Upon which Lord H—— seized him by the arms and lifted him bodily out of his seat. Conyers, however, clung to the arms of the chair, and H——, finding he could not make him release his hold, flung him back, at the same time striking him in the chest. Conyers fell back insensible, and H——, thoroughly alarmed, called for assistance. A doctor was sent for, but all means used for his restoration failed, and he died in a few minutes.

At the very time that this happened, his aunt, Lady James Townshend, was sitting at her writing table in the drawing room at Yarrow. Some impulse made her look toward the door, and she saw it slowly opened and her nephew Conyers standing on the threshold looking mournfully at her. Believing him to be at Oxford, she started up, exclaiming: "Conyers! Is that you? What has brought you back again?"

There was no answer, but as she advanced nearer to him he drew back, still looking at her in the same sad way, and disappeared into the hall.

Lady James followed, but there was no sign of him to be seen. She rang and questioned the servants as to when Lord Conyers had returned—how he had come, and where he had gone. No one had seen or heard anything of him. They searched everywhere, but no trace of him was to be found.

This was long before the days of letter or other posts, and it was some time before Lady James heard anything that

could shed a light on the mystery. At last a letter came by special messenger, begging her to go at once to her sister at Hornby, as she was prostrated with grief at the sad news which had just reached her of the sudden and tragic death of her son at Oxford.

READY-MADE CLOTHES.

(By Mrs. A. J. Penny in *Light*, 1887.)

Probably most of the readers of *Light* have been puzzled at some time or other by the well-known trick of communicating spirits announcing themselves as distinguished people, and have now and then felt, while reading some deeply interesting message from hidden spheres, what the French call a *retour sur soi-même*, when the unseen informant adds that it comes from Confucius, Plato, or Kepler, as the case may be. Indeed, one turns back rather sharply on such occasions to intuitive common sense, feeling as if willingness to believe had carried one away a little too far. Yet very often communications so suspiciously endorsed seem otherwise to bear the impress of veracity. How is it, one asks, that any gleam of truth can reach us combined with evident or presumable falsehood? Swedenborg's assertion that the habitual mendacity of spirits exceeds all that we are familiar with on our own plane of being has never given me a satisfying key to the enigma: it only suggests another, *Why* are they so fond of fibs? Among ourselves fibs are seldom without motive; vanity, malice, or self-interest of some kind prompting untruth; and among the crowds which throng the accessible approaches to minds in the flesh, tricky and malevolent spirits can hardly be so many as the boundlessly false appear to be; what, therefore, can be the temptation? Only a few days ago I chanced on a saying of Swedenborg's, in a book of his not seen before, which gave me a glimpse of a reason. "It is," he says, "a peculiar circumstance in the spiritual world that a spirit thinks himself to be such as is denoted by the garment he wears, because in that world the understanding clothes every one." Now, it has long been understood that the contents of a medium's mind always more or less modify every utterance given through it; thus the informing spirit uses what he finds there. May

there not be *unintentional* assumption of an ideal character found in the mind of a medium? The rule which this great seer tells us obtains in spirit-world is continually exemplified in our own: as regards the clothing of our bodies, the body's mimetic representation of feeling, and the dressing up by imagination of the *conscious* Ego, any one may prove it by observing what takes place within and without. A soldier in full uniform, a bishop in lawn sleeves and apron, an ill-dressed or well-dressed woman, all feel themselves to be what their garments denote in a much stronger degree than reason alone can justify; and both actors and painters know well that to simulate gestures of passion is to induce emotional excitement; of varying intensity, of course; but invariably attitude and gesture will—in some measure confirm the state of mind which it interprets externally. A remark of the late Mr. W. Bagehot exemplifies this very neatly. "Lord Chatham was in the habit of kneeling at the bedside of George the Third while transacting business. Now no man can argue on his knees. The same superstitious feeling which keeps him in that physical attitude will keep him in a corresponding mental attitude."

Quite as certain it is that we all live up, or down, to our imaginations of what we are. With two such good authorities as Jean Paul Richter and Novalis to vouch for this fact, it is needless to try and make good the point. The one says, "Whoever remarks to a man, and much more to a woman, 'you are certainly cross or angry,' will find such useless plain speaking verified, even if it be not true at first. One so easily becomes that which we are taken to be." And Novalis still more boldly tells us, "If a man could all at once verily believe he *was* a moral man, he would become such." In each case the ready-made garment of imagination dominates consciousness. Nor would this surprise us if we had any adequate idea of the creative force of imagination. By it, according to Boehme, the eternal and the temporal worlds came into existence: the imagination of the supreme abyssal Deity in the first case, and that of *spiritus mundi* in the other, *producing* all that is.

But what concerns us more practically is the warning he gives as to its momentous effects in the microcosm. "The

soul," he tells us, "must have magic food, viz., by or with the imagination . . . it must draw in substance into itself through its imagination, else it would not subsist. Can these sayings of his throw any light on the love of personation so common among those who speak behind the veil of our grosser embodiments? Is it that they, having lost material bodies and not attained true enduring substance for the soul's magic food, are like people trying on one suit of clothes after another, when assuming characters, in hope of finding some that can satisfy imagination? I think self-love in the flesh knows something of that process now and then; and what a weariness constant change of its imaginative clothing becomes as time goes on! One day it all seems so poor and trumpery—the next, its tinsel glitters like gold; the inflation of self-importance so occupying! the shrunken squalor of self-contempt causing so much dismay! We have all of us a strong reminder of the risks of desirous imaginations in our present bodies, for it was "the will" of our first progenitor that "*did imagine this monstrous property*" of gross flesh and blood, and the worst of the danger is in the reaction of body on the spirit. "The form impregnate its imagination" as surely as that fashions the form, and as "the essence is in the body even so the spirit doth figure and form itself internally." The imagination once established, "the phantasy receiveth nothing into itself, but only a similitude or thing like itself, and that likeness is the power of its life."

Nor does the danger stop there. Adam's lapse of imagination (I speak as the convinced disciple of Boehme) brought all the race into what he so truly calls "the stage play of the self-hood of nature," and in every part of that play we have most accomplished prompters behind the scenes in the victims of an antecedent rebellion. "The devil," said Gichtel, "is anxious about our soul's imagination; he understands it better than we." If by any allurements of *other* magic he can famish our souls by hindering them from "imagining a little into the love of God," suitable sorceries for that end will be ever fresh and strong: and by the conventional *he*, I mean a host inimical to man from envy of his potential supremacy. The Father of Spirits knew how this would be, and has

in mercy given us a perfect pattern of what man should be, and must be, to become wholly a man and no longer a confused creature, doubtful alike of his origin and his destiny, ready to believe himself the transient outcome of the forces of Nature—a passive irresponsible link in the chain of cosmic evolution. Especially in these days, when society echoes with a multitude of voices decrying all old phases of belief, and literature besets us with a tangle of theories only agreeing in the destructiveness of negation; when old habits of thought have been torn to rags, and souls shiver in the comfortless wastes of doubt.

Any one who has known what it is to feel in a chaotic state of undefined purposes, driven here and thereby conflicting impulses and fruitless agitation of thought, will understand the sort of help which is afforded by a ready-made ideal of what one ought to be—a firmly settled mould into which thought can at once subside. Roman Catholics will understand it; but we need more than Papal authority can offer; we want clothing for self which death can not remove, nor sickness discredit. It is just this which the example and counsel of our Divine elder Brother supplies. Let us take it direct from Him in its simplest principle of filial obedience and the humility which is the *sine qua non* of all persistent love—("the throne of love is humility")—for verily all the disguising modifications given to the character of the Lord Christ by scores of small-minded zealots have done much to disfigure it in modern views. The habits of the Brother are ready for our ideal outfit at any moment, and are such as all of us can adopt; for He having worn the rough wrappings of our flesh knew what is in man in that condition, and exactly measured our need—need of peace, and motive force that can not fail of its object. That "*the life of man is a form of the Divine will*" was the great truth to which His whole life gave witness. Surely it would go far toward helping us to maintain cheerfulness and fortitude, at all times, if we would accept all that is unchosen and inevitable in our lot as a manifestation of the *permissive* will of God, as the place in life's battle where we are to hold the ground for Him, and conquer by patience and meekness of vision. Volition *can* reach this much of the garment

of the Christ; at any time by exerting the *magic fire* of the soul it can compel itself to be dumb under insult and wrong, and refrain from accusation and threats while suffering. And if Boehme was not mistaken there is no time to lose in trying thus to clothe ourselves with humility—(the most comfortable and becoming wear if people would but try it!)—for he says: "In whatsoever essence and will the soul's fire liveth and burneth, according to that essence is also the *fiat* in the will-spirit, and it imageth such an image: so now when the outward body deceaseth, then standeth that image thus in such a source and quality. In the time of the earthly life it may *alter its will* and then also its *fiat* altereth the figure; but after the dying of the body it hath nothing more wherein it can alter its will." Why not after the outer body's death? Because, as he and Swedenborg both assure us, with the loss of the body we lose the power of restricting our thoughts, wills, and opinions to ourselves; we become a part, so to speak, of a common-stock mind, that of a society unseen here, to which we have belonged—but unconsciously by virtue of our most interior life—while believing our spirits alone. I entreat attention to the inferential meaning of those words "in such a source or quality." Quality, according to Boehme, is an equivalent to the German word *Quell*, a spring or source. The outcome of every *source* is not confined to present time, is not limited, is not easily exhausted. If we carry with us into another world a *source* of misery in any vicious quality not transmuted, as in this life it may be, we must expect copious floods of anguish. If it is well now, it will be unimaginably, blissfully well beyond the short road across which we pass on earth, to have accepted the durable, close-fitting simplicity of the raiment of Christ. "*God's substance*," said Boehme, "*is humility*." This explains a little how it was that while He Who came to rescue us from the masquerade of evil powers truly described Himself as *being meek and lowly*; He could announce, when quit of coarse flesh and blood disguise, that to Him was given "*all power both in Heaven and earth*."

Esoteric Philosophy admits neither good nor evil *per se*, as existing independently in Nature.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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 INITIATE."

Some weeks ago there appeared in these columns a reprint of the introductory chapter to a book entitled "The Initiate," by an unnamed author and published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Masters or Mahatmas, said the author, live all over the world, and not in one country only. Several of such masters, he said, were living in England at that time, as well as in America, and he then proceeds to give a sketch of such a master, who figures in his pages under the name of Justin Moreward Haig.

A perusal of his book is a disappointment. We are all entitled to our own conception of a master, and the author is at liberty to paint any picture that he pleases and to attach to it any label that he pleases. But his conception of a Master is not ours. Justin Moreward Haig seems to be a combination of wonder-worker, psychic, and spiritist, and they are by no means rare. He has a certain shrewd common sense, but he is not above making the most ludicrous blunders, as, for example, where he says that the Yogi arrives at his states of consciousness "through physiological methods" and that imagination plays no part in the matter. Here is a specimen of his conversation, a curious mixture of wisdom and nonsense:

"Yes," he repeated, "that's just the trouble, this silly notion that spirituality and formality and milk-soppishness can ever be coincident. Don't you realize that the goal of mankind is God-consciousness, cosmic consciousness,

and yet can any one suppose for a moment that the consciousness of a pale young curate or an old maid can in any way resemble the consciousness of Deity? Guts, my dear fellow, are the first thing necessary to arrive at God-consciousness."

Toni blinked, smiled gencetly and re-folded his hands. "I can't quite see how—what is it—reversing the peristaltic action of the digestion, as the Yogis do, can tend to union with God?" he mused audibly.

"Can't you? Well, I'll tell you this much," said Moreward, with a certain good-humored aggressiveness, "that anything remarkable that anybody can do is a step Godward and a step towards freedom. Impotence is the strongest of all fetters. Talk about being like God, Who projected this Universe from Himself, and yet be incapable of doing anything but twirl the thumbs! Bless my soul! what a conception! Besides, I'll tell you another thing: it is mighty difficult to have God-consciousness if you've got a rotten body. Perfect health is not only essential to this highest state of Bliss, but it is also an attribute of God. Just imagine God ill! God miserable! God in tears!" He laughed. "And as to these Yogis, whom you disapprove of because you know nothing about them, I tell you their science in itself is the highest thing on earth. There is hardly a miracle, so called, that these Yogis can not learn to perform, but just because they won't come to London and give a show in St. James' Hall, people won't believe it, although they are quite ready to believe that the great Yogi of Nazareth performed miracles some two thousand years ago. Oh, I grant you that some of these lower-grade Yogis perform hair-raising feats out there in India before a wondering public; but the type who uses his powers either to gratify his vanity or to obtain money never gets any further: acquisitiveness and vanity very soon block the way to further consciousness."

He sat down in his armchair and put his feet on the mantelpiece, after throwing away his cigar and lighting another.

"But I'll tell you a deuced valuable asset that Yog possesses," he continued; "its states of consciousness are arrived at through physiological methods, and not through hypnotic ones nor through the agency of drugs. And what does that imply? Why, that nobody can pretend with the assurance of ignorance that imagination plays any part in the matter. In order to hypnotize yourself you will have to dwell on some idea or image until you imagine you actually see the thing you are thinking about, but Yog is quite different from this. Inside the body are certain latent forces: wake these up through purely physiological processes known to Yogis, and you alter your entire consciousness; begin to see things, hear things, and perceive things that are around you, but of which you were hitherto quite unaware."

"And can anybody practice Yog?" I asked.

"If you can find a teacher, which I admit is not easy," he answered.

"I suppose it means going to India?" I inferred.

He laughed. "Yog is to be found in all countries if you know where to look," was his reply; "it has been in England for over three hundred years, and there are Adepts in London now."

One other example of this "adept" teaching may be given. The author speculates on heredity and recalls what he has learned on the subject from his adept friend. He says:

As may be readily surmised, the letter comprising our last chapter was from my married sister. But I possessed another and younger one, who was of so different a temperament that the theory of heredity, in face of that fact, always struck me as only partially true, and not wholly so. Indeed, as Moreward explained when discussing the subject with me, heredity is only the effect, and not the cause. A man, for instance, who drinks will in his next incarnation be drawn into a family where he will be able to gratify his desire. Heredity would then imply that he drank because his father drank; in other words, he inherits a body troubled by the tendency to drink. And that is true as far as it goes, but the reason of his inheriting it is left out, and the theory of heredity is regarded as the first cause, instead of only the effect; the cause lying much further back. Or take another example: A man who was a musician in his last incarnation will require, in his present one, a body and brain of a certain sensitiveness; he needs, therefore, to incarnate in a family where, let us say, his mother is musical, so that he can inherit her particular type of body, or, missing a generation, his grandmother's for the matter of that; it makes little difference. Now, most people would say at once, "That man gets his music from his mother," but in point of fact, the statement is only very partially correct; he had his music long before he met his mother, so to speak, his mother merely being the means of helping him to bring his musical faculties into manifestation on the physical plane in his present incarnation, and nothing further. Of course, the theory of heredity will satisfy most people, because they have not as yet acquired the

faculty of remembering their past incarnations; but to those who *can* remember, heredity must inevitably be regarded as effect, and not cause, and therein lies the enormous difference.

It will be remembered, from the conversation I had with Moreward in Kensington Gardens, that day on which he startled me by a reference to our past lives, that he believed in reincarnation, and not only as a theory, but as an undeniable fact. And yet it surprised me why so little was known on the subject in the Western world, at any rate, until quite recently. But here again Moreward had a ready explanation. "You see," he said, "people deny reincarnation because they can not recollect their past lives—absence of memory to them is a sufficient proof of non-existence. And yet, if I asked you exactly what you were doing on a certain day, say, fifteen years ago, your memory fails you, though you are quite convinced you were alive at that time. Now the point is this, that with each incarnation the ego obtains a new body, and hence a new brain, and it is solely the brain which remembers; that being so, the brain can not register anything which took place before it was formed; indeed, it can not even recall a great many things that took place *after* it was formed. For were I to ask you, as another instance, what you were thinking of ten minutes ago, you will find you have entirely forgotten. All the same, within every one of us are certain rudimentary organs which, by a process known to occultists, we can cause to function; let these organs once function, and a memory which is not dependent on the physical brain is the result. That is why, and how, the initiate remembers his past lives."

Here we may leave a disappointing book, one that has little if any literary value and that can hardly be said to exalt our ideas of occultism.

A PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The existence of the "visible aura" of the human body has long been a claim of occultists, received with more or less disdain by the practical-minded community at large. Now comes a scientist, an electrician of note, who after years of investigation and experiment substantiates in terms of pure science the occultists' claim. Moreover, the scientist avers that this aura can be made visible to nearly every one having ordinary eyesight. And he presents the result of his investigation, not as a sensational discovery or a contribution to mere discussion, but as a valuable and delicate aid to medical science itself. Walter J. Kilner, B. A., M. B., M. R. C. P., the scientist who has done this, is late electrician to St. Thomas' Hospital in London. His book, "The Human Atmosphere (The Aura)," will be brought out very shortly in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co.

And in offering the result of his researches as an aid to medical diagnosis, and explaining the researches themselves, he declares: "The writer does not make the slightest claim to clairvoyancy; nor is he an occultist; and he specially desires to impress upon his readers that his researches have been entirely physical, and can be repeated by any one who takes sufficient interest in the subject. As long as the faculty of seeing the aura was confined to a few individuals, and ordinary persons had no means of corroboration or refutation, the door to imposture was open. Since this has been the case up to the present time, the subject has always been looked upon askance; but there is no more charlatanism in the detection of the human aura by the means employed than in distinguishing microbes by the aid of the microscope. . . . There can not be the least doubt of the reality of the existence of an aura enveloping a human being, and this will in a short time be a universally accepted fact. . . . It, indeed, would be strange if the aura did not vary under different circumstances, and there is good reason to believe that a study of its modifications will show that they have a diagnostic value in disease. . . . The writer is firmly convinced that the study of the aura physically will gradually come to the fore, as one of the aids to diagnosis. Investigations upon the aura open up a large number of questions for future observers."

PLATO'S VISION OF ER.

Long, long ago, in the land called Pamphylia, a brave man named Er was killed in battle, fighting for his country. The enemy won the field, and it was ten days before the fellow-citizens of Er could take up the bodies of their dead, to give them burial. And they buried the rest where they lay, for decay had done its work on them—but when they found Er's body, behold, it was still fresh. So his friends carried the corpse home, and laid it on a pyre of logs, to be burnt after the custom of the country. But even as they set light to the pyre, the dead man sat up and began to speak. And when he was taken down from the pyre, and had fully come to himself, he was urgent to tell them the things he had seen and heard in the other world, for this, he said, was a charge laid upon him there.

Those that then heard the tale placed it on record; thus it was preserved, and as Er told it, so it is set down here.

When the soul of Er departed from his body, it journeyed along with a great company of other souls to a certain faery place, where were two rifts, side by side, in the earth; and just above each rift there was an opening in the sky overhead. And between the rifts sat certain judges, who passed sentence on the souls, according to their works. Only the soul of Er was not brought to trial; a mysterious voice bade him stand apart, and give earnest heed to what passed, for he must carry a report of it to the land of the living. So he looked and listened. And he saw that the Judges placed tokens of acquittal on the breasts of the righteous souls, and caused them to ascend through the right-hand opening in the heavens; while tokens of their guilt were hung on the backs of the unrighteous souls, and they were sent down through the left-hand rift in the earth. All who were thus judged were souls of men who had just died, like himself. Then he saw also that while the newly disembodied souls were passing upwards or downwards from that place, two other companies of spirits were arriving there; one coming down from the second sky-opening, and the other rising out of the second rift in the earth. And the place, as Er described it, is a great and grassy meadow, wherein the two companies of arriving souls met and mingled. All alike seemed weary, as from long travel, and gladly laid themselves down to rest in the meadow, like men who have gathered from far to some public festival. But the souls that had come down from the heavens were arrayed in raiment white and clean, whereas those who arose out of the earth showed all squalid and dust-begrimed. Many greetings passed between souls that recognized each other; infinite the questions and replies exchanged between the comers from heaven and from the under-world. The former spoke of pleasures and glories indescribable; the latter dwelt with tears and lamentations on the terrible things they had seen and suffered during their pilgrimage below, which they said had lasted a thousand years. It was impossible, Er said, to repeat in full all the tales to which he eagerly listened, but the sum of them came to this—for every

crime and misdeed done in the body, each soul paid tenfold retribution after death. And their purgatory lasted a thousand years, because the full measure of human life was reckoned by the Supreme Judge as a hundred years. In like manner, the souls of those who had done justice and loved mercy while on earth were rewarded tenfold in Paradise.

Er learned that the crimes most heavily punished were impiety, disobedience to parents, and the murder of kinsfolk; while they who had honored the gods and their parents, and cherished their own kindred, were especially rewarded. There was a countryman of his own, he said, among the tormented—and this was what he heard about him—

He heard one of the souls ask another where Ardiaeus the Great was. Now this Ardiaeus had been the despot-king of a city of Pamphylia a thousand years before Er's time, and was said to have murdered his aged father and elder brother, besides doing many other wicked deeds. The soul to whom this question was put gave this answer—"Ardiaeus is not come, nor is he likely to come hither. For as we came, we saw this, among other fearful sights. Just as we drew nigh to the rift in the earth, and were about to mount up, having passed through our purgatory, we suddenly saw Ardiaeus along with some others—I fancy most of them had been tyrants too, though there were certainly a few private persons who had been guilty of enormous crimes. This company, just as they made sure of going up, were driven back by the rift itself, which drew together and gave forth a bellow. This it does whenever souls incurably wicked, or such as have not expiated their sins, try to go up. Thereupon certain fierce sentinels—men all aflame they seemed—who understood that signal, dragged away some of the company, seizing them round the waist; but Ardiaeus and others were bound hand and foot, and flung down, and flayed with whips, and carded, like wool, upon thornbushes which are there on the wayside; and a voice cried to those who were then passing by the reasons for these tortures, and that the victims were about to be cast into nethermost hell. All the terrors we had suffered—and they were manifold—were nothing to the dread we then felt lest that bellow should sound forth when we tried to go up. And

thankful we were that the rift let us pass through in silence."

Now when the souls had rested seven days in the meadow, they were commanded to leave, and set forth on their journey. Three days they journeyed, and on the fourth day they came to a place from whence they looked down upon a great belt of light, straight as a pillar, stretched from horizon to horizon. The colors of it were like the rainbow, but more brilliant and pure. After another day's travel, the souls reached the middle of this belt; then they saw that its ends are fastened to the opposite sides of the sky, which it binds together, and so holds in place the whole revolving heavens. This is what men on earth call the Milky Way. And now were they come to the centre of the universe, where sits enthroned the great goddess Necessity, the Holder of the Lots, who steers the course of all things. There she sits, ever twirling upon her knees a mighty spindle of adamant; and as she twirls it the Seven Planets revolve in their orbits. For the whorl of her spindle is not single, like those we know, but eightfold; to imagine it, you must fancy eight shining wheels fitted each inside the other like a Chinese nest of boxes. Each wheel is the orbit of a Planet, except the eighth and outermost, which is that of the so-called Fixed Stars. The other seven are the wheels of the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. [In later times, men came to think of these eight divisions of the heavens, not as "wheels," but as "spheres"; thus it is that our own poets have spoken of "the music of the spheres," meaning the same music which now enchanted Er and his companions. But a sphere is a ball, and what they saw, by his account, were not balls, but wheels or circles of light.] And upon each wheel stands a Siren—a weird and beautiful shape, half bird, half woman—uttering one note all the while, as it were the note of a harpstring; and the eight notes uttered by the Sirens make up a harmony most divine. Round about the throne of Necessity sit three other goddesses, each likewise on a throne. These are her daughters, the Three Fates, whose names are Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos. Their robes are white and glistening, and the head of each is crowned with a garland. They are seated at equal

distances apart, and at equal distances from the throne of their Mother. Er beheld their faces, solemn and vast, like the face of the Sphinx that is in Egypt. But the face of Necessity was veiled. He saw that Clotho with her right hand guided now and then the outermost rim of the great spindle-whorl as it spun; Atropos with her left hand guided the innermost; but Lachesis from time to time laid either hand on both those circles. And the Three, with scarce-moving lips, were chanting a song that no man knoweth. After this fashion then is the Spinning of the Fates.

Now the souls no sooner came to this place than it was required of them to draw near to Lachesis. Beside her stood an Interpreter—as such he was named to them—who marshaled them in order before her throne. Then he took from her lap a heap of discs marked with numbers, and a heap of inscribed tablets. The numbered discs were lots, and the tablets were plans of lives. For each tablet bore the name and description of a life on earth, set out like the chart of a voyage. The lives were of every kind, no two alike. There were lives of all living things, and of all sorts and conditions of men, from kings to beggars.

But this Er saw by and by. When the Interpreter had gathered up these things from the lap of the goddess, he mounted a high pulpit and made proclamation as follows: "The word of Lachesis, the virgin daughter of Necessity. Ye souls, creatures of a day, here beginneth a new cycle of mortal life for you that are subject to mortality. Your earthly fate shall not be chosen for you, but you shall choose it yourselves. Let him who draws the first lot be the first to choose a life, whereunto he shall be bound without recall. But Virtue owns no master: he that honors her shall possess her more abundantly, and he that neglects her shall have less of her. The chooser alone shall be answerable for his choice: it shall not be laid to the charge of Heaven."

When he had thus spoken, the Interpreter scattered the lots among the crowd below, and each soul took up the one that fell nearest to him, except Er, who was forbidden to do so. Then the plans of life—which Er could see were many more than enough to go round—were laid out on the ground before the

souls, who came forward to make their choice in order, according to the number of the lot each had drawn. As I have said, there were all sorts of lives to choose from, and in each sort there was infinite variety. Among the lives of kings and princes, for instance, there were some that ended in full power and prosperity, and others that met with a sudden and disastrous close—murder, or exile and beggary. There were also lives of famous men—some renowned for personal beauty, others for strength and skill which made them great athletes, others again for noble birth and illustrious homage; and there were lives in plenty of men not distinguished for anything. Lives, too, of celebrated women—and of women without celebrity. But Er saw that unlike health, wealth, poverty, disease, and other such accompaniments, goodness or badness of character was nowhere included in these life-plans. This set him thinking, and, as it seemed to him, the reason was that a man's character is not part of his destiny, nor born with him, but is the outcome of his actions. That, he thought, was what the Interpreter meant by saying that Virtue owns no master. For a soul might choose to be a king, but not to be a good king; because Virtue is not bound up with any one kind of life, high or low, rich or poor, but may be sought and won in all—though more hardly in some than in others.

And so thought that wisest teacher of ancient Greece who once told to his disciples this tale of Er—"The Messenger from the Other World," as he called him. This teacher, even Socrates, said that as for the spirits in Er's Vision, so also for us upon earth, a great choice is ordained; and that the only knowledge worth a man's striving after is the knowledge which will enable him, at all times and in all places, to choose between the good and the evil life, counting as good the life which will lead the soul nearer to righteousness, and as evil the life which will draw it toward unrighteousness, and reckoning all besides as dust in the balance. But turn we again to our tale. . . .

As the souls were coming forward to survey the life-plans spread before them, the Interpreter's voice was heard again. "Even for the last comer," he said, "there remains a life not undesirable and

nowise evil, provided he chooses it with prudence, and lives it strenuously. Let not the first chooser be heedless—nor the last discouraged.” Thereupon the soul who had drawn the first lot advanced, and after some hasty glances at lives of kings, forthwith chose the most absolute and powerful monarchy he could find. But, reckless and greedy that he was, he had not looked to see what else there might be in that life of power and pride, before he chose it; so he never noticed the fearful things it had in store for him, whereof the crowning horror was to banquet unawares on his own children’s flesh—to such revenge would his rule goad his subjects. Therefore, when this soul had taken up the life-plan he desired, and studied it awhile, he fell to beating his breast and lamenting aloud. And unmindful of the Interpreter’s words of warning, he laid the blame of his miseries, not upon himself, but upon Fortune and Destiny, and indeed upon anybody and everybody rather than himself. What surprised Er not a little was that this rash and misguided soul was one of those who had come from heaven; he heard also that its former life on earth had been that of a virtuous, law-abiding citizen in a well-governed state. “It seems,” thought Er, “that obeying laws, however good they are, is not enough to make a man’s soul good. Or how could this one, being given free choice, have chosen to become a despot?” And as he looked on, he observed that more than half the souls who made hasty and mistaken choices had likewise come from heaven, while most of those that had come from beneath the earth chose with far greater care. This, he was told, was because the former had not known the discipline of pain, which the others had both seen and felt in the Underworld.

It was indeed a wonderful sight, Er said, to watch the souls choosing their lives—a sight to cause at once laughter and tears and astonishment. The choice seemed nearly always to be guided by the happenings of the soul’s former life. Thus he beheld the soul that had lived on earth as Orpheus choosing a swan’s life, because he could not endure to be born again of a woman, so great was the horror of womankind that those savage Thracian women had given him, who tore him to pieces in their frenzy. And the soul of the blind bard Thamyris chose

to be reborn as a nightingale, because of the affliction he had known as a man. But Er saw a swan choosing to give up its nature and become a man, and other souls that had been singing-birds doing likewise. Now the soul that drew the twentieth lot chose a lion’s life. It was the soul of Ajax, who would have no more to do with the race of men, remembering the baseness and injustice he had seen in them when the armour of Achilles was awarded, not to him, but to Odysseus. Next came the soul of Agamemnon; his miserable end had so taught him the vanity of human ambition that he chose the life of an eagle.

Not long after, Er saw the soul of Atlanta, still garbed as a huntress; fair and terrible she looked, as when she was wont to run races with her suitors. She had drawn one of the middle lots, and casting her eyes on the life-plans that yet remained, she saw an athlete’s life, all full of honors and rich prizes. She paused, then stooped and took it up quickly, like one unable to resist a lure; and Er thought that just so she must have looked when she halted to pick up the golden apple that Milanion threw her while they ran together, and thereby lost the race to him.

Then he saw the soul of Epeus—he that made the Wooden Horse, and was said to make up in craftsmanship what he lacked in courage, being no lover of fighting. Epeus did not belie the old report of him, for he chose to live again as a woman skilled in weaving and needlework. And then, among the last, he saw some way off a soul that seemed changing from human form into that of an ape; he heard that this was Thersites the buffoon, and was not surprised at his choosing to become the animal whose nature had been nearest to his own.

The last lot of all, as it chanced, was drawn by the soul of Odysseus. That great adventurer, it seemed, had been purged of all his ambition and love of roving by the memories of his troubled past. For when, last of all, he came forward to make his choice, he went to and fro a long while looking for a quiet, retired life among those that were left over. With some pains he found one, lying where it had been contemptuously thrown aside by the other souls. As soon as he set eyes on it, he eagerly took it up. “This is the life for me,” he said, “and

the one I should have taken even if I had drawn the first lot, and had first choice of all."

Now when all the souls had chosen their lives, they advanced one by one to the throne of Lachesis, and saw as it were a cloud of winged shapes, some bright and others dusky, hovering around her. These were Fortunes, one of which belonged to each of the lives they had chosen. And Lachesis gave every soul into the keeping of its own Fortune, who would thenceforth guide it through its earthly course. This Fortune first led the soul to Clotho, making it pass under her outstretched hand that was twirling the great spindle-whorl, so that the hand just touched its head in passing; next they came to Atropos, and the soul passed under her hand likewise. For by the touch of these Sister-Fates each soul is bound irrevocably to its chosen life.

After this the whole multitude passed through a great archway underneath the throne of Necessity; Er was permitted to pass through also, but not until all the rest had done so. And they all journeyed on the Plain of Forgetfulness; the air of that place is stifling, so terrible is the heat, and there is not a tree or a blade of grass to be seen. A river called Carenought runs through the plain, and no vessel ever made can hold the water of that river, for it bursts whatever it is put into, even vessels of iron. As evening drew on, the host of souls took up quarters for the night on the river-bank: then it was made known to them that all who came thither must drink a certain quantity of that water. Er would gladly have drunk, being athirst, but he alone was somehow held back from doing so. All the other souls drank immediately—and at that instant they forgot everything that had ever happened to them. Er saw many drink more than the ordained quantity, and it was told him that this was imprudent; for though the water brings forgetfulness to all for a time, those who drink only their allotted portion may regain on earth vague memories of their past lives, and things seen in other worlds, which will be a spring of wisdom to them, and an inward light. When the souls had all laid them down to sleep, and it was about midnight, there came a clap of thunder and an earthquake, and that moment they were carried up to their birth, this way and that through

the darkness, like shooting stars. As for Er, how he came back to his body he could not tell; all he knew was, that he suddenly opened his eyes in the light of dawn, and found himself stretched out on the funeral pyre.

REBIRTH.

(1914-18.)

If any God should say
"I will restore
The world her yesterday
Whole as before

My Judgment blasted it"—who would
not lift

Heart, eye, and hand in passion o'er the
gift?

If any God should will
To wipe from mind
The memory of this ill
Which is mankind

In soul and substance now—who would
not bless

Even to tears His loving-tenderness?

If any God should give
Us leave to fly
These present deaths we live,
And safely die

In those lost lives we lived ere we were
born—

What man but would not laugh the ex-
cuse to scorn?

For we are what we are—
So broke to blood
And the strict works of war—
So long subdued

To sacrifice, that threadbare Death com-
mands

Hardly observance at our busier hands.

Yet we were what we were,
And, fashioned so,
It pleases us to stare
At the far show

Of unbelievable years and shapes that
flit,

In our own likeness, on the edge of it.

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.

Esoteric Philosophy admits neither good nor evil *per se*, as existing independently in Nature.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

(The First Book.)

O my Son, write this first Book, both for Humanity's sake, and for Piety towards God.

For there can be no Religion more true or just than to know the things that are; and to acknowledge thanks for all things, to him that made them, which thing I shall not cease continually to do.

What then should a man do, O Father, to lead his life well, seeing there is nothing here true?

Be Pious and Religious, O my Son, for he that doth so is the best and highest Philosopher; and without Philosophy it is impossible ever to attain to the height and exactness of Piety or Religion.

But he that shall learn and study the things that are, and how they are ordered and governed, and by whom and for what cause, or to what end, will acknowledge thanks to the Workman as to a good father, and excellent Nurse and a faithful Steward, and he that gives thanks shall be Pious or Religious, and he that is Religious shall know both where the truth is, and what it is, and learning that, he will be yet more and more Religious.

For never, O Son, shall or can that Soul which while it is in the Body lightens and lifts up itself to know and comprehend that which is Good and True, slide back to the contrary; for it is infinitely enamoured thereof, and for-

getteth all Evils; and when it hath learned and known its Father and progenitor it can no more Apostatize or depart from that good.

And let this, O Son, be the end of Religion and Piety; whereunto when thou art once arrived, thou shalt both live well, and die blessedly, whilst thy Soul is not ignorant whether it must return and fly back again.

For this only, O Son, is the way to the Truth, which our Progenitors traveled in; and by which, making their Journey, they at length attained to the good. It is a Venerable way, and plain, but hard and difficult for the Soul to go in that is in the Body.

For first must it war against its own self, and after much strife and Dissension it must be overcome of one part; for the Contention is of one against two, whilst it flies away and they strive to hold and detain it.

But the victory of both is not like; for the one hasteth to that which is Good, but the other is a neighbor to the things that are Evil; and that which is Good, desireth to be set at Liberty; but the things that are Evil, love Bondage and Slavery.

And if the two parts be overcome, they become quiet, and are content to accept of it as their Ruler; but if the one be overcome of the two, it is by them led and carried to be punished by its being and continuance here.

This is, O Son, the Guide in the way

that leads thither; for thou must first forsake the Body before thy end, and get the victory in this Contention and Strife-ful life, and when thou hast overcome, return.

But now, O my Son, I will by Heads run through the things that are: understand thou what I say, and remember what thou hearest.

All things that are, are moved; only that which is not, is unmovable.

Every Body is changeable.

Not every Body is dissolvable.

Some Bodies are dissolvable.

Every living thing is not mortal.

Not every living thing is immortal.

That which may be dissolved is also corruptible.

That which abides always is unchangeable.

That which is unchangeable is eternal.

That which is always made is always corrupted.

That which is made but once, is never corrupted, neither becomes any other thing.

First, God; Secondly, the World; Thirdly, Man.

The World for Man, Man for God.

Of the Soul, that part which is Ssensible is mortal, but that which is Reasonable is immortal.

Every essence is immortal.

Every essence is unchangeable.

Every thing that is, is double.

None of the things that are stand still.

Not all things are moved by a Soul, but every thing that is, is moved by a Soul.

Every thing that suffers is Sensible, every thing that is Sensible suffereth.

Every thing that is sad rejoiceth also, and is a mortal living Creature.

Not everything that joyeth is also sad, but is an eternal living thing.

Not every Body is sick; every Body that is sick is dissolvable.

The Mind in God.

Reasoning (or disputing or discoursing) in Man.

Reason in the Mind.

The Mind is void of suffering.

No thing in a body true.

All that is incorporeal, is void of Lying.

Every thing that is made is corruptible.

Nothing good upon Earth, nothing evil in Heaven.

God is good, Man is evil.

Good is voluntary, or of its own accord.

Evil is involuntary or against its will.

The Gods choose good things, as good things.

Time is a Divine thing.

Law is Human.

Malice is the nourishment of the World.

Time is the Corruption of Man.

Whatsoever is in Heaven is unalterable.

All upon Earth is alterable.

Nothing in Heaven is servanted, nothing known upon Earth free.

Nothing unknown in Heaven, nothing known upon Earth.

The things upon Earth communicate not with those in Heaven.

All things in Heaven are unblameable, all things upon Earth are subject to Reprehension.

That which is immortal is not mortal; that which is mortal is not immortal.

That which is sown, is not always begotten; but that which is begotten always, is sown.

Of a dissolvable Body, there are two Times, one from sowing to generation, one from generation to death.

Of an everlasting Body, the time is only from the Generation.

Dissolvable Bodies are increased and diminished.

Dissolvable matter is altered into contraries; to wit, Corruption and Generation, but Eternal matter into itself, and its like.

The Generation of Man is Corruption, the Corruption of Man is the beginning of Generation.

That which off-springs or begetteth another, is itself an off-spring or begotten by another.

Of things that are, some are in Bodies, some in their Ideas.

Whatsoever things belong to operation or working, are in a Body.

That which is immortal, partakes not of that which is mortal.

That which is mortal, cometh not into a Body immortal, but that which is immortal, cometh into that which is mortal.

Operations or Workings are not carried upwards, but descend downwards. Things upon Earth do nothing advantage those in Heaven, but all things in Heaven

do profit and advantage the things upon Earth.

Heaven is capable and a fit receptacle of everlasting Bodies, the Earth of corruptible Bodies.

The Earth is brutish, the Heaven is reasonable or rational.

Those things that are in Heaven are subjected or placed under it, but the things on Earth, are placed upon it.

Heaven is the first Element.

Providence is Divine Order.

Necessity is the Minister or Servant of Providence.

Fortune is the carriage or effect of that which is without order; the Idol of operation, a lying fantasy or opinion.

What is God? The immutable or unalterable Good.

What is Man? An unchangeable Evil.

If thou perfectly remember these Heads, thou canst not forget those things which in more words I have largely expounded unto thy; for these are the Contents or Abridgment of them.

Avoid all Conversation with the multitude or common people, for I would not have thee subject to Envy, much less to be ridiculous unto the many.

For the like always takes to itself that which is like, but the unlike never agrees with the unlike: such Discourses as these have very few Auditors, and peradventure very few will have, but they have something peculiar unto themselves.

They do rather sharpen and whet evil men to their maliciousness, therefore it behoveth to avoid the multitude and take heed of them as not understanding the virtues and powers of the things that are said.

How dost Thou mean, O Father?

Thou, O Son, the whole Nature and Composition of those living things called Men is very prone to Maliciousness, and is very familiar, and as it were nourished with it, and therefore is delighted with it. Now this wight if it shall come to learn or know, that the world was once made, and all things are done according to Providence and Necessity, Destiny, or Fate, bearing rule over all: Will he not be much worse than himself, despising the whole because it was made. And if he may lay the cause of evil upon Fate or Destiny, he will never abstain from any evil work.

Wherefore we must look warily to such kind of people, that being in igno-

rance, they may be less evil for fear of that which is hidden and kept secret.

(The end of the First Book.)

SAADI.

And thus to Saadi said the Muse:

"Eat thou the bread which men refuse;
Flee from the goods which from thee flee;

Seek nothing,—Fortune seeketh thee.

Nor mount nor dive; all good things keep

The midway of the eternal deep.

Wish not to fill the isles with eyes

To fetch thee birds of paradise;

On thine own orchard's edge belong

All the brags and plumes of song;

Wise Ali's sunbright sayings pass

For proverbs in the market-place;

Through mountains bored with regal art

Toil whistles as he drives his cart.

Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind

A poet or a friend to find;

Behold, he watches at the door,

Behold his shadow on the floor.

Open innumerable doors,

The heaven where unveiled Allah pours

The flood of truth, the flood of good,

The Seraph's and the Cherub's food;

Those doors are men; the Pariah hind

Admit thee to the perfect Mind.

Seek not beyond thy cottage wall

Redeemers that can yield thee all.

While thou sittest at thy door,

On the desert's yellow floor,

Listening to the gray-haired crones,

Foolish gossip, ancient drones,

Saadi, see! they rise in stature

To the height of mighty Nature,

And the secret stands revealed

Fraudulent Time in vain concealed,—

That blessed gods in servile masks

Plied for thee thy household tasks."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

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.*

Is the flood of life really beating
against matter till it forces an entry
through the narrow slit of undifferentiated
protoplasm.—*A. J. Balfour.*

Spiritual Mind, the upper portion or
aspect of the impersonal Manas (Mind)
takes no cognizance of the senses in
physical man.

SOME SAYINGS.

Do what thy manhood bids thee do,
from none but self expect applause;
He noblest lives and noblest dies
who makes and keeps his self-made
laws.

All other life is living death,
a world where none but phantoms
dwell,
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice,
a tinkling of the camel-bell.

—*The Kasidah.*

How manifold are thy works!
They are hidden from before us!
O sole God, whose power none other
possesseth,
Thou didst create the earth according
to thy heart,
While thou wast alone.

—*Hymn of the Pharaoh Ikhn-Aton.*

The happiness belonging to a mind,
which through deep meditation has been
washed clean and has entered into the
Self, is a thing beyond the power of
words to describe; it can only be per-
ceived by an inner faculty.—*Upanishads.*

If a man worship the Self as his true
state, his work can not fail, for what-
soever he desires, that he obtains from
the Self.—*Upanishads.*

Do not recklessly spill the waters of
your mind in this direction and that, lest
you become like a spring lost and dis-
sipated in the desert.

But draw them together into a little
compass, and hold them still, so still:

And let them become clear, so clear,
so limpid, so mirror-like:

At last the mountains and the sky shall
glass themselves in peaceful beauty.

And the antelope shall descend to
drink, and the lion to quench his thirst.

And Love himself shall come and bend
over, and catch his own likeness in you.
—*Edward Carpenter.*

So I am the space within the soul, of
which the space without is but the
similitude and the image:

Comest thou to inhabit me, thou hast
the entrance to all life—death shall no
longer divide thee from whom thou
lovest.

I am the Sun that shines on all crea-

tures from within—gaze thou upon me,
thou shalt be filled with joy eternal.—
Edward Carpenter.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

(Mrs. A. S. Penny in *Light*, 1881.)

The surprise which the correspondent
who signs himself "Trident" has ex-
pressed at creative power being at-
tributed to imagination, led me to think
that possibly some gaps in the mind of
your readers might be a little filled up.
and many interesting lines of thought sug-
gested, by the quotations I have selected
from writers whom no one can suspect
of "scientific freaks." In any degree to
do justice to the subject, a carefully writ-
ten and ripely matured volume of
thought would be required. All I ven-
ture to offer are germs of thought gath-
ered on widely different planes, and on
suitable mental ground they will not be
altogether fruitless.

From Jacob Boehme I find so much
light thrown on the powers of imagina-
tion, that selecting the clearest of his
many dicta on this point is my only dif-
ficulty.

"That which breaketh the divine
image" (in man) "is the *essential* fierce
wrathfulness, and it is done through the
imagination; or false or wicked love and
imaging; therefore, it lieth wholly in the
imagination; whatsoever a man letteth
into his desire, in that standeth the
image."

"There is nothing in this world that
can touch or kill the soul, no fire nor
sword, but only the *imagination*; that is
its poison; for it is originally proceeded
out of the imagination, and continueth
eternally therein."

"All things are existed through *divine*
IMAGINATION, and do yet stand in such a
birth or geniture, condition, or regi-
ment."

This saying will be better understood
if I place next to it the following from
his answer to the sixth theosophic ques-
tion:

"Angels are mere imaged powers of
the Word of God; for man's mind is an
express, or reflex image, or anti-type of
the eternal power of God. For all
senses, or meanings, or notions, come
out of the mind; and out of the senses,
meanings, or notions, come right
thoughts, viz., a conclusion or *imagina-*
tion, from whence longing lust [wish]

or delight existeth; which longing goeth into a being or substance, from whence the perceptible desire, and out of that the work springeth; thus also is God, in like manner, the eternal mind, that is, the understanding; and yet, there would be no distinction therein, if He did not flow out from Himself. His outflowings are the powers; as in man the senses and thoughts; and the powers bring themselves into an imagination, wherein standeth the angelical IDEA."

"Now seeing the eternal abyss is magical, therefore that is magical also, whatsoever is generated out of the eternal; for out of the desiring all things are come to be; Heaven and Earth are magical, and the mind with the senses or thoughts are magical; if we will but once know or understand ourselves."

"Whatsoever the *Magia* maketh itself, that it hath; the devil made himself hell, and that he hath; and Adam made himself earth, and that he is." . . . "A creaturely Spirit is no palpable substance; but it must draw in substance into itself through its *imagination*, ELSE IT WOULD NOT SUBSIST."

"For the soul is out of the eternal magic fire, which must also have magic food, viz., by or with the *imagination*."

"The inward blood of the divine substance is also magical, for the *Magia* maketh it to be a substance; it is spiritual blood, and which *can not* be touched or stirred by the outward substance, but by the *imagination only*."

"Hold fast to love in your imagination; nothing can take it from you but your own imagination. As soon as our imagination goes out of the love, darkness enters the imagination and the devil then has access."

Having thus proved that Boehme—not, I believe, exceptionally, but with great vehemence—insisted on the unquestionable creative might of imagination, it will be interesting to see how far he explains the process by which "longing goeth into being or substance," and to compare his explanations with that of a contemporary expert in practices which we can only describe as magical. When I say *explain* I only mean that he tells us on this subject all that can be told.

"The will is the *mysterium magnum*, the great mystery of all wonders and secrets, and yet it driveth forth itself, through the *imagination* of the desiring

hunger, into substance. It is the original of nature; its desire maketh a representation; this *representation* is no other than the will of the desire, yet the desire maketh in the will such a substance as the will in itself is. The true *Magia* is no substance, but the desiring *spirit* of substance; it is an unsubstantial *matrix*, and revealeth or manifesteth itself in the substance. The *Magia* is a spirit, and the substance is its body. The *Magia* is the greatest hidden secret, for it is *above* Nature; it maketh Nature according to the form of its will." . . . "The *Magia* is the acting of the will-spirit; or the performance in the spirit of the will."

Now let us turn to Mr. Sinnett's *Occult World*, and see if the report of the old mystic is not both confirmed and elucidated by that of the modern adept there quoted:

"The human brain is an exhaustless generator of the most refined quality of cosmic force out of the low, brute energy of nature; and the complete adept has made himself a centre from which irradiate potentialities that beget correlations upon correlations through *Æons* of time to come. This is the key to the mystery of his being able to project into and materialize in the visible world the forms that his imagination has constructed out of inert cosmic matter in the invisible world. The adept does not create anything new, but only utilizes and manipulates materials which Nature has in store around him, and material which, throughout eternities, has passed through all the forms. He has but to choose the one he wants, and recall it into objective existence." . . . "Every thought of man upon being evolved passes into the inner world, and becomes an active entity by associating itself, coalescing we might term it, with an elemental—that is to say, with one of the semi-intelligent forces of the kingdoms. It survives as an active intelligence—a creature of the mind's begetting—for a longer or shorter period proportionate with the original intensity of the cerebral action which generated it."

"Would not this sound to one of your learned biologists like a madman's dream?" asks the same informant from his Asiatic seclusion. If it would to them, there was but a few years ago in France a thinker and an adept—now withdrawn from our mortal life—to whom such ideas would have been far

from strange: he who called himself Eliphaz Lévi. In the introduction to his "Histoire de la Magie," he tells us, "qu'il existe un agent mixte, un agent naturel et divin, corporel et spirituel, un médiateur plastique universel, un réceptacle commun des vibrations du mouvement et des images de la forme, un fluide et une force qu'on pourrait appeler en quelque manière *l'imagination de la nature*" . . . "l'essence de la lumière vivante" (la lumière astrale) "c'est d'être configurative, c'est l'imagination universelle dont chacun de nous s'approprie une part plus ou moins grande, suivant son degré de sensibilité et de mémoire."

The subject is fascinating, and I must not allow myself any additional quotations, lest I encroach upon valuable space or weary puzzled readers. But there are perplexities of abstract thought which seem to promise so much, and, even while still unsolved, to offer such grand vistas of enlarging knowledge, that one turns from them reluctantly.

On that especial effect of imagination referred to by C. C. M., "Trident" will find a very interesting and by no means scientific chapter in Lavater's "Essays on Physiognomy," Lecture 8, ch. ii., "On the Influence of Imagination on the Formation of Man." Having spoken of the not uncommon appearance of a dying person in the presence of a far distant friend, he says: "The *how* of the question is inexplicable, I allow it; but the *facts* are evident, and to deny them would be offering an insult to all historic truth."

Again, farther on, "When the imagination is powerfully agitated by desire, love, or hatred, a single instant is sufficient for it to create or to annihilate, to enlarge or to contract, to form giants or dwarfs, to determine beauty or ugliness." . . . "This faculty of the soul, in virtue of which it thus produces creations and metamorphoses, has not hitherto been sufficiently investigated; but it sometimes manifests itself, nevertheless, in the most decided manner."

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.*

Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world.—*Bernard Shaw.*

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.

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.

Karma is a word of many meanings, and has a special term for almost every one of its aspects. As a synonym of sin it means the performance of some action for the attainment of an object of *worldly*, hence *selfish* desire, which can not fail to be hurtful to somebody else. Karma is action, the cause; and Karma, again, is the "Law of Ethical Causation"; the *effect* of an act produced egoistically, in face of the great Law of Harmony which depends on altruism.

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.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM JACOB BOEHME.

When this great internal revelation takes place, the internal senses are then opened to the direct perception of spiritual truth. There will be no more necessity for drawing conclusions of any kind in regard to such unknown things, because the spirit perceives that which belongs to its sphere in the same sense as a seeing person sees external things.

The four lower principles without the eternal light are the abyss, the wrath of God, and hell. Their light is the terrible lightning flash, wherein they must awaken themselves.

The soul in the power of God penetrates through all things, and is powerful over all as God himself; for she lives in the power of his heart.

In each external thing there is hidden an eternal and imperishable something, which issues again in an ethereal form out of the degraded body of the terrestrial substance.

All the external visible world, in all its states, is a symbol or figure of the internal spiritual world. That which a thing actually is in its interior is reflected in its external character.

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.

If the divine principle of love were not still pervading all nature in this terrestrial world, and if we poor created beings had not with us the warrior in the battle, we would all be sure to perish in the horror of hell.

No man can attain spiritual self-knowledge without being spiritual, because it is not intellectual man that knows

the Spirit, but the Divine Spirit that attains self-knowledge in men.

He who truly prays coöperates with God internally, while externally he produces good fruit.

No one should want to know his state of holiness while he lives in this world, but he should keep on drawing the sap of Christ from his own tree, and leave it to that tree to bring forth from him whatever branch or bough it may choose.

Ultimately all things must be one and the same to man. He is to become one with fortune and misfortune, with poverty and riches, joy and sorrow, light and darkness, life and death. Man is then to himself nothing, for he is dead then relatively to all things in his will.

Lift up your mind to 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.

LEAVES OF GRASS.

I know I am deathless.
I know that this orbit of mine can not be swept by a carpenter's compass;
And whether I come to my own today, or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

As to you, Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths.
No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.

Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years.

Births have brought us richness and variety, and other births have brought us richness and variety.

—Walt Whitman.

It would be curious if we should find science and philosophy taking up again the old theory of metempsychosis.—
James Freeman Clarke.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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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MATERIALIZATION.

Concerning the exploring of that mysterious and dubious borderland called the psychic realm we have had hitherto to contend with the apathy of the scientist on the one hand and his derision on the other. But it appears that the hour has at last arrived when we may look for the beginning of a concerted and methodical research.

Literature, scientific and otherwise, dealing with the phenomena of materialization is accumulating in mass and interest. And now we have the extensive monograph of Baron von Schrenck Notzing, M. D., of Munich. Of its kind, it is a book of unique and perhaps supreme importance, since it offers as proof of its findings biological and photographic evidence.

Baron von Schrenck Notzing tells us that his experiments with the medium were conducted over a period of four consecutive years, averaging three sittings a week, and that he was invariably assisted by Mme. Bisson, of whose household Eva was a member during the investigations, and whose rôle toward her was that of guardian, hypnotizer, and "psychic educator."

To the mind of the careful student, and perhaps more particularly to that of the student of occultism, the part played by Mme. Bisson, a woman of culture and a sculptor of some repute, will present itself as embodying features of an arresting significance.

With a conventional review of the book we are not now im-

It may be dismissed after remarking that Notzing, who has been most happy in his translator, has maintained throughout the volume an admirable neutrality of opinion, and that, as a judicious scientist, he sees no warrant for saddling the phenomena with a spiritistic hypothesis, or, for the matter of that, with any arbitrary hypothesis whatsoever. He reminds us that a mere collection of facts, like a heap of stones, does not comprise an edifice, and he says further:

"Granting the assumption that the mediumistic phenomena of telekinetics and teleplastics, including the intellectual manifestations, are not the product of fraud, we must at once frankly confess that, whether all phenomena have the same origin, or different origins, we can not in any way explain them. This must not deter us from the attempt to put facts, once acknowledged as such, in proper order, to analyze them, to form auxiliary conceptions where terms are wanting, and to put forward hypothesis which only retain their temporary value so long as they serve the progress of knowledge."

The entire subject matter of the book is put forth in a manner fully in accord with this unbiased position. Considering it, we may suspect that we have here to do with that all but mythical *avis rariss*, a scientist without *à priori* radical prejudice. We will, therefore, accord to his

intention and work a sincere respect, however much we may question the right of any human being to induce and continually exact from another that submission to psychic control which the factor of hypnotism introduces.

In the main Notzing contents himself with presenting the astonishing results of his experiments, experiments in which over sixteen servants whose names are familiar in every household participated at one time or another, not to mention some fifty-odd other and fully reputable witnesses, among whom were M. Poincaré, president of the French Republic, and W. B. Yeats, the eminent poet.

The book's four hundred and thirty octave pages will well repay the most careful reading. But its singular value lies in the collection of photographs taken by the ordinary camera and stereoscope (from two to nine machines were in use at each sitting), which show the medium, Eva C., in the act of emitting, or exuding, that curious, tactile substance to which the name "teleplasm" has been given. From this *materia prima* is then built up, with incredible rapidity, the materialized forms which range all the way from roughly modeled fingers to complete presentations of human beings.

The worth of such pictures can be readily seen. Indeed, it might be said with some show of justice that they constitute the virtual text of the book and the excellently clear literature a running commentary thereon.

As an adjunct to psychical research, which has to do with a plane of nature whereon the objective senses are by no manner of means at home, the camera is of incalculable assistance. Physiologically speaking, attention is a nervous complex resulting from and sustained by an act of will. However highly developed and disciplined the power of attention may be, it tends to become diffused in the novel attempt to cognize those kaleidoscopic conditions peculiar to the character of the psychic. Also there is the ever-present possibility of individual and collective hallucination.

But the camera, manifestly, can neither be confused nor hypnotized. It furnishes, so to say, a report verbatim of those objects on which its eye has been focused. It neither retracts nor equivocates, and, moreover, it registers with a fidelity and a rapidity far beyond that of the human

retina. Therefore, it may be said to elucidate a problem in the sense that an exact presentation of the known factors of a problem tend to lucidity. There are still other plates that, to the scientist at any rate, are of even more compelling interest. There are the enlarged microphotographs of the teleplasm after its chemical analysis in various laboratories in Munich and Paris, to which is appended the several chemists' microscopic data. Briefly, they sum up to this:

(a) The matter under examination is colorless, slightly viscid and usually stringy, or, again, cord-like.

(b) Although it has often had its origin from the medium's mouth, neither the physico-chemical nor physico-microscopic tests yield the bacteria and microorganisms characteristic to saliva. Red and white corpuscles were also absent.

(c) That in it they have to deal with an organic tissue which easily decomposes. "A sort of transitory matter which originates in the medium's organism in a manner unknown to us, possesses unknown biological functions and formative qualities, and is evidently peculiarly dependent on the psychic influence of the medium."

(d) The collected matter corresponds to organic bodies both in structure and grouping. Functions of motion (growth and involution) and sensation (reaction to touch) were observed in them. These veil-like, tissue-like creations also resemble fundamental shapes of the organic world in the branching and joining of their fibres.

Now it is with the nature of this cellular, organic plasm, this biological product of the medium's organism, and with what we are told of Eva herself, her character, her proclivities, and even her heredity, and with her woman friend, Mme. Bisson, at once her guardian, her hypnotizer, and her (avowedly) "psychic educator," that the occultist has primarily to do.

We may believe that what Notzing has to tell us of Eva and of Mme. Bisson is the exact truth, and that his statements could be corroborated from a hundred sources if necessary.

He says in summary:

"Eva is twenty-three. She is not a professional medium. Her general health and heredity is average. Her psychology is also average. Her power of attention

is good. Her range of knowledge corresponds to her level of education. She quotes that which she has read or seen or heard with facility, and she can correctly render the details of a picture she has contemplated for a single second. She shows no interest in abstract questions. There is no development of the logical faculty. Her emotional nature is overdeveloped; her will in abeyance, and this passivity offers great susceptibility to hypnotism and accentuates the tendency to accept ideas and intentions of those about her. She displays but little interest in her phenomena.

"She is a member of Mme. Bisson's household.

"Mme. Bisson is occupied with sculpture. Her husband, whose death took place when the sittings had been in progress some time, was a dramatist. The sittings began in 1909 and 40 per cent. of them were without results. In 1910 Mme. Bisson introduced hypnosis as a regular daily régime in order 'to gain a suggestive influence upon the development of the powers of mediumship and the formation of phenomena.' From that time forward to the end of the investigations in 1913, the average of the successful sittings rose to 60 per cent., a decided and perhaps significant increase.

"There is a close mental rapport between the medium, Mme. Bisson, and those present while she is in the somnambulant condition; she gauges with accuracy the states of the sitters. Soon after hypnotism, which in her case is accomplished easily by the fixation of the eyes and bare touching of her hands, there is evidence of the 'transformation of energy' in her organism. Then begins the display of violent muscular action which is a concomitant of the phenomena of mediumship and to which the graphic term 'mediumistic labor' has been given. As the observations progress it becomes clear that the 'general direction and subject matter of the persons taking part in the sittings have their influence on the psychic condition of the medium and sometimes on the character of the phenomena produced.' Pronounced exhaustion usually follows the sittings.

"Mme. Bisson's mental and bodily equilibrium are, of course, established beyond question, and her patient and well-intentioned labor in conducting an educative psychical influence over the medium is

prompted solely by her interest in the phenomena. It has been directed 'systematically toward the progress and development of the mediumistic faculties, and toward the preservation of the suggestive and authoritative state of dependence.'"

We find, then, that the medium requires and is accustomed to psychic guidance and incentive from without, and this is a rôle which Mme. Bisson is peculiarly suited to fill.

Now the occultist, bearing always in mind the negative condition of the medium and the mental control over her exercised by Mme. Bisson, will recollect that Hegel once laid down an axiom to the effect that "a thing only exists through its opposite." The animistic and biological explanation of the teleplasm can be reasonably put forward just so far, but it is not possible to see in them other than a recognition of the nature of the primordial substance which, under certain conditions, is developed into organic and organized forms. What constitutes this guiding factor?

Our occultist, who fails to find in modern science or philosophy more than a painful rehash of ancient doctrine, will, quoting Plato, assert that the Idea must invariably precede the form. He will add that to the exact extent in which an idea is dynamic, definite, and of pleasing proportions (in accord with the canons of just proportions), so will its progeny, objective form, be forceful and clear and symmetrical.

And so while he sees in the phenomena of materialization the clumsy and more or less abortive attempt to repeat *in actu* those fundamental processes which, working in primordial plasm, develop cell and structure and function in organic relation, from the jelly-fish to man, he will see something more:

He will note that as the grains of sand spilled from an hourglass and caught on a sheet of glass may be made to group themselves into geometrical forms under the vibration of a violin bow drawn steadily across the edge of the glass, so this mobile substance which oozes out from the various orifices of the medium's body, showing an immediate tendency to settle into a heap upon the floor, is arrested in its course, is caught and modeled into transient forms under the guiding force of—what?

And he will conclude that behind the psycho-physical there is every reason to postulate a metaphysical, ruling factor: the vital power of a dominant Idea, around which, as their positive magnetic pole, the negative atoms of the teleplasm are grouped into molecular and organic form.

This imperialistic Idea may or may not correspond to those ideas common to the liminal, everyday consciousness of the medium or those present at the sittings. It may itself be a conglomerate, a hybrid, the product of, not one, but of every mind in the room. But it would incline to the reproduction of those images held most firmly in the psyche of that person present who was most in rapport with the medium. For, always, our occultist will remember that this exuded substance is connected in some inexplicable manner to the medium's body, that to touch it means a corresponding reaction on her nervous system, and that it has but a temporary existence apart from her.

Roughly speaking, her organism may be likened to that of a moist sponge, and the exuding of the primitive substance to a squeezing of that sponge. That this substance is a vital principle of physical life, and absolutely essential to the maintenance of it; that in the production of phenomena it undergoes a profound disturbance, and, perhaps, diminution, is evidenced by the deep exhaustion that follows a "good sitting."

(It would be interesting to know whether this plasm has ever been introduced into a partial vacuum tube, and if so, the nature of its behavior.)

Undeniably, the book is of absorbing interest and doubtless of great scientific value as well. But we can not escape the conviction that, on almost every page, there is depressing evidence that the normal course of the medium's free will has been systematically tampered with, has been bludgeoned, so to say, into an utter submission to the dominant will of Mme. Bisson. "Her attitude," says Notzing, "is that of a faithful dog to its master."

The ends of science must, as always, be served whether the psychic integrity of its agent be conserved or not. Perhaps some objection on this score has been anticipated and met by the reiterated statement that Eva is in every way a free agent, volunteering her services and at liberty to conclude them at any moment.

Yet we are also told that from time to time she is subject to a succession of emotional crises when she declares that the sittings are nothing to her and that she wishes to return to her own people. We quote:

"In such cases Mme. Bisson acquiesced in her wish, and made her pack her boxes. This action in conjunction with an authoritative bearing, or a suggestion in the somnambule state, often led to a termination of the mood in a flood of tears, and a complete reversal of the emotional state. After the reaction Eva was willing, tractable, amiable, and sociable. She was easily influenced and the sittings were successful.

"It is possible that the state of control, on the basis of an hysterical disposition, produces a state of embitterment and tension—a sort of *ressentiment*."

Very probably it does. We should say that inevitably it does just so long as there still smolders one spark of personal, if pitifully enfeebled, will. The psyche of a human being should be regarded as inviolate, and any attempt, on any pretext whatsoever, to invade and control it, as a forcing of the doors of its sanctuary with thievish intent.

This is ground whereon we can not yield one inch to the scientist, however we may concede to him the respect that honorable, if mistaken, intentions are entitled to. But we will also allow that anything is better than that mediumistic traffic that goes on continually in spiritistic circles where a quasi religious superstition has hysterical swing.

Putting this contention aside (but without forgetting it), we may point out that the student of occultism will be well repaid for a study of Notzing's book. In the genesis and metamorphosis of the phenomena he will discover correspondence after correspondence with those axioms with which he is familiar, and he will find also any number of clues, which, consistently followed up, shall yield him knowledge on those points still wrapped in puzzling obscurity.

PHENOMENA OF MATERIALIZATION. By Baron von Schrenck Notzing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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

THE HUMAN AURA.

(From the New York Times.)

Science began poking her inquisitive nose, some years ago, into the choicest domains of the occult and she found there such good hunting that she steadily advances farther and farther among its fads and its theories and its mysteries. She has applied the measuring stick, the weighing machine, and laboratory methods to the phenomena of spiritism, and now comes Walter J. Kilner, formerly electrician to St. Thomas' Hospital, London, with an account of his investigations of scientific methods into that subject, for long years so dearly beloved of the theosophists, the aura of the human body. Theosophist publications have been giving descriptions and making pictures for years of phenomena which, apparently, has been partly glimpsed and largely imagined. Mr. Kilner's investigations seem to substantiate some of their basic assertions as to the existence of an aura, or envelope of color, about the human body, but to upset all the rest. As for him, he is not the least interested in occult mysteries and theosophic theories. All he wants is to ascertain facts, to demonstrate them scientifically, and to find out whether they have practical value.

Specifically, he is very much interested in the possibility of using observable changes in the aura in medical diagnosis and thus giving the physician another aid for the making clear of obscure physical conditions. The reader is not very deeply impressed by the practical results which have attended his experiments, and he himself admits, rather ruefully, that he has not yet succeeded as well as he had hoped in obtaining clear-cut, definite results from his observations. But he thinks, and the open-minded reader will probably agree with him in this, that he has opened a way which may lead to important developments in the future, after more extended observation shall have been applied to the phenomena. He has not yet, for instance, been able to obtain a satisfactory photograph of the aura, but, he adds, "I am certain that a photographic picture of the size, shape, and condition of the Human Aura is not only possible, but will shortly be made, thus enabling the aura to become a still greater assistance in medical diagnosis." The illustrations in the book are all dia-

grams showing size, shape, and individual peculiarities of the aura.

Mr. Kilner uses a screen containing the coal tar dye "dicyanin" to make the aura visible, but is frequently able to perceive it without the help of the screen. He has been able to show the colored envelope to a number of people without its aid and he says that with the screen "it can be made visible to nearly every person having ordinary eyesight."

The conclusion to which Mr. Kilner has come concerning the action of the dicyanin screen is that it affects the perceptive powers of the eye. He bases this conclusion upon observation of its effects upon himself, upon medical men who have assisted him in many of his investigations, and upon ordinary persons who have used the screen. He says:

"As a possible explanation of the visibility of the aura and of the various color phenomena associated with it, the writer would suggest that the dicyanin screen brings about some change in the eyes so that sensations, not merely of light, but also of color may be evoked by parts of the ultra-violet spectrum. It is not difficult to conceive that under such circumstances by an extension of the processes which occur at the violet end of the ordinary visible spectrum, when the red-sensitive nerve endings of the retina are again and with diminishing wave lengths increasingly stimulated, there might occur a more or less complete repetition of the spectral color series, probably greatly modified in many respects. In short, a second, higher spectrum."

"It is evident," Mr. Kilner says, after describing in detail a number of cases, "from these experiments that dicyanin has the power of shortening the focus of the eye, yet there are very great difficulties in determining the way this is achieved." The theory that he advances, tentatively and modestly, but with conviction, as a satisfactory explanation of observed phenomena, is that this shortened focal distance permits the eye to perceive the wave lengths beyond the violet end of the spectrum and that it is these which produce the colors of the aura.

The author made his observations upon a great number of people and he describes each case in detail, giving the size, shape, and color of the aura care-

fully noting whether or not its appearance and condition substantiate the particular purpose for which he was making the examination and seizing upon any factor different from those noted before. This is his description of the general appearance of the aura, which is divided into three parts:

"First, there is a transparent dark space, which is narrow and often obliterated by the second portion. When visible it looks like a dark, void band, not exceeding a quarter of an inch in width, surrounding and adjacent to the body, showing not the slightest variation in size in any region. This I call the etheric double. The second constituent is the inner aura. It is the densest portion and varies comparatively little in width, either at the back, front, or sides, and in both males and females follows the outlines of the body. . . . The third portion, or outer aura, commences at the distal edge of the inner aura, and is inconstant in size. When the whole aura is observed without the intervention of any screen the two latter divisions appear blended together, but the part nearest the body looks the most dense."

The most frequent color of the aura appears to be blue-gray, in varying shades, but the investigator notes other colors, especially greenish and gray. And he examined a few cases which could change the color of the aura at will. He found no man who could do this, and the few women who could were, he says, of excitable temperament. In general, he has found that the more blue there is in the aura the higher is the mental type. Of a hundred cases that were classified in this way there were forty having blue auras, of whom none was below and some were above the average in mental power. Thirty-six cases, of whom none was above the average in mental endowment and some were below it, possessed blue-gray aura, with varying amounts of gray. Seventeen cases, all below the average, were classed in the gray series. Six of these were epileptics, two were eccentrics, three were markedly dull-witted and one was a general paralytic.

"This table shows conclusively," says the author, "that the owners of blue auras are generally best endowed mentally. A congenital gray aura indicates a deficiency of the intellectual faculties, but it has not been ascertained whether the

loss of brain power through disease would change the color of the aura to gray."

Mr. Kilner, who bases his conclusions upon the hundreds of cases he has observed, most of which he describes in detail in this book, says that the aura is differently shaped in the two sexes. During childhood there is no difference, the general shape and outline being that of the male aura. But with adolescence the female aura begins to take on a distinctive contour which may be described in the front view as ovoid, narrowing toward the feet. The outline of the male aura is, in the front view, as shown by the author's diagrams, a long and rather narrow oval. Individual differences are also, he says, more frequent among women than men. Disease may produce an alteration in both shape and color of the aura in both sexes.

It is this action of disease, which the author has found a constant occurrence in the course of his investigations, that leads him to believe that observation of the aura may prove an important aid to physicians in the diagnosis of ailments. He gives long accounts of his observations upon people who were ill, as compared with those in good health, and of the effect upon the aura of hypnosis, of various forms of electrical excitation, of chemical action, of bodily growth and development. Two long chapters are devoted to accounts of his study of the effect of disease upon, respectively, the outer and the inner aura. He finds that characteristic and well-marked changes are developed by patients suffering from hysteria. Mental or physical breakdown from overwork has curious effects upon the aura, frequently producing asymmetry, changing its color and texture and introducing patches of abnormal appearance. Epilepsy has its own typical asymmetric aura, which the author found to persist for years after the cessation of seizures. Hemiplegia revealed its own characteristics. Many other diseases showed their influence upon the aura in varied ways. Mr. Kilner records interesting observations in his accounts of the changes in the aura of pregnant women and he is convinced that this method of diagnosis will be an important factor in determining condition during the early weeks of pregnancy.

The author is very cautious when it

comes to discussing the probable causes of the auric phenomena and is more inclined to eliminate suggested causes, showing why they can not be the responsible forces, than to formulate his own conclusions. He does, however, indicate the trend of his belief when he says that "the force or forces that give rise to the human aura are probably generated in the body itself. It seems hardly possible," he continues, "that the two auras can be the products of one force, when it is recollected, first, that the inner aura is striated and that its margin is fairly well defined and that it is frequently prolonged into rays passing into or even through the outer aura without any concomitant alteration in the latter. Again, occasionally in disease, the inner aura disappears locally in toto. . . . In none of these cases does the outer aura invade the territory of the inner, but it may be simultaneously affected." For these and other reasons, which he gives at considerable length, Mr. Kilner concludes that there are at least two forces, generated within the body, at work in the production of the auric phenomena. His many experiments have convinced him, although at first he was inclined to that belief, that these forces are not electric or magnetic in their origin. Neither does he think that they are connected directly with radio-activity which in greater or less degree is an almost universal property of matter.

He notes, however, that "temperament, or the sum total of the mental and physical powers of individuals, exercises a great influence upon the aura—an influence mainly proportional to the mental endowment." And this is the nearest to a definite conclusion to which he thinks he is warranted to come by his investigations: "Whatever the true nature of the auric forces, there can be no doubt that the phenomena to which they give rise are intimately connected with and dependent upon the activities of the central nervous system." And finally Mr. Kilner chronicles the fact that he has several times examined the dead human body, some hours after life had ceased, and has never found any trace of an aura.

Esoteric Philosophy admits neither good nor evil *per se*, as existing independently in Nature.

WRAITH.

"Thin Rain, whom are you haunting,
That you haunt my door?"
Surely it is not I she's wanting;
Some one living here before. . . .
"Nobody's in the house but me:
You may come in, if you like, and see."

Thin as thread, with exquisite fingers—
Have you see her, any of you?
Grey shawl, and leaning on the wind,
And the garden showing through;

Glimmering eyes, and silent, mostly,
Sort of a whisper, sort of a purr,
Asking something, asking it over,
If you get a sound from her—

Ever seen her, any of you?
Strangest thing I've ever known;
Every night since I moved in,—
And I came to be alone!

"Thin Rain, hush with your knocking!
You may not come in!
This is I that you hear rocking:
Nobody's with me, nor has been."

Curious, how she tried the window:
Odd, the way she tries the door,—
*Wonder just what sort of people
Could have had this house before. . . .*
—Edna St. Vincent Millay in *Vanity Fair*.

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*.

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*.

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

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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Price Five Cents

THE PYMANDER OF HERMES.

(The Second Book, called "Poemander.")

My Thoughts being once seriously busied about the things that are, and my Understanding lifted up, all my bodily Senses being exceedingly holden back, as it is with them that are very heavy of sleep, by reason either of fulness of meat, or of bodily labour. Me thought I saw one of an exceeding great stature, and an infinite greatness call me by my name, and say unto me, "What wouldst thou Hear and See? or what wouldst thou Understand, to Learn, and Know?"

Then said I, "Who art Thou?" "I am," quoth he, "Poemander, the Mind of the Great Lord, the most Mighty and absolute Emperor: I know what thou wouldst have, and I am always present with thee."

Then said I, "I would Learn the Things that are, and Understand the Nature of them and know God." "How," said he. I answered, "That I would gladly hear." Then he, "Have me again in thy mind, and whatsoever thou wouldst learn, I will teach thee."

When he had thus said, he was changed in his Ideal or Form and straightway in the twinkling of an eye all things were opened to me: and I saw an infinite Sight, all things were becoming light, both sweet and exceedingly pleasant; and I was wonderfully delighted in the beholding it.

But after a little while there was a darkness made in part, coming down

obliquely, fearful and hideous, which seemed unto me to be changed into a Certain Moist Nature, unspeakably troubled, which yielded a smoke as of fire; and from whence proceeded a voice unutterable, and very mournful, but inarticulate, insomuch that it seemed to have come from the Light.

Then from that Light, a certain Holy Word joined itself unto Nature, and out flew the pure and unmixed Fire from the moist Nature upward on high; it is exceeding Light, and Sharp, and Operative withal. And the Air which was also light, followed the Spirit and mounted up to Fire (from the Earth and the Water) insomuch that it seemed to hang and depend upon it.

And the Earth and the Water stayed by themselves so mingled together that the Earth could not be seen for the Water, but they were moved, because of the Spiritual World that was carried unto them.

Then said Poemander unto me, "Dost thou understand this Vision, and what it meaneth?" "I shall know," said I. Then said he, "I am that Light, the Mind, thy God, who am before that Moist Nature that appeareth out of Darkness, and that Bright and Lightful Word from the Mind is the Son of God."

"How is that?" quoth I. "Thus," replied he, "understand it, That which is thee Seeth and Hearerth, the Word of the Lord, and the Mind, the Father, God,

Differeth not One from the Other, and the Unison of these is Life."

Trismeg. I thank thee. Pimand. But first conceive well the Light in thy mind and know it.

When he had thus said, for a long time we looked steadfastly one upon the other, inasmuch that I trembled at His Idea or Form.

But when he nodded to me, I beheld in my mind the Light that is innumerable and the truly indefinite Ornament of the World; and that the Fire is comprehended or contained in or by a most great Power, and constrained to keep its station.

These things I understood, seeing the word of Pimander; and when I was mightily amazed, he said again to me, "Hast thou seen in thy mind that Archetypal Form, which was before the interminated and Infinite Beginning?" Thus Pimander to me. "But whence," quoth I, "or whereof are the Elements of Nature made?" *Pimander*—"Of the Will and Counsel of God; which taking the Word, and beholding the beautiful World (in the Archetype thereof) imitated it, and so made this World, by the principles and vital Seeds or Soul-like production of itself."

For the Mind being God, Male and Female, Life and Light, brought forth by his Word; another Mind, the Workman: Which being God of the Fire, and the Spirit, fashioned and formed seven other Governors, which in their Circles contain the Sensible World, whose Government or Disposition is called Fate or Destiny.

Straightway leaped out, or exalted itself from the downward born Elements of God, the Word of God into the clean and pure Workmanship of Nature, and was united to the Workman, Mind, for it was Consubstantial; and so the downward born Elements of Nature were left without Reason, that they might be the only Matter.

But the Workman, Mind, together with the Word, containing the Circles and Whirling them about, turned round as a Wheel his own Workmanship, and suffered them to be turned from an indefinite Beginning to an undeterminable End; for they always begin where they end.

And the Circulation or running round of these, as the Mind willeth, out of the

lower or downward-born Elements brought forth unreasonable or brutish creatures, for they had no reason, the Air flying things, and the water such as swim.

And the Earth and the Water was separated, either from the other, as the Mind would: And the Earth brought forth from herself such Living Creatures as she had, four-footed and creeping Beasts, wild and tame.

But the Father of all things, the Mind being Life and Light, brought forth Man, like unto himself, whom he loved as his proper Birth, for he was all beauteous, having the Image of his Father.

For indeed God was exceeding enamoured of his own Form and Shape, and delivered unto it all his own Workmanship. But he, seeing and understanding the Creation of the Workman in the whole, would needs also himself Fall to Work, and so was separated from the Father, being in the sphere of Generation or operation.

Having all Power, he considered the Operations or Workmanships of the Seven; but they loved him, and every one made him partaker of his own Order.

And he learning diligently and understanding their Essence, and partaking their nature, resolved to pierce and break through the Circumference of the Circles, and to understand the Power of him that sits upon the Fire.

And having already the power of mortal things, of the Living, and of the unreasonable Creatures of the World, stooped down and peeped through the Harmony, and breaking through the strength of the Circles, so shewed and made manifest the downward-born Nature, the fair and beautiful Shape or Form of God.

Which when he saw, having in itself the unsatiable Beauty and all the Operation of the Seven Governors, and the Form or Shape of God, he Smiled for love, as if he had seen the Shape or Likeness in the Water, or the shadow upon the Earth of the fairest Human form.

And seeing in the Water a shape like unto himself in himself he loved it; and immediately upon the resolution, ensued the Operation, and brought forth the unreasonable Image or Shape.

Nature presently laying hold of what it so much loved, did wholly wrap her-

self about it, and they were mingled, for they loved one another.

And for this cause, Man above all things that live upon Earth, is double; Mortal because of his Body, and Immortal because of the substantial Man. For being immortal, and having power of all things, he yet suffers mortal things, and such as are subject to Fate or Destiny.

And therefore being above all Harmony, he is made and become a servant to Harmony. And being Hermaphrodite, or Male and Female, and watchful, he is governed by and subjected to a Father, that is both Male and Female and watchful.

After these things, I said: "Thou art my Mind and I am in love with Reason."

Then said Pimander, "This is the Mystery that to this day is hidden, and kept secret; for Nature being mingled with Man brought forth a Wonder most wonderful; for he having the Nature of the Harmony of the Seven, from him whom I told thee, the Fire and the Spirit, Nature continued not, but forthwith brought forth seven Men all Males and Females and sublime, or on high, according to the Natures of the Seven Governors."

"And after these things, O Pimander," quoth I, "I am now come into a great desire, and longing to hear, do not digress, or run away."

But he said, "Keep silent, for I have not yet finished the first speech."

Trism—

Behold I am silent.

Pimand—

The Generation therefore of these Seven was after this manner, the Air being Feminine and the Water desirous of Copulation, took from the Fire its ripeness, and from the æther Spirit; and so Nature produced bodies after the Species and Shape of men.

And Man was made of Life and Light into Soul and Mind, of Life and Soul, of Light and Mind.

And so all the Members of the Sensible World, continued unto the period of the end, bearing rule, and generation.

Hear now the rest of that speech, thou so much desireth to hear.

When that Period was fulfilled, the bond of all things was loosed and untied by the Will of God; for all living Creatures being Hermaphroditical, or Male and Female, were loosed and untied together with man; so that the Males were

apart by themselves and the Females likewise.

And straightway God said to the Holy Word, Increase in Increasing, and Multiply in Multitude all you my Creatures and Workmanship. And let Him that is endued with Mind, know Himself to be Immortal; and that the cause of Death is the Love of the Body, and let Him Learn all Things that are.

When he had thus said, Providence by Fate and Harmony, made the mixtures, and established the Generation, and all things were multiplied according to their kind, and he that knew himself, came at length to the Superstantial of every way substantial good.

But he that through the Error of Love, loved the Body, abideth wandering in darkness, sensible, suffering the things of death.

Trism—

But why do they that are ignorant sin so much, that they should therefore be deprived of immortality.

Pimand—

Thou seemest not to have understood what thou hast heard.

Trism—

Peradventure I seem so to thee, but I both understand and remember them.

Pimand—

I am glad for thy sake, if thou understoodest them.

Trism—

Tell me, why are they worthy of death, that are in death?

Pimand—

Because there goeth a sad and dismal darkness before its body; of which darkness is the moist Nature, the Body consisteth in the sensible World, from whence death is derived. Hast thou understood this aright?

Trism—

But why or how doth he that understand himself, go or pass into God?

Pimand—

That which the Word of God said, say I: Because the Father of all things consists of Life and Light, whereof Man is made.

Trism—

Thou sayest very well?

Pimand—

God and the Father is Light and Life, of which Man is made. If therefore thou learn and believe thyself to be of the

Life and Light, thou shalt again pass into Life.

Trism—

But yet tell me more, O my Mind, how I shall go into Life.

Pimand—

God saith, Let the Man endure with a Mind, mark, consider, and know himself well.

Trism—

Have not all Men a Mind?

Pimand—

Take heed what thou sayest, for I the Mind come unto men that are holy and good, pure and merciful, and that live piously and religiously; and my presence is a help unto them. And therefore they know all things, and lovingly they supplicate and propitiate the Father; and blessing him, they give him thanks, and sing hymns unto him, being ordered and directed by filial Affection, and natural Love. And therefore they give up their Bodies to death of them, and they hate their Senses, knowing their Works and Operations.

Rather I that am the Mind itself, will not suffer the Operations or Works, which happen to belong to the body, to be finished and brought to perfection in them; but being the Porter and Door-keeper, I will shut up the entrance of Evil, and cut off the thoughtful desires of filthy works.

But to the foolish, and evil, and wicked, and envious, and covetous, and murderous, and profane, I am far off giving place to the avenging Demon, which applying unto him the sharpness of fire, tormenteth such a man sensibly, and armeth him the more to all wickedness, that he may obtain the greater punishment.

And such a one never ceaseth, having unfulfilled desires and unsatiable Concupiscences, and always fighting in darkness, for the Demon afflicts and tormenteth him continually, and increaseth the fire upon him more and more.

Trism—

Thou hast, O Mind, most excellently taught me all things, as I desired; but tell me, moreover, after the return is made, what then?

Pimand—

First of all, in the resolution of the material Body, the Body itself is given up to alteration, and the form which it had becometh invisible; and the idle manners

are permitted, and left to the Demon, and the Senses of the Body return into their Fountains, being parts, and again made up into Operations.

And Anger and Concupiscence go into the brutish or unreasonable Nature; and the rest striveth upward by Harmony.

And to the first Zone it giveth the power it had of increasing and diminishing.

To the second, the machination or plotting of evil, and one effectual deceit or craft.

To the third, the idle deceit of Concupiscence.

To the fourth, the desire of rule, and unsatiable Ambition.

To the fifth, profane Boldness, and headlong rashness of Confidence.

To the sixth, Evil and ineffectual occasions of Riches.

And to the seventh Zone, subtle Falsehood always lying in wait.

And then being naked of all the Operations of Harmony it cometh to the eight Nature, having its proper power, and singeth praises to the Father with the things that are, and all they that are present rejoice, and congratulate the coming of it; and being made like to them with whom it converseth, it heareth also the Powers that are above the eight Nature, singing praise to God in a certain voice that is peculiar to them.

And then in order they return unto the Father, and themselves deliver themselves to the powers, and becoming powers they are in God.

This is the Good, and to them that know to be deified.

Furthermore, why sayest thou, What resteth, but that understanding all men, thou become a guide, and way-leader to them that are worthy; that the kind of Humanity or Mankind, may be saved by God.

When Pimander had thus said unto me, he was mingled among the Powers.

But I giving thanks, and blessing the Father of all things, rose up, being enabled by him, and taught the Nature, of the Nature of the whole and having seen the greatest sight or spectacle.

And I began to preach unto men, the beauty and fairness of Piety and Knowledge.

O ye People, Man, born and made of the Earth, which have given Yourselves over to Drunkenness, and Sleep, and to

the ignorance of God, be Sober, and Cease your Surfeit, whereto you are al-luded, and invited by Brutish and Un-reasonable Sleep.

And they that heard me came willingly, and with one accord, and then I said further.

Why, O Men of the off-spring of the Earth, why have you delivered Your-selves over unto Death, having Power to Partake of Immortality; Repent and Change your Mind, you that have to-gether Walked in Error, and have been Darkened in Ignorance.

Depart from that dark Light, be Par-takers of Immortality, and Leave or For-sake Corruption.

And some of Them That Heard Me, mocking and scorning, went away and delivered themselves up to the ways of death.

But others, casting themselves down before my feet, besought me that they might be taught; but I causing them to rise up, became a guide of mankind, teaching them to reason how, and by what means they may be saved. And I sowed in them the words of Wisdom, and nourished them with Ambrosian Water of Immortality.

And when it was Evening, and the Brightness of the same began wholly to go down, I commanded them to give thanks to God; and when they had fin-ished their thanksgiving, every one re-turned to his own lodging.

But I wrote in myself the bounty and beneficence of Pimander; and being filled with what I most desired, I was exceed-ing glad.

For the sleep of the Body was the sober watchfulness of the mind; and the shutting of my eyes the true Sight, and my silence great with child and full of good; and the pronouncing of my words, the blossoms and fruits of good things.

And thus came to pass or happened un-to me, which I received from my mind, that is, Pimander, the Lord of the Word; whereby I became inspired by God with the Truth.

For which cause, with my Soul, and whole strength, I give praise and bless-ing unto God the Father.

Holy is God the Father of All Things.

Holy is God Whose Will is Performed and Accomplished by His Own Powers.

Holy is God, That Determineth to be Known, and is Known of His Own, or Those that are His.

Holy art Thou, that by Thy Word hast established all Things.

Holy are Thou of Whom all Nature is the Image.

Holy art Thou Whom Nature hath not Formed.

Holy art Thou that art Stronger than all Powers.

Holy art Thou, that art Greater than all Excellency.

Holy art Thou, Who art Better than all Praise.

Accept these Reasonable Sacrifices from a Pure Soul, and a Heart stretched out unto Thee.

O Thou Unspeakable, Unutterable, to be Praised with Silence!

I beseech Thee, that I may never Err from the Knowledge of Thee, Look Mercifully upon Me, and Enable Me, and Enlighten with this Grace, those that are in Ignorance, the Brothers of my Kind, but Thy Sons.

(The End of the Second Book.)

THE DIVINE PYMANDER. Edited by W. W. Westcott. From the English translation by Dr. Everard, 1650. Published by the Theo-sophical Publishing Company, 7 Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W. C.

THE THRESHOLD OF MYSTERY.

The following is reproduced from the col-umns of the New York *Tribune* in order to show the new attitude of the daily newspaper toward Theosophy and the Occult:

PHENOMENA OF MATERIALIZATION. By Baron von Schrenck Notzing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM. By W. Whately Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

LAST LETTERS FROM THE LIVING DEAD MAN. By Elsa Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE OTHER SIDE GOD'S DOOR. By Mabel Nixon Robertson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE INITIATE. By "His Pupil." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The present widespread interest in psychic phenomena is a crest of a wave that started to move about two decades ago. During the years from 1905 to 1910 there were published many books and magazine articles that dealt with spiritualism, spiritism, and the manifesta-tion of strange and apparently uncharted psychical forces.

The war, with its tremendous death-roll, gave the receding wave a new impetus that culminated in a record-height in definite statements to the press, and in pamphlets and in books, by Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Conan Doyle, and

lesser fry in the psychic swarm. The student of the literature of the new science, or of an old set of semi-mystical theories revamped, perceives with satisfaction a trend toward a scientific, critical study and appraisal of all recorded psychic phenomena of today.

In the almost stygian darkness of this truly enthralling subject, that of spiritism in its broad scope and content, there are visible pin-points of vivid light, diminutive apertures in the black veil between the worlds of the living and the so-called dead. Query—Are they real beginnings of a greater flood of light, or are they the gleams of an *ignis fatuus*?

To base our study of the eight books named above in something solidly tangible, we begin with "Phenomena of Materialization" (Dutton), by Baron von Schrenck Notzing, translated by E. E. Fournier d'Albe. This is a rather ponderous book in which are recorded detailed accounts, scrupulous in matters of minutiae of record and of resultant speculation, of the surprising European experiments of Dr. Schrenck Notzing. Here is a mass of testimony difficult to brush aside as ephemeral or unreliable. Dr. Schrenck Notzing, disdaining the airy manifestations of automatic writing, verbal messages of entranced mediums and the usual claptrap paraphernalia of the mediumistic closet, sat at close range, with a camera at hand, while "Eva C." and "Stanislava P." were the media for a series of remarkable feats of materialization. "Materialization" appears to be the production, through the channel of the body of a medium entranced, of strange effluvia that assume weird shapes. One can not dismiss this record of experiences—the book goes to 340 pages and contains 225 illustrations—with a smile of incredulity, claiming that the witnesses have been recipients, recorders of psychic phenomena, while unwittingly hypnotized or acting as unconscious conduits of thought and of motor propulsion. The camera does not lie, does not evade, can not be bamboozled or mesmerized.

And so in this authoritative book we have record after record of the formation, apparently out of nothing, or from effluvia created in and freed from the body of the medium, of substances that mimic fabrics of man's handiwork and time and again bear the contours of hu-

man forms and faces. Of course, such a history is enthrallingly interesting in places, although tedious in its general longevity and the prolixity of its record. The book, as a total, is monumental stands at the dividing line between fact and phantasm in psychic research, can not be overlooked or dodged as fantastic.

We wish to criticize one conclusion arrived at by the author and his co-operators. In the experiences with Eva C. filmy laces were seen in close juxtaposition to the medium, and they were caught by the camera. The supported theory outlined in this book is that the medium, while in a natural mental state, looked over certain magazines and had photographs of the King of Bulgaria, ex-President Poincaré, President Wilson and other notables caught on the sensitive plate of her mind, later to be projected in teleplasmic form into the free air of human observation and captured by the camera. That these appearances were motivated by discarnate spirits there is not an iota of proof, nor is it claimed that they were. They were manifestations of a force not yet apprehended even in its fringes of power. What we wish to say in way of criticism is this: The photographs, to our mind, do not reveal likenesses of the men named sufficiently strong enough to warrant the claims advanced. The whole matter is astounding without the dragging in of kings and presidents.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the recent Lambeth Conference of the Anglican clergy, recommended W. Whately Smith's "The Foundations of Spiritualism" (Dutton) as a reliable textbook on the spiritualistic theory, he picked the one modern book that can be read with satisfaction by an unbeliever. The writer of this review is an agnostic in his attitude toward everything that savors of spiritualism. We went through this cautious little book with pleasure. It states the case, pro and con, succinctly and with clarity. Mr. Smith has winnowed out a few cases of significant phenomena from a huge bin of chaff. He admits, finally, that there have been a dozen or so perfectly authenticated episodes in the maze of incidents recorded by spiritualists and experimenters that baffle all efforts to explain them away as mere freaks of telepathy or as combinations of chance in human mental activi-

ties. They seem to indicate the existence of life after death, a survival that does not connote immortality. Spiritualism as a science or as a religion, have it as you will, produces, through these few circumstantial proofs, if such they be, a species of view into the life to come. Mr. Smith gives a table of six plausible conditions of that life, as predicated in these so-called revelations. Here are two of them: "A man is the same five minutes after death as he was five minutes before it, except that he has added one more item to his stock of experiences. The whole content of consciousness is carried forward into his new environment; that is to say, his memory is unimpaired and substantially continuous."

In 1914 appeared a book that created a veritable sensation in the circle of the elect of psychicism, Elsa Barker's "Letters from a Living Dead Man." This collection of epistles in automatic writing was the advance courier of a legion of similar books and pamphlets, all touted as containing communications from men, women, and children, sisters, cousins, and aunts, in Paradise, or its lower gardens. Today Elsa Barker gives the world her final volume of this nature, "Last Letters from the Living Dead Man" (Dutton). We have read this book through from alpha to omega, and we grant it distinction for its qualities of poetic prose and frequent loftiness of thought. Yet it in no sentence reveals any flame or color of fire kindled from an immortal touch. There are scores of writers in the United States who could run off a similar book deliberately without any hint of supernatural suggestion or inspiration. We believe that Elsa Barker has been sincere in all these "automatic" books from her pen. We are convinced that she wrote them under the drive of a purely native impulse. The theme of this concluding volume—that of "faith in the great and orderly future of America"—is inspirational in the line of orthodox nationalism.

Less convincing than the book just reviewed is Mabel Nixon Robertson's "The Other Side God's Door" (Dutton), which is the autobiographical record of the manner in which the author was led to dabble with automatic writing and a statement of the results attained. This writer is so honestly frank in her belief that she has been a bearer of messages

to the world from Lord Kitchener, Mary Baker Eddy, and others that we find it difficult to be harsh in our remarks. Yet it is funny to figure the stern soldier, "the icy 'K,'" as some one termed him, metaphorically wringing ghostly hands at the memory of his death, with "the awfulness of it all, the blackness, the pitching boat, the towering waves!" If Kitchener had any message for the world today, one that we would be inclined to accept as from fountainhead, it would be a terse criticism or review of British war policy in 1914-'15. Poor Mrs. Eddy wails because she was not a spiritualist in her old Boston days, but that's enough for this book. Mrs. Robertson is too good a woman—her text, which is always herself speaking, is vital with sincerity—to be made a target for cruel arrows.

The next book of our octet is a novel, "The Initiate" (Dutton). The author hides behind a mask of anonymity, introducing himself as "His Pupil." We have read this book and were surprised that it did not tire us. One will travel along many shelves of books on the psychic universe ere he reaches a book that tells more, in an ingratiatingly intimate way, than does this story of a man who attained to the bliss of perfect harmony with the resources of mortal and discarnate knowledge. Justin Moreward Haig had solved a big batch of soul-mysteries before he walks upon the stage in chapter one of "The Initiate." Suave, kindly, compelling in speech and in glance, he moves among men and women with the dignity of a Brahmin and the gentleness of a St. John. Thoughts in other minds are read by him as they evolve into completion; remote causes and effects are telegraphed to the ear of his sensitive aura. He is a wizard in solving the nodule of an iron difficulty. He never errs, yet is everlastingly human. His creator or disciple sets him before us as the type of a man made perfect through a strict obedience to laws read only by a mind attuned to a sphere that encircles and impinges upon our own. We say we read this book through. We did, curious to discover where in the world or in Heaven Haig would lead us. We won't read it again, despite its decently good construction, for one session with J. M. Haig is enough. He'd be an awful bore inside two days were he alone with us.

(To Be Continued.)

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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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SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, February 5, 1921.

Price Five Cents

FAIRIES?

(By Hayden Church in Los Angeles
Times, January 23.)

LONDON, Jan. 1.—No doubt the astonishing article, published here in a magazine, in which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seriously announces that fairies have been photographed, and which is accompanied by reproductions of two of the photographs supposed to have been taken of the "little people," has been widely commented upon in the United States.

If so, it will be interesting to see what is thought in America of this latest of many remarkable announcements on the part of the distinguished creator of "Sherlock Holmes," who, become the direct antithesis of his skeptically analytic sleuth, appears nowadays to find no tale of ghosts or any other supposed denizens of the unseen world too "tall" to be seriously investigated, if not implicitly believed. His article purporting to question but seeming to accept the pictures as published in the Christmas *Strand* has created here no end of talk.

They were taken, we are told, three years ago, near a Yorkshire village, by two girls, Iris Carpenter, then aged sixteen, and her cousin, Alice, a child of ten. (Carpenter, Sir Arthur explains, is not the real name of these girls, whose actual identity he has thought it well to veil thus, lest the lives of themselves and their parents should be rendered a burden to them by interviewers and would-be investigators.)

One of the photographs shows Alice beside a hedgeside bank and before her, among the flowers and bracken, are four dancing fairy figures. They are the traditional fairies of fancy and the story-book—long-haired, gossamer-robed, with butterfly wings all complete, just as illustrators have always painted them. One fairy is playing upon a two-reed pipe. Another pivots upon a toadstool.

The second photograph shows a dancing gnome prancing around the knees of Iris. He also is true to type, with puckered, whimsical face, moth wings, and "spikey" feet.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle states that he heard of the existence of these photographs and that they were sent to him at his request. Sir Arthur, who is now in Australia lecturing on spiritualism, was too busy at the time to conduct an investigation personally, so he entrusted this task to an acquaintance, E. L. Gardner, who, among other things, is a member of the Theosophical Society. Mr. Gardner journeyed to Yorkshire, interviewed Iris and Alice and their parents, and came back convinced that the "fairy photographs" were absolutely authentic.

It appears that these girls "have known and seen the fairies all their lives." Their father is an amateur photographer, and one day the girls asked permission to borrow his camera in order to see if they could succeed in getting some "snaps" of their little friends and playfellows, the fays. The father is

said to have taken the whole thing as a joke. It happened that he had just one unexposed plate in his camera and, chuckling to himself, he told the girls to go ahead and see if the fairies would consent to be photographed. They did, it seems, and when the plate was developed that night, there, to the stupefaction of Mr. "Carpenter," was the picture of the four dancing fayes! The second photograph, that of the gnome was taken a few days later.

Several expert professional photographers have been shown the original fairy photographs and have satisfied themselves, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle states, that the plates were not faked. Now it is announced that further pictures of sprites are to be forthcoming. "We have carried the matter further," said L. Gardner, Sir Arthur's investigator, in an interview this week, "and have secured other and still more wonderful photographs of fairies. This second series of photographs were taken by the two girls a few weeks ago under absolutely test conditions. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and I are bringing out a book shortly on the subject of fairy photographs. We shall then submit the full evidence to the public. The photographs can only be obtained by the girls themselves working together. Even for them the photographing is a very delicate matter. Nobody else can take the fairies."

Exactly why the sprites decline to pose for anybody except these two damsels Mr. Gardner does not explain. For light upon this and other points open to question we apparently must await the "full evidence," which is to be vouchsafed *Truth* to tell, the public here has failed any particular excitement over the "fairy photographs." The press, with becoming prudence, has contented itself with "carrying" the story as told by Sir Arthur and refrained from any comment beyond a certain amount of playful banter.

O. HENRY VIA OUIJA.

O. Henry's remarkable posthumous success in motion pictures has reached the spirit world, for even such a well-reputed ghost as Washington Irving has been plagiarizing his stories. The ouija has transmitted several O. Henry manuscripts, one of which even got into print, but without the authorization of the author's family or publishers. A most

amusing coincidence is related by the scenario reader of a large photoplay corporation. Many manuscripts written by the ouija board have been submitted to him, Oma Khayyam has sent in one and Shakespeare two, but the most remarkable instance of spiritualistic activity occurred when Washington Irving picked out a psychic barber in Wisconsin and planchatted O. Henry's "Gift of the Magi" for immediate production.

THE THRESHOLD OF MYSTERY.

(Concluded.)

The following is reproduced from the columns of the *New York Tribune* in order to show the new attitude of the daily newspaper toward Theosophy and the Occult:

TRUE TALES OF THE WEIRD. By Sydney Dickinson. New York: Duffield & Co.

FAMOUS PSYCHIC STORIES. Edited by J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

OCCULT PHILOSOPHY. By Isabella Ingalese. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The literature of psychic phenomena in the division of fiction is still small in bulk, especially as to stories that are handed to us as accounts of actual happenings witnessed or felt by human beings. A little book that hovers near to being a classic in its field is Sydney Dickinson's "True Tales of the Weird" (Duffield). The opening story in this set of four brief ones and one long one is the deservedly famous and really beautiful "A Mystery of Two Continents," the facts of which have been so staunchly vouched for that one hesitates to question. We advise all who are to any degree interested in the fiction or the reality of psychic phenomena to get this book and read slowly and thoughtfully the record of the violent and daisylike flowers that journeyed mysteriously from Italy to Massachusetts. We take refuge in our comfortable agnosticism when confronted by affairs and matters of the kind related in "True Tales of the Weird." These things may be, we say, but we don't know why or how.

We have maintained that the essential element of psychic revelation, the thrill of the abnormal and inexplicable, is best staged in fiction in the short story. That horrible book, "Dracula," would be far more chilling if condensed and given a rapid crescendo. Proofs of our contention are found in J. Walker McSpadden's "Famous Psychic Stories" (Crowell), a collection of twelve of the best brief tales

of the uncanny written in the English language. Each story of the grewsome dozen has the proper spine-congealing caress. We commend the reader to Margaret Oliphant's "The Open Door," which, read by us for the third time within a year, loses not a whit of its force.

One of the standard works on occultism is Isabella Ingalese's "Occult Philosophy" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), first published in 1908 and now reissued in an amended and enlarged form. Where many treatises of this nature are tiresome in their wanderings through thin atmosphere of the intangible and problematical, this book goes directly to a presentation of the arguments for reincarnation and the achievement of perfection through merging of the self in the containing Self of the Universe. No two straight-thinking persons are likely to arrive at similar conclusions in their study of occult phenomena and theses, but few sincere gropers for Truth will deny the benefit derived from an effort to live in harmony with the laws established through an obedience to the occultist's statement of the relations of sex and of parenthood.

THE DIVINE PYMANDER.

Edited by W. Wynn Westcott.

(The Third Book, called "The Holy Sermon.")

The glory of all things, God and that which is Divine, and the Divine Nature, the beginning of things that are.

God, and the Mind, and Nature, and Matter, and Operation, or Working and Necessity, and the End and Renovation.

For there were in the Chaos, an infinite darkness in the Abyss or bottomless Depth, and Water, and a subtle Spirit intelligible in Power; and there went out the Holy Light, and the Elements were coagulated from the Sand out of the moist Substance.

And all the Gods distinguished the Nature full of Seeds.

And when all things were interminated and unmade up, the light things were divided on high. And the heavy things were founded upon the moist sand, all things being terminated or Divided by Fire; and being sustained or hung up by the Spirit they were so carried, and the Heaven was seen in Seven Circles.

And the Gods were seen in their Ideas

of the Stars, with all their Signs, and the Stars were numbered, with the Gods in them. And the Sphere was all lined with Six, carried about in a circular motion by the Spirit of God.

And every God by his internal power did that which was commanded him; and there were made four-footed things, and creeping things, and such as live in the Water, and such as fly, and every fruitful Seed, and Grass, and the Flowers of all Greens, and which had sowed in themselves the Seeds of Regeneration.

As also the Generations of men to the knowledge of the Divine Works, and a lively or working Testimony of Nature, and a multitude of men, and the Dominion of all things under Heaven and the knowledge of good things, and to be increased in increasing, and multiplied in multitude.

And every Soul in flesh, by the wonderful working of the Gods in the Circles, to the beholding of Heaven, the Gods, Divine Works, and the Operations of Nature; and for Signs of good things, and the knowledge of the Divine Power, and to find out every cunning workmanship of good things.

So it beginneth to live in them, and to be wise according to the Operation of the course of the circular Gods; and to be resolved into that which shall be great Monuments; and Remembrances of the cunning Works done upon Earth, leaving them to be read by the darkness of times.

And every generation of living flesh, of Fruit, Seed, and all Handicrafts, though they be lost, must of necessity be renewed by the renovation of the Gods, and of the Nature of a Circle, moving in number; for it is a Divine thing, that every world temperature should be renewed by nature, for in that which is Divine is Nature also established.

(The End of the Fragment of the Third Book. Very imperfect.)

—Published by the Theosophical Publishing Company, 7 Duke St., Adelphi, London, England.

How should you be a lamp when you yield no light to what is close besides you?—*Akhlaq-i Jalali*.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with himself.—*Calton*.

THE REAPING.

(By J. A. H.)

My son, Robin, who comprises my entire family, is now in his second semester in an Eastern technical school, and I have to admit that my house, over which good Mrs. Mellin presides so efficiently, is stupidly quiet, and especially so since a stubborn infection in my left thumb has put a temporary stop to my surgical activities.

I was prowling about Robin's room yesterday, ostensibly for the ocean view from his north windows, which promised to be unusually fine in the gathering storm, but in reality to indulge a womanish desire to be surrounded by his cherished possessions and to poke about his books, speculating as I did so as to the nature of the literature that in the years to come would supplement or supplant the ingenious stories of Rohmer and Kennedy, whose entire output, evidently, stood cheek by jowl with dog-eared school books and one or two special treatises on chemistry.

Idly I opened a volume, and my eye fell on a sentence whose kernel of wisdom is at once trite and ever new: "The most annoying and perplexing thing about a fact is its close resemblance to fiction."

It is, indeed, I thought; reflecting also that nobody would believe in the grim realities that lie, a sub-strata of granite, or a treacherous volcano, under the casual appearances of things.

A physician is, of course, under strict ethical obligations. Not once in a hundred times may he make known, in however dissembling a fashion, the throbbing core of those pitiful confidences that are poured into his ear, although he may suspect that contained within the personal details of every case there is held the very substance of a generic philosophy, which, could its laws be learned, their operations carefully studied, might, conceivably, open new and important scientific vistas. But this can but seldom be done, and so, with the habit of silence upon him, he is more likely than not to overlook those few instances wherein reticence is neither demanded nor advisable.

With the volume in my hand I settled myself in the window-seat, but although I turned page after page I have not the slightest idea what they were all about.

For I was considering the nature of these time-honored ethical obligations, wondering in how far an important human document may be said to be personal and therefore inviolate, and how far it should be held, because of that importance, to be rightly the property of the human family. My thoughts centered about the case of Mr. C., as I shall call him. It was a case that presented a problem so baffling, that implied a responsibility so tremendous, that there is no one of us but might well shrink back, utterly aghast, if it were given to him to follow in it, as I followed, the working of a law impassively august, so impersonally accurate, that to it the word sinister could not with justice be applied, although its results were sinister beyond belief.

By one of those physical coincidences, those curious and significant climaxes, that often follow in the wake of strong mental associations, almost persuading one that a mysterious power of the individual soul, or, mayhap, the Soul of the World, is at work giving to the subjective nature of thought that point and impetus that shall translate it into purpose and action. Mrs. Mellin, entering just then with the afternoon mail, brought me a letter from a lawyer informing me of Mr. C.'s death. He had lost his life in the attempt to rescue his wife from a burning building, all unaware that he carried in his arms a corpse.

So this was the pitiful end of the lives of two human beings who, a brief year ago, were doubtless as happy, and as unconcerned in their happiness, as it is ever given us to be. Remembering what I alone knew, I found it in my heart to be glad that the man's tormented soul was at rest.

I re-read the lawyer's rather stilted communication. It was easy enough to visualize him, probably the one legal advisor of the small town in northern Nebraska.

Preparatory to replacing the letter, I bent open its envelope, rather clumsily, for my thumb was still in bandages, and then I saw that one single sheet, folded separately, had escaped my notice. It was an embarrassed apology for mentioning "a matter so irrelative to his business as an attorney," but as a friend of the deceased he said that he felt it his duty to acquaint me with Mr. C.'s dying statement. And then there was more

apology and excuses for there existing the need of an apology, and, at last, Mr. C.'s words: "Write the doctor that he must tell the whole story just as he knows it; that he must make people understand that they don't know what it really means to think."

Of all that tragic business, I do not believe that anything struck me as being quite so tragic as that cry of a man going down to meet death, and turning back, at the very last, to speed a warning to those who, in their hour, should follow him.

That the warning might be futile, that it would be at best but a puff of contrary wind against the teeth of a steady gale of indifference, was not his concern, nor, as I quickly realized, was it mine. On me now rested the responsibility, if I would accept it (and I knew at once that I could not do otherwise), of telling a true tale, so dark, so charged with solemn import, that I doubt if its like could be found in a hundred years.

The threatened storm had broken in earnest, and the page before me blurred thickly, although it was not yet 5 o'clock, as I stood, debating, considering, and frankly appalled at the task facing me. How could I find words fit to tell that which is beyond the power of words to convey—the naked suffering of an anguished and bewildered soul?

But as I hesitated I seemed constantly to hear Mr. C.'s voice in monotonous, insistent refrain: "*Make people understand that they don't know what it really means to think.*"

I made my decision. If I did not have the pen of a genius I could, at least, write down, just as I alone of all living men knew them, the links of that chain of circumstances, which however mental in their incipience, were appallingly physical in their sequence.

Perhaps I was not altogether a free agent. Perhaps I obeyed the imperious wish of a will stronger than my own. I can not say as to this, but I confess I think it possible, even (shall I admit it?) probable.

For I know very well that the human will is an engine of immense energy, and I do not hold that that energy is necessarily and immediately withdrawn at the moment of death, any more than I would argue that the speed of a bullet is impeded, or its action less deadly, because

the gunner has dropped dead at the moment of its release from the gun barrel.

I switched on the desk lights and rifled the drawer for paper. I had no need to hesitate for data on this case, every incident of which was etched sharply on my memory.

And so, companioned only by the roaring wind and that inwardly heard, ceaseless refrain, "Make them understand . . . make them understand," I set down, before I slept that night, the story of Mr. C.

I do not believe that, lacking that note of strong pleading from one then beyond the grave, I could have kept at my task. For as I marshaled them together I was overwhelmed, yes and afraid, shudderingly afraid, to perceive how darkly oppressive, how implacably ominous, was every apparently insignificant detail of that grim tragedy.

Mr. C. was an assayer. He was a highly intelligent, almost entirely self-educated man in his early thirties. Two years ago, through the entire summer months, he had been employed to analyze some refractory ore from the Barbara mine, in which I have the misfortune to be a stockholder. Robin, who insisted on spending his vacation at the God-forsaken place, had taken an immense liking to him, and Mr. C. appeared to return the affection after his reticent fashion. It was an association of which, in spite of the difference in their ages, I thoroughly approved. Mr. C. was a man whom one trusted at first sight and for whose thoughtfully expressed opinions one developed, on acquaintance, a good deal of respect. Also he had plenty of that admirable quality, plain common sense, and he gave one the impression of having in reserve, against any need that might arise, the asset of a rigidly controlled and powerful will.

On the whole he was a rather unusual young man, and one for whom I would have been glad to do a good turn in any case, but especially so since it was directly due to his influence that Robin's hazy notions as to what he wanted to do in the world of men took definite form.

When the Barbara mine closed down for the season Mr. C. came to San Francisco, and as it chanced that he had some spare time on his hands, I made a bargain with him to tutor Robin in his

chemistry through the winter months. The arrangement worked like a charm, and I felt that I had reason to congratulate myself, particularly so since I then felt free to spend my evenings in the study of modern psychology, a branch of science with which I was not as familiar as I would like to have been. It is a subject likely to take one far afield, and by the time I had gotten well through Freud and his school, not to mention Myers, and James, and Bergson, I was disposed, not only to agree with Emerson that there had been nothing new in philosophy since Plato, but to add that there was evidently nothing startlingly new in psychology either.

I then began to make tentative excursions into the literature of the occult, and here I may as well confess that I believe the greater part of its mischievous jargon, when it is not mere drivel. But here and there I found a book, in one instance written by a modern, that was set like a great lighthouse against the depressing obscurity.

Mr. C., of course, had the run of the house, and as the winter went forward he showed some interest in the volumes that by that time littered my library tables. We had a few pleasant talks on the subject, and here again he showed himself a man of judiciously tempered, if not profound habit of mind. He had worked out a philosophy that he regarded as the most practical, and I soon found, to my great interest, that it was pretty much the philosophy of Descartes: "*Je pense, donc je suis*," I think, therefore I am. And I must admit that in himself he stood for as admirable an example of the Frenchman's philosophy as one could hope to find. Certainly his knowledge (I have said that it was invariably of the sensible, working order) was fathered by intelligence rather than by erudition.

But if he held firmly to his basic idea that a man was the sum of his thoughts, he was also ready to admit that a man was not therefore always clearly aware of his thoughts, and from the first he was fascinated by Myer's categorical divisions of states of consciousness. Not satisfied to borrow my freely offered volumes of Human Personality, he spared enough from his small bank account to get the unabridged edition for his own use.

I remember that the purchase rather

surprised me, for I knew that he intended to be married in the spring, and that ten dollars was a goodly sum to him. Because it represented a sacrifice to him, he rose a bit higher in my estimation. For, after all, philosophy and those sciences akin to it are not viewed with any absorbing interest by the majority of men, however intelligent they may be. In the language of the day, they do not "butter one's bread." In the surface sense in which it is understood, it is doubtless true enough. The gold of the philosopher's is not of the variety one can stamp in a commercial mint. But it seems to me to be a patent fact that one's butter, as well as the bread that is buttered, do actually depend on the quality of one's inmost, active philosophy.

But to return to Myer's book. It was the first of many to attract his deep attention. Oddly enough, the occult appeared to hold for him a fascination that was half aversion. He would argue bitterly over a point so self-evidently nonsensical that I looked at him in wonder. Like a dog with a bone, he could not get done worrying it. And although he handled it as contemptuously as a bone, one felt that he smelled marrow about it somewhere, and was determined to get at it eventually.

Mr. C., as is the way with youth, had no misgivings of any kind concerning the married state. He was quite confident that it was to confer upon him and the young lady, whom in the late spring he was to claim as his bride, an automatic and unadulterated happiness forevermore.

He was even boyishly enthusiastic about it all in a way that I thought rather touching and wholly delightful for a man of his usually grave and silent temperament. I sincerely wondered whether his Dorothy, a Miss Sair of Nebraska, was going to prove good enough for him, for by this time I had come to share something of my son's affection for him, and I felt that with the incentive of the right woman he was likely to go a long way in the world.

But I knew also that it is not possible to predict with any degree of certainty how any human being is going to respond to the gentling discipline of married life. Particularly is this the case if the man has been most of his life a rover of lands and seas, as Mr. C. had been. In any

event, there are present within both man and woman those potentialities of character that must remain dormant until they have undertaken the responsibilities of the dual state.

The old wives' adage that "You never know a man until you are married to him" has a sobering and fatalistic sound; but if a mere man may so greatly venture as to add thereunto, he would certainly say that what applies to Darby applies equally well to Joan, and for the excellent reason that the Darby and Joan of courtship days are by no manner of means the Darby and Joan of wedded estate. Undoubtedly there begins with marriage a sort of alchemy, whose processes may, indeed, be destined to convert that which is base in human nature into spiritual gold, but whose method of procedure is more often than not a long series of painful and bewildering experiences, and whose end, judging by the evidence, is reserved for some future and glorious state of being.

As it happened, business called me East in May, and I took Robin with me. It was late in August when we returned home, but we took the first opportunity to pay our respects to the young Mrs. C., whom we found domiciled in an old-fashioned, comfortable enough house on the remote outskirts of the city.

Mrs. C. was a charming and vivacious young creature, as blonde and petit as her husband was dark and tall, and her every motion was a pretty and graceful thing to watch. She reminded me, whimsically enough, of a smooth-feathered, darting young bird, intent on its first nest-building, and likely to make a workman-like job of it, too. I also got the notion, how I can not say, for she herself was in every way bright and intelligent, that she was a bit in awe of her intellectually inclined husband, and that from their common centre of thought the orbit of his mind would swing outward toward an apery where she would never follow, but for whose scope she would have a profound and loving respect.

However that might be, it was evident enough that Mr. C. thought her the perfection of all the virtues, and that a home that had for him all the charm of novelty, and, I doubt not, boyish sentiment besides.

(To Be Continued.)

SONGS OF KABIR.

The moon shines in my body, but my blind eyes can not see it:

The moon is within men, and so is the sun. The unstruck drum of Eternity is sounded within me; but my deaf ears can not hear it.

So long as man clamors for the I and the Mine, his works are as naught:

When all love of the I and the Mine is dead, then the work of the Lord is done.

For work has no other aim than the getting of knowledge:

When that comes, then work is put away.

Between the poles of the conscious and the unconscious, there has the mind made a swing:

Thereon hang all beings and all worlds, and that swing never ceases to sway.

Millions of beings are there: the sun and the moon in their courses are there:

Millions of ages are there, and the swing goes on.

O Man, if thou dost not know thine own Lord, whereof art thou so proud?

Put thy cleverness away: mere words shall never unite thee to Him.

Do not deceive thyself with the witness of the Scriptures:

Love is something other than this, and he who has sought it truly has found it.

—Translated by Rabindranath Tagore.

SACRED OCCULTISM.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will initiate next month a new series of occult books under the general title, "Sacred Occultism Series." Some half a dozen volumes are in readiness or preparation to appear at intervals. They are all the work of F. Milton Willis, Fellow of the Theosophical Society, and the first, to be published within three or four weeks, will be called "Recurring Earth-Lives—How and Why," with the sub-title, "Reincarnation Described and Explained."

Love God, and walk uprightly; do good, and never mind what others say.—*Italian proverb.*

Thou shalt not let thy senses make a playground of thy mind.—*Voice of the Silence.*

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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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FIAT LUX!

(By Victor A. Endersby.)

Too many of us, dominated by mental and moral inertia, are disposed to rest oars and rely upon the whirlpool of cyclic law to keep the planetary boat within the bounds of evolution. *Are we justified in relying so absolutely on this law?* Let us consider something: we know upon the best authority that failures occur among the highest beings; and a world evolution is no less a conscious being, with a separate life of its own, than a man or a nation. We know that races may fail, Atlantis-wise.

Look about you. See what motives, what philosophy of life, absolutely dominate the actions of men and governments; the abominable, filthy, cynical sneers at everything high and true and unselfish, the lack of any sense of responsibility among high and low; the spirit which reigns over the politics of the most advanced of nations was voiced the other day by one of our greatest political chiefs thus:

"I am against this international idealism and higher thought in politics!"

We know the cause of this irresponsibility. It arose from the conjunction of the age-old doctrines of the remission of sins and substitutional atonement, with the hell-born tide of mechanistic materialism which welled out of the depths of Kama Manas during the last century.

Most of us can see that the only possible remedy is theosophical thinking,

taking the word in its meaning of anything tending to foster the idea of individual responsibility; but we do not realize the terrible individual responsibility of each one who has seen even a little of the light; that the planetary system hangs over the abyss by such a slender and fraying thread that the outmost efforts of each one are of vital importance.

And too many have not awakened to the immense power of the instruments we hold in our hands. It is an absolute fact that up to this day not one single serious attack has been attempted upon the Theosophy of H. B. Blavatsky from any quarter whatever. In spite of this, timidity seems to be the rule rather than the exception. A great many Theosophist in argument present the spectacle of a man using a high-powered rifle club style.

The movement, of course, can not be made a proselyting creed after the manner of the churches, and nothing but injury could result from any such attempt. But the sway of Karmic law brings each man into the proper contact when his turning point is reached. If we got into casual discussion of ethics, philosophy, or science on the street, at work, or wherever, we may take it for granted that there is some one present ready to listen, *provided* we have not brought on the discussion ourselves. And if we then fail to present a convincing argument it is we, and neither Theosophy nor the

other man, who have failed in duty. And it is so easy to be equipped with the proper weapons! The formidable veil drawn over the shrine of science is as much for the purpose of maintaining prestige as it is a product of the intrinsic difficulty of understanding; more and more we find the really great men of science tearing down that veil and letting in the general public to the fullest extent of capacity; Einstein, for instance, writes as colloquially as a public school teacher.

We must, first and last, be equipped with scientific *facts*; we need no longer fight the windmill of theology; Protestantism is reduced to where it bends the pliant knee right and left, both to every "scientific" vagary and to the grim shadow of Papal power; and it is useless to attempt the rescue of any one from the hypnotic spell of the Roman ritual and atmosphere, for that spell is of such power as often to endure for more than one life; release can come only from within.

It is necessary to draw a very careful line between fact and theory; not to be imposed upon by the bluff and brag of those engaged in imposing some pet idea upon the public mind. Bear this in mind: every scientific *fact* falls directly in line with Theosophy as *originally* presented; if it does not, then either your knowledge of your own philosophy is insufficient, or you have not your facts straight. There is no need of considering individual theories unless they fall in line; if we make superstitious obeisance to every kamanasism blowing by on the winds of pseudo-authority, we only place ourselves in the position of the Protestant dachshund which polishes the Roman loot with such a limber tongue.

For instance, read the history of scientific thought, noting dates, then carefully read the two chapters in Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, "Is Gravitation a Law?" and "An Lumen Sit Corporis, Nec Non?" and you will never again fear the voice of that "authority" which no *real* man of science claims.

And how many realize that Einstein's pole-revolving theory is found almost intact in the *Secret Doctrine*, scattered through its pages under a very thin veil? And how about the Pittdown skull, so definitely predicted by H. P. B.? Or, again on the matter of "authority," how about the reconstruction made thereof by

an "authority," in accordance with the Darwin theory, and which was all nice and lovely until another "authority" (maybe a real one this time) proved that the unique possessor of this "reconstructed" skull could neither breathe nor eat? Being, perhaps, one of our primordial astral ancestors who lived amœbo-like by absorption?

It is this which we have to fight: the monstrous materialism dominating the last century, which held the cosmos to be but a fortuitous combination of blind atoms, man but a filthy and worthless carcass, and noble thinking only a symptom of brain disorder, has been cast out of the realms of real science, and has sunk to a solidly established position in the mind of the man on the street, who has to work too hard for a living, and is pressed too hard between the rolls of adversity to study for himself or to get a detached and calm viewpoint.

He is not satisfied with this; but he can not keep up with the trend of science, and this old insanity is the one explanation accessible to him of those ideas which he still believes to be "the latest thing out" in the scientific world. And the popular press, to gratify his craving for the fish of knowledge and discovery, gives him the serpent of outworn superstitions bolstered up by the self-seeking vanity of little men in big (worldly) places.

That he is under the spell of irresponsibility is not his fault; take away from any of us our knowledge of philosophy and the Great Old Ideas, cram our minds with the materialistic monomania of fifty years ago, place us helpless between cuticle-snatching employers and hundred-per-cent. grafters, disillusion us year in and year out with the greasy smirks of "reformers" and "statesmen" who every Monday promise the millennium by noon of next Friday at latest; jam us into filthy slums, and fill the streets morning, noon, and night with the cackle of soap-box parrots whose brains serve merely as buttons to prevent unraveling of the spine; do all this to us, and what would we become?

I venture to say that not one in a hundred would be able to hold the steadfastness and soundness of many a greasy mechanic.

No, our duty is plain; study, study, and study, until full-armed with facts; then

watch for opportunity, and use it with gentleness and discrimination.

Study and *master*, so far as is humanly possible, the works of Blavatsky and her collaborators; then study and compare the works of Einstein, Ouspensky, Gauss, Riemann, Minkowsky, *et al.*; study such works as Myer's "Human Personality" and Schrenck-Notzing's book on spiritistic phenomena; for those who read French, the work of certain French scientists will be a revelation; for instance, the "Evolution des Forces" and "Evolution de la Matière" of Le Bon, the mathematics of Poincaré, and the work of A. de Rochas.

Dr. Marques' incomplete and sketchy book, "Scientific Corroborations of Theosophy," will point out many lines to follow, bearing in mind that it is several years out of date, and that to complete it to the present, which may be done some day, would require nearly as voluminous a work as the *Secret Doctrine* itself.

But let us bear this in mind: the *First Object* must always be emphasized; if a man shows no interest in this at the beginning, we may bear a very heavy responsibility in convincing him *intellectually* of theosophical truth; for the "mysteries of Kama Manas are legion," and we may only be exciting the dangerous curiosity of a traveler to the Left.

In the words of one of Russia's greatest mathematicians, who is *not* a Theosophist, "The public will soon perceive that this colossus (positive science) has feet of clay, or rather no feet at all, but is only a gigantic misty body hanging in mid air."

In one respect he is wrong: the public can not perceive the real nature of this colossus *de soi même*; and unless we work strenuously, the perception will come too late.

Even when this work is accomplished, and the victory is won over scientific misinterpretation as it has been over theology, the real, desperate, and final fight will only be beginning; for the Karma of Atlantis already lifts its awful head above the mists of the Pacific Coast.

Search thou the path of the Soul, whence she came, or what way, after serving the body, by joining work with sacred speed, thou shalt raise her again to the same state whence she fell.

THE REAPING.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continued.)

I knew little about Mr. C.'s family, as was in keeping with his ingrained reticence, but he had told me that at fourteen, and a little over a year after his mother's death, he had run away from home, from his father, whose only son he was, and from the step-mother who had taken (certainly with no loss of time) his mother's vacant place. Beyond the bare statement, he had said nothing at all of his father; I was left to draw my own conclusions. Only once again, after that brief confidence, did he mention his people. It was on a Sunday afternoon, and Robin had asked permission to show him certain cherished photographs of his own mother. Mr. C. had studied them in attentive silence; then—and I am sure it was his way of letting us know that our taking him, so to speak, into the family life had touched him deeply—he drew from his pocket a tiny, rather well done miniature, saying simply, "And this is *my mother*."

One could see at a glance whose son he was. The likeness was almost startling, especially about the eyes, where there was the same look of strength and pride, and, as Robin put it, "squareness and lift." But in the woman's face there was more of the clear vision—the "lift"—and less of that iron resolution, that depth of tenacious will, which was so inherent a part of Mr. C.'s character, and which, it now occurred to me, as I compared the two faces, might be enormously formidable, even coldly ruthless, if ever it moved to its full capacity. However, he had other traits that served to keep that will in normal leash, and I doubted whether the man had any idea of his own peculiar power.

Lacking his essentially humane qualities, he might have been a dangerous man; given over-ambition, he would certainly have been one. But there was no surplus ego in his cosmos, and he was no more than ordinarily ambitious.

And then, having made all these deductions and judgments in the few moments that transpired while I looked from the pictured face of the woman to firm profile of the son, I ridiculed myself for such ideas. The young man before me was a very fair and thoroughly likable specimen of intelligent humanity; and he had per-

haps a shade more than the average amount of will and he had put it to good use, and that was all there was about it. I put down my impressions as due to some trick of the light and let it go at that. I have had, since then, reason to know very well that the light, if the light had anything to do with the matter, simply revealed and confirmed the correctness of my moment of intuition.

However, all this is beside the immediate point of the story.

It is not the usual thing for young people of this generation to set up house-keeping in an eight-room, by-no-means modern house on the edge of town, and although I thought them astonishingly sensible in preferring to get for their money the deed to a home rather than a bunch of rent receipts, I did wonder if Mrs. C. would not find the days a bit long and lonely, since, but for one other house across the street and a dilapidated church on the corner, there were no buildings in the entire block.

I said as much to her, only to have my notions laughed out of court. That the house was almost in the country was to her its great charm. She adored plenty of room, it was like the home in which she had been brought up, and she would have her garden for the best sort of a neighbor, and, besides, they expected to buy a runabout with what they saved by "staying home and enjoying it instead of gadding about to all the shows in town," as she quaintly and concisely put it.

And as for Mr. C., it was plain that he shared her enthusiasms and perhaps went them one better. While Mrs. C. attended to culinary matters (for we were to remain for dinner) he took us over the house, with its eight rooms, all of them rather small and with the high ceilings and long, narrow windows in vogue at the time the house was built. But, as Mr. C. proudly pointed out, the timbers were as good as new, there were two splendid fireplaces, and as for the rooms, several partitions were to come out as soon as they could manage it, and a big sun-room was to be added on to the south side of the house, where a neglected garden, choked with overgrown vines and shrubbery, extended from the house to the iron picket fence that surrounded the property.

It was all very pleasant and homey,

and, to me, poignantly reminiscent. I promised myself that I should be a frequent visitor in that little home. But fate, as is her way, disposed otherwise. Robin, who had not before been ill a day in his life, developed a stubborn case of typhoid, and at the same time I had an unprecedented number of operations on my hands.

I recall that it was a Tuesday of Thanksgiving week when Mr. C., dropping in to see how the boy was getting on, told me that piece of news which, to the man who has it to tell, looms in importance over any other news in the world. My congratulations were sincere, and I immediately bespoke the privilege of standing as god-father, if Mrs. C. had no objections, and then, as is the way with us men who have the butcher and the baker to pay, our talk turned to the subject of finance.

Mr. C., who was, naturally enough, anxious to make all the extra dollars he could, had undertaken a difficult job of night work for a firm who were willing to pay well for the work itself and a considerable bonus beside if it could be put through in rush order. He disliked being away from home in the evenings, but, as he said, it meant that he would feel free to spend more time there later on, when he would be needed. Also Dorothy, with her eldest sister, who had come to be with her through the winter, usually went to bed rather early, as was the sister's country habit, and one with which she was ready to fall in, for she was not sleeping any too well. All in all it was the practical thing to do. There was the matter of the runabout, and the new sun-room, and they must be managed somehow. It took a lot of money, he informed me gravely. I agreed that they did, casting about in my mind for some excuse whereby I could be of use without hurting his pride. And as luck would have it he gave me an opening by asking for some slips from my roses for the south garden, which he planned to renovate directly after the holidays. I offered slips and bulbs from every flower I had, and cautiously ventured that if he cared to use brick for the sun-room floor and the garden walks, I thought I could get a supply of used one in good condition for a song, determining that, so far as he knew, it would be a very brief song indeed.

He took to the idea at once, and the matter was left in my hands. I said good-by to him with another rush of those too poignant memories of my own younger days, mingled with the feeling that here, unless all portents failed, was a marriage that bid fair to be a truly successful one.

At Christmas I bundled the convalescent Robin down to his aunt's ranch in the south, and as I was busy up to the hour of leaving, I had only opportunity to write Mrs. C. a note, telling her that I was sure that our Christmas gift, a sun-dial for the garden, would borrow enough sun from two such happy people to mark every day of the year, however gray the skies might appear to other folks.

I did not see either of them until the 10th of the following January, and then the first wave of a terrible tragedy had spent its fury upon their heads.

(To Be Continued.)

THE JOURNEY.

It's a wild night for a soul to go.
Stars shine, but winds blow
And the flood tides flow.

It's a long road to the nearest star.
Where the band of well-beloved are.
But I shall reach it, near or far.

A wild night for a naked soul
To cast aside the broken bowl
And start for the distant goal.

A wild night and a lonely way.
And Death is terrible, they say.
Yet methinks I like his looks today

And glad I'll lay my garment by
And fling me forth to the windy sky
When Death rides by.

A long road to the nearest star.
Where the band of well-beloved are.
But I shall reach it, near or far.

—*L. Le Mesurier in Westminster Gazette.*

If he has come to the knowledge of It in this present life, this is the supreme good. If he has not come to a knowledge of It, great is his loss, his fall. Searching for, and discerning It in all things that are, sages, going forth from this world, become immortal.—*Upanishad.*

CRUCIFIED SAVIORS.

(By Jerome A. Anderson.)

There is no Christian teaching which has not been anticipated by other teachers long previous to the era of Christ. Especially does the story of a crucified Savior appear in all histories or legends of great religions. There are historical accounts, allusions, or legends of the following crucifixions:

Chrichna, of India, 1200 years B. C.
Sakia, of Hindustan, 600 years B. C.
Thammuz, of Syria, 1100 B. C.
Wittoba, the Telingonese, 552 B. C.
Iao, of Nepaul, 622 B. C.
Hesus, of Great Britain, 834 B. C.
Quexalcote, of Mexico, 587 B. C.
Quirinus, of Rome, 506 B. C.
Prometheus, of Greece, 547 B. C.
Thulis, of Egypt, 1700 B. C.
Indra, of Thibet, 725 B. C.
Alcestos, of Greece, 600 B. C.
Atys, of Phrygia, 1170 B. C.
Crite, of Chaldea, 1200 B. C.
Bali, of Orissa, 725 B. C.
Mithra, of Persia, 600 B. C.

Other Saviors declared to have been crucified also, but the date of which event is uncertain, are: Salvahanna, of Bermuda; Osiris, of Egypt; Horus, of Egypt; Odin, of Scandinavia; Zoroaster, of Persia; Baal, of Phœnicia; Taut, of Phœnicia; Bali, of Afghanistan; Xamolxis, of Thrace; Zoar, of the Bonzes; Adad, of Assyria; Deva Tat, of Siam; Alcides, of Thebes; Mikado, of the Shintō; Beddru, of Japan; Thor, of the Gauls; Cadmus, of Greece; Hil and Feta, of the Mandaites; Gentaut, of Mexico, and several others, of lesser note.

If the influence of the World's Saviors upon humanity be judged by their present following, it is interesting to note that Chrishna has 400,000,000 adherents; Christ, 200,000,000; Mahomet, 150,000,000; Confucius, 120,000,000; and Mithra, 50,000,000.

Their histories are strangely similar; too much so not to have been derived from a common source. Let us take as type that of Chrichna. It is said of him that his birth was foretold; that he was an incarnate God; his mother a virgin; that he had an adopted father who was a carpenter; that there was rejoicing on earth and in heaven at his birth; that his mother's name was Maia. He was born in obscurity on December 25th; was visited by wise men and shepherds who were

led by a star; was warned of danger by an angel; that all the children near his birthplace were ordered destroyed in order to include him; that his parents fled to Mathura. (An ancient legend states that Joseph and Mary journeyed to a place called Mateira, where they fled from Herod into Egypt.) He had a fore-runner (Bali-Rama); was wise in childhood; was lost and searched for by his parents; had other brothers; retired to solitude; fasted; preached a noteworthy sermon; was entitled a Savior, Redeemer, Shepherd, Lion of the tribe of Sakia; existed prior to birth; and on earth and in heaven at the same time; was both human and divine; did miracles of which one or the first was to cure a leper; healed all manner of diseases; raised the dead; cast out devils; had apostles; reformed the existing religion; abolished law of lineal descent in priesthood; was poor; was conspired against; denounced riches; meek; unmarried and chaste; merciful; associated with sinners; was rebuked for it; befriended a widow; met a gentle woman at a well; submitted to injuries and insults; was a practical philanthropist; had a last supper; was crucified between two thieves; darkness supervened; descended to hell; was resurrected after three days; and seen by many people.

Again, of Quexalcote, the Mexican Savior, we are told, that he was born 300 years before Christ; of a spotless virgin; that he lived a life of humility and piety; retired to a wilderness and fasted forty days; was worshiped; crucified between two thieves; descended to hell and rose again the third day; rode on an ass; forgave sin, etc.

As it will be impossible in the short space of a chapter to note the similar important incidents in the life of each Savior separately, merely the incident will be noted, and under it grouped all the Saviors of whom there is trustworthy evidence of that particular event having been recorded. Let us, then, as an appropriate beginning, take the prophecies concerning their birth. Under this head we find that the coming to earth of Chrishna, Chang-Ti, Osiris, Cadmus, Quirinus, and Quexalcote were all thus foretold, while prophecies of Saviors run through nearly all sacred writings. Thus the Vedas, the Chinese Sacred Books, those of Egypt, Greece, Rome, Mexico,

Arabia, Persia, etc., contain Messianic prophecies. Of Saviors connected in some manner with a Serpent-symbol, we have Osiris, spoken of as having bruised the serpent's head after it had bitten his heel; Hercules is represented with his heel on a serpent's head; Chrishna is both pictured and sculptured with his heel on a serpent's head; Persia has the same legend to the effect that Ormuzd made the first two pure, and that Ahri-man took a serpent-form in order to tempt them.

Miraculous conceptions are recorded of:

Plato, who was said to have been a son of Apollo;

Zoroaster, born of a Ray of Divine Wisdom;

Mars and Vulcan, conceived by Juno; Quexalcote, of Suchiquetqual;

Yu, of a lily, or a star;

Appolonius, of Proteus;

Buddha, of Mahamaya;

Chrichna, of Yasoda, by Narayana;

Jesus, of Mary, by the Holy Ghost.

Of Virgin Mothers we have:

Yasoda, mother of Chrishna;

Maia, of Sakia;

Celestine, of Zulis;

Chimalman, of Quexalcote;

Semele, of Bacchus;

Prudence, of Hercules;

Alcmene, of Alcides;

Shing-mon, of Yu;

Mayence, of Hesus;

Mary, of Jesus.

Angels, shepherds, magi, etc., visited:

Confucius,

Chrishna,

Sakia,

Mithra,

Pythagoras,

Zoroaster, and Jesus.

The births of many were preceded by the appearance of a new star, and occurred upon December 25th, formerly the beginning of the new year. Of those to whom this date is specifically assigned we have:

Bacchus,

Adonis,

Chrishna,

Chang-ti,

Chris (of Chaldea),

Mithra,

Sakia,

Jao (of Ancient Britain), and Jesus.

Jesus is often spoken of poetically as

the Lamb of God. Other nations have been equally poetical in the titles they have given their particular Savior. Thus we find Chrishna spoken of as the Holy Lamb; Quexalcote, as the Ram of God; the Ceits had their holy Heifer; and Egypt its sacred Bull.

Of Jesus and Chrishna it is recorded that they were born in caves, for the manger in which the birth of the former is declared to have occurred was hollowed out of a hillside.

Of infants threatened by hostile rulers, we have:

Bacchus,
Romulus,
Chrishna,
Osiris,
Zoroaster,
Alsides,
Yu,
Rama,
Indra,
Salvahana, and Jesus.

The two last were sons of carpenters. (World Builders?)

The Wisdom Religion affirms that there are seven keys to all these myths according as we read them in a human, terrestrial, cosmic, or other sense. To turn the astronomical key to the above, we find that Herod means the "Hero of the Skin," or Hercules, and that the Sun (Hercules) enters Gemimi in May. Rachel equals Ramah, and Ramah means the Zodiac in both Indian and Chaldean astronomy. Rachel had Joseph and Benjamin; Gemimi has two stars. He who runs may easily read.

Of those who descended into hell and were resurrected after three days we have:

Quexalcote,
Chrishna,
Quirinus,
Pormetheus,
Osiris,
Atys,
Mithra,
Chris, and Jesus.

If we examine the doctrines of these Saviors we shall find the same close analogy, bespeaking a common origin, that the "Religion of Jesus Christ is neither new nor strange," as was asserted by Eusebius, and that St. Augustine was quite right in claiming that: "This in our day is the Christian religion, not as having been unknown in former times, but as

recently having received that name."

Among other resemblances we note that the doctrine of the Trinity was recognized in Brahmanism, Zoroastrianism, and in the religions of Chaldea, China, Mexico, and Greece. Speaking of this doctrine of the Trinity, Bishop Powell declares: "I not only confess but I maintain such a similarity between the Trinity of Philo and that of John as bespeaks a common origin." The ceremony of the Eucharist was also observed by the Essenes, Persians, Pythagoreans, and Gnostics who used as elements bread and water. It also was recognized and taught by the Brahmans and Mexicans. St. Justin indignantly remarks of it: "And this very solemnity an evil spirit introduced into the mysteries of Mithra." The pious Faber also laments that: "The devil led the heathen to anticipate Christ in several things, as, for example, the Eucharist." Baptism by water, fire, air, or spirit was a portion of the sacred teachings of the Romans, Egyptians, Zoroastrians, Jews, Hindus, Greeks, and Chaldeans.

Throughout all, and the golden thread which is the religion or rebinding of them all, run the teachings of reincarnation, karma, and universal brotherhood. And it is needless to remark that all of them endeavored to make this latter teaching practical. The golden rule is found in the mouths of all of them, as was to have been expected. Below are a few instances taken mostly from the teachings of their disciples:

Confucius, 500 B. C.—Do unto another what you would have him do unto you. Thou needest this law alone. It is the foundation for all the rest.

Aristotle, 385 B. C.—We should conduct ourselves toward others as we would have them act towards us.

Pittacus, 650 B. C.—Do not to your neighbor what you would take ill from him.

Thales, 464 B. C.—Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing.

Iocrates, 338 B. C.—Act towards others as you would desire them to act towards you.

Sextus, 406 B. C.—What you wish your neighbors to be to you such be to them.

Hillel, 50 B. C.—Do not to others what you would not like others do to you.—*From "The Evidence of Immortality."*

(To Be Continued.)

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton discovered a new world when he went into Asia Minor, a world where the spiritual forces count more heavily than the material. Naturally enough he was perplexed at the discovery that there was knowledge other than that of the white man and he does not stay to question the reality of that knowledge because it was obvious. It was not at all in the domain of doubt. Thus he says:

... They spoke of a solitary soldier at the end of a single telephone wire across the wastes, hearing of something that had that moment happened hundreds of miles away, and then coming upon a casual Bedouin who knew it already. They spoke of the whole tribes moving and on the march, upon news that could only come a little later by the swiftest wires of the white man. They offered no explanation of these things; they simply knew they were there, like the palm-trees and the moon. They did not say it was "telepathy"; they lived much too close to realities for that. That word, which will instantly leap to the lips of too many of my readers, strikes me as merely an evidence of two of our great modern improvements; the love of long words and the loss of common sense. It may have been telepathy, whatever that is; but a man must be almost stunned with stupidity if he is satisfied to say telepathy as if he were saying telegraphy. If everybody is satisfied about how it is done, why does not everybody do it? Why does not a cultivated clergyman in Cornwall make a casual remark to an old friend of his at the University of Aberdeen? Why does not a harassed commercial traveler in Barcelona settle a question by merely thinking about his business partner in Berlin? The common sense of it is, of course, that the name makes no sort of difference; the mys-

tery is why some people can do it and others can not; and why it seems to be easy in one place and impossible in another. In other words it comes back to that very mystery which of all mysteries the modern world thinks most superstitious and senseless; the mystery of locality. It works hack at last to the hardest of all the hard sayings of supernaturalism; that there is such a thing as holy or unholy ground, as divinely or diabolically inspired people; that there may be such things as sacred sites or even sacred stones; in short that the airy nothing of spiritual essence, evil or good, can have quite literally a local habitation and a name.

Mr. Chesterton is a little afraid of Asia and he speaks of its monstrous heathendom. We wonder if he is aware that Asia speaks in the same way of us, marveling at our materialism, our grossness, and the blindness that seals our eyes:

It is not a mere romance that calls it a land of magic, or even of black magic. Those who carry that atmosphere to us are not the romanticists, but the realists. Every one can feel it in the work of Mr. Rudyard Kipling; and when I once remarked on his repulsive little masterpiece called "The Mark of the Beast" to a rather cynical Anglo-Indian officer, he observed moodily, "It's a beastly story. But those devils really can do jolly queer things." It is but to take a commonplace example out of countless more notable ones to mention the many witnesses to the mango trick. Here again we have from time to time to weep over the weak-mindedness that hurriedly dismisses it as the practice of hypnotism. It is as if people were asked to explain how one unarmed Indian had killed three hundred men, and they said it was only the practice of human sacrifice. Nothing that we know as hypnotism will enable a man to alter the eyes in the heads of a huge crowd of total strangers; wide awake in broad day-

light; and if it is hypnotism, it is something so appallingly magnified as to need a new magic to explain the explanation; certainly something that explains it better than a Greek word for sleep. But the impression of these special instances is but one example of a more universal impression of the Asiatic atmosphere; and that atmosphere itself is only an example of something vaster still for which I am trying to find words. Asia stands for something which the world in the West as well as the East is more and more feeling as a presence, and even a pressure. It might be called the spiritual world let loose; or a sort of psychical anarchy; a jungle of mango plants. And it is pressing upon the West also today because of the breaking down of certain materialistic barriers that have hitherto held it back. In plain words the attitude of science is not only modified; it is now entirely reversed. I do not say it with mere pleasure; in some ways I prefer our materialism to their spiritualism. But for good or evil the scientists are now destroying their own scientific world.

Nearly all the latest discoveries of science have been destructive of science itself. Not even the conservation of energy could be conserved. The atom is smashed atoms, and dancing to the time of Professor Einstein, even the law of gravity is behaving with lamentable levity:

And when a man looks at the portrait of himself he really does not see himself. He sees his Other Self, which some say is the opposite of his ordinary self; his Subconscious Self or Subliminal Self, said to rage and rule in his dreams, or a suppressed self which hates him though it is hidden from him; or the Alter Ego of a Dual Personality. It is not to my present purpose to discuss the merit of these speculations, or whether they be medicinal or morbid. My purpose is served in pointing out the plain historical fact; that if you had talked to a Utilitarian and Rationalist of Bentham's time, who told men to follow "enlightened self-interest," he would have been considerably bewildered if you had replied brightly and briskly, "And to which self do you refer: the sub-conscious, the conscious, the latently criminal or suppressed, or others that we fortunately have in stock?" When the man looks at his own portrait in his own bedroom, it does really melt into the face of a stranger or flicker into the face of a fiend. When he looks at the bedroom itself, in short, it becomes clearer and clearer that it is exactly this comfortable and solid part of the vision that is altering and breaking up. It is the walls and furniture that are only a dream or memory. And when he looks again at the incongruous rose-bush, he seems to smell as well as see; and he stretches forth his hand, and his finger bleeds upon a thorn.

Mr. Chesterton is not disposed to argue as to the source of these strange new forces or as to their nature, diabolic or otherwise. But at least he has no

patience with that arch-stupidity, the subconsciousness:

... It is not theological but psychological study that has brought us back into this dark underworld of the soul, where even identity seems to dissolve or divide, and men are not even themselves. I do not say that psychologists admit the discovery of demoniacs; and if they did they would doubtless call them something else, such as demonomaniacs. But they admit things which seem almost as near to a new supernaturalism, and things quite as incredible to the old rationalism. Dual personality is not so very far from diabolic possession. And if the dogma of subconsciousness allows of agnosticism, the agnostic cuts both ways. A man can not say there is a part of him of which he is quite unconscious, and only conscious that it is not in contact with the unknown. He can not say there is a sealed chamber or cellar under his house, of which he knows nothing whatever; but that he is quite certain that it can not have an underground passage leading anywhere else in the world. He can not say he knows nothing whatever about its size or shape or appearance, except that it certainly does not contain a relic of the finger-joint of St. Catherine of Alexandria, or that it certainly is not haunted by the ghost of King Herod Agrippa. If there is any sort of legend or tradition or plausible probability which says that it is, he can not call a thing impossible where he is not only ignorant, but even unconscious. It comes back therefore to the same reality, that the old compact cosmos depended on a compact consciousness. If we are dealing with unknown quantities, we can not deny their connection with other unknown quantities. If I have a self of which I can say nothing, how can I even say that it is my own self? How can I even say that I always had it, or that it did not come from somewhere else? It is clear that we are in very deep waters, whether or not we have rushed down a steep place to fall into them.

Mr. Chesterton does not quite like these new forces, or rather these newly observed forces. They disturb the serenities of "revealed religion." They display "heathenism" in a new light and the public may not think it to be an altogether unfavorable light.

THE NEW JERUSALEM. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: George H. Doran Company: \$3.

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

THE REAPING.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continued.)

It may be my narrative appears discursive to the point of aimless rambling.

I can only repeat that not one of the various and apparently trivial details may with impunity be left out of the telling of the tale. A true story is likely to differ from fiction in that its pattern resembles a many-toned tapestry, while the romancer may render his yarns in the most brilliant of colors and the most futuristic of designs. But observe, if you will, how, once the last threads are woven in the complicated maze of Reality's loom, the vast picture stands forth in all its profound significance.

The Christmas season was well over, but I still made excuse to holiday in the south. We are about to start out one sunny morning for a day's run in the machine, when a boy brought me a wire from Mr. C. imploring me to return at once, that his wife lay close to death in the L— Hospital.

I had barely finished scribbling word that I would leave that very morning on the Limited, due to arrive in San Francisco the same evening, when a second messenger wheeled up the drive with another telegram. It was from my friend and colleague, Dr. Barton, in whose competent hands I invariably left my practice when away from the city.

His message was explicit. Mrs. C. had sustained a fractured spine directly above the third lumbar vertebra, with complete paralysis of the lower limbs. Thanks to her youth and perfect health, there was a remote chance that she might live if, and here he could not be certain, the injury to the spinal cord was a matter of compression rather than lesion. This could not be ascertained until she had recovered somewhat from the double shock of the fall and the loss of her child. The husband's mental state was a cause for anxiety, and the doctor greatly desired my advice in the matter.

Now for the most part these cases of fracture-dislocation are beyond the reach of the boldest operative measures. Their usual history is that the sufferer lingers, a helpless invalid, for a term of weeks of months, even in rare instances years, until one of any of half a dozen possible

complications set in and terminates fatally.

For answer I duplicated my reply to Mr. C., tossed a few things into my bag, and was aboard the train within thirty minutes, leaving Robin startled into absolute silence by this, his first experience of the manifold pitfalls that beset the path of human happiness.

As ill luck would have it the train was delayed six mortal hours by a washout, and when at last we pulled into the Townsend Street station a dense fog lay over the city.

I went directly into a telephone booth and got Dr. Barton's house, only to learn that he had been called out an hour before, they did not know where. It seemed the height of foolishness to go to the L— Hospital at that hour of the night unless Mrs. C.'s case was reaching some sudden crisis, so I called the hospital resident physician and learned from him that she was asleep and resting better than she had done since her accident. He had no idea where I would find Mr. C., who had been staying close to the hospital for days, but had that evening gone out, possibly to meet me, since I was expected around 7 o'clock.

I left word that I would be at the hospital promptly at 8 in the morning, and so to inform Dr. Barton if they got in touch with him. Then, picking up my bag, I stepped out into the main waiting-room.

Fifteen minutes before it had been full of bustling humanity; now there remained but a group of Italians, vociferous to a degree, whose apparently endless progress through the doors was complicated by the gathering up of innumerable bundles and baskets and small children of assorted sizes, every one of them tired and cross and bent on announcing the fact to an unsympathetic world.

By the exercise of a nice diplomacy I wedged past them and went rocketing through a section of the revolving doors in undignified haste. Not a cab nor yet a street-car was in sight, and as I stood waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up I made out, through the engulfing gloom, the figure of a man a lurching about close to the main entrance of the station. One of the many human derelicts, I thought, watching him stupidly enough, my mind mostly occupied with wishing a car would come

along. But presently it dawned on me that the fellow's movements, although so uncertain, were those of a man blind with fatigue. True, he lurched forward like a brig in a stormy sea, but his recovery was tense to rigidity, quite unlike the loose, rolling gait of a man sodden with liquor.

At that instant he drew up beneath the dim street lamp and I saw to my consternation that it was Mr. C., a Mr. C. with face as gray as the vapors that drifted around his head, and with lips pressed into a thin, vertical line against grimly set jaw. His sunken, weary eyes looked directly at me, but there was no sight in them, nor could they have been more glazed when they closed for the last time to earth. I saw at once that I had to do with a man who for the time being was no more than a desperately driven automaton. Quietly I moved toward him, speaking his name, not venturing to touch him.

I am a surgeon and physician of many years' standing, and I have gotten used to dealing impersonally with many things the bare mention of which would dismay and depress the average man. With terrible suffering, both of mind and body, I am only too familiar, but I have never been able to school myself against the wrench of hurt that seizes me when I stand in the presence of a gallant soul, stripped naked and aquiver with sorrow, yet imposing inexorable discipline on its weak and fainting body. It is a spectacle like to win tribute from the coldest heart, also, especially in these days of easy living and surface thinking, to put one to wonder.

As water poured into a cup, or, again, and better, as the heated furnace begins to glow red against its iron frame, so Mr. C. poured the wine of his tremendous will into the all but broken cup of his body, and almost at once I saw its living fire leap to the windows of his eyes.

He knew me then, and he met me with a hand pulsing with fever. At that moment the kind gods, no less, sent an empty taxi. I got him into the machine and gave the driver my home address, overruling his quick objection by assuring him that I had just talked with the L— Hospital house physician and that he reported Mrs. C. to be sleeping quietly with every prospect of continuing to do so until morning. Knowing my man, I

added bluntly that I intended to take him home with me and put him to bed, and that if he did not submit unreservedly to my orders he would be on his way to brain fever within twenty-four hours.

Assuming an authority I did not altogether feel, I forbade his talking, as I saw he was disposed to do. I told him that I was to be at the hospital early in the morning, and I made it plain that if he expected to accompany me he must put himself unreservedly in my professional hands.

He did not argue with me; his always admirable common sense stood him in good stead in this serious emergency; and, besides, my own will, for once at least, dominated and silenced any objection he might have undertaken to make.

Once home, and I was glad enough to get him there, I myself superintended his warm bath and tucked him away in a room adjoining mine after administering as stiff a bromide mixed with opiate as I dared give in a single dose. An hour later I crept into his room to see whether it had taken proper effect and found him broad awake and with a steadily mounting fever. There was nothing for it, if I were not to have a patient raving with delirium before morning, but another and more powerful opiate. I gave the hypodermic at once and then settle down to the routine of changing ice-caps once in so often for the remainder of the night.

I say "night," and to all appearance it was deep night, although the hall clock had chimed five, for now the fog had changed into a heavy rain and there was not a rift in the sky to show from what direction the dawn might be expected. Now and again there was a rumble of thunder and a sharp flash of lightning, unusual phenomena for this part of the world. The air was unpleasantly charged with electricity, and I remember that as I bent over the now sleeping man, counting the erratic pulse and subduing my breathing that I might better mark his own, I was seized with the uncanny impression that there was some one, or something, in that room other than our two selves, and that, although unseen, it was corporeal enough in an evil body made of the wild and passionate elements that warred together in the storm.

And I remember something else. I remember that I seemed to feel the rush of a sickish, clammy wind in my face.

and that it slid and settled over my mouth and nostrils, as if it sought to block forever the tides of vital air.

(To Be Continued.)

CRUCIFIED SAVIORS.

(By Jerome A. Anderson.)

(Concluded.)

There are many other quotations which show the real, inner agreement better than a host of external forms. For example:

Buddha—A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me. Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule.

Lao-Tse—The good I would meet with goodness. The not good I would meet with goodness also. The faithful I would meet with faith also. Virtue is faithful. Recompense injury with kindness.

Manu—By forgiveness of injuries the learned are purified.

Kwan-Yin—Never will I seek nor receive private, individual salvation; never enter into final peace alone; but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout the world.

Philo, the Essenian—It is our first duty to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

Socrates, voicing the divine wisdom left as the heirloom of Greece by Pythagoras—It is not permitted to return evil for evil.

If men would seek for points of agreement in their separate faiths, and rejoice when a new one had been found, how quickly would all this religious intolerance disappear; how the hands of all who recognize reverence and adoration as the highest and holiest faculty of the soul would be strengthened for their common conflict with those who believe and teach that man is but as the beasts of the field, who are today, and tomorrow are not. The Nazarine declared that he had other sheep "Not of this fold"; Christna, that "In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them," and again, "In whatever form a devotee desires with faith to worship, it is I alone who inspire him with constancy therein."

He who reveres the God-like man, and he who worships the man-like God, may both have the same thought in their inmost heart. Certainly, all who worship THAT, under whatever term they may seek to make it comprehensible to the finite intellect, ought to have no quarrel over words, and he who, in spirit of sympathy and tolerance for all, studies the inner essence of the world's great religions will quickly discover that words, and words alone, divide them, and that if one is true, all are. And who will dare assert that all religions are false?—From *"The Evidence of Immortality."*

THE VISION OF THE SUPREME.

(By Plotinus.)

What, then, is the one and what its Nature? We can not be surprised to find it difficult to tell of, since even Existence and the Ideas resist our penetration though all our knowing is based upon the Ideas.

The further the human Soul, or Mind, ventures towards the Formless (to what is either above or below Form and Idea), the more is it troubled; it becomes itself, as it were, undefined, unshaped, in face of the shifting variety before it and so it is utterly unable to take hold; it slips away; it feels that it can grasp nothing. It is at pain in these alien places, and often is glad to give up all its purpose and to fall back upon the solid ground of the sense-grasped world and there take rest—much as the eye, wearied of the minute and fine, is eased when it meets the large and bold.

Besides, the Soul when it ventures the vision unaided thinks itself balked from the very fact that it can see only by completely possessing its object, that is by becoming one within itself and one with The One; perfectly assimilated to the object of its contemplation, it recognizes no vision. Despite all this difficulty, there is a way; and this way must be taken by those that desire the life of Wisdom within The One. That which we seek is The One, the Principle of the Universe, The Good and the First; therefore, the way is to keep ourselves in close neighborhood of Unity, never allowing ourselves to fall away towards the lower sphere of Multiplicity; we must keep calling ourselves back from the sense-known world . . . to the Primals, from all that is evil to the Abso-

lute Good; we must ascend to this Principle within ourselves, making ourselves one out of our manyness; that is we must become Intellectual-Principle alone by throwing the entire Soul in confidence into the Intellectual-Principle and so establishing it There that thenceforth, in the plenitude of life, it shall take to itself all that the Intellectual-Principle sees and thus shall see The One, no longer asking aid from any sense, no longer paying heed to anything that comes by sense, but with pure Intellection and the topmost Puissance of the Intellective-Principle contemplating the All-Pure.

Our greatest difficulty is that consciousness of The One COMES NOT BY KNOWLEDGE, not even by such an intuitive Intellection as possesses us of the lower members of the Intellectual Order, but by an actual Presence superior to any knowing. The Soul, when it deals with matters of knowledge, suffers a certain decline from its Unity, for knowing is still an act of reasoning, and reasoning is a multiple act, an act which leads the Soul down to the sphere of number and multiplicity. The Soul, therefore, must rise above knowledge, above all its wandering from its Unity; it must hold itself aloof from all knowing and from all the knowable and from the very contemplation of Beauty and Good, for all Beauty and Good are later than this, springing from This as the daily light springs from the sun.

Hence it is that we read of the "Greatness, not to be spoken of, not to be written." If we here speak and write, it is but as guides to those that long to see: we send them to the Place Itself, bidding them from words to the Vision: the teaching is of the path and the plan, seeing is the work of each Soul for itself. Some there are that for all their effort have not attained the Vision: the Soul in them has come to no sense of the Splendour There: it has not taken warmth; it has not felt burning within itself the flame of love for What is There to know, the passion of the lover resting on the bosom of his love. They have received the Authentic Light; all their Soul has gleamed as they have drawn near; but, they come with a load on the shoulders which has held them back from the Place of Vision; they have not ascended in the pure integrity of their

being, but are burdened with that which keeps them apart: they are not yet all one within.

The Supreme is not absent from any one, and yet is absent from all; present everywhere, It is absent except only to those that are prepared to receive It. Those that have wrought themselves to harmony with It, that have seized It and hold It by virtue of their own Likeness to It and by the power in themselves akin to the power which rays from It. These and these only, whose Soul is again as it was when it came from out of the Divine, are free of what Vision of the Supreme Its mighty nature allows.

The Soul restored to Likeness goes to its Like and holds of the Supreme all that Soul can hold . . . that which is before all things that are, over and apart from all the universe of Existence. This is not to say that in this plunging into the Divine the Soul reaches nothingness: it is when it is evil that it sinks towards nothingness: by this way, this that leads to the Good, it finds itself; when it is the Divine it is truly itself, no longer a thing among things. It abandons Being to become a Beyond-Being when its converse is in the Supreme. He who knows himself to have become such, knows himself now an image of the Supreme; and when the phantasm has returned to the Original, the journey is achieved. Suppose him to fall again from the Vision, he will call up the virtue within him and, seeing himself all glory again, he will take his upward flight once more, through virtue to the Divine Mind, through the Wisdom There to the Supreme. And this is the life of the Gods, and of Godlike men, a life without love of the world, a flight of the Alone to the Alone.

"You will not dismiss your Soul lest it go forth" . . . (taking something with it).

For wheresoever it go, it will be in some definite condition, and its going forth is to some new place. The Soul will wait for the body to be completely severed from it; then it makes no departure; it simply finds itself free.

But how does the body come to be separated?

The separation takes place when nothing of the Soul remains bound up with it: the harmony within the body, by virtue of which the Soul was retained, is

broken and it can no longer hold its guest.

But when a man contrives the dissolution of the body, it is he that has used violence and torn himself away, not the body that has let the soul slip from it. And in loosing the bond he has not been without passion; there has been revolt or grief or anger, movements which it is unlawful to indulge.

But if a man feel himself to be losing his reason?

That is not likely in the Sage, but if it should occur, it must be classed with the inevitable, to be welcome at the bidding of fact though not for its own sake. To call upon drugs to the release of the soul seems a strange way of assisting its purposes.

And if there be a period allotted to all by fate, to anticipate the hour could not be a happy act, unless, as we have indicated, under stern necessity.

If every one is to hold in the other world a standing determined by the state in which he quitted this, there must be no withdrawal as long as there is any hope of progress.—From *"The Ethical Treatises,"* Published by Philip Lee Warner, 7 Grafton Street, London.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

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

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 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 Causation"; the *effect* of an act produced egoistically, in face of the great Law of Harmony which depends on altruism.

THIRST.

Why does not that bird
Who is perched yonder on the topmost
bough
Drink from the cool pool in the garden?
He waits with open beak turned sky-
ward
Determined that his thirst shall be
quenched
Only by the falling, summer rain.

Do you see that white ship made of
cloud
Afloat in the illimitable sea of blue sky?
Where do you suppose it came from?
With what dreams is it freighted?
Presently it will anchor above the trees
And smoothly, gently, down the swaying
gangway of wind
There will slide its precious cargo,
And we will say:
"Come, children, hold up your cups,
It is beginning to rain again."

In my garden there is a yellow rose-
bush,
And on it there flowers one single lovely
rose.
Every day its face is lifted like a chalice
Up to the round, shining sun
Drinking the fiery nectar and becoming
more golden thereby.
Today there came a shower
With wind and hail and sharp thunder.
Suddenly it was clear again,
But the petals of my rose were fluttering
Down to the grave of wet earth.
As they drifted and finally settled
I saw in the arc of the rainbow
The reflection of a perfect, open blossom
And I heard a tiny, sweet voice singing
"Now, now, I shall be one with my lover—
the sun.

—J. A. H.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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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TIME AND SPACE.

A theosophical writer with something to say that is new and also intelligent is so much of a *rara avis* that there should be a warm welcome for Mr. Victor A. Endersby and for his little book, "The Gateway Out of Time and Space," lately published by the Infant Press at 950 Corona Street, Denver, Colorado (price 50 cents). Mr. Endersby does not label his book as theosophical. He is not guilty of the folly of saying that something is true because some one says that it is true. On the contrary he asks us to determine for ourselves the extent of the knowledge that we now have, and then to cast around for some way in which its domain may be enlarged. No knowledge whatsoever can be conferred by authority.

The author leaves us in no doubt as to the line that he intends to take nor as to the inspiration that he has received from Einstein and Ouspensky. The study of any science, he says, is not a study of things as they really are, but of "modes of motion of the mind," in other words of ideas. And so he begins at once with what he calls the Fourth Dimension, going thence to the Einstein theory and concluding with Reincarnation and the "That Thou Art" of the Upanishads.

An aid to a comprehension of the Fourth Dimension may be found in a consideration of the limitations of the

Two-Dimensional Being or the Duodim:

Imagine a being living on a sheet of paper, capable only of seeing along the surface of the sheet. To him all things above and below the sheet do not exist. If he can see only along the sheet, then the sheet is always flat to him. We can bend it in any manner, and the being would never cognize the difference.

Let us mark off two points on the sheet, six inches apart, one on each side of our being, whom we shall call a duodim. Now let us bend the sheet until the points come infinitely near together. To us the distance between them has vanished. But to the duodim, seeing along the curved surface of the sheet, which has not changed its length, the points would still be six inches apart. So with us, two points a great distance apart on the earth may be infinitely near from the four dimension viewpoint. It may be objected that this view involves the bending of light rays along the surface of the sheet, and an impossible limitation of perception on the part of the duodim. But the curved nature of space, and the consequent bending of light rays, is just what Einstein has proven; and incidentally proven that our perception of *real* space is exactly analogous to the duodim's perception of *our* space.

The author has an ingenious theory to explain the phenomena of multiple personalities. The soul, he tells us, at each incarnation puts forth a personality as a plant puts forth a flower. At death the personality enters into the soul and becomes a part of it. The whole individual is therefore built up of the personalities developed in all previous incarnations:

Sometimes, in abnormal cases, especially in extreme need, the Oversoul drops one or more of its previous personalities into the physical body, for the purpose of taking the reins from an incapacitated new personality.

In all those on record, it is noticed that successive personalities are superior to the normal one in some respect. We have cases of moral perversion where the irrupting personality is of a highly moral tone, but physically weak. We have the opposite cases where the normal personality is in desperate physical straits and the new personality, which is never bad, but sometimes mischievous, is robustly healthy or cheerful. Then we have other cases where the incoming personality seems to be sent for some purpose of the Oversoul (perhaps an unfinished experience from a past life), which is actually inimical to the normal personality. A very typical case is that recorded by Myers, wherein a violently insane girl had her left arm possessed by a sane and uncannily wise secondary personality, which restrained the mad right arm, wrote correct prescriptions for treatment, and predicted minute turns of the malady, sometimes for months ahead.

The author in his chapter on "Mind? Matter?" says that to him it is inconceivable that matter can be other than a function of mind:

In trying to develop a system on this basis the first difficulty arises is this: if the outer world is a function of the mind itself, why is any agreement possible between individuals; why does not each live in a world of his own, as remote from his fellows as when in the land of dreams? The answer lies in the nature of mind. We are accustomed to think of each mind as a separate unit, as distinct from its fellows as one tree is from another, communicating only by the physical senses. But in view of our limited perception of space it is not certain that two trees are really separate; and mind is not to be compared with what we call material objects: not commensurable with them. Trying to deal with minds in the same way as material objects is like measuring time in gallons. In other words, as all matter may be formed of cross sections of a single unit, so all minds may be intrinsically connected, geared together, as it were. The modern trend of psychology and psychic research tend to show that the boundary between minds is not as definite as was supposed. The phenomena of telepathy, mass hallucination, and psychorrhea are very significant. Can we say that all thoughts may not well up from a common source, as the sap flows into the branches of a tree from the trunk? If we consider pure and uncolored consciousness as the sap, capable of developing self-consciousness by means of leaves (senses), we have a close analogy to the appearance of things as they are. If we consider consciousness as acting in this way, it is seen that it would be turned always without, all that which makes up the self-conscious quality having been acquired therefrom. It is to be seen that the source of the basic consciousness would be an utter mystery to the surface portion, and that a thought sent out from the trunk would seem to come from some mysterious subconscious depth. (Subconscious from the viewpoint of the branch, but perhaps vividly self-conscious from the aspect of the trunk.) It is evident that the relation between the branch and the trunk would exist

between the trunk and the roots, and also between the twigs and the branch. So we might have an infinite ramification of personalities, each greater including a number of lesser, which are unconscious of it and serve as its senses. Finally, when we try to turn the consciousness within, to vision that from which our being wells up, we experience a sensation like trying to swim up a stream too powerful for us. The dark stream which maintains our conscious being comes roaring out of the Unknown, with a swirling strength against which all our efforts avail nothing. But perhaps that is because our attempts have been tentative; we have not developed by effort the strength necessary to breast the stream. And that is just what we are told by those claiming to have gone up that river.

It must not be supposed that two or three excerpts can give an adequate idea of Mr. Endersby's work. They can do no more than illustrate his general intent and his style. He deserves to be read with careful attention and the student is advised, when he has reached the last page, to turn back and read it again.

THE REAPING.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continued.)

I admit that the uncanny impression unnerved me for an instant and that my reaction was not altogether complete in spite of the fact that plain common sense told me I had but been under the momentary sway of an unusually distinct and decidedly unpleasant phantasmagoria conjured up by my own perplexed and sympathetic thoughts concerning poor Mr. C.

Reprimanding myself for acting like a nervous old woman, I shaded the night lamp still further and stretched myself out in a cushioned chair, determined to nap for half an hour, since my patient now lay in relaxed and profound slumber, thanks to the powerful drug.

But sleep did not come on demand. I found myself going over and over the puzzling situation. I could not rid myself of the idea that before me lay a man prostrated by no ordinary grief. That he sincerely and devotedly loved his young wife I had no manner of doubt; nevertheless I did not believe that his affection amounted to that *grande passion* of which we read now and again, but concerning which we actually know very little. Which ignorance is probably a merciful dispensation of Providence, since it seems to have always in-

volved the people concerned in calamitous events of one kind or another.

I studied his face. It was a veritable death-mask of weariness. The conviction grew upon me that here in truth was no ordinary human grief, however tender, but a disorder that accompanied a state of almost paralytic horror.

What under heaven, beside the dreadful enough physical catastrophe, could have occurred!

Presently I dozed. It is not surprising that sleep should have brought first a momentary oblivion, then an upsurging of that weird notion of a *something* in the room, now metamorphized into the wildest of nightmares.

In my horrid dream I watched a blotch of bluish phosphorescence wavering to and fro, rising and falling like an unholy flame about the sleeping man. At first it was as tenuous as any mist and the incessant agitation of its thin mass enough to threaten its dispersion. Then from the centre there issued a spurt of dull crimson which erected itself like an angry serpent, growing huge and substantial with the swiftness of thought, marching forward on its tail until it loomed above its unconscious victim, where it bent its flat, evil head, keeping up all the while a rhythmical, cradling motion the very memory of which is enough to turn me ill as I write of it.

Desperately I fought my way to wakefulness. So realistic was the hellish phantasy that I sprang to Mr. C.'s bedside expecting to find I know not what. And well it was for him that I did so, for he lay with rigidly locked jaws, emitting infrequent, stentorian breaths and with only just discernible pulse.

The emergency could hardly have been graver. Within a very few minutes I had summoned Mrs. Mellin, sent for my special nurse, and compressed the spine preparatory to the injection of tetano-antitoxin.

I have no intention of entering into any long speculation as to how the unfortunate man contracted the formidable disease whose intermittent spasms racked his body for three successive days. Those of my readers who have even a cursory knowledge of pathology will recall that tetanus is caused by a specific bacillus entering into the system by way of a wound (which may be no

more than a slight abrasion of the skin) and multiplying rapidly in the blood. This is the modern teaching. But although I made a most thorough examination of the surface of his body I found not so much as a sign of a scratch. At that time it occurred to me (as it occurs to me now as I write, and with added force) that in spite of complete symptomatic evidence to the contrary the disease was not due to the introduction of an earth bacillus.

I have said that his every symptom tallied with that of tetanus; that is not quite accurate. A peculiarity of true tetanus is that the patient's mind remains throughout pellucidly clear, even painfully so. But Mr. C., in the intervals between terrible muscular contortions, and in the face of a sub-normal temperature, gave grounds for the belief that he labored under the hallucinations of delirium. Curiously enough, they appeared to be of a nature analogous to that of my uncomfortable nightmare. . . .

I have no solution to offer, and for the excellent reason that no explanation covering the entire situation has presented itself to me, although, as you may well imagine, I have pondered it often enough.

Those three days were ones of grim, unceasing battle, for we fought, not only for his life, but for his sanity also. There were times when it seemed that we were outgeneraled, beaten by mysterious powers and principalities of non-human and incredibly malign nature. A preposterous notion, surely; and yet it was one I did not succeed in wholly dismissing from my mind. In some unaccountable manner it conveyed itself—perhaps from my mind, perhaps from the clouded mind of Mr. C.—to my usually cool-headed, iron-nerved, favorite nurse and to her assistant, a young woman of almost phlegmatic temperament. It was exceeding strange, to say the least, and as tormenting as it was strange.

With Mr. C.'s convalescence it vanished of its own accord, and, so I thought, forever. But as I write I begin to suspect that it merely retired into a convenient hole, as the physical relative in whose abominable likeness it showed itself is wont to do, and that it is likely to pop out at me from the most unexpected quarter as time goes on.

Here, if you like, is a very fair example of the tenacious hold that a strong suggestion has upon the subconscious. Its origin may be obscure and shadowy enough and it may undergo never so many chameleon changes, but it is become an inherent part of the mind and from that particular stratum where it hibernates it will certainly arise at some time or another to plague or gladden the heart of its possessor.

I had been home one week to the day before my overcrowded time and Mrs. C.'s condition allowed of my making an examination of her spine. Dr. Barton's foreboding was more than justified. The lesion was beyond repair and there remained only to assure what measure of comfort was possible by the best of nursing until a kind release should come to her.

Very nearly the second week had passed before Mr. C. had recovered sufficiently to ask in a coherent fashion after his wife. In the interim I had had a long talk with Miss Sair, Mrs. C.'s sister, who, poor creature, had collapsed completely as soon as the emergency—to whose demands I could see she had risen nobly—had been tided over.

From her I learned that a month or so before the accident Mrs. C. had been troubled with an odd, recurrent dream, and that she had acted out that dream in a somnambulant condition. She would imagine that she had been awakened from a peaceful sleep by the constant flapping of the roller curtain that shaded the window at the head of her bed. In this dream within a dream she would arise, take the few necessary steps to open the window, climb on a chair, take down the shade, and stand it beside the window, always promising herself that the weak spring which prevented the shade's snug rolling against the casing was attended to the next day. In the morning there would be the chair close to the window and the detached curtain as evidence that, step by step, she had exploited her dream of the night, impelled to action by who can say what agency!

Naturally such a proceeding held for her a very plain element of danger, since every window in the house was unusually long for its width and reached almost to the floor. Although her husband and

sister purposely made light of the affair they were seriously uneasy, and when the second repetition occurred Mr. C. quietly, and unknown to his wife, cut the pulley cord of the lower sash of the particular window that figured in the dream so that it could be opened only from the top. Also they had contrived a pair of heavy velveteen curtains for that one window and so did away entirely with the annoying shade. After this new arrangement the dream had repeated itself but once. Then, quite as though it recognized that its purpose—if it had one—was thwarted, it ceased to assert itself, so far, at least, as Mrs. C.'s waking recollection went, and there was no more walking about in sleep.

Then came the night of the tragedy.

Mr. C., coming in toward midnight, had let himself into the house on the side opposite the garden and had settled himself quietly in the room just off from the kitchen which he now occupied in order that his late homecoming should not disturb his wife's too easily broken slumber.

It was early morning when Miss Sair, who used a room adjoining that of her sister's and who after several wakeful nights with neuralgia was sleeping more soundly than usual, discovered the empty bed and the straight chair overturned by the window at the extreme end of the room. It was a south window, below which was the neglected garden, and during the sunny days it is invariably wide open. By a fateful mischance Miss Sair had forgotten to adjust it for the night as she was in the habit of doing by raising it slightly from the bottom and lowering the upper sash to its full length. Through this window and into that accursed pile of brick just below Mrs. C. had fallen they did not know how many hours before. She was wholly unconscious when they found her and only by a miracle not already dead.

What demoniacal something had prompted the rehearsal of that dream within a dream on the one night when precaution slumbered and fearful consequences were thus made possible! For that, undoubtedly, was what happened. There were the pitiful evidences of the overturned chair and a roller shade still dangling about the window on its one undetached end.

"A dream, merely a dream," we say

glibly and vaguely and forget so soon as we can the untoward things that menace us all at some time or another through merely a dream.

When the day came that Mr. C. put me the question, "Will Dorothy walk again?" I did not equivocate. There was nothing to be gained thereby, and besides he would have detected it at once.

"No, my boy. We surgeons are helpless here. I wish to God it were otherwise."

He took it quietly, stoically. I felt that I had but told him that which he already knew, alas, only too well. Silence fell between us. I found a chair, a bit blindly, and sat down by his bedside.

"Doctor," he said finally, "do you suppose that if a man were the victim of an inhibition of many years standing it could so react on his mind, and here I refer only to his subconscious mind, that he could all unwittingly infect another human being with its poisonous virus?"

The question was startling to a degree. I turned amazed eyes upon him, and if I ever have seen sheer agony I saw it then. Also there was in his tormented gaze a strange look, like that of a splendid forest animal caught in a relentless trap and not yet quite believing in the reality of those iron bars that held him from his native freedom.

(To Be Continued.)

THE DIVINE PYMANDER.

Edited by W. W. Westcott.

From Dr. Everard's Translation of 1650.
(The Fourth Book called "The Key.")

Yesterday's speech, O Asclepius, I dedicated to thee, this day's it is fit to dedicate to Tat, because it is an Epitome of those general speeches that were spoken to him.

2. God, therefore, and the Father, and the Good, O Tat, have the same Nature, or rather also the same Act and Operation.

3. For there is one name or appellation of Nature and Increase which concerneth things changeable, and another about things unchangeable, and about things unmovable, that is to say, Things Divine and Human; every one of which, himself will have so to be; but action or operation is of another thing, or elsewhere, as we have taught in other things,

Divine and Human, which must here also be understood.

4. For his Operation or Act, is his Will, and his Essence, and Will all Things to be.

5. For what is God, and the Father, and the Good, but the Being of all things that yet are not, and the existence itself, of those things that are?

6. This is God, this is the Father, this is the Good, whereunto no other thing is present or approacheth.

7. For the World, and the Son, which is also a Father by Participation, is not for all that equally the cause of Good, and of Life, to living Creatures. And if this be so, he is altogether constrained by the Will of the Good, without which it is not possible, either to be, or to be begotten or made.

8. But the Father is the cause of his Children, who hath a will both to sow and nourish that which is good by the Son.

9. For Good is always active or busy in making; and this can not be in any other, but in him that taketh nothing, and yet willeth all things to be; for I will not say, O Tat, making them; for he that maketh is defective in much time, in which sometimes he maketh not, as also of quantity, and quality; for sometimes he maketh those things that have quantity and quality and sometimes the contrary.

10. But God is the Father, and the Good, in being all things; for he both will be this, and is it, and yet all this for himself (as is true) in him that can see it.

11. For all things else are for this, it is the property of Good to be known: This is the Good, O Tat.

12. *Tat*—Thou hast filled us, O Father, with a sight both good and fair, and the eye of my mind is almost become more holy by the sight or spectacle.

13. *Trism*—I wonder not at It, for the Sight of Good is not like the Beam of the Sun, which being of a fiery shining brightness, maketh the eye blind by his excessive Light, that gazeth upon it; rather the contrary, for it enlighteneth, and so much increaseth the light of the eye, as any man is able to receive the influence of this intelligible clearness.

14. For it is more swift and sharp to pierce, and innocent or harmless withal, and full of immortality, and they that

are capable and can draw any store of this spectacle, and sight do many times fall asleep from the Body into this most fair and beauteous Vision; which thing Celius and Saturn our Progenitors Obtained unto.

15. *Tat*—I would we also, O Father, could do so.

16. *Trism*—I would we could, O Son; but for the present we are less intent to the Vision, and can not yet open the eyes of our minds to behold the incorruptible and incomprehensible Beauty of that Good: But then shall we see it, when we have nothing at all to say of it.

17. For the knowledge of it is a Divine Silence, and the rest of all the Senses; for neither can he that understands that understand anything else, nor he that sees that, see anything else, not hear any other thing, nor in sum, move the Body.

18. For shining steadfastly upon and round about the whole Mind it enlighteneth all the Soul; and loosing it from the Bodily Senses and Motions, it draweth it from the Body, and changeth it wholly into the Essence of God.

19. For it is Possible for the Soul, O Son, to be Deified while yet it Lodgeth in the Body of Man, if it Contemplate the Beauty of the Good.

20. *Tat*—How dost thou mean deifying, Father?

21. *Trism*—There are differences, O Son, of every Soul.

22. *Tat*—But how dost thou again divide the changes?

23. *Trism*—Hast thou not heard in the general Speeches, that from one Soul of the Universe, are all these Souls, which in all the world are tossed up and down, as it were, and severally divided? Of these Souls there are many changes, some into a more fortunate estate, and some quite contrary: for they which are of creeping things are changed into those of watery things and those of things living in the water, to those of things living upon the Land; and Airy ones are changed into men, and human Souls, that lay hold of immortality, are changed into Demons.

24. And so they go on into the Sphere or Region of the fixed Gods, for there are two choirs or companies of Gods, one of them that wander, and another of them that are fixed. And this is the most perfect glory of the Soul.

25. But the Soul entering into the Body of a Man, if it continue evil, shall neither taste of immortality, nor is partaker of the Good.

26. But being drawn back the same way, it returneth into creeping things. And this is the condemnation of an evil soul.

27. And the wickedness of a soul is ignorance; for the soul that knows nothing of the things that are, neither the nature of them, nor that is good, but is blinded, rusheth and dasheth against the bodily Passions, and unhappy as it is, not knowing itself, it serveth strange Bodies, and evil ones, carrying the Body as a burthen, and not ruling, but ruled. And this is the mischief of the soul.

28. On the contrary, the virtue of the Soul is Knowledge; for he that knows is both good and religious, and already Divine.

29. *Tat*—But who is such a one, O Father?

30. *Trism*—He that neither speaks nor hears many things: for he, O Son, that heareth two speeches or hearings, fighteth in the shadow.

31. For God, and the Father, and Good, is neither spoken nor heard.

32. This being so in all things that are, are the Senses, because they can not be without them.

33. But Knowledge differs much from Sense; for Sense is of things that surmount it, but Knowledge is the end of Sense.

34. Knowledge is the gift of God: for all Knowledge is unbodily but useth the Mind as an instrument, as the mind useth the Body.

35. Therefore both intelligible and material things go both of them into bodies: for, of contraposition, that is Setting One against Another, and Contrariety, all Things must Consist. And it is impossible it should be otherwise.

36. *That*—Who therefore is this material God?

37. *Trism*—The fair and beautiful world, and yet it is not good; for it is material and easily passible, nay, it is the first of all passible things; and the second of the things that are, and needy or wanting somewhat else. And it was once made and is always, and is ever in generation, and made and continually makes, or generates things that have quantity or quality.

38. For it is movable, and every material motion is generation; but the intellectual stability moves the material motion after this manner.

39. Because the World is a Sphere, that is a Head, and above the head there is nothing material, as beneath the feet there is nothing intellectual.

40. The whole universe is material; the Mind is the head, and it is moved spherically, that is like a head.

41. Whatsoever therefore that is joined or united to the membrane or film of this head, wherein the Soul is, is immortal, and is in the Soul of a made body, hath its Soul full of the body, but those that are further from that Membrane have the body full of Soul.

42. The whole is a living wight, and therefore consisteth of material and intellectual.

43. And the World is the first, and Man the second living wight after the World; but the first of things that are mortal and therefore hath whatsoever benefit of the Soul all the others have: And yet for all this, he is not only not good, but flatly evil, as being mortal.

44. For the World is not good as it is movable, nor evil as it is immortal.

45. But man is evil both as he is movable and as he is mortal.

46. But the Soul of man is carried in this manner, The Mind is in reason, Reason in the Soul, the Soul in the Spirit, and Spirit in the Body.

47. The Spirit being diffused and going through the veins, and arteries, and blood, both moveth the living Creature, and after a certain manner beareth it.

48. Wherefore some also have thought the Soul to be blood, being deceived in nature, not knowing that first the Spirit must return into the Soul, and then the blood is congealed, the veins and arteries emptied, and then the living things dieth; and this is the death of the Body.

49. All things depend of one beginning, and the beginning depends of that which is one and alone.

50. And the beginning is moved, that it may again be a beginning; but that which is One standeth and abideth and is not moved.

51. There are therefore these three: God the Father, and the Good, and the World and Man; God hath the World, and the World hath man; and the World

is the Son of God, and Man, as it were, the offspring of the World.

52. For God is not ignorant of Man, but knows him perfectly, and will be known by him. This only is healthful to man, the knowledge of God, this is the return of Olympus, by this only the Soul is made good, and not sometimes good, and sometimes evil, but of necessity Good.

53. *Tat*—What meanest Thou, O Father?

54. *Trism*—Consider, O Son, the Soul of a child, when as yet it hath received no dissolution of its Body, which is not yet grown, but is very small; how then if it look upon itself, if it sees itself beautiful, as not having been yet spotted with the Passions of the Body, but as it were, depending yet upon the Soul of the World.

55. But when the body is grown and distracteth, the Soul it engenders Forgetfulness, and partakes no more of the Fair, and the Good, and Forgetfulness is Evilness.

56. The like also happeneth to them that go out of the body; for when the Soul runs back into itself, the Spirit is contracted into the blood and the Soul into the Spirit; but the Mind being made pure, and free from these clothings, and being Divine by nature, taking a fiery Body, rangeth abroad in every place, leaving the Soul to judgment, and to the punishment it hath deserved.

57. *Tat*—Why dost thou say so, O Father, that the Mind is separated from the Soul, and the Soul from the Spirit? When even now thou saidst the Soul was the Clothing or Apparel of the Mind, and the Body of the Soul.

58. *Trism*—O Son, he that hears must co-understand and conspire in thought with him that speaks: yea, he must have his hearing swifter and sharper than the voice of the speaker.

(To Be Continued.)

Spiritual Mind, the upper portion or aspect of the impersonal Manas (Mind) takes no cognizance of the senses in physical man.—*Secret Doctrine*.

It would be curious if we should find science and philosophy taking up again the old theory of metempsychosis.—*James Freeman Clarke*.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

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

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THE SPIRITS.

One of the essays in "The Uses of Diversity," by G. K. Chesterton, is devoted to "The Spirits." Mr. Chesterton is by no means a disbeliever in psychic phenomena, but he is not convinced that the messages come from spirits. At least he is sure that most of the messages are pretty poor stuff. Here, he says, is the sort of thing that the spirits are supposed to write:

"You make death an impenetrable fog, while it is a mere golden mist, torn easily aside by the shafts of faith, and revealing life as not only continuous, but as not cut in two by a great change. I can not express myself as I wish. . . . It is more like leaving prison for freedom and happiness. Not that your present life lacks joy; it is all joy, but you have to fight with imperfections. Here, we have to struggle only with lack of development. There is no evil—only different degrees of spirit."

The interrogator, Mr. Basil King, who narrates his experiences in an interesting article in *Nash's Magazine*, proceeds to ask whether the lack of development is due to the highly practical thing we call sin. To this the spirit replies: "They come over with the evil, as it were, cut out, and leaving blanks in their souls. These have by degrees to be filled with good."

Now I will waive the point whether death is a mist or a fog or a front door or a fire-escape or any other physical metaphor; being satisfied with the fact that it is there, and not to be removed by metaphors. But what amuses me about the spirit that for him it is both there and not there. Death is non-existent in one sentence, and of the most startling importance six sentences afterwards. The spirit is positive that our existence is *not* cut in two by a great change, at the moment of death. But the spirit is equally positive, a

little lower down, that the whole of our human evil is instantly and utterly cut out of us, and all at the moment of death. If a man suddenly and supernaturally loses about three-quarters of his ordinary character, might it not be described as a "great change"? Why does so enormous a convulsion happen at the exact moment of death, if death is non-existent and not to be considered? The Spiritualist is here contradicting himself, not only by making death very decidedly a great change, but by actually making it a greater change than Dante or St. Francis thought it was. A Christian who thinks the soul carries its sins to Purgatory makes life much more "continuous" than this Spiritualist, who says that death, and death alone, alters a man as by a blast of magic. The article bears the modest title of "The Abolishing of Death"; and the spirit does say that this is possible, except when he forgets and says the opposite. He seldom contradicts himself more than twice in a paragraph. But since he says clearly that death abolishes sin, and equally clearly that he abolishes death, it becomes an interesting speculation what happens next, and especially what happens to sin: a subject of interest to many of us.

Mr. Basil King asked the spirit if it was wrong to destroy animal life and the spirit said: "You can *never* destroy life. Life is the absolute power which overrules all else. There can be no cessation. It is impossible." This, says Mr. Chesterton, is not very helpful to the man who wants to kill a tom-cat. You can not kill it because you can not kill it. But if a man may rely on this reason for killing a cat it is an equally good reason for killing his creditor. "Creditors also are immortal (a solemn thought); creditors also pass through a golden mist torn

easily aside by the shafts of faith, and have all the evil of their souls (including, let us hope, their avarice) cut out of them with the axe of death, without noticing anything in particular."

SHE AND ALLAN.

The recollection that H. P. B. says somewhere that there may be some truth in the central idea underlying Mr. Rider Haggard's "She" stories causes us to turn with some interest to the latest addition to that fascinating series. It appears under the title of "She and Allan," and here we find "She" as mysterious and as powerful as ever, sitting in the ruins of Kor and waiting until the cycles of rebirth shall bring her once more face to face with the lost Kallicrates.

Into the fabric of the story we need not enter. It is just as redolent of Africa as its predecessors and just as full of the joy of life and conflict. It is Ayesha's occult lore that attracts, and here we have rather more of it than before, as though the author himself had been dipping something from the well, as perhaps he has. Thus we find Ayesha offering to show to Allan the faces of the dead women he has loved:

"Perhaps," she went on in a mocking voice, "perhaps once again you disbelieve, O Allan, whose cynic mind is so hard to open to new truths. Well, shall I show you the faces of these three? I can," and she waved her hand towards some object that stood on a tripod to the right of her in the shadow—it looked like a crystal basin. "But what is the use when you know them so well and would only think that I drew their pictures out of your own soul. Also perchance but one face would appear and that one strange to you. Have you heard, O Allan, that among the wise some hold that not all of us is visible here on earth within the same house of flesh; that the whole self in its home above separates itself into sundry parts, each of which walks the earth in different form, a segment of life's circle that can never be dissolved and must unite again at last?"

A dangerous doctrine, but Ayesha says that it is built upon "a rock of truth."

Ayesha tells Allan, as from memory, of things that happened in Egypt two thousand years ago, and Allan, as usual, says that it is impossible. May it be said that Allan is a little more stupid than usual in this latest story:

"Why do you seek, you who talk of the impossible, to girdle the great world in the span of your two hands and to weigh the secrets of the universe in the balance of your pretty mind and, of that which you can not understand, to say that it is not so? Life you ad-

mit because you see it all about you, but that it should endure for two thousand years, which after all is but a second's beat in the story of the earth, that to you is 'impossible,' although in truth the buried seed, or the sealed-up toad can live as long, and doubtless you have some faith which promises you this same boon to all eternity, after the little change called Death. Nay, Allan, it is possible enough like so many other things of which you do not dream today that will be common to the eyes of those who follow after you. Doubtless you think it impossible that I should speak with and learn of you from yonder old black wizard who dwells in the country whence you came. And yet whenever I will I do so in the night because he is in tune with me, and what I do shall be done by all men in the years unborn. Yes, they shall talk together across the wide spaces of the earth and the lover shall hear her lover's voice, although great seas roll between them. Nor perchance will it stop at this; perchance in future time men shall hold converse with the denizens of the stars, and even with the dead who have passed into silence and the darkness.

Ayesha appears magically to Allan on the battlefield, and naturally Allan would like to know how it is done, although it is certain that he will disbelieve whatever he is told:

"Oh, foolish man, seek not to learn of that which is too high for you. Yet, listen. You in your ignorance suppose that the soul dwells within the body, do you not?"

I answered that I had always been under this impression.

"Yet, Allan, it is otherwise, for the body dwells within the soul."

"Like the pearl in an oyster," I suggested.

"Aye, in a sense, since the pearl which to you is beautiful, is to the oyster a sickness and a poison, and so is the body to the soul whose temple it troubles and defiles. Yet round it is the white and holy soul that ever seeks to bring the vile body to its own purity and color, yet oft-times fails; since flesh and spirit are the deadliest foes joined together by a high decree that they may forget their hate and perfect each other, or failing, be separate to all eternity, the spirit going to its own place and the flesh to its corruption."

"A strange theory," I said.

"Aye, Allan, and one which is so new to you that never will you understand it. Yet it is true and I set it out for this reason. The soul of man, being at liberty and not cooped within his narrow breast, is in touch with the soul of the Universe, which men know as God Whom they call by many names. Therefore it has all knowledge and perhaps all power, and at times the body within it, if it be a wise body, can draw from this well of knowledge and power. So at least can I."

Mr. Haggard's books are not without their value in popularizing occult truth, and it may be said that this one is as good as its predecessors.

SHE AND ALLAN. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$2.25.

THE REAPING.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continued.)

I was at a loss to see what possible bearing such an extraordinary idea could have on the immediate situation. That it was not so utterly irrelevant as it seemed I sensed instinctively. Therefore I decided that if he wished to discuss it I would carry on so far as my wits would allow. It was bizarre enough in all conscience, although I had to admit that, if it were true, it held factors of stupendous import.

"As I understand your question," I ventured tentatively, "it implies the theory that a kind of subliminal telepathy has been operative between two people who in their ordinary, waking states of consciousness remain entirely unaware that such transference has taken place."

"Yes, and more. It implies as a logical consequence that telepathic thought-form which has in a manner of speaking jumped the field of its progenitor's liminal consciousness into another's subliminal consciousness must of necessity produce an effect like unto its cause; it will show certain definite tendencies because it embodies certain definite modes of energy; and these, again, in their turn, will produce effects of a like nature. In any case the primary cause will go on leading through these effects a sort of vicarious existence modified or augmented or diversified by those circumstances wherein these effects find opportunity for action."

I thought I saw the point. Indeed I may say that in so far as I got the point at all I did indeed see it in a rapid series of pictorial representations, rather than apprehended by any clearly defined mental process. It passed before my mind's eye in the symbol of a man (and that man, oddly enough, as Mr. C. himself) clothed, as was Jacob, in a coat of many colors and of a texture finer than any gossamer. And this coat had the curious property of changing and rearranging its colors with the rapidity of thought.

As I noticed the phenomenon I became convinced that it was actually the man's thought that did the trick. Those varying shades were the product of his every thought; they were flung out, made manifest by reason of the creative energy with which his tremendous active will endowed them. Moreover, I saw the atmosphere about him as an infinite multi-

plicity of mirrors reflecting them at every conceivable angle. My imagination began to stir. . . .

It was a weird enough notion, remarkable for its visual detail if nothing else. I recall distinctly (as, for the matter of that, I recall everything about that conversation with the utmost exactitude), that I was annoyed at myself for "seeing visions and dreaming dreams" when there was plainly every reason why I should keep my faculties fully alert. Mr. C., although he was slowly convalescing, was still critically ill, and as his physician I had no business to wind myself up in hazy metaphysical cocoons.

I caught at a straw, determined to be sensible and matter of fact. But I knew quite well that I had gotten a fleeting glimpse of something far beyond the accepted modern dogmatisms concerning "the mystery which is man," and that it would remain with me. Whether it should prove an Archimedean lever destined to solve many problems or as a merciless rod driving me into realms of darkest mental chaos I could not then (nor can I now) clearly determine.

I floundered on:

"Our knowledge of the mechanics of suggestion is obscure, of course, but it rests primarily on the postulate of an active, directed will set over and against another will on which it imposes, for the time at least, its definite commands. Your theory would upset that basic conception."

"Not at all!" he countered quickly. "The radical would always remain inviolate. The dominant would subjugate the subdominant just as before. But our ideas of the scope and intensity of all the phenomena of personal will, from the most evanescent, loosely held desire of the young child to the unyielding purpose of a Napoleon, and of their absolute durability, once they have been focused on any thing or any person in the universe would be different indeed, terrifyingly so." . . .

"Well," I interposed, for I did not like the shadow that with his last words spread black, wide wings over his face, "granting that this is true, and I dare say it is in a measure, I fail to see what application you can make of it to your idea that an inhibited thought might convey itself without the volition of consciously exercised will into the mind—

subconscious or otherwise—of another human being. That would be the same as allowing that the hypnotizer, himself under a state of hypnotic suggestion, was then able to bring about a corresponding state of hypnosis in whomsoever he happened to contact, and all this without the slightest act of the will to project on his part or the will to receive on the part of the recipient. Yet it is an axiom that it is the will of the hypnotizer or the confident expectation on the part of his subject that produces passivity and instills the subjective condition."

For a moment Mr. C. had nothing to say. I watched him with covert anxiety. He was by no means fit to carry on an involved train of argument, and I had all but resolved that I would put a peremptory stop to it if I had to resort to a hypodermic to do so, when he turned suddenly brilliant eyes full upon me, effectually arresting my tentative movement to take his pulse in the most detached and professional manner. There hovered about his mouth the very ghost of a ghostly, sardonic smile. Somehow, inexplicably, yet only too clearly, it hinted at a bitter and abysmal knowledge; a knowledge, moreover, that he fully intended that I should share whether I wished to or not.

"You have put it well, doctor. That is the pivot of the whole matter: who is this hypnotizer, himself a mere puppet performing his antics in accordance to the jerking of certain unseen strings? Who is the great magician back of the secondary, objective one?"

I shook my head. Yet I had a queer premonition of what he was going to say, and, frankly, I would have stopped him if I could have done so. I sat there a mere puppet, squeaking out words that were no more than blundering, ill-mouthed cues for the actor who held by right the centre of an invisible stage. All of which goes, perhaps, to show with what celerity we are propelled into the realms of the superstitious at the first hint of any out-of-the-ordinary circumstance in which it chances we find ourselves involved.

"If you can tell me who and what I, or any man, really am, you will tell me also of this first, prime Wonderworker."

He sat straight up from his pillows as he spoke, a thing he should not have been allowed to do. But, then, have I

not admitted that I was a puppet, no more.

"There, to the man himself, the sum total of that ego which is the man at any given time, must you turn for the light on the doings of the great unseen magician. In that unity is to be found the diversities of the man that he has been, the man he was at twenty, the boy of ten, yes, back to the day he was born, and for all you or I can prove to the contrary, before that. Where shall we set the arbitrary limits, the dim beginnings, of that far-off continuous self, that, to-day, we call 'I, Myself'?"

"We chatter of liminal and subliminal and superliminal and marginal consciousness, and we do but exploit our own ignorance of what we actually are. It is as if we separated ourselves from our self by the barriers of apathy and fear. And then we have woven for our confusion veils of an only too effectual opaqueness, so that, imperfectly conscious of our own consciousness, we stupidly deny our birthright of all-consciousness.

"But who of us really dares say that those dreams, those premonitions that rise up now and again, forcing open our wilfully blind eyes, are not dynamic realities on their own particular plane of consciousness, that there they carry on activities to which they are adapted and that they are bound to produce results, enormously important results, on this material plane eventually.

"My thoughts today are my thoughts because they are the effects in straight, hereditary line of uncalculable and for the most part unnoticed consciousness of all my yesterdays! Suppose we could remember the old consciousness in its countless, segregated parts; suppose we had that memory!"

He paused over the words as if they appalled him. Under normal conditions I would have followed his thought with keen interest. As it was I can not say that they aroused in my mind the faintest response. I heard him as we hear in a dream, with a certain stupor, a kind of dull fascination. But I find that, unlike most dreams, they impressed themselves indelibly on some part of my brain plastic enough to receive them.

"But," he went on, looking like a figure of doom and as impossible to circumvent in his purpose, which was, evidently,

speech, and to the bitter end), "make no doubt of it: for the most of us that memory would be hell. If our memories rained down upon us like innumerable beads from a severed string we would probably go raving mad inside of fifteen minutes.

"I," he raised an emaciated arm, "I, yes, I remember too much and too little. I, who would die for her a hundred times, am responsible for my wife's condition, as I shall be responsible for her death, and because, long ago, I willed with all my boy-heart that a hateful woman should die. Yet so far as I know she is alive today, but my wife, *my wife*, pays the penalty of that thought of mine. Out of a man's heart, out of a man's heart cometh that which defileth." . . .

He broke into a terrible groaning laugh, the most awful sound, bar none, I ever heard issue from human lips.

I cursed myself for the fool I was. I broke the spell his almost inhumanly strong will had laid on me, and I forced him gently back on his pillows, saying as I did so:

"That is not true. It can not be true. Dream and reality are woefully mixed in your mind. You are pretty ill, you know, but in a few days you will see for yourself how absurd it all is, how foolishly morbid you are just now."

What man is there strong enough to command the hurricane that it cease blowing? Or, if there be such a man, how shall he deal with that elemental force once he has succeeded, so to say, in bottling it up?

Against that will of his mine was as a straw blown in the wind. Besides, something, some instinct deep within me I dare say, counseled me that he had the right of it when he said:

"Doctor, on your own head be it if I go mad tonight with the weight of words unsaid, with the noise of this awful silence." . . .

A strange thing to say, truly! Yet its meaning penetrated swiftly to my understanding.

"Merely a promise, then," I stipulated.

He acquiesced. For a time he lay perfectly still, gathering his forces maybe, or pondering how to begin, I do not know. . . .

And then:

(To Be Concluded.)

THE DIVINE PYMANDER.

Edited by W. W. Westcott.

From Dr. Everard's Translation of 1650.
(The Fourth Book called "The Key.")

(Concluded.)

59. The disposition of these Clothings or Covers is done in an earthly body; for it is impossible that the Mind should establish or rest itself, naked, and of itself, in an Earthly Body; neither is the Earthly Body able to bear such immortality; and therefore that it might suffer so great virtue, the Mind compacted, as it were, and took to itself the passible Body of the Soul, as a Covering, or Clothing. And the Soul being also in some sort Divine, useth the Spirit as her Minister and Servant, and the Spirit governeth the living thing.

60. When therefore the Mind is separated, and departeth from the earthly Body, presently it puts on its Fiery coat, which it could not do, having to dwell in an earthly body.

61. For the Earth can not suffer fire, for it is all burned of a small spark; therefore is the water poured round about the Earth, as a wall or defense to withstand the flame of fire.

62. But the Mind being the most sharp or swift of all the Divine Cogitations, and more swift than all the Elements, hath the fire for its Body.

63. For the Mind which is the Workman of all useth the fire as his instrument in his workshop; and he that is the Workman of all, useth it to the making of all things, as it is used by man, to the making of Earthly things only; for the Mind that is upon Earth, void, or naked of fire, can not do the business of men, nor that which is otherwise the affairs of God.

64. But the Soul of Man, and yet not every one, but that which is pious and religious, is Angelical and Divine. And such a Soul, after it is departed from the Body, having striven the strife of Piety, becomes either Mind or God.

65. And the strife of Piety is to know God, and to injure no Man, and this way it becomes Mind.

66. But the impious Soul abideth in its own essence, punished of itself, and seeking an earthly and human Body to enter into.

67. For no other Body is capable of a Human Soul, neither is it lawful for a Man's Soul to fall into the Body of an

unreasonable living thing: for it is the Law or Decree of God, to preserve a Human Soul from so great a contumely and reproach.

68. *Tat*—How then is the Soul of Man punished, O Father: and what is its greatest torment.

69. *Herm*—Impiety, O my Son; for what Fire hath so great a flame as it? Or what biting Beast doth so tear the Body as it doth the Soul.

70. Or dost thou not see how many evils the wicked Soul suffereth, roaring and crying out, I am Burned, I am consumed, I know not what to Say, or Do, I am Devoured, Unhappy Wretch, of the Evils that compass and lay hold upon me; Miserable that I am, I neither See nor Hear anything.

71. These are the voices of a punished and tormented Soul, and not as many; and thou, O Son, thinkest that the Soul going out of the Body grows brutish or enters into a Beast: which is a very great Error, for the Soul punished after this manner.

72. For the Mind, when it is ordered or appointed to get a fiery Body for the services of God, coming down into the wicked Soul, torments it with the whips of Sins, wherewith the wicked Soul being scourged, turns itself to Murders, and Contumelies, and Blasphemies, and divers Violences, and other things by which men are injured.

73. But into a pious Soul, the Mind entering, leads it into the Light of Knowledge.

74. And such a Soul is never satisfied with singing praise to God and speaking well of all men; and both in words and deeds, always doing good in imitation of her Father.

75. Therefore, O Son, we must give thanks, and pray, that we may obtain a good Mind.

76. The Soul, therefore, may be altered or changed into the better, but into the worse it is impossible.

77. But there is a communion of Souls, and those of Gods communicate with those of men, and those of men with those of Beasts.

78. And the better always take of the worse, Gods of Men, Men of brute Beasts, but God of all; for He is the best of all and all things are less than He.

79. Therefore is the world subject

unto God, Man unto the World, and unreasonable things unto Man.

80. But God is above all, and about all; and the beams of God are operations, and the beams of the World are natures; and the beams of Man are arts and sciences.

81. And operations do act by the World, and upon Man by the natural beams of the World; but natures work by the Elements, and Man by Arts and Sciences.

82. And this is the Government of the whole, depending upon the nature of the One, and piercing or coming down by the One Mind, than which nothing is more Divine, and more efficacious or operative; and nothing more uniting, and nothing is more One, The Communion of Gods to Men, and Men to God.

83. This is the Bonus Genius, or good Demon, blessed Soul that is fullest of It; and unhappy Soul that is empty of It.

84. *Tat*—And wherefore, Father?

85. *Trism*—Know, Son, that every Soul hath the Good Mind; for of that it is we now speak, and not of that Minister of which we said before, that he was sent from the Judgment.

86. For the Soul without the Mind, can neither do, nor say anything; for many times the Mind flies away from the Soul, and in that hour the Soul neither seeth nor heareth, but is like an unreasonable thing. So great is the power of the Mind.

87. But neither brooketh it an idle or lazy Soul, but leaves such a one fastened to the Body, and by it, pressed down.

88. And such a Soul, O Son, hath no Mind, wherefore neither may such a one be called a Man.

89. For Man is a Divine living thing, and is not to be compared with any brute thing that lives on earth, but to they that are above in Heaven, that are called Gods.

90. Rather, if we shall be bold to speak the Truth, he that is a Man indeed, is above them, or at least they are equal in power, one to the other, for none of the things in Heaven will come down upon Earth, and leave the limits of Heaven, but a Man ascends up into Heaven and Measures it.

91. And he knoweth what things are on High, and what below, and learneth all other things exactly.

92. And that which is the greatest of all, he leaveth not the Earth, and yet is above, so great is the greatness of his nature.

93. Therefore we must be bold to say that an Earthly Man is a Mortal God, and that the Heavenly God is an Immortal Man.

94. Wherefore, by these two are all things governed, the World and Man; but they and all things else by that which is One.

(The End of the Fourth Book.)

INVOCATION.

"O God! have mercy!" a mother cried,
As she humbly knelt at the cradle side.
"O God, have mercy, and hear my prayer,
And take my babe in thy tender care;
For the Angel of Death is in the room
And is calling aloud for my babe to come.
Thou, then, alone hast the power to save,
Oh! God have mercy, 'tis all I crave."

*A tiny grave 'neath a willow's shade
Telleth the answer the Merciful made.*

"O Father in Heaven, protect my boy
From the wiles of folly—from sin's decoy;
From the snares of temptation in life's dark
sea;

Guard him and keep him pure for thee."
So a mother prayed as her darling son
Went forth to battle the world alone;
Alone, save the blessing his mother gave,
And that prayer to God to keep and save.

*A murderer's gibbet, high in air,
Answered that trusting mother's prayer.*

A father and mother knelt them down
Together before the Eternal One,
And with trusting hearts implored that
Heaven

Would guard the flower its grace had given—
Would keep their blossoming daughter pure,
And shield her, aye, from the tempter's lure,
And from every stain would keep her free
As the lilies that bloom in eternity.

*A self-slain lost one, seduced, betrayed
Was the only answer that Heaven made.*

A beautiful maiden knelt to pray
For the life of a loved one far away—
Away in the fields where life and death
Hangs poised in the scale that tips with a
breath.

"Oh, Father of Mercies, protect the heart
Of him I love from the foe's man's dart;
When the death-bolts rain on the charging
field,
Be Thou his guide, his strength, his shield."

*A mangle corpse and a soldier's grave
Was the answer the Father of Mercies gave.*

The night was dark on the ocean's breast,

And the waves ran high in the wild unrest,
When a stately barque was dashing on
Toward a breaker's crest with her rudder
gone.

Around the captain in wild despair,
The crew had gathered and joined in prayer
To Him who only had the power to save,
To deliver them from a watery grave.

*A crash and a gulping wave alone
Were the answers of the Omnipotent One.*

'Twas midnight in the city's heart,
And slumber reigned o'er home and mart,
When the fire fiend burst from his secret
place

And wrapped all things in his fierce embrace.
Oh! then how many a friendly prayer
To Heaven for safety rent the air—
For homes, for lives, for loves, and then
The flames that crisped them sneered amen!

*Homes, friends, and loved ones crisped and
charred*

Told how Heaven their prayers had heard.

From the earliest dawn of nature's birth
Since sorrow and crime first darkened the
earth,

From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
Wheresoever the waves of humanity roll,
The breezy robe this planet wears
Has quivered and echoed with countless
prayers;

Each hour a million knees are bent,
A million prayers to heaven are sent.
There's not a summer beam but sees
Some humble supplicant on his knees;
There's not a breeze that murmurs by
But wafts some faithful prayer on high;
There's not a woe that afflicts our race,
But some one bears to the throne of grace;
And for every temptation we may meet
We plead for grace at the mercy seat.
But the beams smile on, and Heaven serene
Still broods as though no prayers had been,
And the breezes moan as the branches wave,
"When man is powerless, Heaven can not
save."

—Anon.

NOT YET.

The last words Champ Clark was heard to say were: "The question is on the adoption of the conference report." His work never left his mind. What first words will he say when he wakes up in another world? Has he perhaps already come back to this world in some new-born baby to begin all over again?

Friends of Champ Clark may apply to him Leonardo's words, "Just as a day well spent gives joyful sleep, so does life well employed give joyful death," or Victor Hugo's "The death of the just is like the end of the beautiful day."—*Arthur Brisbane in Examiner.*

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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 CAVERN.

(By Plato.)

Behold! human beings living in a sort of underground den; they have been there from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained—the chains are arranged in such a manner as to prevent them from turning round their heads. At a distance above and behind them the light of a fire is blazing, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have before them, over which they show the puppets. Imagine men passing along the wall carrying vessels, which appear over the wall; also figures of men and animals, made of wood and stone and various materials; and some of the passengers, as you would expect, are talking, and some of them are silent..

That is a strange image, he said, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to talk with one another, would they not suppose that

they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy that the voice which they heard was that of the passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

There can be no question, I said, that the truth would be to them just nothing but the shadows of the images?

That is certain.

And now look again and see how they are released and cured of their folly. At first, when any one of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to go up and turn his neck round and walk and look at the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows. And then imagine some one saying to him that what he saw before him was an illusion, but that now he is approaching real being and has a truer sight and vision of more real things—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them—will he not be in a difficulty? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

And if he is compelled to look at the

light, will he not have a pain in his eyes which will make him turn away to take refuge in the object of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?

True, he said.

And suppose once more that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast and forced into the presence of the sun himself, do you not think that he will be pained and irritated, and when he approaches the light he will have his eyes dazzled, and will not be able to see any of the realities which are now affirmed to be the truth?

Not all in a moment, he said.

He will require to get accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflection of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; next he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars; and he will see the sky and the stars by night better than the sun, or the light of the sun, by day?

Certainly.

And at last he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him in his own proper place, and not in another, and he will contemplate his nature.

Certainly.

And after this he will reason that the sun is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?

Clearly, he said, he would come to the other first and to this afterwards.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity them?

Certainly, he would.

And if they were in the habit of conferring honors on those who were quickest to observe and remember and foretell which of the shadows went before, and which followed after, and which were together, do you think that he would care for such honors and glories, or envy the possessors of them?

Would he not say with Homer,—

“Better to be a poor man, and have a

poor master,” and endure anything, than to think and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than live after their manner.

Imagine once more, I said, that such an one coming suddenly out of the sun were to be replaced in his old situation, is he not certain to have his eyes full of darkness?

Very true, he said.

And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who have never moved out of the den, during the time that his sight is weak and before his eyes are steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be very ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he went and down he comes without his eyes; and that there was no use in even thinking of ascending; and if any one tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let them only catch the offender in the act, and they would put him to death.

No question, he said.

This allegory, I said, you may now append to the previous argument; the prison is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, the ascent and vision of the things above you you may truly regard as the upward progress of the soul into the intellectual world.

And you will understand that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; but their souls are ever hastening into the upper world in which they desire to dwell. And is there anything surprising in one who passes from divine contemplations to human things, misbehaving himself in a ridiculous manner?

There is nothing surprising in that, he replied.

Any one who has common sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes, either from coming out of the light or from going into the light, which is true of the mind's eye, quite as much as of the bodily eye; and he who remembers this when he sees the soul of any one whose vision is perplexed and weak will not be too ready to laugh; he will first ask whether that soul has come out of the brighter life, and is unable to see because unaccustomed to the dark.

or having turned from darkness to the day is dazzled by excess of light. And then he will count one happy in his condition and state of being.

THE REAPING.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continued.)

"You may remember," said Mr. C. (and such was the man's amazing control that he spoke in a rather colorless, conversational tone, quite as though he were the narrator of events in which he had but a casual, impersonal interest), "that I had from the beginning a dislike to being away from home in the evenings. But since the financial situation was a matter of pressing actuality I deliberately set aside my disquieting forebodings. I may add that they took a good deal of setting aside. I banished them from one part of my mind only to have them attack me from an unguarded corner. Nor was I ever able to treat them with that wholehearted derision which is usually effectual where nervous vagaries are concerned. Love and fear for my loved one seemed to spring from one root in my heart; the one was the light, the other was the shadow of that light. I could not dissociate them. You may well believe that after Dorothy's sleep-walking episode that lurking anxiety became an open one, stalking beside me. Yet as the weeks went by and nothing untoward really happened the notion that a catastrophe impended grew less insistent, or, perhaps, I merely became less attentive to its warning, as one becomes used to the ticking of a clock in the room until it suddenly stops or booms out the hour.

"Then one morning my employer's wife came into the laboratory rooms. I had not seen her before, but I had had occasion to take various messages from her over the telephone and there had been something in the timbre of her voice vaguely reminiscent of some one I had known, something about its crisp inflection that was a stimulus to memory, but not a resolvable. It had bothered me a bit, as it bothers any one to not quite remember a name, or a date, or a circumstance.

"As she stood before me, a rather gracious, middle-aged woman, I found myself listening intently to her voice rather than to her words. Almost I

grasped that elusive knowledge. It brought a surge of melancholy and the ache of loneliness. Swiftly it was gone; voice and personality merged into a unity, and that unity Mrs. M., slipping off her furs while she remarked in an amused, tolerant way that she would wait just ten minutes and no more for a husband remiss in keeping his appointment. She inquired for Dorothy, whom she had met at some affair or other, and whose mother, oddly enough, she had known rather well in old school days, and then, the ten minutes up, and no Mr. M. on the scene, she went promptly on her way.

"Within the week she telephoned several times, but now her voice, floating over the wire, aroused in me no haunting echoes of a something past and provokingly indefinite. It was identified in my mind firmly and satisfactorily with Mrs. M. herself.

"It was the third evening after—after the accident." (Just for an instant his voice broke, then he spoke steadily on, and I marveled anew at his terrible—yes, terrible is the word—power of self-control.) "I was called to the hospital telephone. It was Mrs. M. asking for news, expressing her kindly sympathy. And as she spoke and I answered—God alone knows what I said—it was as though a bolt of keenest lightning rent the veil of my brain. Then, at last, did I know of whom that voice reminded me! It was in quality very like that of the nurse who was with my mother in her last illness. In that blinding flash of recollection I re-lived the most poignant hour of my childhood.

"Again it was late August and sunset. I was perched on the fence that divided our property from that of our next neighbor's field. The farm hands, returning from an early supper, were busily stacking the newly-cut hay into great, fragrant mounds, for rain threatened. The air was still and sultry, and already toward the north there played wide sheets of summer lightnings. Directly behind me ran the shallow brook that bisected our land. Close to its edge the willow trees bent friendly branches, dipping exploring tips into the stream. I used to think that there was an understanding between them, that they used a common code. I tried to interpret it, all ears, but the bullfrog's croaking 'go'n'-

to-rain, go'n'-to-rain' interfered vexingly and there was also the insistent if pleasant twitter of settling birds. I gave it up. I forgot to listen, I became dreamily absorbed in watching the western sky, changing now from lurid red to the colors of all the banners of the world. A delicate, purple haze drifted over the fields. Suddenly, and for the first time in my boy-life, I was conscious of an awed sense of some ultimate, omnipresent power manifesting itself through the medium of earth and sky and water, through the organic life of the little creatures of the fields and the air, and, in a more direct sense, in those men yonder, tossing up the harvest grain. All of these, each and every one, were in their several ways the outstretched hands, the *instrumenta* of that tireless, unthinkable power.

"I felt, before I heard, the voice of my mother's nurse calling to me: 'Dick, little Dick, come here!' I climbed down from the fence; I turned slowly about, facing her.

"She stood, a quiet, gentle figure in her white apron, on the opposite side of that dark, shallow water, and as I crossed over to her I crossed also, in that moment, and forever, the rapier-thin line which divides careless childhood from bewildered youth struggling through difficult adolescence to maturity and to the acceptance of its responsibilities along with its rich heritage.

"Silently she took my hands and drew my shaking body close to her compassionate breast. Mother, I knew, without a word, was dead. I did not weep. I accepted it. I understood, deeply, inevitably, while also I did not in the least understand.

"Mother had died in her sleep. She was very beautiful as she lay there. The faintest shadow of a smile lay on her white lips. It was almost a whimsical look, akin to that she wore when she had planned a surprise for me—a delectable cookie—permission to spend the night with boy friends who lived a mile or so down the road. That was a rare treat indeed. We would sleep in the loft of the great barn, listening to the champ of the horses below; every mouse was a fox or a rabbit fleeing for his life from the black panther that in common daylight was the drab family cat. A quick summer rain was a mighty deluge that should presently sweep houses and barns

down to the far-away ocean we had never seen. The wind was a giant that came roaring over the hills, slaying as he strode forward while the rafters trembled under his heavy foot. We considered in whispers what would happen if ever he put his full weight on the steepled church. We had no fondness for that church, we saw too much of it one day in the week. Church-going, three times each Sunday, was obligatory among 'decent folks,' children and all.

"So strange a thing is the mind. All of these separate memories, tragic and also golden, lived again for me in those few moments while Mrs. M.'s concerned, friendly voice reverberated in my ear, even as they had lived once before in the dazed mind of a little boy, standing beside the body of his dead mother. Why did they intrude at that sorrowful moment? Why did they rehearse themselves in full and anguished detail at that other moment twenty-one years later?

"Again, in memory, I dropped the generous hand of my nurse; I leaned over mother. I asked aloud, 'Tell me, mother! Please, please, tell me!' and again I experienced the shock that followed the sound of my hoarse, boyish treble. In the instant it had become altogether alien to me, as alien as the childish thought it conveyed. The accolade of sorrow had descended upon me and its gift was self-consciousness.

"Hitherto my mother and my world had been synonymous terms, although of course I had not been aware of it, nor do I think she fully realized that it was true, for I was outwardly an independent sort of youngster, with all a boy's healthy aversion for demonstrative exhibitions of any sort. But now I was the fledgling thrown out from the nest; unlike the fledgling, I was not equipped for flight. I must reckon with that earth which rose up with hostility to meet me; must learn to wrest from it an independent existence, must make for myself wings if ever I aspired to the upper regions.

"I stood there the most forlorn little atom in the world, monstrously naked in my small soul even as I had been naked in body at the moment of my birth. Across the hall I heard my father 'engaged in prayer,' as they used to say. His voice rose and fell in dreary monotone. His periods were audible groans. I had a kind of wonder at him, and a contempt

also. How could he *bear* that any one should hear him! He was accounted a just man, a deeply religious one. As a matter of fact he was neither. He was mean minded and slyly vindictive. He had made my mother's life one long torture by a jealousy curiously mixed with pride in her birth, her breeding, and her beautifully balanced mind. She was in every imaginable way his superior."

He spoke of his father's shortcomings with a certain cold and ruthless scrutiny, as though the man himself stood before him, called to the bar of judgment. There was something almost abominable in such speech of a son regarding his parent. So I thought for the moment, but for the moment only. What he went on to say, and what he did *not* say, fully justified him in my estimation and left a good margin beside.

"You do not like my words," he continued, quite as though he read my thought and so challenged it. "Suppose I tell you plainly that the woman he married before my mother had been dead a year was a brazen, much-married (or so she claimed) creature who eked out a precarious living, and established an as precarious foothold on an unearned respectability, by posing as a dressmaker in the village. She was fully my father's age, and how she tricked him into marriage I can not imagine, except that, as his cloak of sanctimony concealed the man that he actually was from his familiars, so did it conceal him from himself, from his real instincts. But enough of that."

He drew up with a haughty gesture strange to see in a man so frail, so very ill. Nor to me nor any man alive did Mr. C. ever bend to apology of word or action. Not that it was to be accounted as a virtue; it was simply his nature to be reserved and proud. He considered a thing before he did it; he thought carefully before he spoke. Having done all this, he met the consequences calmly and without cringing. I am come to think that I had to do with a really great character, a man as remarkable for his failings as for his sterling and unusual qualities, and that, as in the case of those angels of whose visit and flight Browning sings, I was for the most part stupidly unaware of it while he was under my very eye, even while he honored me with a confidence born of heaven

alone knows what mysterious and unfounded reason.

For to me, of all men, he deliberately and at what cost I can but dimly guess, stripped bare his quivering, tortured soul.

Vale! Vale! and go you in peace, friend whom I am come to know better through death than ever I did in life! At least I will keep faith with you. I will tell, with all the exactness of which I am capable, every word of your incredible story, just as you told it to me in that unforgettable hour less than one year ago.

(To Be Continued.)

MEDIUMSHIP.

"The Problems of Mediumship," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co., bears on its title-page as author the name Alessandro Zymonidas. A note at the end of the preface gives the information that "the original author" was a Venetian Jew, by profession a physician, who had traveled much, was versed in many subjects, and had spent much time in the study of occult matters. He left an enormous quantity of manuscripts dealing with phases of occultism, and especially with the problems of psychic control, which his friends are publishing, as they are able to arrange and rewrite them, without using his name, because while "a great name is a powerful introduction . . . the author is not here to accept the personal responsibility for what others have had to practically rewrite from his materials."

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

W. Whately Smith makes an interesting and ingenious attempt in "A Theory of the Mechanism of Survival," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co., to apply the hypothesis of the fourth dimension to the explanation of psychic happenings. "I suggest as a working hypothesis," he says, "that four-space is a reality and that Man possesses at least one other vehicle of Consciousness—a four-dimensional one—besides his physical body. In this vehicle he is embodied after discarding the physical vehicle at death and also during temporary absences from the body during life."

SOME POWERS OF THOUGHT.

There is nothing more suggestive than the insistent emphasis laid by the Theosophical teachers upon the power of thought. In the *Secret Doctrine* we are told that the reflection of the Divine Thought, propelled into objective existence, becomes a "law that the universe shall exist." It is a metaphysical conception of an unapproachable sublimity and yet it is applicable to the smallest affairs of daily life in the light of the ancient occult axiom "As above, so below." Whatever happens upon any plane of being is reflected by the law of correspondences upon all other planes of being. Man is a minute replica of the universe. He is an incarnated God that has forgotten its Godhood. There is no divine consciousness that is not also potentially his, no divine force that he may not make his own, no divine law, or order, or harmony, in which he may not share. The injunction of the oracle was to "Know thyself," for he who knows himself knows also God, and the powers of God are his inalienable heritage.

The strange and tremendous powers of thought are so close to daily experience that an excessive familiarity causes us to overlook their significance. Is there any one among us who can explain why and by what mechanism our thoughts are reflected upon our faces, why and by what mechanism a state of mind can alter the shape of our bodies. For unquestionably it does. We see joy and sorrow, malice, greed, and fear reflected upon the countenance by the mind that harbors them. We may see a dozen different emotions to pass like phantoms across the face and in as many seconds. We say that a man has a cruel, passionate, or a kindly expression, and we never pause to consider the marvel of it nor to realize that a type or kind of thought consistently harbored may change the shape of the features, not momentarily, but permanently. And since this is so obviously true may we not logically believe also that thought leaves its impress, not only upon the face, but possibly upon every organ of the body, predisposing those organs to health or disease? May we not believe that the body is actually created by thought in its every detail? Every doctor in the world knows that the patient who is thinking hopefully is more likely to recover than one who is

thinking despondently. But why? What is that bridge by which thought passes to the physical plane? Is there any relation between Divine Thought that becomes the "law that the universe shall exist" and the human thought that stamps its impress upon its own little universe, or the human body? Is it possible that the human thought is also the Divine Thought, and therefore with creative powers, and that it misuses those powers because it has not yet reached divine self-realization in the human brain? And if that is so by what means shall it reach such self-realization? It is a question that we can not afford to overlook. It is a question far more practical than crop reports or stock quotations. Obviously it is human thought that is filling the world with unimaginable sorrows, but that might with an equal potency banish all those sorrows. It is our own personal thought either in this life or in some life that preceded it that has brought to us every misfortune that we have ever known, every grief, and every regret. The man who relegates the science of thought to the realm of the impractical is merely confessing himself to be a fool.

The Universe, says Patanjali, exists for the purposes of Soul. It exists in order that the consciousness that we call ourselves as well as other states of the One Consciousness that are below the human kingdom may become aware of their Divinity. It is the human brain that must be rarefied, and molded, and refined in its texture so that it may transmit the true spiritual consciousness instead of a parody of that consciousness inebriated by selfishness. It is through the brain that our human consciousness may become divinely self-conscious, and the instrument by which this is to be done is thought.

Thought, says even the materialistic science of today, alters the texture of the brain by marshaling its atoms into new groups and combinations. And the philosophic science of today says even more than this. Professor William James of Harvard tells us that we are now in possession of only a small part of the consciousness that actually belongs to us, that it is only a small arc of the circle of our consciousness that dips into the brain, and that in the outlying realms of consciousness there are superhuman

powers of which we are only dimly aware, but that might be ours almost for the asking. Professor Elmer Gates is even more precise, assuring us that we have possessed ourselves of only a fraction of the consciousness that is our rightful possession. Sir Oliver Lodge bears testimony to the same effect. Repeating the words of Emerson, he tells us that every man is potentially a genius and that the powers of genius show themselves as the divine consciousness dips more and more into the brain that has been prepared by thought to receive it. It is no new philosophy, this of James and Gates and Lodge. It is as ancient as the eternal hills. It is no more than a speculative approach to the Theosophy that has been taught age by age by the spiritual philosophers of the race who have urged men to train the brain by thought until it shall be able to receive the spiritual consciousness or rather to recognize that all consciousness is spiritual when once it is weaned from the unspirituality of selfishness.

How many of us realize that this spiritual consciousness with all its unthinkable powers of wisdom and knowledge is eternally around us and within us, "nearer than breathing, closer than hands and feet," that it is continually striving to impress itself upon brains that are unable to receive it because they have been polarized into the forms of selfishness. The brain responds to every thought by a corresponding grouping of its atoms, and if all thought be of the same kind it is inevitable that a polarity or habit should at last be established, and that the brain should refuse to receive any thought of a kind to which it is unused. It is this polarity to selfish thought that we have to overcome. We must establish a new polarity to spiritual thought. We must make the brain transparent instead of opaque to the spiritual consciousness.

Every thought, however small, does one of two things. It must dispose the brain either to transmit the spiritual consciousness or to reject it, to receive the light or to repel it. This is no vague conjecture nor nebulous theory. It is part of a science of the mind that is exact and precise, a part of the Divine Wisdom that hierarchies of Saviors and Sages have taught to men through immeasurable cycles of time. It is a part

of the one law of the universe that governs the leaf that is driven by the autumn winds, that urges all things upward and onward to the better and to the best, that seeks eternally to find expression through the complexities of matter for the divine consciousness of the Universe.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

The Century Company will have ready for publication in April a book which will prove to be of peculiar interest, Camille Flammarion's "Death and Its Mystery." This is the first volume of a trilogy which will express the spiritual faith and the grounds of belief in a hereafter of that unique personality and picturesque astronomer. M. Flammarion informs his publishers that the second and third volumes are almost completed (in French, of course), and it is the plan of the Century Company to proceed with their translation into English as rapidly as possible.

The present volume is a long series of psychic experiences with scarcely more interruption than a detailed account of the authentication of each instance, and also some comment as to its classification and the bearing it may have on M. Flammarion's hypothesis that the spirit may function without the intervention of any material means. Indeed the comment of one person who was given the proofs to read is reported by the publishers to have been as follows: "If it were not for the careful, systematic inquiry which has been conducted into the circumstances of each case, the book might be characterized as *exalté*, so exceedingly full of marvels it is."

The present volume is occupied entirely with proving that psychic communication, clairvoyance, foresight, etc., not only take place, but take place without the possibility of physical factors, of whatever attenuation, being involved. The French titles of the two subsequent volumes are "Atour de la Mort" and "Après la Mort."

I produced the golden key to pre-existence only at a dead lift, when no other method could satisfy me touching the ways of God, that by this hypothesis I might keep my heart from sinking.—
Henry More.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

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

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

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Price Five Cents

THE COSMIC PICTURE-GALLERY.

(From "Nature's Finer Forces.")

We are directed by our Guru in the philosophy of the Tattvas to look into vacant space toward the sky, when the horizon is perfectly clear, and fix the attention there with the utmost possible strength.

We are told that after sufficient practice we shall see there a variety of pictures—the most beautiful landscapes, the most gorgeous palaces of the world, and men, women, and children in all the varying aspects of life. How is such a thing possible. What do we learn by this practical lesson in the science of attention?

I think I have described in the essays with sufficient explicitness the ocean of Prana with the sun for its centre, and have given a hint sufficiently suggestive of the nature of the macrocosmic mental and psychic atmosphere. It is of the essential nature of these atmospheres that every point therein forms a centre of action and reaction for the whole ocean. From what has been said already, it will be plain that each of these atmospheres has a limit of its own. The terrestrial atmosphere extends only to a few miles, and the external boundary line of this sphere must, it will be readily understood, give it the appearance of an orange, just like that of the earth. The case is the same with the solar Prana, and the higher atmospheres. To begin with the terrestrial Prana, which has the

measured limits of our atmosphere, every little atom of our earth, and of the most perfect organism, as well as the most imperfect, makes a centre of action and reaction for the tattvic currents of terrestrial Prana. The Prana has the capability of being thrown into the shape of every organism, or, to use a different expressions, the rays of Prana, as they fall upon every organism are returned from that organism according to the well-known laws of reflection. These rays, as is again well known, carry within themselves the pictures of the objects upon which they may have fallen. Bearing these within them, they go up to the limit of the terrestrial Prana noted above. It will be easy to conceive that within the imaginary sphere which surrounds our terrestrial Prana, we have now a magnified picture of our central organism. Not one organism only, but all the smallest points; the most imperfect beginnings of organized life, as well as the most perfect organisms—all are pictured in this imaginary sphere. It is a magnificent picture-gallery, all that is seen or heard, touched, tasted, or smelt on the face of this earth has a glorious and magnified picture there. At the limit of this terrestrial Prana the picture-forming tattvic rays exercise a double function.

First they throw the sympathetic tattvic chords of the solar Prana into similar motion. That is to say, these pictures are now consigned to the solar

Prana, whence in due course they reach step by step to the universal intelligence itself.

Secondly, these rays react upon themselves, and turning from the limiting sphere, are again reflected back to the centre.

It is these pictures which the attentive mind sees in its noonday gaze into vacancy, and it is these pictures, seen in this mysterious way, which give us the finest food for our imagination and intellect, and supply us with a far-reaching clue to the nature and working of the laws which govern the life of the macrocosm and the microcosm. For these pictures tell us that the smallest of our actions, on whatever plane of our existence, actions which may be so insignificant as to pass unnoticed even by ourselves, are destined to receive an everlasting record, as the effect of the past and the cause of the future. These pictures, again, tell us of the existence of the five universal Tattvas, which play so important a part in the universe. It is these pictures which lead us to the discovery of the manifold constitution of man and the universe, and of those powers of the mind which have not yet received recognition at the hands of the official science of the day.

That these truths have found place in the Upanishads may be seen from the following quotation from the *Ishopanishad* (Mantra 4) :

"The Atma does not move; is one; is swifter than the mind; the senses reach it not; as it is the foremost in motion. It goes beyond the others in rapid motion while itself at rest, in it the Recorder preserves the actions."

In the above quotation it is the word *Matarishva* that I translate "Recorder." Ordinarily the word is translated as "air," and so far as I know, the word has never been understood clearly in the sense of the "Recorder." My view, therefore, may be further explained with advantage.

The word is a compound of the words *matari* and *svah*. The word *matari* is the locative case of *matri*, which ordinarily means "mother," but which is here rendered as space, as the substratum of distance, from the root *ma*, to measure. The second word of the compound means "the breather," coming as it does from the root *svah*, to breathe. Hence the com-

pound means "he who breathes in space." In explaining this word the commentator Shankaracharya goes on to say :

"The word '*Matarishva*,' which has been derived as above, means the *Vayu* [the mover] which carries in it all the manifestations of Prana, which is action itself. This Prana is the substratum of all the groups of causes and effects, and in it all the causes and effects are held like beads on a thread, hence it is given the name of *Sutra* [the thread] inasmuch as it holds in itself the whole of the world."

It is further said that the "actions" which this *Matarishva* holds in itself, in the above quotation, are all the movements of the individualized Prana, as well as are the actions of heating, lighting, burning, etc., of the macrocosmic powers known as *Agni*, etc.

Now such a thing can by no means be the atmospheric air. It is evident that phase of Prana which carries the pictures of all actions and all motions from every point of space to every other point, and to the limits of the *Surya-mandala*. This phase of Prana is nothing more nor less than the Recorder. It holds in itself for ever and ever all the causes and effects, the antecedents and consequents of this world of ours.

It is action itself. This means that all actions is a change of phase of Prana.

It is said in the above quotation that this Recorder lives in the Atma. Inasmuch as the Atma exists, this power always performs its function. The Prana draws its life itself from the Atma, and we accordingly find a similarity between the qualities of the two. It is said of the Atma in the above extract that it does not move, and yet it moves faster than the mind. These appear to be contradictory qualities at the first sight, and it is such qualities which make the ordinary God of commonplace theologians the absurd being he always looks. Let us, however, apply these qualities to Prana, and once understood on this plane, they will be quite as clearly understood on the highest plane, the Atma. It has been said more than once that from every point of the ocean of Prana the tattvic rays fly in every direction, to every point within the *Surya-mandala*. Thus the ocean of Prana is in eternal motion. For all this, however, does one point of this ocean ever change its place? Of course not. Thus

while every point keeps its place, every point at the same time goes and shows itself in every other point.

It is in the same simple way that the all-pervading Atma is in eternal motion and yet always at rest.

Similar is the case with all the planes of life, all our actions, all our thoughts, all our aspirations, receive an everlasting record in the books of Matarishva.

I must now notice these pictures a little more in detail. The science of photography tells us that under certain conditions the visual pictures can be caught on the plane of the sensitive film. But how can we account for the reading of letters at a distance of thirty miles or more? Such phenomena are to me a matter of personal experience. Very lately, while sitting abstracted, or it may be in a kind of dream, about 4 o'clock in the morning, I read a post-card written by a friend to a friend about me, the very same night, at a distance of almost thirty miles. One thing more must, I think, be noticed here. Almost half the card spoke about me, the rest referred to other matters which might have merely a passing interest for me. Now the rest of the card did not come before my mind's eye very clearly, and I felt that with all my effort I could not keep my eye upon those lines for a sufficiently long time to understand them, but was irresistibly drawn towards the paragraph which spoke of me, and which I could read very clearly. Four days after this the addressee of the card showed it to me; it was exactly the same, sentence by sentence (so far as I could remember), as I had seen before. I mention this phenomenon in particular, as in it the various requisites for the production of these phenomena are clearly defined. We adduce from an analysis of this incident the following points:

1. The writer of the card meant when he was writing that I should read the card, and especially the paragraph which concerned me.

2. I was very anxious to know the news about me which that card contained.

3. Of the frame of mind mentioned above in which my friend wrote the card, what was the result? The picture of his thoughts on the card, both on the physical and mental plane, flew in every direction along the tattvic rays of the macrocosmic Prana and mind. A pic-

ture was immediately made on the macrocosmic spheres, and from thence it bent its rays toward the destination of the post-card. No doubt all minds in the whole earth received a shock of this current of thought at the same time. But my mind alone was sensitive to the card and the news it contained. It was, therefore, on my mind alone that any impression was made. The rays were, as it were, refracted into my mind, and the result described above followed.

(To Be Continued.)

THE REAPING.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continued.)

He continued:

"Long after my usual bedtime I was tucked away by that kind soul who, if not destined to be the mother of men, was like the tenderest of foster-mothers. It was the night of full harvest-moon, but the big disk showed only now and again through the scudding clouds. It was very still and sultry and the air was pungent with the fragrance of new-cut hay and jasmine. I heard the clock strike 11, 12. Then from mother's room came a burst of joyous melody. Her canary, neglected, forgotten in his uncovered cage by the window, had evidently mistaken a sudden flood of moonlight for daybreak. The tears came then. Smothered in the sheets I sobbed until I fell at last into the relaxed and precious sleep of childhood.

"When I awoke it was to hear the rain drumming on the peaked roof, to watch it spill over the eaves in miniature cataract, to smell the odor of breakfast coffee. I lay in a contented doze. Memory had not yet stirred within me. There came the subdued tread of feet across the veranda; a door opened. I heard father's voice in lugubrious greeting. His sister, my only aunt, her husband, and their three children had arrived. The lash of recollection descended on me and with it the imperative need to see *her* once more and alone.

"I got into my tumbled shirt and trousers. 'Sunday clothes' lay folded across the back of the chair. I had been told to put them on, but I turned from the sight of them with aversion. They stood for the recognition, the acceptance, of an impossible thing. I fumbled blindly with the buttons. Suddenly I was panic-

stricken. I must outrun this crowding terror, this stifling fear that my soul had bequeathed to my clumsy body while it, unimpeded, rushed forward to the security and the assured sanctuary of a heart that had never yet failed it."

. . . The boy figure was very real, very present to him. I was able to see it also. It hung (how pathetically!) in the dim twilight of the room. It represented with utter faithfulness the instinct of us all, child and man, to turn in our travail of pain, of confusion, to some thing, to some one, outside of ourselves. We rush toward them, we beat the gate of their consciousness as the wind beats against the eternal mountains—and with as vain a futility. We are brought up sharply, inevitably, against the limitations of our own consciousness, across whose closed circle we may not pass. Nor may they who would gladly hold for us the cup, break for us the bread, step over that barrier to us. An inexorable law has set them apart from us, and we apart from them so far as place and state and condition goes. Only one reconciliation is possible between us, one language understandable, and that is the reconciliation that lies in a unity of consciousness and in the symbols of its common speech.

How early in life is this stern lesson set us, and how late in life—if perchance we learn it then—do we acknowledge its uncompromising working in every experience of our troubled humanity.

With Mr. C.'s retrospective mood I found it easy to fall in. Remembering those first, passionate crises of my own boyhood, and the dumb, bewildered gropings toward the wider consciousness they gave rise to, I understood, in a way, how the present tragedy of his manhood was become linked in his overwrought mind with that first contact with sorrow. They shared a mournful affinity; they were indivisible parts of the whelming flood-tide of memory.

And now, it seemed, some imperious master impulse within him bade him trace the beginnings of those obscure and multiple streams that had united to swell and lift the wave whose dark crest hung over him then, menacing life and more than life itself.

I wished with all my heart that I could give him comfort. Yet I knew only too well that words of mine would be futile

—and worse. They would be so many more obstacles over which he would have to climb as he went stubbornly forward with his self-imposed task. But I could listen. . . .

"Stealthily I crept down the stairs. The dining-room door stood ajar and I could see father's profile, his beetling brows. His face was clean shaven—an unheard-of thing before breakfast. He ate steadily, with the familiar, crunching motion of heavy jaws. My aunt asked in a hollow voice for 'another bite of that ham, Timothy.' I fled on, choking with bitterness.

"Yes, she was there, in that darkened, sepulchral room. But as I drew near to her side I was conscious of a quick repulsion, an interior retreat. Death had tricked me, had been there before me. The still body that lay with folded hands and wax-white brows was an image, a statue, no more. Mother, all that made mother, had withdrawn itself. The hand had slipped from the worn glove. . . .

"Again I fled. This time down the length of the yard, across the brook, now swollen, complaining. It looked to me a wide, perilous river. But my need to be alone was stronger than my fear. I splashed over the slippery rocks. The rain pelted down on me as I burrowed unheeding into a haystack. In the afternoon one of the farm hands, coming to turn the wet hay (for now the hot sun shone briefly on the steaming fields), found me and carried me home, incoherent with fever and with a throat that ached as much with repressed tears as with a sharp cold.

"I was 'a runt of a boy' (how I detested the words!) and subject to all sorts of childish ailments. I was put to bed and made to swallow innumerable cups of hot, nauseous stuff. I was utterly miserable. . . .

"She was buried on the following morning. The summer storm was still raging in fitful gusts. The wet, black clouds that fell on her grave fell also in my tired head like crashing thunder. I was pretty sick that next week. I remember that mother's nurse stayed close beside me, that her hands were soft and cool and comforting. I convalesced with the rapidity of youth. Soon she was on her way to another stricken household and Deborah (she had been with us ever

since I could remember), father, and I were left alone.

"There was a round of perfect late-summer days. The moon waned and was dark and became young again. It waxed splendid, mature, and with those gorgeously clear nights came the first hint of autumnal frosts. Its light, drenching the shorn meadows, was no longer mellow; it held a suggestion of austerity, of vast remoteness in immeasurable depths of sparkling, dark-blue sky.

"I was sent away to Albion school that fall. It was the county-seat and to me it seemed a great and wonderful place where anything might happen. As a matter of fact it was only a fair-sized village.

"I boarded at the 'Widow Nelson's,' sharing a room with my cousin, Aunt Sadie's oldest boy. He was a stocky, red-faced lad of seventeen. I can not say that I admired him, but I was curious about him. Youth is, of youth. Three years removes them seas apart. I would have liked to 'tag,' for I was lonely, but he would not allow it. Which was, I can see now, just as well for me.

"He was constantly in the company of two boys older than himself. One was his classmate, the other a clerk in the cigar store. As winter came on they took into their favor another young man, a newcomer in town. He boarded at a dingy little house around the corner from us, and what he did for a living I never found out. It was after his coming that the others got into the habit of frequenting the boarding-place of an evening.

"The Widow Nelson's sister-in-law lived there. I used to wonder about that house. There was a mystery about it. A sign 'Dressmaking' hung askew over the porch. Elaborate lace curtains draped the windows and they were tied, sash-fashion, by red satin ribbons. The front room boasted a crystal chandelier and plush-covered chairs, as any one could plainly see in walking past. And the woman who lived there was as ornate as the furniture of her house. She had the voice of a magpie and she used it as untiringly.

"So far as I knew the Widow Nelson never stepped foot across that threshold, but the 'other Mrs. Nelson,' as she was called, was not above making occasional and plainly unwelcome calls on her frustrated relative.

"I remember one Saturday afternoon in particular. The 'church sewing circle,' as it was called, had met at the widow's for work and tea. I had been skating and I was hungry as only a growing boy is hungry. I gravitated to the kitchen and was supplied with a plate of delectable things and told to eat them there, 'out of the way.'

"I was alone in the room when there came a knock at the door and a quick turn of the handle. It was the 'other Mrs. Nelson' with an empty cup in her hand. She had come to borrow a culinary something or other. Chattering vivaciously she made her way into the dining-room. I was astonished at the silence that fell upon those twenty assembled ladies. I paused between the last, luxurious bites to listen. But the warmth and the food had made me sleepy. I escaped up the back stairs into my room and fell sound asleep.

"When I awoke it was dark. From the drum that heated the bedroom there arose the sound of Widow Nelson's voice in mild whimperings. Why that creature wanted to shame her in her own house she didn't know. And it was a good thing John Nelson, her husband's brother, hadn't lived to see this day.

"I heard the minister's wife in vigorous answer: 'Well, nobody wanted to say anything against another unless they were sure as sure, but it didn't stand to reason that those lace curtains and that red plush were paid for out of the earnings of an honest needle.'

"There was more in the same strain. I listened, round-eyed. I did not quite know what those comments meant, but I did know around whom they centered.

"Business brought father to town a number of times. It was a business, it appeared, that was not readily concluded. I was walking down the street with him one day—a pair of shoes was to be bought—when we met the 'other Mrs. Nelson.' I found, to my surprise, that father knew her. 'The dear boy' (that was me) 'was peaked lookin'.' She knew, she'd lost two herself. It was hard to be left alone in the world, a poor woman. She didn't know what she'd do if it weren't for Mary's company. The dear soul was there every day, running in and out, cheering her up, while she stitched at the pretty things she made for other women, but that *she* couldn't afford. And those women seemed to hate

her, too. It was strange—she, an insignificant, lone creature.

"It was very singular to hear her talk so. It was on the tip of my tongue to say that I knew better, that I had heard Widow Nelson say she never had and never would go into that house. I suppose my round eyes, fixed on her in surprise, reminded her of my presence. She gave me a swift glance as full of venom as the forked tongue of a snake and remarked in a honey tone that 'such a nice little boy ought to be sliding down hill instead of walking slowly along with old folks.'

"Evidently father forgot about the needed shoes. I was sent home, right-about-face, and hurriedly, too. Not that I cared, really. Father and I were never good companions. But the dismissal was managed in a fashion that puzzled and antagonized me.

"Almost directly after that the 'other Mrs. Nelson' removed herself, bag and baggage, from town. It was a coincidence that at the same time father was able to close whatever affairs had brought him to Albion so often.

"Winter wore slowly away. There was a late spring and a short one. It seemed one jump from dreary February to mid-June and vacation. I had made two classes that winter, not because I was unusually fond of studying, but because there was nothing else to occupy my attention. I did not make friends easily and books made the evenings less tedious. There were no boys of my own age in high school. Mother, it appeared, had taught me many things that were not in the curriculum of the country schools of that day and generation.

"Father came to town the day before school closed. No, he could not stay for the 'exercises.' Why, he did not say. He looked at me oddly and he gave me a whole dollar to spend. I was to go, he told me, with my cousin to Aunt Sadie's for vacation. 'Business' took him away from our farm for awhile.

"I showed no enthusiasm over the idea. I had had enough and more than enough of my cousin's company that winter. Besides as the soft, warm days came on I suffered a haunting nostalgia for home. I could not rid myself of the notion that mother would be there to greet me, that the winter months had been but the tormenting phases of a long, disturbed dream.

"Can you understand, I wonder, what it meant to me to return home, late in July, and find in the house, domiciled in mother's own room (as she had every right to be, since she was father's wife), that robust, screaming creature who had been 'the other Mrs. Nelson?'"

(To Be Concluded.)

HOW THE MIND CURES.

The following extract is from "How the Mind Cures," by George F. Butler, A. M., M. D., Medical Director North Shore Health Resort, Winnetka, Illinois; formerly Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics and Clinical Medicine College of Physicians and Surgeons and Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery. The book is in the form of a dialogue between a Doctor and a Seeker. It is published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Doctor—That phase began with the earliest books of which we have any knowledge, the Vedas, or religious books of the Hindus. And what do you suppose they taught? That ideas made up the real world, and that each person could see around him only that which he had educated himself to see. Here is the summing up in the code of Manu: "He who in his own soul perceives the Supreme Soul in all things, and acquires equanimity towards them all, attains the highest states of bliss." In fact, their teaching was exactly what you have learned in simpler terms, idealism; and it means, as I have told you, that all we see around us in the world is the sum of our own ideas. The world does not affect us; we affect it, in fact we make it. Therefore if we can feel equanimity toward all things, that is the proof that we have attained the highest state of bliss. Is that plain?

Seeker—I see the principle, and it satisfies my reason, but I can't seem to feel it. It is too big, and at the same time too simple, for me to get a strong hold of it.

Doctor—Naturally. Such an idea has countless ramifications and no conscious mind can grasp them without deep reflection. But you can see that idealism, which has its root in the superconscious, and forms the oldest of all systems of ideas, is the real origin of true mental healing. One has only to follow its teachings, which are very few and very simple at bottom, to get out of life all there is in it, and will therefore never or rarely need a doctor.

It is prevention as distinguished from

cure. And it is an understanding and practice of this true idealism that forms the true psychotherapy. For that is prevention, wisdom, education, health in place of healing. Into its tenets go both philosophy and medicine, the latter proving, through physiology, biology, and the rest, those facts which the philosophy has already stated in general terms and without proof, except that proof which each reader or hearer feels within himself. And Professor Putnam, among all the physicians who have written of the subject, seems to me to have the firmest hold upon the truth and the clearest insight into it. There may be, and probably are, others as far advanced, but I choose him as my type, and the type of man in whom the philosophy of psychotherapy has now, and always has had, its highest origin. Such an understanding as his should make life a very different matter from what it seems to the average person—only through his own attainments, mind you, and not through a difference of environment between him and others. Did you ever hear of him before?

Seeker—No. Who is he?

Doctor—He is a physician, Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System, in Harvard Medical School. I am going to quote a few words from his work in the "League of Right Living," Vol. XII:

"It is felt by some persons that to accept the doctrine of idealism and thus to retranslate the solidity and reality of nature into 'states of consciousness' would be to annihilate reality . . . but . . . idealism does little more than state in other terms the facts agreed upon by common sense.

"The solidity of nature is universally admitted to be a system of vibrations, which in themselves have neither warmth nor color, and no form corresponding to the objects with which they place us in connection. Within the brain these vibrations again undergo change and come perhaps to deserve a chemical name. Even with this primary admission we abandon the assumed solidity of nature. It is obviously necessary that any one who would see unity and beauty in the blue sea and sky, the lofty mountains, the far-stretching landscape, should seek it, not in any system of soulless and infinitely divisible vibrations, but rather there where alone unity exists—namely,

within his own indivisible and personal consciousness.

FROM BOEHME'S DIALOGUES.

The Disciple said to his Master:

How may I come to the supersensual life, that I may see God and hear him speak?

His Master said:

When thou canst throw thyself but for a moment into that where no creature dwelleth, then thou hearest what God speaketh.

Disciple—Is that near at hand or far off?

Master—It is in thee. And if thou canst for a while but cease from all thy thinking and willing then thou shalt hear the unspeakable words of God.

Disciple—How can I hear him speak, when I stand still from thinking and willing?

Master—When thou standest still from the thinking of self, and the willing of self; "When both thy intellect and will are quiet, and passive to the impressions of the Eternal Word and Spirit; and when thy Soul is winged up, and above that which is temporal, the outward senses, and the imagination being locked up by holy abstraction," then the Eternal hearing, seeing and speaking, will be revealed in thee; and so God "heareth and seeth through thee," being now the organ of his spirit; and so God speaketh in thee, and whispereth to thy spirit, and thy spirit heareth his voice. Blessed art thou therefore if thou canst stand still from self-thinking and self-willing, and can stop the wheel of imagination and senses; for as much as hereby thou mayest arrive at length to see the great salvation of God, being made capable of all manner of Divine sensations and heavenly communications. Since it is naught indeed but thine own hearing and willing that do wonder thee, so that thou dost not see and hear God.

Disciple—Loving Master, I can no more endure anything should divert me, how shall I find the nearest way to him?

Master—Where the way is hardest there walk thou, and take up what the world rejecteth; and what the world doth, that do not thou. Walk contrary to the world in all things. And then thou comest the nearest way to him.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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Price Five Cents

THE COSMIC PICTURE-GALLERY.

(From "Nature's Finer Forces.")

(Continued.)

It follows from this illustration that in order to receive the pictorial rays of the Prana we must have a mind in a state of sympathy, and not of antipathy; that is to say, a mind free from all action or intense feeling for the time being is the fitting receptacle for the pictorial representations of the cosmos, and so far a correct knowledge of the past and the future. And if we have an intense desire to know the thing, so much the better for us. It is in this way that the spiritual occultist reads the records of the past in the book of nature, and it is on this road that the beginner in this science must walk according to the direction of his Guru.

To return to our explanations. It must be understood that everything in every aspect that has been or is in being on our planet has a legible record in the book of nature, and the tattvic rays of the Prana and the mind are constantly bringing the outlines of these pictures back to us. It is to a great extent due to this that the past never leaves us, but always lives within us, although many of its most magnificent monuments have been forever effaced from the surface of our planet for the ordinary gaze. These returning rays are always inclined *towards the centre which originally gave them birth.* In the case of the mineral

surroundings of terrestrial phenomena these centres are preserved intact for ages upon ages, and it is quite possible for any sensitive mind, at any time, to turn these rays towards itself by coming into contact with any material remains of historic phenomena. A stone unearthed at Pompeii is pictured as part of the great event which destroyed the city, and the rays of that picture are naturally inclined towards that piece of stone. If Mrs. Denton puts the stone to her forehead, a sympathetic and receptive condition is the only prerequisite for the transference of the whole picture to her mind. This sympathetic state of mind may be natural to a person, or it may be acquired, but as regards the term "natural" it may be mentioned that what we are in the habit of calling natural powers are really acquired, but they have been acquired in previous incarnations. Says Shiva:

"There are some to whom Tattvas become known, when the mind is purified by habituation, either by the acquired rapidity of other births or by the kindness of the Guru."

It seems that two pieces of granite, the same to all intents and purposes externally, may have an entirely different tattvic color, for the color of a thing depends to a very great extent upon its tattvic surroundings. It is this occult color which constitutes the real soul of things, although the reader must by this time

know that the Sanskrit word Prana is more appropriate.

It is no myth to say that the practiced Yogi may with a single effort of his will bring the picture of any part of the world, past or present, before his mind's eye—and not only visual pictures, as our illustration might lead the reader to think. The preservation and formation of visual pictures is only the work of the luminiferous ether—the Tejas Tattva. The other Tattvas perform their functions as well. The Akasha or sonorous ether preserves all the sounds that have ever been heard or are being heard on earth, and similarly do the three others preserve the records of the remaining sensations respectively. We see, therefore, that combining all these pictures, a Yogi in contemplation may have before his mind's eye any man at any distance whatsoever and may hear his voice also. Glyndon, in Italy, seeing and hearing the conversation of Viola and Zanoni in their distant home, is therefore not merely a dream of the poet, but a scientific reality. The only thing necessary is to have a sympathetic mind. The phenomena of mental telegraphy, psychometry, clairvoyance, clairaudience, are all phases of this tattvic action. Once understood it is all a very simple affair. It may be useful in this place to offer some reflections as to how these pictorial representations of a man's present go to shape his future. I shall first attempt to show how complete the record is. I may at the outset remind the reader of what was said above about the tattvic color of everything. It is this which gives individuality even to a piece of stone.

This pictorial whole is only the cosmic counterpart of the individual Pranamaya Kosha or the coil of life. It is possible that any one who may not have thoroughly understood the manner of the storing up of tattvic energy in the individual Prana may more easily comprehend the phenomena in its cosmic counterpart. In fact, the macrocosmic and microcosmic phenomena are both links of the same chain, and both will conduce to the thorough understanding of the whole. Suppose a man stands on a mountain, with the finest prospect of nature stretched out before his eyes. As he stands there contemplating the wealth of beauty, his picture in this posture is

at once made in the ecliptic. Not only is his external appearance pictured, but the hue of his life receives the fullest representation. If the Agni Tattva prevails in him at that moment, if there is the light of satisfaction in his face, if the look in his eyes is calm, collected, and pleasant, if he is so much absorbed in the gaze as to forget everything else. Tattvas separate or in composition will do their duty, and all the satisfaction, calmness, pleasure, attention or inattention will, to the finest possible shade, be represented in the sphere of the ecliptic. If he walks or runs, comes down or goes up, the tattvic rays of Prana with the utmost faithfulness picture the generating and the generated colors in the same retentive sphere.

A man stands with a weapon in his hand, with the look of cruelty in his eyes, with the glow of inhumanity in his veins, his victim, man or animal, helpless or struggling before him. The whole phenomenon is instantaneously recorded. There stands the murderer and the victim in their truest possible colors, there is the solitary room or jungle, the dirty shed or the filthy slaughter-house; all are there as surely and certainly as they are in the eye of the murderer or the victim himself.

Let us again change the scene. We have a liar before us. He tells a lie, and thereby injures some brother man. No sooner is the word uttered than the Akasha sets to work with all possible activity. There we have the most faithful representation. The liar is there from the reflection which the thought of the injured person throws into the individual Prana; there is the injured man also. The words are there with all the energy of the contemplated wrong. And if that contemplated wrong is completed, there is also the change for worse which his mendacity has produced in the victim. There is nothing in fact of the surroundings, the antecedents and the consequent postures—the causes and effects—which is not there represented.

The scene changes, and we come to a thief. Let the night be as dark as it may, let the thief be as circumspect and wary as he can, our picture is there with all its colors well defined, though not perhaps so prominent. The time, the house, the wall with a hole, the sleeping and injured inmates, the stolen prop-

erty, the subsequent day, the sorrowful householders, with all the antecedent and consequent situations, are pictured. And this is not only for the murderer, the thief, the liar, but for the adulterer, the forger, the villain who thinks his crime hidden from every human eye. Their deeds, like all deeds that have ever been done, are vividly, clearly, exactly recorded in Nature's picture-gallery. Instances might be multiplied, for the phenomena of our social life are various and complicated. But it is unnecessary. What has been said is sufficient to explain the principle, and the application is useful and not very difficult. But we must now bring our pictures back from our gallery.

We have seen that time and space and all the possible factors of a phenomenon receive there an accurate representation. and, as I said before, these tattvic rays are united to the time that saw them leaving their record on the plane of our pictorial region. When, in the course of ages, the same time throws its shade again upon the earth, the pictorial rays, stored up long since, energize man-producing matter, and shape it according to their own potential energy, which now begins to become active. It will be readily conceded that the sun gives life to the earth—to men as well as to vegetables and minerals. Solar life takes human shape in the womb of the mother, and this is only an infusion of some one set of our pictorial rays into the sympathetic life, which already shows itself on our planet. These rays thus produce for themselves a human gross body in the womb of the mother, and then having the now somewhat different and differing maternal body, start on their terrestrial journey. As time advances, the pictorial representation changes its tattvic postures, and with it the gross body does the same.

In the case of the re-birth of the man we saw gazing on the mountains, the calm, watchful, contented attitude of the mind which he cultivated then has its influence upon the organism now, once more the man enjoys the beauty of nature and so is pleased and happy.

But now take the case of the cruel murderer. He is by nature cruel, he still yearns to murder and destroy, and he could not be restrained from his horrible practices, but that the picture of the

ebbing life of the victim is now part and parcel of his constitution; the pain, the terror, and the feeling of despair and helplessness are there in all their strength. Occasionally he feels as if the blood of life were leaving his very veins. There is no apparent cause, and yet he suffers pain; he is subject to unaccountable fits of terror, despair, and helplessness. His life is miserable; slowly but surely it wanes away.

(To Be Continued.)

THE REAPING.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continued.)

Yes, I could understand—in a measure at least. Who with one drop of decent blood in his veins could fail to see with what gloating, ironical completeness The Ancient Evil had reared its hooded head before the eyes of shrinking, unguarded youth?

But Mr. C. did not expect a reply. He went steadily on with his terrible tale:

"They had scant welcome for me. They were absorbed in their own affairs. On the surface their interests appeared to be identical, but I soon sensed that they were not really so. Between the woman and her mulatto maid there was some sort of a conspiracy and it was directed (so I came to believe) principally toward my father. It included me in its sinister account, but only as an inconsiderable factor.

"Deborah, our old servant, had left in high dudgeon. It was quite beneath her dignity to work in the same kitchen with a colored woman. And I must say that, color or not, the creature was exceedingly unprepossessing in manner. She was almost gigantic in frame and she was gaunt and haggard of face. She had a singular habit of turning her head slowly about from one side to the other while her body remained motionless. It was rather like the movement of a snake, looking about for prey. I could see that my father's wife was afraid of her while at the same time she courted her favor.

"A good deal went on that I was not supposed to notice. Not that I spied on them or cared what they did or talked about in the hours when father was in the fields. But it seemed that fate ordained that I should intrude time and again upon their secret sessions, and al-

ways at critical moments. Above others, one particular instance stands out in my memory with dark significance.

"It was around 3 in the afternoon. Some errand had taken me to the house. It had to do with a box of tools my father had left in the upper hall. I was barefooted and I took especial pains to be quiet as I climbed the stairs, for the woman was in the habit of taking an afternoon nap, and woe betide me if I were unfortunate enough to awaken her.

"The shutters were closed against the sun and to my unfocused eyes the house was as black as a dungeon. I stood peering about for the tools, and just as I located them I caught from the corner of my eye the flutter of something white, something that glided noiselessly past the greenish oblong opening that was, I knew, the doorcase of my bedroom.

"In another moment it reappeared in the centre of my room, taking up its station there; and now I saw that it was my father's wife. Her head and stout, bare-armed, bare-bosomed figure was shrouded (ludicrously enough!) in a great square of mosquito netting. In her outstretched left hand she bore a candle whose flame, evidently, had just been extinguished. An uncommonly dense smoke arose from it and hovered about her in the close air. And then with her right forefinger she began to trace intricate patterns through that sluggish vapor, repeating, as she did so, certain unfamiliar words. I did not quite catch them, but their sibilant, hissing accents turned me clammy cold.

"Some primordial instinct warned me that the ridiculous spectacle was also an unholy one, and that the sooner I took myself off the better it was likely to be for me. I fled to the security of clean out-of-doors via the quickest route available—the banister rail.

"On tiptoe I ran through the lower rooms and had reached for the latch of the kitchen door, when the hammer, loosened from its place in the open tool-box, fell to the floor with a resounding thud. There followed a stifled scream and an instant of utter silence. It was broken by the voice of the negress, 'Who's a-prowlin' aroun' down there?'

"I answered quickly, fearful of what might befall me. 'Me. I came to get something for father.' And with that I made my escape, out into the hot sun-

shine that, strangely enough, failed to warm my shivering body.

"The woman came to the supper-table with her right hand done up in bandages. She had burned it, so she informed my father, that afternoon in frying his favorite doughnuts. Maybe she had: I can not say as to that. But I do know that the aforesaid doughnuts were cooling on the pantry window in the early forenoon and that her hand was not bandaged when it wore those strange delineations in the candle smoke hours afterward.

"Perhaps it was more than a mere coincidence that took me, directly after supper, along the path by the milkroom window at the identical moment the negress muttered in her husky voice that 'nobody could rightly do them spells except a person of color and there weren't no use to try.'

"It turned out that the hand had been burned rather badly. It failed to heal promptly. The pain she endured from it (and making all allowances, it must have been trivial) irritated her beyond bounds. She went about for days in the blackest temper and her spite emptied itself on me if I so much as appeared in the room.

"Indeed from that time on the house seemed full of menace, of ambushed, savage hostility. It tightened my nerves until from a normal, rather noisy boy I slipped through the house like a shadow when into the house I had to go. I slept little and ate less. I used to start, broad awake, at any noise in the night. Sometimes I would translate the sound that had aroused me into the pad, pad of her feet across the matting of the adjoining room. She grew to be a monster in my thoughts. I can not say that her action-contradicted my estimate of her.

"And then while the poisonous shoots of contempt and hate, with all their insidious corruption of the moral sense, began to show themselves within my heart, came the 27th of August, and the anniversary of mother's death.

"I was very busy that day from sun-up, for we were short of help and one of the jobs that fell to me was guiding the sleek, black horses about the fields while the men gathered the late hay.

"It was a duplicate of that oppressive afternoon of the year before. The thermometer stood at 99 at 5 o'clock. The fields blazed with fierce, incandescent

light. The electrical tension was terrific; the sun was a pulsing dynamo. I climbed down from the last load to an earth that rocked beneath my scorched feet. It was like clinging to the bare flank of a speed-maddened animal. The waves of torrid heat swept past me in a prolonged and breathless silence more violent than the roar of any wind.

"I lurched forward and I fell flat on the smoking ground. 'A touch of sun.' Yes, of course. And mingled with it more than a touch of boyish anguish of spirit, of intolerable loneliness. No one remembered mother.

"The dash of water on my face, the rough arm of a farm-hand about my shoulders, a 'Steady, boy, steady there,' these expressions of a kindly if transient concern were all I could ever expect of any one alive. My father had failed me; he was become utterly alien; he loomed across my mental vision the intrusive shadow of an entity who dwelt on another planet and who gestured annoyingly to me across the void that yawned between us.

"From a distant part of the field I heard his harsh voice shouting me to hurry, supper was ready. I managed to make the interminable journey houseward.

"The air of the house was comparatively cool, but it was laden with the odor of frying meat and of scorched hair. My father's wife came to the table in a loose, figured dressing gown. Her metallic yellow hair was frizzled tightly around her face. She had left the manufactured crimps 'to set awhile.' Between mouthfuls she complained that they would have to take old Nell and the top buggy instead of the new road cart and the bay team, since it looked so much like rain.

"For it was Wednesday night and prayer-meeting. The woman had developed, since Albion days, an extraordinary devoutness, a meticulous attention to things spiritual. . . .

"Their faces swam before me in a mist that was darkly red. The glass of water directly in front of me was as far away as the moon. It was a wan yet glittering eye, fastened straight on a spot in my head. His unwinking gaze hurt me cruelly.

"I heard my father's command to 'go harness the horse' as though he shouted

to me from his far-off station on a sphere that shot past me in a livid streak. I moved to obey and perceived that the world whereon I stood was also awhirl, as it had been an hour before. It was a matter of nice calculation to avoid collision with the furniture.

"Once in the open I felt more normal. I whistled to Nell and presently had her buckled between the straps. I drove slowly to the front gate and sat motionless, too weary to stir.

"An ominous, green twilight had settled over the world. There was not a breath of wind. From the neglected south garden arose the sweetness of sun-wilted phlox, of petunias and mignonette. It was mother's garden. The long window in her bedroom overlooked its peace. There was a sudden coolness on my hot cheeks, a soft brushing of something lighter than the wing of a white moth. The spirit of mother walked in her garden. . . .

"There came the clatter of high-heeled shoes on the porch, a voice screaming something to the departing negress. My father came out holding the door open an instant. The light from the hall lamp illuminated the woman's form. I stared, unbelieving my senses.

"She wore a long silk coat that had been mother's. It fell open from her throat, and underneath I saw the lavender ruffles of a sheer cotton dress that mother had been making when her illness came upon her. I had watched her many a time, sitting in her sewing chair by that long window, stitching those yards of delicate material in her swift and dainty fashion.

"And now this woman had appropriated it to herself, remodeled after her coarse liking. She stood preening herself, fussing with a wide pink bow that she had plastered across her collar. Around her fat neck hung the showy gold chain at whose end, as I well knew, hung a watch that had been in the jeweler's window at Albion. My cousin had priced it one day. . . .

"How dared she wear mother's clothes! How *dared* she!

"I swung down from the carriage completely beside myself with fury. I could have torn those garments from her strip by strip. The sight of my father striding down the path, his six feet of bone and muscle looking like a moving mountain,

brought a sick sense of my futility. I shrank back against the hedge as she past me.

"I stood, stupid with reaction from the rigid restraint I had put upon myself, until the last beat of Nell's hoofs died away. But back of my mind a plan was resolving itself. As though I followed a hypnotic suggestion, I made my way up to the room that once was hers.

"I flung open the door of the dank, un-aired closet. There at the extreme end they were piled—mother's dainty clothes. About their folds still lingered the odor of jasmine. I gathered them up, every one, and I took them into my own bedroom. I flung them on the bed and buried my hot head in their fragrant softness. I do not know how long I lay there. The sharp roll of thunder aroused me to action. Those precious garments were not safe with me; I could not protect them from outrage, from the desecration of that woman's flesh. I suppose I was insane for the time. . . . I took them carefully down to the kitchen stove and one by one I deliberately burned them.

"There was no lamp in the room, nor did I need one, for the place was lit by the blue-white flare of continual lightning. Not a drop of rain had fallen so far and the chimney flue, choked and draftless, vomited back the pungent, choking smoke of burning silks and cottons and wools. I made a thorough job of it. I was streaked with soot and afire with fever, yet I shook as with ague. Cold murder was in me that hour.

"So they found me. I just remember the woman's furious screaming, but I have no recollection of what she said. Finery was treasure, was bread and meat to her. . . . She snatched up my willow fishing rod that stood in the corner and laid it on my shoulders. It snapped with the second blow and the swinging, barbed hook at its end caught in her hair.

"Suddenly I laughed aloud. She was so ineffectual; she was so contemptible in her wild rage. I laughed long and bitterly. It was my sentence of punishment, self-executed. She turned to my father, who stood as though petrified with astonishment. Would he or would he not discipline that insolent brat. He would and he did, even to her temporary satisfaction. A broken carriage whip is

a sufficient implement for raising welts on a boy's body.

"He finished. He flung the whip away from him and stood—that big, hulking man—panting heavily. As for me, I was flat on the floor, and the very last fibre of the boy—that-had-been was torn from me in the endless dry sobs that I tried ineffectually and with all the force of my tormented, pride-ridden heart to control.

"The woman left us. I heard her moving about in the room above. She was ransacking the closet, intent on estimating the damage done.

"'Get up!' said my father. I did not have to be told twice. I rocked on my feet as I faced him. 'You sleep in the barn tonight; do you hear? What do you mean—trying to burn the house down, you runt you!'

"If he had called me anything but that. My smallness, my lack of strength, were matters of the utmost humiliation to me. It cut as the whip could not do.

"Cautiously, for things slipped and dipped about so, I walked straight up to him. I was not now in the least afraid of anything he might do. Everything that counted in the least had been done, it seemed to me. The world had dissolved; there was left only a terrible blackness both within me and without, a blackness through which I was doomed to grope forever.

"I found my voice. It was the changing, tricky voice of adolescence, but it did not betray me then; it carried firm and queerly mature:

"'Do you know that this is the 27th of August?'

"He stared down at me. My words awakened no memory in him; they merely startled and confused him. I found the door and flung it wide. A great sheet of lightning played about me at that moment and in its glare I turned, as if impelled to do so, and stood looking at him. And as I stood there I marked with cold curiosity the change that swept over his face; it grew apprehensive, round-eyed, as with childish fright. I heard him whisper 'Janet! Janet!' (that was mother's name) and I swung around, closing the door behind me.

"Perhaps he was remembering. But if so it was too late—by one year too late.

"I went to the barn. I made myself a bed in the loft and I fell instantly into a profound sleep. I took to sleeping

there from that time on. No reference was ever made in my hearing to that night. My father's wife took to scurrying away from a room when I entered it. The negress watched me covertly, and I felt maliciously. I do not believe my father ever looked me voluntarily in the face after that cruel beating. I was sometimes possessed with a perverse will to make him do so. I usually succeeded, and I think there was that in my eyes which apprised him of the deep and ever deepening contempt in which I held him.

"But it was not about him that my thoughts settled. I had loathed his wife before that dreadful scene, now I openly and bitterly hated her. I hated her with a singleness of purpose that operated like a rank poison in my mind and my soul and my blood. Awake and asleep I hated her, and with an intensity that fed on its own fires.

"Again and again I made the mental image (and I made it with every attention to fidelity, as though my thought were a molding wax) of seeing her fall headlong from that upper window where she had taken a sudden fancy for sitting, even as another had been used to do not fifteen months ago. I would see her lying in the grass, motionless, helpless. To fall, to die. . . .

"Monotonously the wheel of my thoughts went around and around on that dreadful theme. I never heard her screaming voice without wishing it were forever stilled, nor her padding feet—she had the gait of a cushion-footed animal—without wishing that never again could she prowl through the house.

"I suspected that my father was becoming disillusioned. For the woman grew bolder in her demands, and they had to do with money, with a will that she wished him to draw up and which he refused to do. The negress seemed eternally about in the shadows of the house. She infested it, as with a plague.

"Well, he had forgotten. Let him pay the price.

"There came a letter from my Aunt Sadie one morning. She was planning, so she wrote, to make us a visit, and my cousin of Albion school days was to accompany her.

"It was to me the end. I would not stay one single day under the roof that

sheltered him and my father's wife at the same time.

"I was on the sea, a stowaway, before the first snow fell. From Liverpool I shipped—this time as cabin-boy—to China. There I stayed for two years. I was very ill with typhus there, and directly after I shot up like a beanpole and was as thin as one. I looked much older than my years, and for months I lived a squalid, hand-to-mouth existence. Gradually the home images faded into the background of my mind, and for this I was thankful, since for months after running away, indeed up to the day that I fell senseless with fever in the doorway of a Hongkong shop, there had not been a night when I had not struggled in the throes of nightmare. And it was always the same horror repeating itself again and yet again.

"In it a part of me assumed the figure of a Jovean being bent on vengeance, while yet another section of myself remained separate, apart, coolly critical, impersonal. Under the outstretched hand of this vengeful being an endless stream of human puppets fell through an infinite space to their death. I saw their faces as they dropped past me; each one was stamped with the identical impress of my father's wife. And as I watched the doomed ones laughter would seize me, would convulse me in terrible spasms, would twist me double, would swing me to and fro in an interminable journey through the space peopled with phantom faces. I would awake drenched with sweat, exhausted to the point of deathly saturation. You see, more than one fever had its way with me."

(To Be Continued.)

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 make our fortunes and we call them fate.—*B. Disraeli*.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
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THE ADEPTS IN AMERICA IN 1776.

By an Ex-Asiatic.

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Theosophist, October, 1883.)

The following suggestions and statements are made entirely upon the personal responsibility of the writer, and without the knowledge or consent—as far as he knows—of the Adepts who are in general terms therein referred to.

The reflecting mind is filled with astonishment upon reviewing the history of the rise of the United States of North America, when it perceives that dogmatic theology has no foundation in any part of the Declaration of Independence or Constitution for the structure which it fain would raise and has so often since tried to erect within and upon the government. We are astonished because those documents were formulated and that government established at a time when dogmatism of one kind or another had supreme sway. Although the Puritans and others had come to America for religious freedom, they were still very dogmatic and tenacious of their own peculiar theories and creed; so that if we found in this fundamental law much about religious establishments we would not be surprised. But in vain do we look for it, in vain did the supporters of the iron church attempt to lay the needed cornerstone, and today America rejoices at it, and has thereby found it possible to grow with the marvelous

growth that has been the wonder of Europe.

The nullification of those efforts made by bigotry in 1776 was due to the Adepts who now look over and give the countenance of their great name to the Theosophical Society.

They oversaw the drafting of the Declaration and the drawing of the Constitution, and that is why no foothold is to be found for these blatant Christians who desire to inject God into the Constitution.

In the Declaration, from which freedom sprung, "Nature and Nature's God" are referred to. In the second and third paragraphs the Natural Rights of Man are specified, such as Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. The King is spoken of as being unworthy to be "the head of a Civilized nation," nothing being said as to whether he was the head, or worthy to be, of a Christian one.

In appealing to their British brethren, the Declaration says the appeal is "made to their native justice and magnanimity." All reference to religion and Christianity or God's commands are left out. This was for the very good reason that for 1700 years religion had battled against progress, against justice, against magnanimity, against the rights of man. And in the concluding sentence the signers mutually pledge each other to its support, ignoring all appeals to God.

In the Constitution of 1787 the preamble declares that the instrument was

made for union, for justice, for tranquility and defense, the general good and liberty. Article VI says no religious test as a qualification for office shall ever be required, and the First Amendment prohibits an establishment of religion or restraint of its free exercise.

The great Theosophical Adepts in looking around the world for a mind through which they could produce in America the reaction which was then needed found in England Thomas Paine. In 1774 they influenced him, through the help of that worthy brother, Benjamin Franklin, to come to America. He came here and was the main instigator of the separation of the Colonies from the British Crown. At the suggestion of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and other Freemasons, whose minds through the teachings of the symbolic degrees of masonry were fitted to reason correctly, and to reject theological conversation, he wrote "Common Sense," which was the torch to the pile whose blaze burned away the bonds between England and America.

For "Common Sense" he was often publicly thanked. George Washington wrote September 10, 1783, to Paine: "I shall be exceedingly thankful to see you, your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country, and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered by one who feels a lively sense of the importance of your works." And again in June, 1784, in a letter to Madison, Washington says: "Can nothing be done in our assembly to help poor Paine? Must the merits and services of 'Common Sense' continue to glide down the stream of time unrewarded by this country? His writings certainly have had a powerful effect upon the public mind. Ought they not to meet, then, an adequate return?"

In "The Age of Reason," which he wrote in Paris several years later, Paine says: "I saw, or at least I thought I saw, a vast scene opening itself to the world in the affairs of America; and it appeared to me that unless the Americans changed the plan they were then pursuing and declared themselves independent, they would not only involve themselves in a multiplicity of new difficulties, but shut out the prospect that was then offering itself to mankind

through their means." Further on he says: "There are two distinct classes of thoughts, those produced by reflection and those that bolt into the mind of their own accord. I have always made it a rule to treat these voluntary visitors with civility, and it is from them that I have acquired all the knowledge that I have."

These voluntary visitors were injected into his brain by the Adepts, Theosophists. Seeing that a new order of the ages was about to commence and that there was a new chance for freedom and the Brotherhood of Man, they laid before the hand of Thomas Paine, who they knew could be trusted to stand almost alone with the lamp of truth in his hand amidst others who, in time that tried men's souls, quaked with fear—"a vast scene opening itself in the affairs of America." The result was the Declaration, the Constitution for America, and as if to give point to these words and to the declaration that he saw this vast scene opening itself, this new order of ages, the design on the reverse side of the United States great seal is a pyramid whose capstone is removed with a blazing eye in a triangle over it dazzling the sight. Above it are the words, "The Heavens Approve," while underneath are the startling words, "New Order of Ages."

That he had in his mind's eye a new order of ages we can not doubt upon reading in his "Rights of Man," Part 2, Chapter 2, "No beginning could be made in Asia, Africa, or Europe to reform the political condition of man. She, America, made a stand, not for herself alone, but for the world, and looked beyond the advantage she could receive." In Chapter 4, "The case and circumstances of America present themselves as in the beginning of the world . . . there is a waning of reason rising upon men in the subject of government that has not appeared before."

The design of the seal was not an accident, but was intended to actually symbolize the building and firm foundation of a new order of ages, it was putting into form the idea which by means of a "voluntary visitor" was presented to the mind of Thomas Paine, of a vast scene opening itself, the beginning in America of a new order of ages. That side of the seal has never been cut or used, and at this day the side in use has not the sanction

of law. In the spring of 1841, when Daniel Webster was Secretary of State, a new seal was cut, and instead of the eagle holding within his sinister claw thirteen arrows as intended, he holds only six. Not only was this change unauthorized, but the cause for it is unknown (see United States Department archives). When the other side is cut and used, will not the new order of ages have actually been established?

More then is claimed for the Theosophical Adepts than the changing of base metal into gold or the possession of such a merely material thing as the elixir of life. They watch the progress of man and help him on in his halting fight up the steep plane of progress. They hovered over Washington, Jefferson, and all the other brave Freemasons who dared to found a free government in the West, which could be pure from the dross of dogmatism, they cleared their minds, inspired their pens, and left upon the great seal of this mighty nation the memorial of their presence.

NEW YORK, June 25, 1883.

THE COSMIC PICTURE-GALLERY.

(From "Nature's Finer Forces.")

(Concluded.)

Let the curtain fall on this scene. The incarnated thief now comes on the stage. His friends leave him one by one or he is driven away from them. The picture of the lonely house must assert its power over him. He is doomed to a lonely house. The picture of somebody coming into the house through some unfrequented part, stealing some of his property, perhaps strangling him, makes its appearance with the fullest strength. The man is doomed to eternal cowardice. He draws toward himself irresistibly the men who will cause him the same grief and heartrending he long ago caused to others. This posture of heartrending grief has its influence upon him in the ordinary way, and it creates its surroundings under the same influence.

Take, too, the case of the adulterer. As he walks upon the earth, he is attracted towards as many of the other sex as he has guiltily loved before. He loves one, and his love might meet with a favorable response, but very soon a second, a third, and a fourth picture make their appearance, which are, as a matter of course, antagonistic to the first

and repel it. The pledges of love are quite unaccountably broken, and the heartrending pain that is caused may well be imagined. All the jealousy and all the complicated quarrels of lovers might with ease be traced to causes such as these.

And those who have sinned by selling their love for gold long ago will now love and will in return be looked down upon with contempt for their poverty. What can be more miserable than to be denied even the luxury of love through very poverty?

These illustrations are, I believe, sufficient to explain the law according to which these cosmic pictures govern our future lives. Whatever other sins may be committed under the innumerable varying circumstances of life, their tattvic effects can easily be traced through the pictorial representations of the cosmos.

It is not difficult to understand that the picture of each individual organism in Prana, although ever changing with the varying postures of the object, remains the same in substance. Every object exists in its form of Prana until, in the course of evolution, Prana itself merges into the higher atmosphere of Manas.

Every genus and every species of living organism upon the face of the earth is pictured in Prana, and it is these pictures which on the highest plane of existence correspond in my opinion to the *ideas* of Plato. A very interesting question arises at this point. Are these pictures of eternal existence, or do they only come into existence after formations have taken place on the terrestrial plane? *Ex nihilo nihil fit* is a well-known doctrine of philosophy, and I hold with Vyasa that the representations (what we now call pictures) of all objects in their generic, specific, and individual capacities have ever been existing in the universal mind. Svāra, or what may be called the Breath of God, the Breath of Life, is nothing more nor less, as has already been explained, than abstract intelligence, or if such an expression be better understood, *intelligent motion*. Our book says:

"In the Svāra are pictured, or represented, the Vedas and the Shāstras, in the Svāra the highest Gandharvas, and in the Svāra all the three worlds; the Svāra is Atma itself."

It is not necessary to enter more thoroughly into a discussion of this problem; the suggestion is sufficient. It may, however, be said that all formation in progress on the face of our planet is the assuming by everything under the influence of solar *ideas* of the shape of these ideas. The process is precisely similar to the process of wet earth taking impressions of anything that is pressed upon it. The idea of anything is its soul.

Human souls (Pranamaya Koshas) exist in this sphere just like the souls of other things, and are affected in that home of theirs by terrestrial experience in the manner above mentioned.

In the course of ages these ideas make their appearance in the physical plane again and again, according to laws previously hinted at.

I have also said that these pictures have their counterparts in the mental and the higher atmospheres. Now it might be said that just as these solar pictures recur again and again, there are times at which these mental pictures also recur. The ordinary deaths known to us are terrestrial deaths. That is to say they consist in the withdrawal of the influence of the solar pictures for a time from the earth. When that time has expired, the duration depending upon the colors of the picture, they throw their influence again upon the earth, and we have terrestrial re-birth. We may die any number of terrestrial deaths, and yet our solar life may not be extinct.

But men of the present Manvantara may die solar deaths under certain circumstances. Then they pass out of the influence of the sun, and are born again only in the reign of the second Manu. Men who now die solar deaths will remain in the state of bliss all through the present Manvantara. Their re-birth may also be delayed for more than one Manvantara. All these pictures remain in the bosom of Manu during the Manvantaric Pralaya. In the same way men may undergo higher deaths, and pass their time in a state of even higher and more enduring bliss. The mental coil may be broken, too, just as the gross, the terrestrial, and the solar may be, and then the blessed soul remains in bliss and unborn until the dawn of the second Day of Brahma. Higher still and longer is the state which follows Brahmic

death. Then the spirit is at rest for the remaining Kalpa and the Mahapralaya that follows. After this it will be easy to understand the meaning of the Hindu doctrine that during the Night of Brahma, as, indeed, during all the minor Nights, the human soul, and, in fact, the whole of the universe, is hidden in the bosom of Brahma like the tree in the seed.

EINSTEIN.

(From the New York Times.)

The many attempts to explain the relativity theory of Professor Alfred Einstein and to make his principles of curvilinear motion and gravitation clear to the lay mind have been followed by an essay by L. Bolton of London, which has won a \$5000 prize in a contest arranged by the *Scientific American*. The prize was offered by Eugene Higgins of Paris, an amateur enthusiast in physics and mathematics.

The prize was awarded to Mr. Bolton over some distinguished competitors, including Dr. William H. Pickering of the Harvard Observatory in Jamaica, Dr. Henry Norris Russell of Princeton, who won the Royal Astronomical Society Medal for his work in the last year; Dr. William de Sitter, the Netherlands astronomer; Schlick, author of "Space and Time in Contemporary Physics," and H. H. Turner of Oxford. Many other well-known English and American physicists took part in the competition. Mr. Bolton himself is almost unknown among scientists. He is on the staff of the British Patent Office. It is interesting to recall that Einstein at one time was in the Swiss Patent Office.

Mr. Bolton states the mechanical principles of relativity and then the special or restrictive principle of relativity, which was discovered by Professor Albert A. Michelson, who recently discovered a method of measuring the mass of fixed stars. This principle is that "by no experiment conducted in his own system can an observer detect the unaccelerated motion of his system," and, secondly, "the measure of the velocity of light in vacuo is unaffected by relative motion between the observer and the source of light."

The first is explained by the familiar illustration of a passenger in a slowly moving train. He can not tell at first whether the one he is sitting in or an

adjacent one is moving; he has to wait for bumps or the sight of some object he knows to be fixed. And the second is likened to waves in water, started by a ship, which move of their own velocity. "So waves in space," says the essayist, "travel onward with a speed bearing no relation to that of the body which originated them."

The first deduction from an examination of the laws of relativity, Mr. Bolton says, is that "lengths and times have not the absolute character formerly attributed to them. As they present themselves to us they are relations between the object and the observer which change as their motion relative to him changes. Time can no longer be regarded as something independent of position and motion, and the question is what is the reality?"

"The only possible answer is that objects must be regarded as existing in four dimensions, three of these being the ordinary ones of length, breadth, and thickness, and the fourth, time. The term 'space' is applicable only by analogy to such a region; it has been called a 'continuum,' and the analogue of a point in ordinary three-dimensional space has been appropriately called an 'event.'"

Mankind does not possess the requisite faculties to form a mental picture of a "continuum," Mr. Bolton says, but the symbols of a mathematician enable him to extract the relative properties from it and to express them in a form for exact treatment. It is difficult to form a general law to hold good for all observers whose systems may be moving at different rates, because accelerations imply forces which upset the formulation of any general dynamical principle.

"The following example taken from Einstein will make this clear, and also indicate a way out of the difficulty," writes Mr. Bolton. "A rotating system is chosen, but since rotation is only a particular case of acceleration, it will serve as an example of the method of treating accelerated systems generally.

"Let us note the experiences of an observer on a rotating disk which is isolated so that the observer has no direct means of perceiving the rotation. He will, therefore, refer all the occurrences on the disk to a frame of reference fixed with respect to it and partaking of its motion.

"He will notice, as he walks about on the disk, that he himself and all the objects on it, whatever their constitution or state, are acted upon by a force directed away from a certain point upon it, and increasing with the distance from that point. This point is actually the centre of rotation, though the observer does not recognize it as such. The space on the disk, in fact, presents the characteristic properties of a gravitational field.

"The force differs from gravity, as we know it, by the fact that it is directed away from instead of toward a centre, and it obeys a different law of distance, but this does not affect the characteristic properties that it acts on all bodies alike, and can not be screened from one body by the interposition of another. An observer aware of the rotation of the disk would say that the force was centrifugal force—that is, the force due to inertia which a body always exerts when it is accelerated."

It may be perfectly possible, granting that Professor Albert Einstein's theory of the finiteness of the universe is correct, to determine some day the average density of matter in the universe and to weigh it in terms of pounds of mass—not ordinary pounds, for they are determined by gravitational force and are merely relative.

Professor George B. Pegram, professor of physics at Columbia, assented to this assumption yesterday, although he did it reluctantly, for it seemed to him too much a matter of speculation. If astronomical investigation should show that matter is of an average density throughout the universe, said Professor Pegram, it would be possible to prove that through the law of gravitation this matter would constitute a spherical universe, and having determined the size of the universe it would be possible to calculate the pounds of mass that compose it.

The Einstein theory of the finiteness of the universe is predicated upon the belief that a gravitational field may be interpreted as a curvature of space, Professor Pegram said; in other words, that space may curve back upon itself. If it is found that there is a uniform distribution or average density of matter, the result would be a closed space. Professor Pegram referred to Einstein's

book for an illustration of what is meant by a four-dimensional and finite universe.

"If you can conceive of a two-dimensional creature living on a plane and unable to move out of that plane you would conceive of a creature that knows only the Euclidian world," said Professor Pegram. "He would have his little measuring rods for determining distance, and it would seem to him that space is infinite on his plane, for he can put those rods end to end indefinitely.

"Now put him on a sphere. He would still be able to conceive of the world only as a plane, but in moving in an attempt to realize a straight line he would move in a curve, which to us would describe a circle. His little rods would still be useful to him, for the world has finite surfaces which can be measured into little squares. The great idea in this is that a world of this kind is finite, but has no limitations. You can go round and round it indefinitely.

"Now if the 'spherical' man has a planet whose sun system covers only a part of the cosmical world, he has no way of defining whether it is finite or infinite, he has no way of determining whether it is Euclidian or not. He has no way of determining whether he has departed from the analogue of flatness even though it existed. The two-dimensional world possesses finite volume. It is also possible to get a three-dimensional analogy to the two-dimensional spherical world.

"The geometrical properties of space, under the Einstein theory, are determined by matter. He blames gravitation on geometry rather than dynamics. Take the illustration of a ship sailing round the world. We would say that the ship sails in a circle because of an equilibrium of forces. Einstein's analogue would say that the ship goes on in a circle because it moves in a spherical field, because it could not move in any other field. The gravitational field determines the geometry.

"The measuring sticks and watches of the two-dimensional people living on their plane would be affected by matter. On their plane wherever there is a body of matter there is a little bump in the plane, perceptible to them only as a circle. But because of these bumps in the plane you can't say that Euclidian

geometry is altogether correct, although it departs very little. The great masses such as the sun have only a small effect on the surrounding properties. These humps in two-dimensional space are affected by gravitation and Einstein has described them as ripples on a lake.

"In a quasi-Euclidian plane unlimited in space, the density of matter must be zero, and such a world could not be filled all over with matter; the amount of matter must be finite in infinite space. If the matter, on the other hand, is uniformly distributed it must be curved because of the gravitational force, which Einstein contends is equivalent to the curvature of space. In this way he arrives at the conclusion that the universe is spherical and finite and, therefore, measurable by calculating the distribution and density of matter."

THE REAPING.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continued.)

"China was lethe to me. Once over the typhus I was immune to her pestilent, humid airs.

"I was fifteen when I first set foot on her lethargic soil and I was twenty-two before I felt other ground beneath me. Throughout the plastic (and in my case the more or less morbid) period of adolescence I was subject to her profound influence. Child of the New World though I was, with generations of Middle Western ancestry behind me, there was that within me which ran parallel to certain basic characteristics of the Oriental mind. I fell into immediate rapport with it and many things distinctly Chinese.

"Along with qualities not so good—for China is brutal and squalid—she made me aware of the virtues of endless endurance, of unbreakable personal courage, of an ingrained attitude of detachment in the face of catastrophes that would all but paralyze the wits of a white man.

"That her stoicism, her fatalism, were the natural outcome of the two allied philosophies that had integrated and molded her national thought since time out of mind, I, a waif of a boy, could not know. But I admired them instinctively and I tried with actual desperation to reproduce them in myself. I was emotionally exhausted. For fifteen months the hitherto placid enough pool of boy-

ish existence had been lashed and churned to dark agonies by the invasion of a strayed, deep-sea monster. In that storm I had been catapulted from crest to crest of foaming wave, had been seized in the iron grip of the undercurrent, and had dropped like a plummet into depths that afforded no security from the whirling, top-like vortices of water that spun ceaselessly about me and into whose maws I would presently be drawn to shoot upward once more into the boiling, surface tides.

"Because I had witnessed, first hand, something of the moral perversions of one woman and two men—and those two my father and my cousin—life and the natural processes of life had become hideous, leering, to me. I loathed it with a sick loathing that was in itself a grave perversion. But, again, how could I know that?"

"I was still very much of a child in many ways. I was overwrought in mind and body, I was untaught and intolerably lonely. Nobody in all the world, so far as I could see, cared in the least whether I lived or whether I died. I have often wondered how I got through that first year, adrift, alien, and very ill, in that land where, so it is reputed, human life is the cheapest of all commodities. Yet it is a fact that I owe my life today to the solid, thoroughly unhygienic ministrations of a Chinese coolie, and not to any interest shown me in my need by the Baptist missionary society with whom I had gotten a small job soon after landing. However, it is only fair to them to say that they supposed me to be much older than I was. I had seen to that, for I had a horror of being sent home, a runaway hauled back by the ear, so to say. Also, and this in spite of the fact that the missionaries were in China with the avowed intention of converting a heathen nation to a religion that, they insisted, was the only true religion in the world, their interpretation of God and the workings of His providence the only possible interpretation, and their heaven a very gorgeously dull place indeed, they were singularly averse to dying. And this reluctance showed itself in spite of a considerable veneer of words to the contrary and actions that were plainer still.

"But it seemed that the 'heathen' neither avoided nor thought overmuch

about death. Whether in the form of pestilence and famine, or periodical catastrophes by flooding river, belching volcano, and convulsed earth, they surveyed it with calm, oblique eyes and went about their business.

"The element of fatalism that so deeply colors all Oriental thought was fascinating to me, and its influence crept into my blood. On the whole, I think that it did me a certain amount of good. It tended to silence my wild protests against life, and as I grew older I gained by it my first glimpse of that perspective we all get sooner or later: that perspective whereby we see that neither in grief nor joy, in weakness nor strength, are our experiences in any way peculiar to ourselves alone. And that one bit of insight is bound to act as a considerable check on the morbid personal egotism which indulges in the notion that its pain, its loss, has set it sacrificially apart from the common lot of humanity.

"I needed that wholesome corrective and needed it badly, for I was more than a little inclined to regard life with rankling bitterness. Wherever I turned it had met me with hostility; I had to wrestle with it as with a deadly enemy. It was good for me to recognize that all about me men fought as I fought and suffered a thousand things that I did not. Out of common decency I ceased to wail secretly over my hard lot, to nurse my hatred for two human beings, who, I felt, had not only betrayed my childish trust, but had wantonly smirched the memory of my mother. It seemed a weak and shameful thing to do when, day after day, year in and year out, I witnessed misery—the like of which the Western world knows nothing at all—and a stoical endurance of it. Disease, starvation on every hand, and scarcely anything done to alleviate it. . . ."

Mr. C. stopped abruptly at the first stroke of the hall clock striking the hour. A bewildered frown drew his black brows together. He had the air of a man who suddenly realizes that he has been speaking at length of something whose import he only remembers dimly.

(To Be Concluded.)

The body is simply the irresponsible organ, the tool of the Psychic, if not of Spiritual, Man.—*Secret Doctrine*.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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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ON THE GOOD, OR THE ONE.

(By Plotinus.)

All beings are beings through *the one*, both such as are primarily beings, and such as in any respect whatever are said to be classed in the order of beings. For what would they be, if they were not one? For if deprived of unity, they are no longer what they were said to be. For neither would an army, or a choir, exist [as such], unless each of them was one. Nor would a herd exist, if it were not one. But neither would a house or a ship have an existence, unless they possess *the one*; since a house is one thing and also a ship, which one if they lose, the house will no longer be a house, nor the ship a ship. Continued magnitudes, therefore, unless *the one* is present with them, will not have an existence. Hence, when they are divided, so far as they lose *the one*, they change their existence. The bodies, also, of plants and animals, each of which is one, if they fly from *the one*, in consequence of being broken into multitude, lose the essence which they before possessed, no longer being that which they were, but becoming instead of it other things, and continuing to be these so long as they are one. Health, likewise, then has a subsistence, when the body is congregated into one [*i. e.*, when it possesses symmetry], and beauty then flourishes when the nature of *the one* confines the parts of the body. Virtue also exists in the soul when the soul tends to unity, and is

united in one concord. Since, therefore, the soul conducts all things to one, by fabricating, fashioning, forming, and co-arranging them, is it necessary to assert when we have arrived as far as to soul, that she supplies *the one*, and that she is *the one itself*? Or must we not say that as when she imparts other things to bodies, such as *morphe* and form, it is not herself which she imparts, but things different from herself, thus also it is requisite to think if she imparts *the one*, that she imparts it as something different from herself; and that looking to *the one*, she causes each of her productions to be one, in the same manner as looking to man, she fabricates man, assuming together with man *the one* contained in man. For of the things which are denominated one, each is in such a manner one as is the being which it possesses. So that things which are in a less degree beings, possess in a less degree *the one*; but those that have more of entity have also more of *the one*. Moreover, soul being different from *the one*, possesses more of it in proportion as it is more truly soul, yet is not *the one itself*. For soul is one, and in a certain respect *the one* which it possesses is an accident. And these are two things, soul and one, in the same manner as body and one. That indeed which is decreet multitude, as a choir, is more remote from *the one*, but that which is continuous is nearer to it. But soul which has more alliance with, participates more abundantly

dantly of *the one*. If, however, because soul can not exist unless it is one, it should be said that soul and *the one* are the same, we reply in the first place, that other things also are what they are in conjunction with being one, but at the same time *the one* is different from them. For body and one are not the same; but body participates of *the one*. In the next place, each soul is a multitude, though it does not consist of parts. For there are many powers in it, *viz.*, those of reasoning, appetite, and apprehension, which are connected with unity as by a bond. Soul, therefore, being itself one imparts *the one*, to other things. But she also suffers [*i. e.*, participates] this one from something else.

II. Shall we say, therefore, that in each of the things which subsist according to a part, the essence of it and *the one* are not the same? In true being indeed, and true essence, essence, being, and *the one*, are the same. So that he who discovers being in these, will also discover *the one*, and will find that essence itself is *the one itself*. Thus, for instance, if essence is intellect, *the one* also is here intellect, *viz.*, an intellect which is primarily being, and primarily one. And when it imparts existence to other things, thus and so far as it imparts this, it also imparts *the one*. For what else besides intellect and being, can *the one* of these be said to be? For either *the one* is the same with being, as a man is the same thing as one man; or it is as a certain number of each thing, as when you speak of a certain two. And thus *the one* is asserted of a certain thing alone. If, therefore, number pertains to beings, it is evident that *the one* also pertains to them: and what it is must be investigated. But if *the one* is nothing more than the energy of the soul attempting to number, *the one* will have no existence in things themselves. Reason, however, has said, that whatever loses *the one*, loses entirely at the same time its existence. It is necessary, therefore, to consider whether each thing that has a being, and each thing that is one are the same, and whether in short, *being* and *the one* are the same. If, however, the being of each thing is multitude, but it is impossible for *the one* to be multitude, each of these will be different from the other. Man, therefore, is an animal, is rational, and has many

parts, and this multitude is bound together by unity. Hence, man is one thing, and unity another; since the former is partible, but the latter impartible. Moreover, being which ranks as a whole, and contains all beings in itself, will rather be many beings [than one], and will be different from *the one*. But by assumption and participation, it will possess *the one*. Being, likewise, has life and intellect; for it is not deprived of life. Hence, being is many things. If also it is intellect, it is thus again necessary that it should be multitudinous; and this in a still greater degree, if it comprehends in itself forms or ideas. For idea is not unity, but is rather number. And this is true both of each idea, and of that which is all ideas collectively. Idea, likewise, is in such a manner one, as the world is one. In short, *the one* is the first of things, but intellect, forms, and being are not the first. For each form consists of many things, and is a composite, and posterior. For those things from which each form consists have a priority of subsistence. But that it is not possible that intellect can be the first of things, is evident from the following considerations. It is necessary that intellect should consist in intellectual perception; and that the most excellent intellect, and which does not look to what is external to, should intellectually perceive that which is prior to itself. For being converted to itself, it is [at the same time] converted to the principle of itself. And if indeed it is both intellectual and intelligible, it will be twofold and not simple, and therefore not *the one*. But if it looks to something different from itself, it will entirely look to that which is more excellent than, and prior to itself. If, however, it both looks to itself, and to that which is better than itself, it will thus also be secondary. And it is requisite to admit that such an intellect as this is present indeed with *the good*, and with that which is first, and that it beholds it. It likewise associates with, and intellectually perceives itself, and knows that it is itself all things. By no means, therefore, is it *the one*. Neither, therefore, will *the one* be all things; since if it were, it would no longer be *the one*. Nor is it intellect. For thus it would be all things; intellect being all things. Nor is it being. For being likewise is all things.

III. What then will *the one* be; and what nature will it possess? Or may we not say that it is not at all wonderful, it should not be easy to tell what it is, since neither is it easy to tell what being is, or what form is. But our knowledge is fixed in forms. When, however, the soul directs its attention to that which is formless, then being unable to comprehend that which is not bounded, and as it were impressed with forms by a former of a various nature, it falls from the apprehension of it, and is afloat it will possess [nothing from the view]. Hence, it becomes weary in endeavors of this kind, and gladly descends from the survey frequently falling from all things, till it arrives at something sensible, and as it were rests in a solid substance; just as the sight also, when wearied with the perception of small objects, eagerly converts itself to such as are large. When, however, the soul wishes to perceive by itself, and sees itself alone, then in consequence of being one with the object of its perception, it does not think that it yet possesses that which it investigates, because it is not different from that which it intellectually perceives. At the same time it is requisite that he should act in this manner, who intends to philosophise about *the one*. Since, therefore, that which we investigate is one, and we direct our attention to the principle of all things, to *the good*, and the first, we ought not to be far removed from the natures which are about the first of things, nor fall from them to the last of all things, but proceeding to such as are first, we should elevate ourselves from sensibles which have an ultimate subsistence. The soul, likewise, should for this purpose be liberated from all vice, in consequence of hastening to *the* [vision of the] *good*; and should ascend to the principle which is in herself, and become one instead of many things, in order that she may survey the principle of all things, and *the one*. Hence it is requisite, that the soul of him who ascends to *the good* should then become intellect, and that he should commit his soul to, and establish it in intellect, in order, that what intellect sees, his soul may vigilantly receive, and may through intellect survey *the one*; not employing any one of the senses, nor receiving any thing from them, but with a pure intellect, and with the summit [and as it

were, flower] of intellect, beholding that which is most pure. When, therefore, he who applies himself to the survey of a thing of this kind, imagines that there is either magnitude, or figure, or bulk about this nature, he has not intellect for the leader of the vision; because intellect is not naturally adapted to perceive things of this kind, but such an energy is the energy of sense, and of opinion following sense, but in order to perceive *the one*, it is necessary to receive from intellect a declaration of what intellect is able to accomplish. Intellect, however, is able to see either things prior to itself, or things pertaining to itself, or things effected by itself. And the things indeed contained in itself are pure; but those prior to itself are purer and more simple; or rather this must be asserted of that which is prior to it. Hence, that which is prior to it is not intellect, but something more excellent. For intellect is a *certain* one among the number of beings; but that is not a *certain* one, but is prior to everything. Nor it is being; for being has, as it were, the form of *the one*. But that is formless, and is even without intelligible form. For the nature of *the one* being generative of all things, is not any one of them. Neither, therefore, is it a certain thing, nor a quality, nor a quantity, nor intellect, nor soul, nor that which is moved, nor again that which stands still. Nor is it in place, or in time; but is by itself uniform, or rather without form, being prior to all form, to motion and to permanency. For these subsist about being which also cause it to be multitudinous. Why, however, if it is not moved, does it not stand still? Because it is necessary that one or both of these should subsist about being. And that which stands still, stands still through permanency, and is not the same with it. Hence permanency is accidental to it, and it no longer remains simple. For when we say that *the one* is the cause of all things, we do not predicate anything as an accident to it, but rather as something which happens to us, because we possess something from it. *the one* in the meantime subsisting in itself. It is necessary, however, when speaking accurately of *the one*, neither to call it *that*, nor *this*. But we running as it were externally round it, are desirous of explaining the manner in which we are affected about

it. And at one time, indeed, we draw near to it, but at another time fall from it, by our doubts about it.

(To Be Continued.)

A LECTURE BY EINSTEIN.

(Maurice Samuel in Manchester Guardian.)

One expected him as a voluminously bearded Jew, with a vast forehead, bright, sparkling eyes, and a certain obscurity of manner, for this, according to the conventions of the light literature which molds our views, is the successful Continental professor from anywhere east of the Rhine. Instead there walked on to the crowded platform a rather tired-looking schoolmaster in middle age, clean-shaven but for a moustache, and indifferently dressed.

The vast Concert Hall was crowded. A week before the date of the lecture I had ransacked Vienna for a ticket to Professor Einstein's lecture on the *Relativitäts-theorie*, and though the lecture hall was to be the large Concert Hall, with a capacity of nearly 3000, neither love nor money could procure me a ticket. In the end I obtained a place through the courtesy of an Inter-Allied Commission—a box seat close to the platform, so that I could watch the audience at first and then hear the lecturer without difficulty.

The opening remarks of the professor were a disappointment. He seemed to deliver them with an indifference begot partly of familiarity with his subject and partly of contempt for his audience. Then, as he advanced into the argument, himself exhibiting only the mildest interest in it, a change came over us. We were aware, to our astonishment, of a sudden capacity for thought; we were actually able to understand him; we were following him through bewildering intricacies, and masters of ourselves, firm in our sanity. We began to forget ourselves.

"I strike my hand twice against the table," said the professor, "one, two. What is your description of these phenomena? You are inclined to say that two knocks, at different moments, have been delivered on the same spot. Is this true? You are aware, of course, that this room, placed as it is on the earth, is moving through space, firstly because the world is turning on its own axis,

then because the world is revolving round the sun, and then because the solar system is itself moving through space. It was therefore wrong to have said that two knocks were delivered on the same spot at two different times. The sameness of the spot was only relative to the room in which we were placed. And if we wanted the spot to remain the same in an absolute sense we should have to annihilate the sense of time—that is, the two knocks would have to take place simultaneously."

This is perfectly clear; is this Einstein the Incomprehensible. He continues:

"You therefore see that identity of place is only possible when the sense of time is absolutely annihilated, and that place is only relative to time. But the converse is equally true; that is to say, there is no time-sameness except when the factor of space ceases to exist."

An exhilarating illusion of clarity comes over us. We understand the professor even before he explains. He continues:

"The simultaneity of two events is purely relative. For instance, supposing that at two point equidistant from you two flashes of light were to become simultaneously visible. You would be inclined to say that since light travels with a uniform speed, and the two points were equidistant from you, the outbreaks of light occurred simultaneously. But were you and were the two points of light stationary at the moment of the outbreaks of light until the moment of the arrival of the light at your eyes? Of course not, for the very earth is not stationary. And your motion with the earth necessarily affected the relativity of the speed of the light to yourself. You were going towards one light and away from the other, and therefore one light came faster towards you and the other more slowly. Hence what you saw simultaneously did not occur simultaneously."

We became almost delirious with the joy of perfect understanding. The professor continues:

"If, on the other hand, the bodies which emitted the light, and yourself, remained relatively unchanged in position during the experiment, that is, none of you moved relatively to the others, would you still be justified in saying that the outbreaks of light occurred simultaneously? I mean, for instance, if the

lights were fixed on the earth, and therefore moved through space with you. No, not even then. For all three bodies are then moving through space. You are aware that light moves with a certain fixed velocity. What is that velocity relative to? To the ether. Light radiates from a luminous point with equal velocity in all directions, but with equal velocity not away from the luminous point, for that itself may be in motion, but with equal velocity in relation to a fixed point in the ether. If, therefore, the luminous body is itself moving through space, the light which is traveling in the same direction as the luminous point itself is only leaving that luminous point at a velocity equal to the velocity of light minus the velocity of the luminous point.

"We have taken the hypothesis that the observer is stationary relative to the luminous points in our experiment. He is therefore moving in the same direction as they. Now we have seen that the light traveling from a moving luminous point in the same direction as the point moves away from that point more slowly than the light traveling away in the opposite direction. It will, therefore, take that light longer to reach the observer if he is in front of the moving point of light than if he is behind.

"I will make myself clearer. Supposing there is a luminous point in space which is traveling with the same absolute velocity as light. It is clear that those rays of light which travel in the same direction as the luminous point will never leave the luminous point, for the luminous point will always be catching up with them. Suppose an observer to be in front of the luminous point of light, and suppose he is stationary relative to the point of light; that is, he is moving in the same direction with the same velocity. Then, as the rays of light never leave the luminous point in that direction, they will never reach the observer. If, however, the common velocity of the luminous point and of the observer diminishes, the light will steadily leave the luminous point and reach the observer. Conversely, if the observer is behind the luminous point, and traveling in the same direction, the ray of light would reach him with twice the velocity of light.

"We therefore see that under any cir-

cumstances, when two rays of light strike the observer simultaneously, it is impossible to say that they set out simultaneously.

"It is therefore impossible to establish a simultaneity of events. And similarly, and in consequence, it is impossible to establish a measure of time. A clock moving through space in the same direction as the observer gives a different measure of time according to the relation of the line joining the clock and the observer to the line of light from the clock to the observer, and of the velocity of their common motion to the absolute velocity of light. . . ."

We went from the lecture hall as in a dream. In the vast cloakrooms, where after concerts there is bedlam and pandemonium when the audience comes for its overcoats, there was silence. In silence and dazed thoughtfulness the crowds waited for their clothes. And we went forth into the lightless streets of Vienna like ghosts. For the earth was not under our feet, and the sense of time and space had been taken from us; and like impossible and intangible abstractions we remained immovable and unchangeable in a void which had not even magnitude or duration . . . till the tram came out of the *néant* and without conviction we offered the conductor three kronen.

THE REAPING.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continued.)

I would have been dull indeed had I failed to see that as his narrative unfolded itself the sequences of time were become non-existent to him. The indelible impressions of those sombre and disciplinary years in China were not removed in his consciousness as so many mile-posts along a road that he had once traveled and down which he now turned to look in retrospect. That which was of the past and that which was in the present had been gathered up and joined in his mind exactly as I might join the two ends of a linear measure and so make of that which had been called straight another figure to which is given the name of a circle. So for him there had temporarily ceased to exist a past as apart from the present; the far had become one with the near; they were mitred

together in a circle of a continuous consciousness.

To use his own expression, he was "remembering too much." But I believe that it would be really better to say that he was not so much remembering, or recollecting, in the usual memory-sense of the terms, as actually re-living his strange and forlorn existence.

It is said that at the moment of our death, or when imminent death threatens us, every event of our lives, every thought, every deed, is present before us in one lightning flash, one all-revealing moment.

Very likely it is true, or close to the truth. I have wondered many a time if something roughly synonymous with that death-panorama did not occur in Mr. C.'s overwrought brain. His mind—that is, his consciousness—was as clear as a bell and probably as strongly individualized as it had ever been in all his life, which is the same as saying that it was very highly individualized indeed.

But it is possible that the physical brain, that complex organ of the body whose duty it is to receive and segregate and file away the impressions of consciousness and deliver them back again in good order at command, had had the walls of its convoluted, film-like structure rendered translucent in the heat that arose from the fires of his tormented soul, a soul sick with natural grief and flayed by an unnatural, horrible conviction that he was in some occult way responsible for his poor wife's condition. And—to carry the fanciful figure still further—when once those cryptic and heretofore mercifully opaque walls were become crystalline, there had followed, swiftly and inevitably, that terrible, unveiled perception whereby he saw all that which went to make up his yesterdays, not as so many things past and done with, but as component parts of an indivisible and living whole.

It may be that something akin to this all-inclusive consciousness lies ahead of us, a permanent possession, when we are much further along the mysterious path of human destiny. But bitter indeed is the lot of the man who peers a bit further into those heavens and hells that surround us than his contemporaries are willing or able to do. He is henceforth a pariah, an outcast of one world while

yet a long way from attaining a permanent hold on any other.

For his conviction that he was to blame for the present tragedy I had at that time no patience whatsoever. The idea was unthinkable, horrible. It made existence an unbearable burden, for who is there of us who has not, at some time or another, tacitly if not actively plotted ill toward a fellow-human.

And here was a man proposing to saddle himself with the direct responsibility for an act committed by his wife in a somnambulistic dream, and for no other reason than that it bore a cursory resemblance to a nightmare that had plagued him many years ago, and which, in its turn, was the abortive outcome of a boy's bitter and only too well-founded resentment expressing itself in the pictorial drama common to childhood.

That there were elements present in his representation which are not common to the usual boy mind, elements of a truly potent nature, I could well allow. Indeed, I had to grant it, for Mr. C.'s outstanding characteristic was a will of extraordinary engine-like quality, driven under the close leash of a mind of just as extraordinary quality. But that the stage of the present tragedy had been set in that long ago, and the principal actor (all unconscious of his terrible rôle) had but just now come upon it, to render in coerced, dream-pantomime its every detail, was too fantastic an idea for me to entertain.

Such notions, I assured myself, were evidence of a state of morbidity bordering on actual insanity. And yet I have reflected many a time since that dreary night when his thread-thin voice went forward—excepting the brief interlude as the clock struck 10—with the precision and the hypnotic insistence of a drill whose steady pound reaches the ear from a distance, that in our own lives and in the lives of those about us (and the pages of whose book is, unfortunately, often more legible to us than is our own), do we find evidences of the working of some such law as he postulated. And, as with the civil code, that accurate, super-dominant law makes no concessions to our ignorance. For our sins of commission and omission we pay, and our nearest and dearest pay with us, the inexorable price. Moreover, we are often called upon to pay in coin whose

image and superscription is that of a monarch to whose coffers we have long since ceased to subscribe.

Mr. C. had been talking for almost an hour.

I had, of course, counted the cost of such sustained effort on his weak condition. I anticipated a complete physical collapse once he was done, but I felt that I could cope with that contingency with more chance of success than with the destroying mischief of continued mental repressions. For that such psychical canker was a considerable factor in his strange seizure, if not the very root of it, I had now no manner of doubt.

Therefore I deliberately threw him a cue calculated to bring to his mind two images—China and a woman:

"China, then, was a foster-mother to you. She fed you of her meagre milk, she did the best she could for you. . . ."

He responded almost at once, slipping easily into his narrative:

"That is true. And I drank in all she had for me in insatiable hunger. Her discipline was good, but not all good. She developed my nascent powers of resistance, and that was right enough in principle, but it took the wrong form in action. It was like burying a thing alive, and then having to sit guard over the grave lest it rise at an unexpected moment.

"When the old images of home intruded on me, as they did at times, I banished them sternly. To remember anything of that period was to remember everything. It was salt in a festering wound.

"My set purpose was to obliterate those memories, and I accomplished it with the bludgeon of will. I was able to force upon my brain a condition of surface oblivion. I grew expert, even crafty, at the heading off of any unwelcome train of thought. In modern terminology I inhibited; I did not eradicate or sublimate the old terros and griefs and angers.

"And so I carried along with me into maturity an insidious mental poison, nor dreamed that I did so. Still less would I have credited the idea that I was become a source of psychical contagion, exactly as one of your cases of varicoid, doctor, may spread the virus of black smallpox.

"So far as material matters went I got along, after that first hard year, well enough.

"A seemingly idle turn of my fortune's small wheel led me into acquaintance with one of the representatives of a privately financed Chinese-British firm, that, nominally under control of the Chinese government, dealt in ores, chiefly tin and antimony.

"Through him I made in my eighteenth year a connection with their laboratory department. I developed a positive passion for the work. Each lump specimen to be assayed was to me the obstinate gate that must be made to yield entrance to fairyland. In my eagerness to learn I forgot to be self-conscious and shy. I believe I borrowed, at one time or another, every book in Hongkong on chemistry and assaying. I came to be regarded as a joke and a pest about the laboratory rooms because of my endless queries and my fondness for hair-raising experiments.

"I was twenty-two on the day I had the honor to be chosen, along with three other men—two were surveyors—to accompany Fleming, one of the company's biggest men and just out from England, to report on some proposed new holdings in the upper Yangtze region, where there were interesting traces of the chromium group. Radioactive minerals, even in minute quantities, are worth combing the world for, and the astute directors of the company had no intention of passing over the slightest indications of such financial bonanza.

"I dare say I was chosen to go with Fleming because of my faculty for getting on with the natives and my good enough working knowledge of their complicated idioms. Certainly I was not equipped to be useful to him in any professional sense. My knowledge of chemical assaying was necessarily of the crudest and most limited order. Even those few books on which I had been able to lay my hands were, in the main, a source of the blackest desperation and despair. So much that I wanted to know was hidden from me because I had only the most elementary acquaintance with mathematics."

(To Be Concluded.)

Esoteric Philosophy admits neither good nor evil *per se*, as existing independently in Nature.—*Secret Doctrine*.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

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

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LAWS OF EVIDENCE.

Definition of the laws of evidence for the supernormal is not a simple matter. The test of truth which is applicable to those departments of science dealing with inorganic nature, such as physics and chemistry, is not applicable here. This test is that of repetition and Dr. George E. Wright, who lays this rule down, notes the scope of its application—which is often overlooked. Thus, if a proposition is set forth that, given certain conditions or processes, certain results follow—this proposition can be proved or disproved by simple repetition ("Practical Views on Psychic Phenomena," by George E. Wright. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe):

If a chemist states that, by applying certain reagents to certain substances and following certain procedure in the application of heat, pressure, and so forth, he gets a certain result, it is at once possible for any other qualified chemist to verify or disprove his conclusions by repeating the experiment any number of times.

In inorganic science, then, the test of repetition can be applied just as often as it is possible to obtain the same materials and conditions, the necessary apparatus, and the services of a competent experimenter. This, generally, means that the test can be applied at will.

Now, the evidence for facts of the so-called "psychic" will certainly not sustain the test of repetition. One reason alone, among others, is sufficient to account for this. We are never in a position to assure identical conditions. Conditions may be approximately equal in

many cases, but we are never able definitely to assure that they will be so. Are we, therefore, to say that the evidence for supernormal facts or psychic phenomena or whatever we are to call them is not amenable to scientific analysis, that it is even too uncertain and fickle to be worthy of scientific consideration? Dr. Wright answer his own question by saying: surely not:

When we pass to those departments of science which deal with *organic* nature we find that the criterion of repetition can, by no means, be rigidly applied. In biology the conditions of experiment are, to a greater or a less degree, uncontrollable. Theories and hypotheses are built up, not on the unvarying results of repetition under identical conditions, but on the *average results* of experiments and observations where both the conditions of the experiment and the material (vital organisms) experimented upon, are, to a greater or less extent (but always to some extent) uncontrollable.

The evidence for supernormal facts is cumulative, not repetitive. The analogy to be adopted is that of the fagot of sticks. How is the evidence to be obtained?

To answer this question it is necessary to emphasize an important distinction between inquiry in this subject and inquiry in most departments of natural science. In the latter, reading and experiment proceed side by side—the lecture-room is but an annex to the laboratory. Practical personal experience is rightly considered essential. Generally speaking, experiment in inorganic science is always instructive and never, finally, misleading. The experimenter is dealing with phenomena which are invariably referable to the fundamental dimensions of space, mass, and time. The

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possible errors are those of instrumentation, observation, and external interference, these can, with time and patience, be eliminated or, rather, to speak quite accurately, reduced within narrow and known limits.

The personality of the experimenter does not, in such cases, have much effect. Mechanism is available to take the place of Sensation. One is not required to decide the temperature of liquids by placing the hand in them. The thermometer is available for this purpose. The influence of the personality of the observer is, then, confined to the possible visual errors in reading the thermometer.

The ultimate appeal, therefore, is always to mechanism. In psychic experimentation, however, we have generally no mechanism to help us. The experimenter is his own apparatus, his own Psychoscope. He is dealing with phenomena which are, by definition, extranormal, and not referable to physical dimensions. He is evaluating these phenomena by their sensory effects on himself.

An essential point in considering the proof of a supernatural fact is to make sure that the observers have not "faked" their particulars. It is possible to eliminate the factor of "fake" by making sure of the good faith of all concerned. The observers may have been deceived. There is such a thing as self-deception. In two important departments of psychic research, communication with the disembodied and telepathy, no exceptional demands are made on the records of the facts. One can test the records and if there be a doubt he may disbelieve. When we have to consider the records of complex phenomena, not merely simple reports of spoken words, but descriptions of lengthy and complicated occurrences, we certainly must consider whether the training, experience, and temperament of the investigators have been of a kind to make them competent in the establishment of a supernatural fact. The point is sometimes made that a supernatural fact is so utterly at variance with the known laws of nature, so remote from the common experience of mankind that no evidence can outweigh the antecedent improbability of it. But, as Massey has well said, the antecedent improbability of any event is simply equivalent to the improbability that evidence reaching a certain standard of value will be forthcoming and therefore vanishes with the occurrence of such evidence:

The evidence for communication with the disembodied is very strong. The practical man is confronted with a large number of consistent and reliable observations of a phenomenon for which no reasonable explanation can yet be found, except that the disembodied do

originate communications to us embodied. This hypothesis has, therefore, to be accepted provisionally. Alternately, he may say, that although the present evidence is good he requires more of it before he can consider proof as complete. No impartial investigator can quarrel with this conclusion. . . .

The first need is to arrive at a clear idea as to the kind of communications which can be considered as evidential. Assuming that there is a disembodied intelligence desirous of communicating with a living person, how can he afford proof of the authenticity of the communications received by the latter? Here, I think, there is much popular misconception. The casual thinker would tell us that if the departed can communicate, it would be easy for them to do so in a manner which would admit of no ambiguity. Further reflection will show that this is by no means the case.

If a dead person can communicate with us in the present time he must obviously exist in the present time, therefore he must give proof of his existence at the time when he sends his message. How is any communication to give a proof that it does as it purports, emanate *in present time* from a definite person who has once lived on this earth? He can tell us of his past or his present life. He can also foretell as to the future. Foretellings are not evidence at the time, as they obviously can not be checked. A good deal of prophesying, of a mild description, has been done through some mediums. The predictions, however, have generally proved to be wrong.

—*Current Opinion.*

THE REAPING.

(By J. A. H.)

(Continued.)

"Whatever the reason for my selection may have been is beside the case. It was the glorious opportunity of my life, and I had sense enough to recognize it as such.

"It is inevitable that human beings shall get to know each other better in a three-months sojourneying from the conventional world than they will do in as many years of ordinary social intercourse. In Hongkong, undoubtedly, I would have had no more than the slightest dealings with Fleming, for he was a man of affairs and I was about as far removed from him in the social and business scale as it was possible for me to be and still come under his casual notice.

"But in those eleven weeks of constant companionship I came to know and to care for him as I have never cared for any man before or since that time. In all the things that count he was splendidly there. To him, to the friendly stimulus he so freely offered me, I owe what little place I hold in my profession today.

"I was incredibly ignorant in many ways, but he did not make me feel that therein lay an insurmountable barrier to any aim I might decree. He did me the inestimable honor of making me believe that what I had thought out for myself with any degree of clarity whatsoever was worth his interested attention. And he made me aware, for the first time in my life, of that power which lies in a rigid and unbiased scrutiny of one's inmost character and propensities with a view to arriving at an estimate as to one's place in the world, one's inherent values, and, just as clearly, one's shortcomings.

"Without being in the least a visionary idealist, he had a sound faith in the ultimate rightness of all life's contradictory experiences. He looked for some redeeming quality in the most commonplace of men and in the most sordid of circumstances with the same patient assiduity he showed in analyzing refractory, treasure-bearing ore.

"But although he took me into his friendship, yes, to the extent of making it possible for me to return to England with him and enter the college of science from which he had matriculated—the precious opportunity of being much alone, or practically alone, with him never repeated itself, and the seed that he had sown in my mind under China's open skies remain fallow for many a year. Too many complexes stood in the way of their straightforward growth."

"Not that I did not make the effort to face myself, to dig down into the roots of that perplexing thing we call innate character, with its few, stunted virtues and its entanglement of glaring faults. But I was far too accustomed to my reppressions to recognize them as such. Usually I took them to be evidences of mental and moral strength.

"It took three years of constant plodding to get me through college. There were any number of subjects allied to chemistry that I had to struggle through. I managed it by the smallest margin. Fleming had been in and out of London perhaps half a dozen times while I was there and he was never slack in correspondence. From India, from Africa, wherever he happened to be, his letters came to me with unfailing regularity and as unfailing good cheer. He was a bachelor and quite without near kin.

Perhaps that made it easier for me to take from him, as a loan, that extra money (I had a night job that insured my room and a meal a day) which enabled me to appear decently well among my fellow-students. One has either to be very slack in regard to money matters or else very, very close to another man to spend his money for him with the prospect of return far in the distance.

"I was in the midst of final examinations when I got the cable telling me of Fleming's death in South Africa. His last coherent act—he died of fever—was to send me a draft for five hundred pounds pinned to a note with the words, 'Carry it on if you can. I am certain there is uranium here in these mountains.'

"I knew what he meant. He had been for the last year on the track of the mineral in an ore that was not supposed to yield a sign of it. I had had a jubilant letter from him not long before saying that he had succeeded in isolating a few particles of it, or something whose test was almost identical.

"Of course I went to Africa. From the first I loathed the country with a deathly loathing. Her barbaric splendors burnt my hostile flesh; her suns and her moons seemed to me full of red evil; she was insolent, a wanton whom I was forever pushing at arms' length. And, worst of all, I had not been across her borders many weeks before the old dream came back to torment me.

"From the welter of oblivion it arose with the same sardonic insistence and the same stealthy attack on sanity. It was even more noxious than before. For now I was not the duality of the former version. I had become a disembodied phantom who sometimes merged into the body of a gigantic negress, making her voodoo rites under a waning moon, and, again, a thick-figured, white woman, wrapped in coarse gauze, weaving strange characters through a blur of smoke that was rank with the odor of smoldering cloth.

"But I found the uranium.

"I did it for Fleming, but on that discovery the doors of my future swung open. In a small way, I became somebody.

"Another three years rolled by. I was a part of the human stream that is Lon-

don. And I was contented to be so. With full maturity I had undergone a complete revulsion of feeling toward men and women and life in general. I neither shunned nor especially courted them; I took things pretty much as they came, and as no more than incidental sidelights throwing into better relief my absorbing passion for my profession.

"And then—war.

"I tried for a place with the first troops to enter France, but they would not have me. There were plenty of younger, trained men in those first days, and I was made useful to the empire in the way in which I was best fitted. I remember that at one time I was not outside our laboratory doors for fourteen days running. . . . Germany had begun the use of her ghoulish gas bombs. It was up to us to do as fiendishly well.

"For the first time in many years I allowed myself to think of America and home. I resented the fact that she prated inconsequential things those long months through.

"When she finally decided that she was not, after all, too proud to fight I took a steamer for New York. It was not easy to do: I pulled every wire, legitimate and illegitimate, I could manage to get hold of.

"It was an almost unbelievable irony of fate that elected that the man I should first contact on setting foot on my native soil was one of the older classmates of that Albion winter. He was a custom officer, and he was not too busy to regale me, with a certain lascivious relish, concerning all that had transpired in the years since I had left home.

"My father, I learned, was dead. He had died the next year of ptomaine poisoning. My cousin, said my informer, was a rum sort; he had landed in jail not long after my father's death on a charge of forgery. Some woman much older than he was mixed up in it, he believed. He knew who she was, but he didn't care to say. . . .

"There was malicious innuendo in his tone. I did not prolong the conversation. I knew, or thought I knew, quite well who 'the older woman' was. That episode of my life was over and done with. So far as I could judge of my own feelings regarding it, even the summoning up of these unhallowed ghosts did not touch me deeply. So far as I cared they

might roam forever; I was not enough concerned to acknowledge their presence, much less to seek to lay them.

"That was my homecoming. And though I did not allow it to plague me, other minor demons did, and effectually, too. I was kept in New York when I wanted above all things to shoulder a gun at the front, and under my own flag. Nor was I allowed to plunge straight into the work designated me. There was an infinite lot of red tape to be gotten through, and the element of time did not appear to be in the least a consequential factor. Awaiting orders, I cooled my heels day after day. But once under way there was plenty to occupy my closest attention for the next two years.

"And in that time I met Dorothy.

"You can figure for yourself what she meant to me. Out of all the world she alone was mine. It is not melodrama to say that I would have died for her a dozen times over. Sweetly and graciously she turned back for me the hands of Time's too accurate clock. She stood to me the epitome of love and home and all that they should mean.

"But I, whom she loved and trusted, and so did not attempt to veil from me her inmost, candid soul, entered into her life only to bring about its ruin.

"That murderous wish of mine, that wish which more than fifteen years ago was sped from the taut bow of hate, has found today, not its destined target, but the depths of an innocent heart.

"Doctor,"—his voice came to me ringing, clear, as though he felt that the words he was about to speak must be conveyed in full panoply of energy—"doctor, I believe that every man who uses his will in conjunction with the power of mental imagery is, to the extent of those powers, a practical magician. And this whether he acts with deliberate intention or not.

"He has manifested the attributes of a creator, although in never so infinitesimal a way, and with his rank goes the responsibility of his station. If his creation is not to his liking, and he has wisdom, he will take care to transmute it into a more worthy form. But he can not destroy that which, like the fruit on the tree, is the offshoot, the expression of his immortal energies.

"If he fails to do this work of transmutation his creature, however well for-

gotten, its existence ignored, will one day arise from some interminable abyss of his nature, will make its way outward to the threshold of the objective world, and, like a starving beast scenting prey, will launch itself toward some human being who for one reason or another is temporarily negative enough to receive it. And then, grown strong on the life of its unsuspecting victim, it will perform that act to fulfill which it came, though long ago, into illicit being.

"Cause and effect—twins of one birth, the two ends of an undeviatingly straight line. . . .

"Who was it that said that not even God could make a paper that had only one side?"

And with these astonishing words he fell backward upon his pillows and to my amazement went almost instantly to sleep. I watched by him for an hour or more and I saw the lines of bitter revolt, of anguish well-nigh unbearable, fade little by little from his thin face. It settled at last into that quiet acceptance, that infinite yearning from which I never again knew it to change.

Perhaps with his iron crown of knowledge, or what he took to be knowledge, there went a super-endurance that is supposed to be one of wisdom's gifts to her children. If so, it was indeed a dark grandeur, a laurel most heavy to wear.

Life's questing, and the joy of questing, was for him—as for his wife—for ever done. About them was the desolation of spiritual remoteness; they were like two wanderers from another planet; two beings set apart by their bleak and inscrutable destinies from the lot of ordinary humanity.

And now I am come to an end. There no longer rings in my ears that insistent refrain, "Tell them—tell them! They do not know what it really means—to think."

And in the setting down of his unforgettable narrative I am brought more clearly than ever before to face its grimly stark problem. If I have in any way accomplished that which he wished me to do it also faces you who read.

THE END.

ON THE GOOD, OR THE ONE.

(By Plotinus.)

(Continued.)

IV. In this affair, however, a doubt especially arises, because the perception of the highest God is not effected by science, nor by intelligence, like other intelligibles, but by the presence of him, which is a mode of knowledge superior to that of science. But the soul suffers an apostasy from *the one*, and is not entirely one when it receives scientific knowledge. For science is reason, and reason is multitudinous. The soul, therefore, in this case, deviates from *the one*, and falls into number and multitude. Hence it is necessary to run above science, and in no respect to depart from a subsistence which is profoundly one; but it is requisite to abandon science, the objects of science, every other thing, and every beautiful spectacle. For every thing beautiful is posterior to the supreme, and is derived from him, in the same manner as all diurnal light is derived from the sun. Hence Plato says, he is neither effable, nor to be described by writing. We speak, however, and write about him, extending ourselves to him, and exciting others by a reasoning process to the vision of him; pointing out, as it were, the way to him who wishes to behold something [of his ineffable nature]. For doctrine extends as far as to the way and the progression to him. But the vision of him is now the work of one who is solicitous to perceive him. He, however, will not arrive at the vision of him, and will not be affected by the survey, nor will have in himself as it were an amatory passion from the view (which passion causes the lover to rest in the object of his love) nor receive from it a true light, which surrounds the whole soul with its splendor, in consequence of becoming nearer to it; he, I say, will not behold this light, who attempts to ascend to the vision of the supreme while he is drawn downwards by those things which are an impediment to the vision. He will likewise not ascend by himself alone, but will be accompanied by that which will divulse him from *the one*, or rather he will not be himself collected into one. For *the one* is not absent from anything, and yet is separated from all things; so that it is present, and yet not present with them. But

it is present with those things that are able, and are prepared to receive it, so that they become congruous, and as it were pass into contact with it, through similitude and a certain inherent power allied to that which is imparted by *the one*. When, therefore, the soul is disposed in such a way as she was when she came from *the one*, then she is able to perceive it, as far as it is naturally capable of being seen. He, therefore, who has not yet arrived thither, but either on account of the above-mentioned obstacle is deprived of this vision, or through the want of reason which may conduct him to it, and impart faith respecting it; such an one may consider himself as the cause of his disappointment through these impediments, and should endeavor by separating himself from all things to be alone. But with respect to arguments in the belief of which he is deficient, he should conceive as follows:

V. Whoever fancies that beings are governed by fortune and chance, and are held together by corporeal causes, is very remote from God, and the conception of *the one*. Our arguments, likewise, are not addressed to these, but to those who admit that there is another nature besides bodies, and who ascend [at least] as far as to soul. It is necessary, therefore, that these should be well acquainted with the nature of soul, both as to other things, and to its being derived from intellect; and from which also participating of reason, it possesses virtue. After these things, however, he should admit the subsistence of another intellect, different from that which reasons, and which is denominated rational. He should likewise consider reasonings to subsist now as it were in intervals and motion, and sciences to be such-like reasons in the soul, with an [evolved] and manifest subsistence; in consequence of intellect which is the cause of sciences being now infused into the soul. Hence in this case, the soul has as it were a sensible perception of intellect, through apprehending it incumbent on soul, and containing in itself the intelligible world, a tranquil intellect, and a quiet motion, and having and being all things—a multitude without separation, and again a separate multitude. For it is neither separated like the reasons [*i. e.*, forms or ideas in the human soul] which are perceived by our intellect one at a time,

[and not simultaneously,] nor is it a confused multitude. For each of the forms contained in it proceeds separate from the rest; in the same manner as in the sciences, where all things subsisting in an impartible nature, at the same time each is separate from the rest. This multitude therefore, subsisting at once is the intelligible world, which is immediately united to the first principle of things, and which the same reason that demonstrates the existence of soul says has a necessary subsistence. This, however, has a more principal subsistence than soul, yet is not the first of things, because it is not [profoundly] one, and simple. But *the one* and the principle of all things, is simple. Hence that which is prior to the most honorable thing among beings, if it is necessary there should be something prior to intellect, which wishes indeed to be one, yet is not one, but has the form of one, because intellect is not in itself dispersed, but is truly present with itself, and does not, in consequence of its proximity to *the one*, divulse itself, though in a certain respect it dares to depart from *the one*;—that, I say, which is prior to intellect and is *the one*, is a prodigy, and is not being, lest here also *the one* should be predicated of another thing, to which no name is in reality adapted. But if it is necessary to give it a name, it may appropriately be called in common *one*, yet not as being first something else, and afterwards one. It is indeed on this account difficult to be known; but is principally to be known from its offspring essence. And intellect leads to essence. The nature also of *the one* is such that it is the fountain of the most excellent things, and a power generating beings, abiding in itself without diminution, and not subsisting in its progeny. But we denominate it *the one* from necessity, in order that we may signify it to each other by a name, and may be led to an impartible conception, being anxious that our soul may be one. We do not, however, here speak of *the one* and the impartible in such a way as when we speak of a point or the monad. For that which is after this manner one, is the principle of quantity, which could not subsist unless essence had a prior existence, and also that which is antecedent to essence. It is necessary therefore to project the dianoetic power to these; but we should

consider the monad and a point as having an analogical similitude to *the one*, on account of their simplicity, and their flying from multitude and division.

(To Be Continued.)

WHY EVERY MALE IS A LATENT FEMALE.

Males and females of the majority of the higher animals differ from each other, not only in the primary sex characters, maleness and femaleness, but also in a great many so-called secondary sexual characters. We have but to consider as instances the antlers of male deer, the bright color of many cock birds, the mustache and beard of man, the high voice and the small hands and feet of woman. Finally, there is the difference in instinct between the sexes.

Are the factors for all these differences simply part of the sex factors? asks Professor J. S. Huxley of New College, Oxford, in *Discovery* (London). Or are they quite separate but somehow controlled by the sex factors. There is no doubt that the second alternative is the true one wherever careful investigation has been made, an individual of one sex can be shown to contain factors both for the secondary sex character which it possesses and also those for the secondary sex characters of the opposite sex, but in a latent condition. If a hen golden pheasant is crossed with an ordinary cock pheasant, its male offspring show, besides some male characters derived from the father, others typical of the golden pheasant. These must have been present though invisible in the mother:

Again, when the ovary of a bird is removed, at the next moult the operated hen will appear with the plumage of a cock. Most startling of all, Steinach, in Germany, showed that, if the reproductive organs are removed from a young male rat, and ovaries from a young female grafted into the abdomen in their place, the male grows up into a creature resembling the female in every particular, not merely in size and form, but also in instincts.

The sex factor, then, acts like a switch. One dose of it in mammals turns on a set of conditions which permits of all the male characters developing. Two doses turn on the conditions that allow femaleness and female characters to appear. Sometimes it would even appear possible to alter these conditions so that some of the female characters begin to appear in

a female while female traits assert themselves in a male:

We are all therefore double, as far as secondary sex characters go; but only one set is generally allowed to develop, while the other is kept latent. Sometimes, however, it is not kept completely latent; and so come about the abnormal individuals with a mixture of the psychology of the two sexes, or even a reversal of sex-impulses. They are a problem to the psychoanalysts, and are often looked upon with great moral reprobation by ordinary people. But, in many cases, there can be no doubt that their condition is no fault of their own, but due to some slightly irregular working of part of the machinery of sex-determination. They are, in fact, what Metschnikoff called "disharmonies" in biology.

There remains the problem of controlling sex determination experimentally:

The problem is still very incompletely investigated. In frogs, there is no doubt that delay in fertilization causes preponderance of males; and in birds and moths, crosses between different varieties or species often result in individuals which ought, by their chromosomes, to be females, being transformed, sometimes incompletely and sometimes completely, into individuals of the other sex.

In general, we may say that it is becoming increasingly probable that, while the mechanism of the sex-chromosomes provides the usual basis for sex-determination, yet other influences may sometimes modify or override this mechanism, and that within the next few decades we shall probably be able to control, in some degree, the determination of sex in many species of animals, and possibly even in man. . . . Further, although naturally we can not conduct on man, generation after generation, the elaborate breeding experiments necessary to clear up the inheritance of a number of characters, yet some human traits have been shown to be transmitted in a Mendelian way. A type of malformation, known as brachydactyly, for instance, in which the fingers are abnormally stumpy, is inherited as a simple Mendelian dominant; while hæmophilia, or the failure of the blood to clot properly, and some forms of color-blindness, are inherited precisely in the way which we should expect for characters whose factors are lodged in sex-chromosomes.

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.

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.—*Secret Doctrine*.

The Theosophical Society

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

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SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, April 23, 1921.

Price Five Cents

PSYCHIC STRUCTURES.

(From the *Quest*.)

This is from a rigidly scientific point of view one of the most important contributions to the study of physical or psycho-physical mediumistic phenomena which have yet appeared. It completes the trilogy of the late Dr. Crawford's methodical, ingeniously controlled, and minutely recorded observations of the powerful manifestations, chiefly of percussive and levitational phenomena, obtained in the private circle of the Goligher family of Belfast, mainly through the exceptional mediumistic endowment of one of the daughters, Miss Kathleen. The patient and unwearied enthusiasm displayed week after week, month after month, and year after year, in the gradual certification of every step forward, displayed by all concerned—investigator, medium, sitters, and last but not least “operators”—is beyond praise. The whole constitutes one of the most valuable, in some respects perhaps the most valuable, body of evidence yet brought before the public. It is difficult to see how any open-minded reader can fail to be deeply impressed by the facts which have passed the severe tests of observation applied to them by Dr. Crawford. In this third volume the long years of patient testing of the obscurer stages of the phenomena have been crowned with complete success. Gradually, stage by stage, the mystery of the at first invisible link between the medium and the com-

pletely visible and audible phenomena has been laid bare, and the camera has revealed for all to see the psycho-physical structures whereby the levitation of the table and the rest of the phenomena were mediately brought about. By a long series of elaborate and ingeniously devised physical tests it has been proved that the material basis of the structures is a substance or plasm which issues from the body of the medium, ultimately in this case mainly from the lower portion of the trunk of the body. It issues and returns, and in its return deposits on the clothes and skin particles of material—clay, staining matter, etc.—it has been in contact with in carrying out the experiments devised by the instigator and achieved by the “operators.” For it must be clearly understood that all this is done throughout by intelligent invisible coöperation. Of this most important factor Dr. Crawford says little. He specifically states that the psychological side of the problem is beyond his competence; he is dealing purely with the physical facts. These latter entirely confirm the basic similar phenomena recorded in the elaborate volumes of Dr. Schrenck-Notzing and Dr. Geley, who have so carefully examined the mediumism of “Eva C.” Telekinetic phenomena and those of so-called materialization, or more simply solidification, are operated by means of a fluid substance of protean possibilities which emanates from the body of the medium. It may vary in its

transformations from extreme subtlety to a density as hard as steel; part may be solid and visible, part gaseous and invisible. No one who realizes the importance of this posthumous volume of Dr. Crawford, which has been seen through the press by Mr. David Gow, the editor of *Light*, but will regret sincerely that we have this careful, methodical, and painstaking worker no longer with us to continue his valuable investigations; and it is to be hoped that some one with equal scientific ability will be found to slip into his place and utilize for the general good the exceptional opportunities for research offered by the highly trained and now famous Goligher circle. The volume is furnished with thirty-seven wood cuts and forty-six photographs which add greatly to its interest and value.

THE PSYCHIC STRUCTURES AT THE GOLIGHER CIRCLE. By W. J. Crawford, D. Sc. London: Watkins.

ON THE GOOD, OR THE ONE.

(By Plotinus.)

(Continued.)

VI. How, therefore, can we speak of *the one*, and how can we adapt it to intellectual conception? Shall we say that this may be accomplished, by admitting that it is more transcendently one than the monad and a point? For in these, indeed, the soul taking away magnitude and the multitude of number, ends in that which is smallest, and fixes itself in a certain thing which is indeed impartible, but which was in a partible nature, and is in something different from itself. But *the one* is neither in another thing, nor in that which is partible. Nor is it impartible in the same way as that which is smallest. For it is the greatest of all things, not in magnitude, but in power. So that it is without magnitude in power. For the natures also which are [immediately] posterior to it, are impartible in powers, and not in bulk. The principle of all things likewise must be admitted to be infinite, not because he is magnitude or number which can not be passed over, but because the power of him is incomprehensible. For when you conceive him to be intellect or God, he is more [excellent] than these. And again, when by the dianoetic power you equalize him with *the one*, or conceive him to be God, by recurring to that which is most united in your intellectual perception, he

even transcends these appellations. For he is in himself, nor is any thing accidental to him. By that which is sufficient to itself also the unity of his nature may be demonstrated. For it is necessary that the principle of all things should be most sufficient both to other things, and to itself, and that it should also be most undigent. But every thing which is multitudinous and not one, is indigent; since consisting of many things it is not one. Hence the essence of it requires to be one. But *the one* is not in want of itself. For it is *the one*. Moreover, that which is many, is in want of as many things as it is. And each of the things that are in it, as it subsists in conjunction with others, and is not in itself, is indigent of other things; and thus a thing of this kind exhibits indigence, both according to parts and according to the whole. If, therefore, it is necessary there should be *the one* which alone is a thing of such a kind, as neither to be indigent with reference to itself, nor with reference to another thing. For it does not seek after any thing in order that it may be, nor in order that it may be in an excellent condition, nor that it may be there established. For being the cause of existence to other things, and not deriving that which it is from others, nor its happiness, what addition can be made to it external to itself? Hence its happiness, or the excellency of its condition, is not accidental to it. For it is itself [all that is sufficient to itself]. There is not likewise any place for it. For it is not in want of a foundation, as if it were not able to sustain itself. For that which is established in another thing is inanimate, and a falling mass, if it is without a foundation. But other things are established on account of *the one*, through which also they at the same time subsist, and have the place in which they are arranged. That, however, which seeks after place is indigent. But the principle is not indigent of things posterior to itself. The principle, therefore of all things is undigent of all things. For that which is indigent, is indigent in consequence of aspiring after its principle. But if *the one* was indigent of any thing it would certainly seek not to be *the one*; so that it would be indigent of its destroyer. Every thing, however, which is said to be indigent, is indigent of a good condition, and of that which preserves it.

Hence to *the one* nothing is good, and, therefore, neither is the wish for any thing good to it. But it is *super-good*. And it is not good to itself, but to other things, which are able to participate of it. Nor does *the one* possess intelligence, lest it should also possess difference; nor motion. For it is prior to motion, and prior to intelligence. For what is there which it will intellectually perceive? Shall we say itself? Prior to intellection, therefore, it will be ignorant, and will be in want of intelligence in order that it may know itself, though it is sufficient to itself. It does not follow, however, that because *the one* does not know itself, and does not intellectually perceive itself, there will be ignorance in it. For ignorance takes place where is diversity, and when one thing is ignorant of another. That, however, which is *alone* neither knows anything, nor has any thing of which it is ignorant. But being one, and associating with itself, it does not require the intellectual perception of itself; since neither is it necessary, in order that you may preserve *the one*, to adapt it to an association with itself. But it is requisite to take away intellectual perception, an association with itself, and the knowledge of itself, and of other things. For it is not proper to arrange it according to the act of perceiving intellectually, but rather according to intelligence. For intelligence does not perceive intellectually, but is the cause of intellectual perception to another thing. Cause, however, is not the same with the thing caused. But the cause of all things is not any one of them. Hence neither must it be denominated that good which it imparts to others; but it is after another manner *the good*, in a way transcending other goods.

VII. If, however, because it is none of these things, you become indefinite in your decision, in this case establish yourself in the above-mentioned particulars, and from these [ascend to] and fix yourself in God. But for this purpose you must not extend the dianoetic power outwardly. For God is not in a certain place, so as to desert other things; but wherever any thing is able to come into contact with him, there he is present. Hence, as in other things, it is not possible to perceive something intellectually, while understanding and attending to another thing, but it is necessary not to in-

troduce any thing else to the object of intellectual vision, in order that the perceiver may be the thing itself which is perceived;—thus also here, it is not possible for the soul to perceive God, while it retains the impression of something else, and energizes according to that impression. Nor again, is it possible for the soul while occupied and detained by other things to be impressed with the form of something contrary to them. But as it is said of matter, that it ought to be void of all qualities, in order that it may receive the impressions of all things; thus also, and in a much greater degree, it is necessary that the soul should become formless, in order that there may be no impediment to its being filled and illuminated by the first principle of things. If, however, this be the case, it is requisite that the soul, dismissing all externals, should be entirely converted to its inmost recesses, and should not be called to any thing external, but should be unintellective of all things; and prior to this indeed, in inclination, but then also it should be without the perception of forms. It is likewise necessary that the soul, being ignorant of herself, should dwell on the contemplation of God, and associating, and as it were sufficiently conversing with him, should announce, if possible, the conference which it there held to another; which Minos perhaps having accomplished, was on this account said to be the familiar of Jupiter. Calling to mind also this conference, he established laws which were the images of it, being filled through the contact with divinity with materials for the institution of laws. Or may we not say that the soul, if she wishes to abide on high, will consider political concerns as unworthy to be the subject of conference with deity? For this indeed will be the language of him who has seen much of divinity. *For, as it is said, God is not external to any one, but is present with all things, though they are ignorant that he is so.* For they fly from him, or rather from themselves. They are unable, therefore, to apprehend that from which they fly. And having destroyed themselves, they are incapable of seeking after another. For neither will a child, when through insanity he becomes out of himself, recognize his father. But he who knows himself will also know from whence he was derived.

VIII. If, therefore, a certain soul has known itself at another time, it will also know that its motion is not rectilinear, but that its natural motion is as it were in a circle about a certain thing, not externally, but about a centre. The centre, however, is that from which the circle proceeds; and therefore such a soul will be moved about the source of its existence. It will also be suspended from this, eagerly urging itself towards that to which all souls ought to hasten. But the souls of the Gods always tend thither; and by tending to this they are Gods. For whatever is conjoined to this is a God. But that which is very distant from it, is a multitudinous man and a brute. Is, therefore, that in the soul which is as it were a centre, the object of investigation? Or is it necessary to think that it is something else, in which as it were all centres concur? This centre, however, and this circle are assumed by us according to analogy. For the soul is not a circle in the same way as a figure; but because an ancient nature is in it and about it. And because the soul is suspended from a thing of this kind, and in a still greater degree when it is wholly separated from the body. Now, however, since a part of us detained by the body; just as if some one should have his feet in the water, but with the rest of his body should be above it;—thus also being elevated by that part which is not merged in body, we are conjoined to that which is as it were the centre of all things; after the same manner as we fix the centres of the greatest circles in the centre of the sphere by which they are comprehended. If, therefore, the circles were corporeal and not psychical, they would be conjoined to the centre locally, and the centre being situated in a certain place, the circles would revolve about it. Since, however, these souls are themselves intelligible, and this centre is above intellect, it must be admitted that this contact is effected by other powers than those by which an intellective nature is adapted to be conjoined to the object of intellectual perception. The contact, also, is greater than that by which intellect is present [with the intelligible] through similitude and sameness, and is conjoined with a kindred nature, nothing intervening to separate the conjunction. For bodies, indeed, are prevented from

being united to each other; but incorporeal natures are not separated from each other by bodies. Hence, one is not distant from the other by place, but by *otherness* and difference. When, therefore, difference is not present, then the natures which are not different are present with each other. The principle of all things, therefore, not having any difference, is always present; but we are present with it when we have no difference. And it indeed does not aspire after us, in order that it may be conversant with us; but we aspire after it, in order that we may revolve about it. We indeed perpetually revolve about it, but we do not always behold it. As a band of singers, however, though it moves about the coryphæus, may be diverted to the survey of something foreign to the choir [and thus become discordant], but when it converts itself to him, sings well, and truly subsists about him;—thus also we perpetually revolve about the principle of all things, even when we are perfectly loosened from it, and have no longer a knowledge of it. Nor do we always look to it; but when we behold it, then we obtain the end of our wishes, and rest [from our search after felicity]. Then also we are no longer discordant, but form a truly divine dance about it.

(To Be Continued.)

THE "SECRET DOCTRINE."

(H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer*, June, 1890.)

Ever since the publication of the *Secret Doctrine* Students of Theosophy (outside the inner ring of Occult Science) have complained that the teachings contained in the works do not satisfy them. One, mentioning the lengthy and rabid abuse of it by an old, though really insignificant, if brutal, enemy, takes me to task for leaving a door open to such criticism by taking too little into account modern science and modern thought(!); another complains that my explanations are not complete; thus, he says:

"For the last ten years I have been a close reader of theosophical literature. I have read and re-read the *Secret Doctrine* and collated passages, and nothing is more disheartening than to find some of the best explanations on Occult points, just as they begin to grow a little lucid, marred by a reference to some exoteric

philosophy or religion, which breaks up the train of reasoning and leaves the explanation unfinished. . . . We can understand parts, but we can not get a succinct idea, particularly of the teachings as to Parabrahm (the Absolute) the first and second Logos, Spirit, Matter, Fohar, etc."

This is the direct and natural result of the very mistaken notion that the work I have called the *Secret Doctrine* had ever been intended by me to dovetail with modern Science, or to explain "Occult points." I was and still am more concerned with facts than with scientific hypothesis. My chief and only object was to bring into prominence that the basic and fundamental principles of every exoteric and philosophy, old and new, were, from first to last, but the echoes of the primeval "Wisdom Religion." I sought to know that the Tree of Knowledge, like Truth itself, was One: and that, however, differing in form and color, the foliage of the twigs, the trunk and its main branches, were still those of the same old tree, in the shadow of which had developed and grown the (now) esoteric religious philosophy of the races that preceded our present mankind on earth.

This object, I believe, I have carried out as far as it could be carried, in the first two volumes of the *Secret Doctrine*. It was not the occult philosophy of the esoteric teachings that I undertook to explain to the world at large, for then the qualification of the word "Secret" would have become like the secret of "Polichinelle" shouted in the manner of a stage "apart," but simply to give that which could be given out, and to parallel it with the beliefs and dogmas of the past and present nations, thus showing the original source of the latter and how disfigured they had become. If my work is, at this day of materialistic assumptions and universal iconoclasm, too premature for the masses of the profane—so much the worse for those masses. But it was not premature for the earnest students of Theosophy, except those that perhaps who had hoped that a treatise on such intricate correspondences as exist between the religions and philosophies of the almost forgotten Past, and those of a Modern day, could be as simple as a shilling "shocker" from a railway stall. Even one system of phi-

losophy at a time, whether of Kant, or Herbert, of Spinoza or of Hartmann, requires more than a study of several years, does it not therefore stand to reason that a work which compares several dozen of philosophies, and over half a dozen of world religions, a work which has to unveil the roots with the greatest precautions, as it can only hint at the secret blossoms here and there, can not be comprehended at the first readings, nor after several unless the reader elaborates for himself a system for it? That this can be done and is done is shown by the "Two Students of the E. S." they are now synthesizing the *Secret Doctrine* and they do it in the most lucid and comprehensive way in this magazine. No more than any one else have they understood that work immediately after reading it. But they went to work in dead earnest, they indexed it for themselves, classifying the contents in two portions, the Exoteric and the Esoteric, and having achieved this preliminary labor, they now present the former portion to the readers at large, whilst storing the latter for their own instruction and benefit. Why should not every earnest Theosophist do the same?

There are several ways of acquiring knowledge: (a) by accepting blindly the dicta of the church or modern science; (b) by rejecting both and starting to find the truth for oneself. The first method is easy and leads to social respectability and the praise of men; the other is difficult and requires more than the ordinary devotion to truth, a disregard for personal benefits and an unwavering perseverance. Thus it was in the days of old, and so it is now, except that such devotion to truth, perhaps, has been more rare in our own day than it was in the days of yore. Indeed the modern Eastern students' unwillingness to think for himself is now as great as Western exactions and criticism of other people's thoughts.

He demands and expects that his "Path" be engineered with all the selfish craft of modern comfort, macadamized, laid out with swift railways and telegraphs and even telescopes, through which he may, while sitting at his ease, survey the works of other people: and while criticized by them, look out for the easiest, in order to play the Occultist and amateur Student of Theosophy.

The real "Path" to esoteric knowledge is very different. Its entrance is overgrown with the brambles of neglect, the travesties of truth, during long ages, block the way and it is obscured by the proud contempt of self-sufficiency, and with every verity distorted out of focus. To push over the threshold alone requires an incessant, often unrequited labor of years, and once on the other side of the threshold, the weary pilgrim has to toil up on foot, for the narrow way leads to forbidding mountain heights, unmeasured and unknown, save to those who have reached the cloud-capped summit before. Thus must he mount, step by step, having to conquer every inch before him by his own exertions: moving onward, guided by strange landmarks, the nature of which he can ascertain only by deciphering the weather-beaten, half-defaced inscriptions as he treads along, for woe to him if, instead of studying them, he sits by coolly pronouncing them "indecipherable." The "Doctrine of the Eye" is Maya; that of the "Heart" alone can make of him an Elect.

Is it to be wondered that so few reach the goal, that so many are called and so few are chosen? Is not the reason for this explained in three lines on page 27 of the "Voice of the Silence." These say that while "The first repeat in pride, 'Behold, I know,' the last, they who in humbleness have garnered low, confess, 'Thus have I heard,'" and hence become the only "chosen."

PSYCHIC RESEARCH IN GERMANY.

(From the Living Age.)

Recently we printed an article describing the revival of interest in occultism in Berlin. The *Berliner Tageblatt* devotes an article to this subject, in which a dozen or more new theosophical and psychic research organizations are mentioned as having been founded since the war. The smallest of these societies already has more than a thousand members. Some of these organizations publish periodical reports; one series bears the title "Archives of Revelations from the Other Side." Among the more serious of these societies is the Anthroposophische Gesellschaft, which has over eight thousand members. It possesses an "occult temple" upon which 4,000,000

marks have already been expended. This building is used for dramatic representations, occult dances, and university courses. Another of these societies is known as The Coming Day. It is a "corporation for promoting scientific and spiritual wisdom" and was founded in Stuttgart. Over 15,000,000 marks have already been subscribed to it; 25,000,000 marks of shares have been issued. Other societies have laboratories for studying materialization phenomena, with elaborate photographic apparatus and arrangements by which the medium sits in a balance during her trances, in order that variations in weight may be automatically recorded.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.

(From "The Mystic Rose," by Fairfax.)

Fragments from the Inner Circle of bright-colored Petals of the Mystic Rose, from which may be learnt something of Human Love, which is the Link between the Things of this World and Things Spiritual.

"From a consideration of this duality in the mystery of Human Love many wise men have been led to believe that life in animals is not the same thing as life in man, for life in animals would appear to be but matter in motion swayed to and fro by an infinity of material attractions and repulsions, but in man there is a duality of the elements of life, as there is a duality of the elements of Human Love; there is the matter in motion as in animals governed by attractions and repulsions, but besides there is the soul, which is not governed by the laws which rule over matter, but is independent thereof, being of the Essence of the Unity of which Matter is but a manifestation. Therefore the Mystic Philosophers have said that all is Vanity and Delusion, for what appeareth to us is but a phase of the emotions of the soul, in whom alone Life resideth and Reality."

Before mine eyes I saw the midnight sky
Spread like a meadow, golden stars the
flowers,

The crescent moon like the reaper's
scythe

Gilding thereo'er; then to myself I said,
Even as man sows seed of good or ill,
So shall he reap his harvest at the end.

Why was Humanity created man and

woman? The Soul is yet one in kind, but the body differeth!

A Dervish said:

"I watched the wind blowing upon the Ocean—the wind—the indivisible—the Spirit—the invisible breath of the Unknown—and it penetrated into the ocean of the material World, leavening it with motion and life. And I saw the water rise till it formed the crest of a wave, and I exclaimed, 'Behold, Adam!' And I saw the crest of the wave descend without a break into the depression, and I exclaimed, 'Behold Eve, proceeding from Adam!'

"The crest of the wave descending into the hollow. And I saw the hollow rise to the crest of the wave, and again descend into the hollow on and on to the bourne of the Unknown.

"So the Soul of man passes into the form of woman, and the Soul of woman passes into the form of man, but the Common Soul of Humanity is an unbroken chain; when it vibrates with an emotion it expresses the same in the Material World by producing the crest of the wave of the hollow—man and woman—alternating generation by generation. But as sometimes upon the Ocean the wind is still and the waves are not, so are there forms in Humanity—Soul and Matter combined—which are as it were man and woman in one—the perfect and complete Lover and Beloved in one, the pure type which approacheth nearest to the Serenity and Calm of the Common Soul of Humanity—the reflection of the Absolute Peace."

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 conceptions, 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 that moment the crystals of the souls arrange themselves into 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."

—

This a Dervish was heard to say:

"One man is able to collect together 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 an 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."

"There is no Eternity of Paradise; there is no Eternity of Hell; for that would mean Stagnation, and the Absolute is not Stagnant, but ever conscious of Himself.

"Nothing is isolated; everything dependeth on something which went before and something which cometh after. Therefore there is no separation between Heaven and Hell; continuity existeth between them. They are the extremes of a chain, the one end of which lieth nearest to Absolute Misery—the Negation of the Unity—and the other approacheth nearer to the Truth—the Absolute Unity; and between the two extremities of the Chain lies the whole gradation of emotion, the endless array of links.

"And between Heaven and Hell there needs must be Sympathy, for the Chain is not broken, and the Joy of Heaven—the vibration of each link as it approacheth nearer to the Unity—is like a drop of water falling on the anguish of Hell."

—

All the forms are fugitive,
But the substances survive.
Ever fresh the broad creation,
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds,
A single will, a million deeds.

—Emerson—

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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Vol. VI. No. 18.

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Price Five Cents

FAIRY PHOTOGRAPHS.

(From the London Times.)

So much has been heard of the Yorkshire fairies, and so little has been seen of them, that it was not surprising that the display of their portraits in a hall in London should draw an eager and even an excited audience. The pictures of the "little people" were shown yesterday with the aid of a magic lantern—surely in this case an instrument well named—in the hall of the Theosophical Society at 153 Brompton Road, S.W.3. Mr. E. L. Gardner, himself a firm believer, after long investigation, in the reality of fairies and in the genuineness of these photographs of them, gave a short lecture while the pictures were shown. In the spring an attempt is to be made to film the fairies and so establish, once and forever, the hard fact of their existence and visibility. The first photographs shown were taken in 1917, and Mr. Gardner said that the father—Mr. Carpenter—of the children who saw the fairies and photographed them was so astonished, when developing the plates, by what he saw on them that he left them in the dark room for eighteen months. But yesterday a large audience was able to share in his astonishment. They saw a picture of a gnome hopping on to the knee of a young girl who was sitting on the grass in a Yorkshire dell. The child told Mr. Gardner that the gnome wore black tights and a red jacket; he also had a sacrlet cap and had

wings like a moth's. In his left hand he carried a pair of Pan's pipes. All this was shown clearly enough on the screen; and a photograph of the winged gnome many times enlarged from the original was also exhibited. Inquirers had wanted to know the source and texture of fairy clothing. The lecturer said it was of the substance of themselves.

Later on, one saw a ring of fairies gamboling on a grassy bank where one of the children knelt to watch them. One incredulous spectator dug into his memory and recalled such a band dancing on a poster round a night light. Another fairy, photographed alone, had excellently bobbed hair and wore a dark gown of stylish cut.

In a further picture there was shown a band of "little people" playing among flowers. This was a photograph taken last August especially for Mr. Gardner. One of the fairies was half hidden in a cocoon, which the lecturer explained was a sort of health-giving bath used by them after bad weather. Witnesses in Scotland, and the New Forest had testified to seeing the same sight. Mr. Gardner declared that the plates from which the slides were made had been submitted to every test to detect fraud. None had been discovered.

But what are fairies? The actual clear perception of them is claimed to be possible only to people with clairvoyant sight. They can be photographed only if they become, with clairvoyant aid, par-

tially materialized. Their duties are concerned with the color, growth, and shape of flowers. They have a definite task in the scheme of nature, and are subject to evolution. They live on a very humble level, and are about as intelligent as a Newfoundland dog. *The matter composing a fairy's body is plastic to thought. Currents of human thought give fairies the form in which they are seen by the clairvoyant.*

That is the definition, in brief, of Mr. A. P. Sinnet, who presided at the lecture. If it satisfies adults, will it not bitterly disappoint children?

(The italics are ours.—Ed.)

GLAMOUR.

(Wm. Brehon in the *Path*, May, 1893.)

The word "glamour" was long ago defined in old dictionaries as "witchery or a charm on the eyes, making them see things differently from what they really are." This is still the meaning of the word. Not long ago, before the strange things possible in hypnotic experiments became known to the Western world, it seemed as if everything would be reduced to mere matter and motion by the fiat of science. Witchery was to fade away, be forgotten, be laughed out of sight, and what could not be ascribed to defective training of the senses was to have its explanation in the state of the liver, a most prosaic organ. But before science with its speculation and ever-altering canons could enlighten the unlearned multitude, hypnotism crept slowly and surely forward and at last began to buttress the positions of theosophy. Glamour stands once more a fair chance for recognition. Indeed, H. P. B. uttered prophetic words when she said that in America more than anywhere else this art would be practiced by selfish men for selfish purposes, for money-getting and gratification of desire.

Hurriedly glancing over some fields of folk-lore, see what a mass of tales bearing on glamour produced by men, gods, or elementals. In India the gods every now and then, often the sages, appear before certain persons in various guises by means of a glamour which causes the eye to see what is not really there. In Ireland volumes of tales in which the person sees houses, men, and animals where they are not; he is suddenly given the power to

see under the skin of natural things, and then perceives the field or the marketplace full of fairies, men, and women gliding in and out among the people. Anon a man or woman is changed into the appearance of animal or bird, and only regains the old semblance when touched with the magic rod. This change of appearance is not a change in fact, but always a glamour affecting the eyes of the other person. Such a mass of similar stories found during all time and among every people can not be due to folly nor be without a basis. The basis is a fact and a law in man's nature. It is glamour, the reason for glamour, and the power to bring it about. Just because there have always been those who, either by natural ability or training, had the power to bring on a "witchery over the eyes," these stories have arisen.

A writer well known in England and America once thought he had found a mare's nest when he reported that Mme. Blavatsky had confessed to him that certain phenomena he inquired of had been caused by glamour.

"Ah, glamour!" he said; "thus falls this theosophic house of cards"; and he went away satisfied, for in truth he had been himself thoroughly glamourised. But theosophists should not stumble and fall violently as this gentleman did over a word which, when inquired into, carries with it a good deal of science relating to an important branch of occultism. When I read in an issue of the *Arena* all about this confession on glamour, I was quite ready to believe that H. P. B. did say to the learned inquirer what he reported, but at the same time, of course, knew that she never intended to apply her enchantment explanation to every phenomenon. She only intended to include certain classes—although in every occult phenomenon there is some glamour upon some of the observers according to their individual physical idiosyncrasies.

The classes of phenomena covered by this word are referred to in part by Patanjali in his "Yoga Aphorisms," where he says that if the luminousness natural to object and eye is interfered with the object will disappear, whether it be man or thing and whether it be day or night. This little aphorism covers a good deal of ground, and confutes, if accepted, some theories of the day. It declares, in fact, that not only is it neces-

sary for rays of light to proceed from the object to the eye, but also light must also proceed from the eye towards the object. Cut off the latter and the object disappears; alter the character of the luminousness coming from the eye, and the object is altered in shape or color for the perceiver.

Carrying this on further and connecting it with the well-known fact that we see no objects whatever, but only their ideal form as presented to the mind, and we arrive at an explanation in part of how glamour may be possible. For if in any way you can interfere with the vibrations proceeding to the eye on the way to affect the brain and then the percipient within, then you have the possibility of sensibly altering the ideal form which the mind is to cognize within before it declares the object to be without which produced the vibration.

Take up now imagination in its aspect of a power to make a clear and definite image. This is done in hypnotism and in spiritualism. If the image be definite enough and the perceiver or subject sensitive enough, a glamour will be produced. The person will see that which is not the normal shape or form or corporeity of the other. But this new shape is as real as the normal, for the normal form is but that which is to last during a certain stage of human evolution and will certainly alter as new senses and organs develop in us.

Thus far having gone, is it not easy to see that if a person can make the definite and vivid mind-pictures spoken of, and if the minor organs can affect and be affected, it is quite probable and possible that trained persons may have glamourised the eyes of others so as to make them see an elephant, snake, man, tree, pot, or any other object where only is empty space, or as an alteration of a thing or person actually there? This is exactly what is done in experiments by the hypnotists, with this difference, that they have to put the subject into an abnormal state, while the other operators need no such adventitious aids. Glamour, then, has a very important place in magic. That it was frequently used by H. P. B. there is not the smallest doubt, just as there is no doubt that the yogee in India puts the same power into operation.

In many cases she could have used it

by making the persons present think they saw her when she had gone into the next room, or that another person was also present who was not in fact. The same power of glamour would permit her to hide from sight any object in the room or in her hands. This is one of the difficult feats of magic, and not in the slightest degree dependent on legerdemain. Persons sometimes say this is folly even if true, but looked at in another light it is no folly, nor are the cases those in which any one was entitled to know all that was going on. She exhibited these feats—seldom as it was—for the purpose of showing those who were learning from her that the human subject is a complicated and powerful being, not to be classed, as science so loves to do, with mere matter and motion. All these phenomena accomplished two objects. First, to help those who learned from her, and second, to spread abroad again in the West the belief in man's real power and nature. The last was a most necessary thing to do because in the West materialism was beginning to have too much sway and threatened to destroy spirituality. And it was done also in pursuance of the plans of the Great Lodge for the human race. As one of her Masters said, her phenomena puzzled skeptics for many years. Even now we see the effects, for when such men as Stead, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, and Du Prel, Schiaparelli, and others take up the facts of Spiritualism scientifically, one can perceive that another day of psychology is dawning.

This power of glamour is used more often than people think, and not excluding members of the T. S., by the Adepts. They are often among us from day to day, appearing in a guise we do not recognize, and are dropping ideas into men's minds about the spiritual world and the true life of the soul, as well as also inciting men and women to good acts. By this means they pass unrecognized and are able to accomplish more in this doubting and transition age than they could in any other way. Sometimes as they pass they are recognized by those who have the right faculty, but a subtle and powerful bond and agreement prevents their secret from being divulged. This is something for members of the society to think of, for they may be entertaining now and then angels un-

awares. They may now and then be tried by their leaders when they least expect it, and the verdict is not given out, but has its effect all the same.

But glamour covers only a small part of the field of occultism. The use of the astral body enters into nearly all of the phenomena, and in other directions the subject of occult chemistry, absolutely unknown to the man of the day, is of the utmost importance; if it is ever given out it will be a surprise to science, but certainly that divulgation will not soon be to such a selfish age.

ON THE GOOD, OR THE ONE.

(By Plotinus.)

(Concluded.)

IX. In this dance, however, the soul beholds the fountain of life, the fountain of intellect, the principle of being, the cause of good, and the root of soul. And these are not poured forth from this fountain, so as to produce in it any diminution. For it is not a corporeal mass; since if it were, its progeny would be corruptible. But now they are perpetual, because the principal of them abides with invariable sameness; not being distributed into them, but remaining whole and entire. Hence, they likewise remain, just as if the sun being permanent, light also should be permanent. For we are not cut off from this fountain, nor are we separated from it, though the nature of body intervening, draws us to itself. But we are animated and preserved by an infusion from thence, this principle not imparting, and afterwards withdrawing itself from us; since it always supplies us with being, and always will as long as it continues to be that which it is. Or rather, we are what we are by verging to it. Our well-being also consists in this tendency. And to be distant from it is nothing else than a diminution of existence. Here, likewise, the soul rests, and becomes out of the reach of evils, running back to that place which is free from ill. And here also she energizes intellectually, is liberated from perturbations, and lives in reality. For the present life, and which is without God, is a vestige of life, and an imitation of that life which is real. But the life in the intelligible world consists in the energy of intellect. Energy also generates Gods, through a tranquil and quiet contact with the principle of all things.

It likewise generates beauty, justice, and virtue. For the soul being filled with deity, brings forth these. And this is both the beginning and end of the soul. It is the beginning indeed, because she originates from thence; but it is the end, because *the good* is there, and because when the soul is situated there, she becomes what she was before. For the good which is here, and in sensible concerns, is a lapse, a flight, and a defluxion of the wings of the soul. But that *the good* is there is indicated by the love which is connascent with the soul; conformably to which Love is conjoined in marriage with souls, both in writings and in fables. For since the soul is different from God, but is derived from him, she necessarily loves him, and when she is there she has a celestial love; but the love which she here possesses is common and vulgar. For in the intelligible world the celestial Venus reigns; but here the popular Venus, who is as it were meretricious. Every soul also is a Venus. And this the nativity of Venus and Love who was born at the same time with her obscurely signify. The soul, therefore, when in a condition conformable to nature, loves God, wishing to be united to him, being as it were the desire of a beautiful virgin to be conjoined with a beautiful Love. When, however, the soul descends into generation, then being as it were deceived by [spurious] nuptials, and associating herself with another and a mortal Love, she becomes petulant and insolent through being absent from her father. But when she again hates terrene wantonness and injustice, and becomes purified by the defilements which are here, and again returns to her father, then she is affected in the most felicitous manner. And those indeed who are ignorant of this affection may from terrene love form some conjecture of divine love by considering how great a felicity the possession of a most beloved object is conceived to be; and also by considering that these earthly objects of love are mortal and noxious, that the love of them is nothing more than the love of images, and that they lose their attractive power because they are not truly desirable nor our real good, nor that which we investigate. In the intelligible world, however, the true object of love is to be found, with which we may be conjoined, which we may participate,

and truly possess, and which is not externally enveloped with flesh. *He however who knows this will know what I say*, and will be convinced that the soul has then another life. The soul also proceeding to and having now arrived at the desired end, and participating of deity, will know that the supplier of true life is then present. She will likewise then require nothing farther; for on the contrary, it will be requisite to lay aside other things, to stop in this alone, and to become this alone, amputating every thing else with which she is surrounded. Hence, it is necessary to hasten our departure from hence, and to be indignant that we are bound in one part of our nature, in order that with the whole of our [true] selves we may fold ourselves about divinity, and have no part void of contact with him. When this takes place there, the soul will both see divinity and herself, as far as it is lawful for her to see him. And she will see herself indeed illuminated, and full of intelligible light; or rather, she will perceive herself to be a pure light, unburthened, agile, and becoming to be a God, or rather being a God, and then shining forth as such to the view. But if she again becomes heavy, she then as it were wastes away.

X. How does it happen, therefore, that the soul does not abide there? Is it not because she has not yet wholly migrated from hence? But she will then, when her vision of deity possesses an uninterrupted continuity, and she is no longer impeded or disturbed in her intuition by the body. That however which sees divinity is not the thing which is disturbed, but something else; when that which perceives him is at rest from the vision. But it is not then at rest according to a scientific energy, which consists in demonstrations, in credibilities, and a discursive process of the soul. For here vision, and that which sees, are no longer reason, but greater than and prior to reason. And in reason, indeed, they are as that is which is perceived. He therefore who sees himself will then, when he sees, behold himself to be such a thing as this, or rather he will be present with himself thus disposed, and becoming simple, will perceive himself to be a thing of this kind. Perhaps, however, neither must it be said that he sees, but that he is the

thing seen; if it is necessary to call these two things, *i. e.*, the perceiver and the thing perceived. But both are one; though it is bold to assert this. Then, indeed, the soul neither sees, nor distinguishes by seeing, nor imagines that there are two things; but becomes as it were another thing, and not itself. Nor does that which pertains to itself contribute any thing there. But becoming wholly absorbed in deity, she is one, conjoining as it were centre with centre. For here concurring, they are one; but they are then two when they are separate. For thus also we now denominate that which is another. Hence this spectacle is a thing difficult, to explain by words. For how can one narrate that as something different from himself, which when he sees he does not behold as different, but as one with himself?

XI. 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. For then there was not any thing excited with him who had ascended thither; neither anger, nor the desire of any thing 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 any thing 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 de-

parture 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 these 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. Prior to the vision also it requires that which remains from the vision. But that which remains to him who passes beyond all things is that which is prior to all things. For the nature of the soul will never accede to that which is entirely non-being. But proceeding indeed downwards it will fall into evil; and thus into non-being, yet not in that which is perfect nonentity. Running, however, in a contrary direction, it will arrive, not at another thing, but at itself. And thus not being in another thing, it is not on that account in nothing, but is in itself. *To be in itself alone, however, and not in being, is to be in God.* For God also is something which is not essence, but beyond essence. Hence the soul when in this condition associates with him. He, therefore, who perceives himself to associate with God will have himself the similitude of him. And if he passes from himself as an image to the archetype, he will then have the end of his progression. But when he falls from the vision of God, if he again excites the virtue which is in himself and perceives himself to be perfectly adorned; he will again be elevated through virtue, pro-

ceeding to intellect and wisdom, and afterwards to the principle of all things. *This, therefore, is the life of the Gods, and of divine and happy men, a liberation from all terrene concerns, a life unaccompanied with worldly pleasures, and a flight of the alone to the alone.*

PARACELSUS.

(From the San Francisco Chronicle.)

The beginnings of modern science furnish a number of names—charlatans, magicians, or discoverers—of a dramatic interest that time has only served to brighten. Roger Bacon is one such, Giordano Bruno another, and Paracelsus a third. A storm centre during his lifetime, when he overturned the scholastic apple-cart with a vigorous flourish of his heels, Paracelsus has been variously adjudged by later historians to be one of the great founders of modern scientific method in chemistry and medicine, a boastful quack, an astrologer, and a mystic.

In "Paracelsus" Professor John Maxson Stillman, emeritus professor of chemistry, Stanford University, undertakes to clear away some of the confusion which surrounds the renaissance physician's name, and to arrive at a just estimate of his contribution and his limitations. He does less toward unifying and interpreting the inconsistent personality of his subject, although this is one of his minor purposes, than toward estimating the precise character of his services to science.

The breach with mediæval tradition came rather later in the field of science than in art and theology. Religion and magic were still, in the time of Paracelsus (1493-1541), the principal resources of the healer. In medicine proper, the authority of Galen was held inviolable.

Under such conditions one rather enjoys the spectacle of Paracelsus emphasizing his breach with traditional authorities by throwing into a bonfire "that most revered authority of the medical teaching of that time, the 'Canon' of Avicenna," however ill-advised his outspoken and bitter antagonism may have been.

Many of the philosophical theories by which Paracelsus explained his teaching are far-fetched and belong to the superstition of his age. But in substituting investigation and observation for sub-

mission to ancient authorities, in seeking for the curative properties of substances in their chemical composition instead of in their affiliations with the stars or with demons, his steps were directed in the path which the future was destined to take.

Of the charges of plagiarism raised against him by his opponents Stillman thinks Paracelsus should be cleared, in the light of modern evidence. Although he indulged freely in the vituperation characteristic of the arguments of his time, there is no reason to doubt, concludes Stillman, the essential integrity of his character. And nothing can remove the picturesqueness which has long surrounded the name of Paracelsus. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.)

BURIED CITY OF MEXICO.

Prospecting for the habitations of a lost race in virtually the same manner as miners dig for gold, Federal employees have just started to uncover the remains of a city of at least 100,000 inhabitants which flourished 4000 or more years ago. Here and there over the confines of the buried city have been sunk shafts to find streets, houses, and temples known to exist below the level of the mountain valley in which lies the little village of San Juan de Teotihuacan, the name of which means in the Aztec tongue "City of the Gods."

Dominating the area are the two pyramids, one to the sun and the other to the moon, which for centuries have defied the efforts of archaeologists and historians to trace their origin. The pyramid to the moon is still untouched, retaining an appearance to the lay eye of a huge mound of irregular shape, overgrown with grass and rubbish.

Señor Gamio says the city now under excavation at one time covered an area of fifteen square miles, with a population of more than 100,000. Its builders are unknown to history, but Señor Gamio believes they were a portion of an Indian tribe which wandered into Mexico from the north and, finding the valley fruitful and the climate salubrious, decided to settle.

Entry to the grounds is made facing the "Temple to the Goddess of the Winds," which was discovered less than a year ago, when erosion uncovered well-

defined walls and decorations typically Indian and Egyptian in their conception. This temple has now been dug out and reconstructed on the exterior. The inside is reached at present through a series of subterranean passages. Inside, the visitor treads over massive stairs with ornate decorations of huge serpents with obsidian eyes and grotesque conceptions reminiscent of Egyptian art. The work of interior excavation and reconstruction is far from complete.

Between this temple and the pyramid to the sun is a stretch of one-quarter of a mile which is at intervals pierced by the shafts of the diggers and in some places by the uncovered remains of a house or public building with the paint still bright and the frescoes as intact as the day they were placed there several thousand years ago.

Between the two pyramids is a well-defined plaza on one side of which a street has been uncovered known as the "Path of the Dead." Flanking the plaza are hundreds of mounds which Señor Gamio assured the correspondent contained either houses or temples.

Immense stores of valuable archaeological material have been taken from the various excavations. Human bones, terra cotta heads, obsidian knives, arrowheads, children's toys of clay, cooking utensils, incense burners, and crude musical instruments form the bulk of the find and all are preserved in a museum which has just been erected on the grounds.

The two pyramids, however, are the dominant structures of the city. The pyramid to the sun measures 761x721 feet at the base and is 216 feet high, narrowing to a level summit.

Unlike the pyramids of Egypt with its huge jutting blocks of stone forming an endless stairs to the top, the sun pyramid is built with a smooth surface in five distinct tiers. Ascent is made by steps built into the side and to the uninitiated the undertaking is almost perilous because of the steep incline with no supporting balustrades. It differs from its Egyptian counterparts also in the respect that it contains no interior passages or rooms whatever.

The pyramid of the moon is smaller with a base measuring about 511x426 feet. It rises 151 feet with a crowning platform about nineteen feet square.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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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PHOTOGRAPHING THE FAIRIES.

(From the New York Herald.)

At the hall of the Theosophical Society, London, pictures which, it was asserted, had been made from photographs taken of fairies in Yorkshire were shown upon a screen and were explained with considerable detail by a lecturer, E. L. Gardner, who expressed a firm belief in the reality of fairies and the genuineness of the photographs. That there were fairies in Yorkshire and that they had been frequently seen playing in dells among wild flowers, a traditional background for fairies of legend and story, was well known, according to the *London Times*, and it was not surprising that the display of their portraits should draw an eager and excited audience.

Just why these little people in their red jackets, black tights, and scarlet caps fell at this late day into the trap set for them by grown-up humans and permitted themselves to be photographed is not definitely told. Everybody knows that fairies have played all sorts of tricks on Irish peasants and have handed them good fortune or bad from the very beginning of time. Andersen has told us their strange doings in Scandinavian countries and the Grimm brothers have shown up the pranks they played in the Black Forest of Germany, and writers of other European countries have told how they fell in love with and married mortals, stole pretty girls or boys by

luring them into a fairy dance or carried away the baby of a prince or a noble and substituted one of their own.

But this does not include a mite of what these little rascals have done. They began their pranks with the ancient Egyptians and Greeks, they had a place in the homes of the ancient Celts and Teutons, they have always been meddling with human affairs in China and Japan, and they have crossed to the South Sea Islands to plague the poor Polynesians. Despite these long years, nobody had ever before taken a photograph of them or given us a satisfactory picture of them. All children, of course, have seen fairies, any number of them, but grown-ups would never accept as final their stories of just how these little people looked.

One of the pictures at the Theosophical Society's exhibit show a gnome hopping on the knee of a young girl who was sitting in the grass; the child said the little creature wore black tights and a red jacket, had wings like a moth, and carried Pan's pipes in his left hand. A photograph of the gnome many times enlarged was also shown. In one picture a fairy was half hidden in a cocoon taking a bath, and in another a ring of fairies was shown gamboling on a grassy bank where a child knelt to watch them.

Mr. Gardner said that the plates had been submitted to every test to detect fraud, but none had been discovered. He declared that any one with a clair-

voyant sight who could materialize the fairies could photograph them. In fact it is a very simple matter. Always look for these little people among plants, he said, for their especial duty in the scheme of nature is concerned with the growth, color, and shape of flowers. This spring an attempt will be made to film the fairies "and so establish for once and forever the hard fact of their existence and visibility." Even after he has taken this trouble it will be just like the critics and matter-of-fact folks to have doubts still.

MALADY NUMBER NINE.

(Carlos de Battle in Herald de Madrid.)

For several months past the daily press in Paris has reported with a regularity, a brevity, and a vagueness truly alarming, cases of "Malady Number Nine." And this illness, which appears and disappears from our great dailies like an object in the hands of a prestidigitator, which dodges about from neighborhood to neighborhood and from one quarter of the city to the other, and which bestows the touch of death impartially on all—is absolutely unknown to a majority of the people, who are in complete ignorance of its symptoms and manifestations.

Some say that it resembles the bubonic plague. Others insist that this fatal disease is propagated by a creeping contagion, the nature of which is not yet well determined. Some people will assure you with the utmost conviction that the vehicle by which the mysterious but already famous disease is conveyed is a little parasite which, when once settled on its victim, proves impossible to dislodge.

The same uncertainties and doubts and contradictory reports are current regarding the symptoms and history of the disease, as regarding the manner in which it is communicated.

There have been times when the short newspaper paragraphs dealing with the new malady, paragraphs which never have exceeded ten lines in length, would suggest that the best preventive and possible cure is to follow an ultra-Spartan regimen in regard to diet. At other times the preponderant opinion seems to be that the infection has been brought to Paris by foreign pleasure-seekers, who have flocked to the gay capital from all

parts of the world; and it is urged that such visitors should be subjected to a strict quarantine. There are still others who either do not comprehend or utterly reject these contradictory, "scientific" explanations, and regards this new malady which threatens us, and in which interest is constantly revived by some new, alarming episode, as a mysterious visitation of Providence, for which we must seek some ethical explanation.

But explain it as you like, and describe it as you like, the fact remains that in Paris every one is talking with real or affected terror of "Malady Number Nine," without any one knowing certainly what the malady is, what its symptoms are, and what measures should be taken to combat it. And as is perfectly natural under such conditions, the people have with laudable unanimity adopted the heroic resolve to pay no attention to it.

Notwithstanding all this, when I chanced the other day to stumble upon a distinguished medical acquaintance of mine, while sauntering along one of the beautiful and solitary walks in the park at Versailles—a gentleman whom I had not seen for several years—I seized the occasion which Providence seemed to have granted me to inquire into this mystery. I started out as if I were indifferent to the subject, and approached the topic little by little in a roundabout way, in order that I might not alarm the professional reserve of my acquaintance.

"Malady Number Nine?" my medical friend repeated, wrinkling his eyebrows and whirling his heavy cane in the air in a rather intimidating way. "Don't you know that this malady, considered as a specific malady, does not exist and never has existed? 'Malady Number Nine' is merely an imaginary disease, an hallucination which is a perfectly natural product of these times.

"It is certain and obvious that if the human race, or better said, a great majority of the human race, does not change its method of living, it will be impossible for us to survive on this planet. Life on our globe will become impossible, because the atmosphere is filled with poisons engendering varied pathological conditions, the cumulative effect of which has resulted in the appearance of a disease which, in default of a more descriptive name, has been

called 'Malady Number Nine.' We discover, associated with this disease, the bacteria of falsehood, dissipation, shamelessness, and greed, with five other pernicious microbes which we have not been able to isolate and classify with precision, but which bear a strong resemblance to hypocrisy, sharp dealing, laziness, tyranny, and aggression. The accumulative effect of these germs and microbes is now designated by the name we have just mentioned. . . ."

As my friend, the doctor, proceeded he began to swing his arms as if they were wings of a windmill, and his heavy stick cut the air so that you could almost hear it hiss. Then suddenly, calming himself and leaning against the pedestal of a statue of Diana, he continued, lowering his voice:

"Any man with eyes in his head can see that we are entering a period of horrifying decadence. The great war which for brief periods, especially in its early stages, seemed to be a purifying element, became on account of its duration a malignant source of deadly corruption. After several centuries of uninterrupted progress in civilization, we have been precipitated in the short space of five years into a condition hardly above that of the brutes. Even those who previously possessed the highest moral character, who were truly good, have been contaminated. Today the average man thinks only of acquiring wealth, no matter by what means, and of spending it ostentatiously, with the least possible personal effort. Lying has become the art of governments, and our rulers and leaders have lied until the common people no longer believe in anything. Those noble phrases and lofty ideals which formerly swayed the masses and caused them to exert themselves to the utmost for five years and to perform great feats of heroism, today have become a common laughing stock. Were you now to appeal to mankind for new sacrifices, the people would merely shrug their shoulders in disdain. Love of material pleasure has seized the whole world, the people are abandoning the country to herd in great cities. There they live under physical conditions which are constantly growing worse, in an atmosphere pervaded with poison which unless God works a miracle, will produce terrible results. Malady Number Nine!

. . . That disease, bear in mind and don't forget it, is in substance a preliminary disease, a disease preceding another—which will be. . . ."

My friend, the doctor, here emitted a frightfully savage yell, a yell which he evidently wished to suggest the explosion of bombs, the roar and crackling of great conflagrations, the rattling of rifles and machine guns—and clearing half the width of the roadway at a single bound, he disappeared down a by-path running at full speed.

The next day I chanced to learn that my friend, the physician, had recently been confined in a sanitarium. They tell me he imagines himself a prophet and predicts calmly and reasonably enough a violent social revolution and the imminence of a fearful epidemic which will ravage the whole world and which he calls "Malady Number Ten."

This news, that he was mentally affected, did not surprise me, of course: for I had divined something of the kind during our conversation in the park of Versailles.

Thinking over the incident later, however, I have had moments of doubt, recalling that ancient proverb: "Out of the mouth of children and fools. . . ."

However, why should we trouble ourselves now about "Malady Number Ten," when science has not yet discovered with certainty the nature of "Malady Number Nine"?—*Living Age*.

THE JUSTICE OF THE GODS.

(From Iamblichus.)

What shall we say, then, in regard to the question, after the one just answered: "Why do the divinities that are invoked require the worshiper to be just, although they themselves when entreated consent to perform unjust acts?"

In reply to this I am uncertain in respect to what is meant by "performing unjust acts," as the same definition may not appear right both to us and to the gods. We, on the one hand, looking at that which is least significant, consider the things which are present, the momentary life, what it is and how it originates. The beings superior to us, let me say, know for certain the whole life of the soul and all its former lives; and if they bring on a retribution from the supplication of those who invoke them, they do not increase it beyond what is just.

On the contrary they aim at the sins impressed upon the soul in former lifetimes, which men, not perceiving, imagine that it is unjust that they shall fall into the misfortunes which they suffer.

The many are also generally accustomed to propose the same doubt in regard to Providence; that certain persons are suffering from wrong-doing, who had not wronged any one previously. For they are unable here to reason as to what the soul is, what its entire life has been, the magnitude of its great errors in former lives, and whether it is now suffering these things for what it did formerly. Then also there are many unjust acts which elude human cognizance, but which are well known to the gods, since the same view of justice is not maintained by mankind generally. On the contrary, men define justice as the independent action of the Soul and the assigning of merit according to the established laws and the ruling conditions of civic life. The gods, I assure you, give their judgment of whatever is just, looking to the whole orderly arrangement of the world, and to the joint relation of the souls with the gods. Hence the judgments of what actions are right is different with the gods from what it is with us. We can not wonder at this, if we do not in most matters arrive at the high and absolutely perfect judgment which is exercised by the superior beings. But what hinders justice to every one individually and with the whole family of souls especially in a much superior manner from being as would be approved by the gods? For if a sharing of the same nature by souls when they are in bodies and when they are apart from bodies effects an intimate alliance to the common life and order of the world, it is also necessary that the payment of the requirements of justice shall be demanded to the uttermost, and especially when the magnitude of the wrongs done by the one soul in a former term of existence exceeds the fullest extent of the single punishment following upon the offenses.

If, however, any one should add other explanations, by which he seeks to make plain in a different way the maintaining of justice by the gods, or as it is determined by us, there may result from them a way for us in regard to the matters under consideration. But for me the

rules alone which have been already laid down are sufficient for the purpose of manifesting generally the race of superior beings, and including everything in relation to the healing influence in the punishments.

"ARTEMIDORUS, FAREWELL."

(Inscribed on a mummy case in the British Museum.)

Artemidorus, farewell,
No more, no more thy dear lips shall I touch,
Nor kiss thy hands—those clinging hands in mine;

Thy gentle eyes—ah! shall we never gaze
Again upon each other?
Artemidorus, dearest, dearest one,
Leave me, O leave me not.

All the sweet hours that by the Nile we sat
In palm-tree shade, and watched the swallows dip;

Or when we first met at the sacred tank
Deep in the garden grounds of Arsaphes,
And told our secrets (heed'st thou?) to the fishes!

The lotus filling all the air with scent,
The pigeons wheeling, hundreds, overhead—
By our sweet love and laughter, then and since,

A thousand times, and all thy quips and pranks,
Leave me, O leave me not.

Where shall I go? what do? why live? O why
Remain when thou art gone? There's nothing left

The nights so long, with pain, pain at my heart;

The days, the staring Sun, and every sight
Shooting an arrow at me.

Could I but see thee once, or hope to see—
One hair of thy head, one finger of thy hand,
To hear one little word more from thy lips—

'Twere more than all the world. But now the priests

Have got thee in their clutches; and already
They wrap the sacred linen o'er thy head,
Thy features and thy hair they cover up,
And round thy arms, thy fingers and thy hands
They wind and wind and wind and wind the band,

And I shall see thee never more, my own,
And then they'll paint

Thy likeness on the outer mummy case,
And stand it by the wall, as if to mock me.
Throwing my arms around a lifeless shell,
Breaking my heart against it.

And in a hundred years stray folk will come
And ask, "Who was Artemidorus pray?"
Nor listen for an answer—if in sooth
There's any that can give one. And in time
Strangers perhaps will overrun our land
And violate thy coffin, and unbind
With sacrilegious hands the rags, and find
Only a little dust—Ah! nothing else . . .

And I shall be a little dust, too, then . . .
 And whether lord Osiris, the good God,
 Will hold our twin souls safely in his hand
 Three thousand years through internatal forms
 Of bird or beast or serpent, in reserve
 For that new day they say has yet to dawn;
 Or whether He, too, will chance fade to dust
 Forgetting and forgotten of all men—
 Behold I know not. . . . Only this I know
 Of all the words we said in joke or earnest,
 And vows we vowed, and solemn troth we
 plighted,
 And all the multitudinous chatter and idle
 tales
 And laughter that we got through, like two
 streams
 That babble for mere gladness down the lands,
 Artemidorus dear,
 Dearest of all things either in earth or heaven,
 For the long silence but one word remains,
 Remains but this—"Farewell."

—Edward Carpenter.

FROM THE MYSTIC ROSE.

(By Fairfax.)

"The sight of this Vision inspired me with so great a terror that my eyes had no tears to weep, and I felt as if a mountain of Matter were piled upon my Soul to crush it, so that beneath the strain my mind gave way and I fell back in a swoon into the arms of my Guide. When I recovered the use of my senses the Vision had departed, and like a child I was led without this Chamber of Despair, but when I sought to begin the ascent to the next Level of the Tower my Guide checked me and said: 'Ere we proceed any further pause and reflect. Thus far hast thou ascended through Six Levels of the Tower, and thou hast visited Eighteen Chambers therein. Now this is the meaning of what thou hast seen. In the first Six Chambers, thou hast gained Knowledge of the Principles of the Universe; in the next Six Chambers thou hast moved in the World of Law and gained the Knowledge of the Spirit of Preservation; in the last Six Chambers thou hast gained Knowledge of the World of Facts. The total which thou hast seen hath had this for meaning; the Breath of the Unity descending towards the Abyss of Darkness; what thou shalt see now is the Yearning for Reunion raising the Spirit of the Eternal back to the Unity from which it proceeded.'

"When he had spoken thus my Guide led the way up a long flight of steps, narrow and steep at the beginning, but

broadening out and more easy as we advanced, and when we had reached to the top of them we found ourselves on a higher Level of the Tower, and here we entered the Nineteenth Chamber. Here at first I saw nothing, but surrounding me lay as it were a shapeless mist permeated by a vivifying luminosity. Presently in the uniformity of the mist I saw as it were a germ forming, a point of condensation; gradually it assumed a more definite shape, and then it appeared to me like a pure crystal of salt suspended in the ocean. Then the crystal vanished slowly, and through the spot where it had been I saw the hills forming; then they became more distinct and I saw the shapes of trees appearing, and flowers of every hue, with butterflies and insects buzzing among them, and the fishes were leaping in the river; and as I marveled the glory of the Light broke through the mist, and I saw beneath me a lovely Garden in which the children of men, youths and maidens, played among the flowers, rejoicing in the gift of Life. Then I heard my Guide exclaim: 'Behold, the Spirit of the Eternal through the Chaos of the Material Worlds hath reached to the Manifestation of Humanity!'

"When the mist began to close around me again I followed my Guide to the Twentieth Chamber. Here I saw spread out before me the Field of Solitude—the Burial Place of Humanity—and no living thing stirred therein and no noise was known to be. And as I gazed upon the waste of Life I heard the sound of a great trumpet, the voice of Israfil calling to Humanity. And I saw in the centre of the Field of Solitude Azrael—the Angel of Death—sitting in meditation; and at the sound of the trumpet he rose and flapped his sable pinions like a tired bird about to retire to his rest, and then he drew his great wings around his form, for the sleep of Eternity was upon him. And in the Field of Solitude I saw the graves open and the dead rising therefrom, and the rending of their graveclothes was like the roar of the sea seeking to break down the barrier of the land.

"My Guide, seizing my trembling hand, said to me: 'Fear not; it is the Voice of the Eternal calling to Humanity. Behold the Breath of the Unity rising to the Spiritual World and casting aside

the shackles of the Material World!

"When the vision had faded away I followed my Guide to the last Chamber on this elevated Level of the Tower, and it was the Twenty-First in Number. Here there appeared to me a young man riding on a fine horse, and with eyes burning with desire he gazed steadfastly at a young girl who danced before him glorious in her nakedness, and her hair was adorned with garlands of roses. By his side an old hag hobbled along, holding his stirrup with one hand, while she held an hour glass in the other, in which I saw that the sand was fast running out. As I looked I saw of a sudden a deep precipice ahead, and at that moment a hideous dog rushed forth and bit the legs of the horse to urge him on his career. As the rider drew closer to the precipice the young girl who danced before him changed in my sight, and the color in her cheek changed into the waxen hue of Death, while the petals of the roses on her head shriveled and fell to the ground, and I saw her hair spreading out across the sky like the gray threads of a spider's web. Then the young man, having no power to check the fury of his steed, passed away and was lost in the abyss.

"While my heart was heavy with pity for this young man, I heard my Guide saying to me: 'Watch and behold!'

And a young man appeared to me and he was clothed in armor, and in his hand was a goodly spear. Wild and dangerous beasts I saw striding across his path, but he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left hand, but with the power of his spear he drove them away. And I saw him begin the ascent of a steep mountain full of obstacles, but they seemed to cede before him, and as he reached the summit the sun shone forth illuminating his armor, and in the glory of that light the vision faded from my sight.

"Then my Guide said to me: 'In the First Chamber of this Level of the Tower Thou sawest the Divine Spirit rising through Matter to the Human World. In the next Chamber thou wast shown the rise of the Divine Spirit from the Human World to the Spiritual World. Now this is the meaning of what thou hast seen in this Chamber. In the World in which thou livest an Equilibrium existeth between Matter and

the Divine Spirit. Now in the heart of each man a point lieth hid on which the Equilibrium is poised, and this point is the Mystery of the Individuality, which hath the power of turning the balance to the right hand or to the left hand, towards Matter which leadeth to the Abyss, or towards the Divine Spirit which accelerates the moment of Reunion with the Unity. Woe unto him, therefore, who in the Human World letteth the idleness of one impair the power of his Individuality to turn the balance towards the light.'

"Then my Guide led me without the Chamber, and said to me: 'All have I shown thee, yet one Chamber remaineth.' I said to him: 'Are my eyes worthy to see what is within?' He replied: 'If thou desireth to see, thou must rise to it alone.' Then he pointed the way to a steep and tortuous flight of steps which led to the highest pinnacle of the Tower; these with toil and pain I began to ascend alone, and when I had reached to a great height I saw before me the entrance to a Chamber closed by a heavy Veil.

"I pushed it aside and penetrated within, and when the Veil had fallen back behind me it seemed to me that the grave-stone had fallen upon the grave, and that I was severed forever from the World of Humanity. A feeling of solitude crept upon me and a desire to pray, and kneeling down I worshiped the Unknown seeking for Illumination, and by degrees the knowledge of the things which I had seen increased within me, and when I lifted my eyes I saw that the Chamber in which I was was formed like an Elipsis, and that in the centre thereof a Figure sat upon a Throne, neither Man nor Woman, but Humanity in the Womb of Time—the Elipsis of the Absolute. And as I gazed and marveled I saw a Mystic Flower at the summit of the Chamber open its four great petals, on each of which a sign was burnt in fire, and from the depth of the Flower three rays of light descended upon the Figure beneath, illuminating it with splendor, so that I saw the overpowering serenity of its face—ever youthful—on which no wrinkle was writ. Then the Figure crossed its hands, so that forefinger was extended against forefinger, and with the tips of the forefingers it touched its lips, placing thereon the Seal of Silence.

Then my soul grew bewildered with the beauty of that face, and I covered myself with my hands, and when again I opened my eyes I felt the breath of dawn upon my face, and I heard the lark singing above, and the joy of calm was in my heart, and the morning star shone in all its glory above the Solitude of the Desert."

When the Mystic Dervish had ceased to relate what he had seen, the Young King spoke to him thus: "Oh! Sage, where is the Strange Land to be found where the Temple of Knowledge lieth?"

The Dervish replied: "Oh! King, wouldst thou knoweth where lieth the Strange Land where dwell the Disciples of the Path—the Seekers after Truth? Turn to thy Heart; hidden therein lieth the magnificent Temple of Human Knowledge."

A man said: "Many Prophets have there been since the beginning of the World, and each one has professed to reveal the Truth, yet what they have revealed is contradictory. Now Truth is absolute and unchangeable, therefore there is no trust to be put in Prophets, for they are deceived, and they reveal not that which is the Truth."

To him a Dervish replied: "Verily the Unity revealeth Himself through the Prophets, but what he revealeth is but a phrase, a fragment of Himself, an instant in the Manifestation of Himself. The Revelation therefore to Humanity is not finite any more than the Unity is finite. What is revealed is that which is sufficient for the state, the instant of the Manifestation, in which mankind finds himself at the moment of Revelation."

Being Fragments gathered from the Hidden Seed Kernel of the Mystic Rose which grew in the Garden of the King.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

(From the Nation, May 4.)

With fanatic fingers delicately gloved and with firm words thickly buttered the Christian Scientists have achieved another of those suppressions of free discussion which have helped and are still helping the progress of that sensitive sect. This time it is a volume of "The Cambridge History of American Literature" which has hurt their feelings, and the particular item of offense is a section dealing with "Science and Health," by Professor Woodbridge Riley of Vas-

sar, who in spirited language has indicated the manifold plagiarisms which went into the making of Mrs. Eddy's "revelation." The apparent grounds of complaint are that Professor Riley's language lacks respect for the prophets and her followers, and it is true that he has written with a full sense of the comic aspects which have attended the rise of her cult. But, presumably, the fault which makes the chapter seem most dangerous to "Scientists" is the sharp analysis which traces the doctrine of Mrs. Eddy to certain constituent elements she is convincingly shown to have derived from the Shakers, from the magnetic healer Quimby, and from that "tedious archangel" of transcendentalism Bronson Alcott. Was it not once thought blasphemy for the "higher criticism" to investigate the Babylonian or Egyptian analogues of Old Testament myths and to look among the pagan Greeks for New Testament ideas? Intellectually, the Christian Scientists occupy the position of those dutiful believers who in the past century tried to pack Christianity in cotton and keep it from the air and the sun. The intellectual methods of Christian Science, however, are, of course, unimportant in comparison with its strategical devices. And none of these needs so much to be called to public attention as that of the pious espionage which the sect exercises over all public references to it and the insidious pressure which it exerts upon publishers to compel them to touch "Science" only in the accents of compliment or at least of considerate euphemism. In this respect Christian Science aligns itself with the other compact minorities—the Mormons are also protesting against the "Cambridge History"—armed with some kind of assumption of vested interest, which contrive to muffle any dissent from the notions which they happen to favor.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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 BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
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OCCULT ARTS.

(W. Q. Judge in the Path.)

The following is extracted from H. P. B.'s first book, and is printed with the belief that it will be useful as well as interesting. She gives some fundamental Oriental propositions relating to occult arts, thus:

1. There is no miracle. Everything that happens is the result of law—eternal, immutable, ever-active. Apparent miracle is but the operation of forces antagonistic to what Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F. R. S.—a man of great learning but little knowledge—calls “the well ascertained laws of nature.” Like many of his class, Dr. Carpenter ignores the fact that there may be laws once “known,” now unknown, to science.

2. Nature is triune: there is a visible objective nature; an invisible, indwelling, energizing nature, the exact model of the other and its vital principle; and above these two is *spirit*, the source of all forces, alone eternal and indestructible. The lower two constantly change; the higher third does not.

3. Man is also triune: he has his objective physical body; his vitalizing astral body (or soul), the real man; and these two are brooded over and illuminated by the third—the sovereign, the immortal spirit. When the real man succeeds in merging himself with the latter, he becomes an immortal entity.

4. Magic, as a science, is the knowledge of these principles, and the way by

which the omniscience and omnipotence of the spirit and its control over nature's forces may be acquired by the individual while still in the body. Magic, as an art, is the application of this knowledge in practice.

5. Arcane knowledge misapplied is sorcery; beneficently used, true magic or wisdom.

6. Mediumship is the opposite of Adeptship; the medium is the passive instrument of foreign influences, the Adept actively controls himself and all inferior potencies.

7. All things that ever were, that are, or that will be, having their record upon the astral light, or tablet of the unseen universe, the initiated Adept, by using the vision of his own spirit, can know all that has been known or can be known.

8. Races of men differ in spiritual gifts as in color, stature, or any other external quality; among some people seership naturally prevails, among others mediumship. Some are addicted to sorcery, and transmit its secret rules of practice from generation to generation, with a range of psychical phenomena, more or less wide, as the result.

9. One phase of magical skill is the voluntary and conscious withdrawal of the inner man (astral form) from the outer man (physical body). In the cases of some mediums withdrawal occurs, but is unconscious and involuntary. With the latter the body is more or less cataleptic at such times; but with the Adept

the absence of the astral form would not be noticed, for the physical senses are alert and the individual appears only as though in a fit of abstraction—"a brown study," as some call it. To the movements of the wandering astral form neither time nor space offers any obstacle. The thaumaturgist thoroughly skilled in occult science can cause himself (that is, his physical body) to *seem* to disappear or to apparently take on any shape that he may choose. He may make his astral form visible, or he may give it protean appearances. In both cases these results will be achieved by a mesmeric hallucination simultaneously brought on. This hallucination is so perfect that the subject of it would stake his life that he saw a reality, when it is but a picture in his own mind impressed upon his consciousness by the irresistible will of the mesmerizer.

But while the astral form can go anywhere, penetrate any obstacle, and be seen at any distance from the physical body, the latter is dependent upon ordinary methods of transportation. It may be levitated under prescribed magnetic conditions, but not pass from one locality to another except in the usual way. Inert matter may be in certain cases and under certain conditions disintegrated, passed through walls and recombined, but living animal organisms can not.

Arcane science teaches that the abandonment of the living body by the soul frequently occurs, and that we encounter every day in every condition of life such living corpses. Various causes, among them overpowering fright, grief, despair, a violent attack of sickness, or excessive sensuality, may bring this about. The vacant carcass may be entered and inhabited by the astral form of an Adept, sorcerer, or an elementary (an earth-bound disembodied human soul), or, very, very rarely, an elemental. Of course an Adept of white magic has the same power, but unless some very exceptional and great object is to be accomplished he will never consent to pollute himself by occupying the body of an impure person. In insanity the patient's astral being is either semi-paralyzed, bewildered, and subject to the influence of every passing spirit of any sort, or it has departed forever and the body is taken possession of by some vampirish entity near its own disintegration and

clinging desperately to earth, whose sensual pleasures it may enjoy for a brief season longer by this expedient.

10. The cornerstone of magic is an intimate practical knowledge of magnetism and electricity, their qualities, correlations, and potencies. Especially necessary is a familiarity with their effects within and upon the animal kingdom and man. There are occult properties in many other minerals equally strange with that in the loadstone, which all practitioners of magic must know and of which so-called exact science is wholly ignorant. Plants also have like mystical properties in a most wonderful degree, and the secrets of the herbs of dreams and enchantments are only lost to European science, and, useless to say too, are unknown to it except in a few marked instances such as opium and hashish. Yet the psychical effects of even these few upon the human system are regarded as evidences of a temporary mental disorder.

To sum up all in a few words: Magic is spiritual wisdom; nature the material ally, pupil, and servant of the magician. One common vital principle pervades all things, and this is controllable by the perfected human will. The Adept can stimulate the movements of the natural forces in plants and animals in a preternatural degree. Such experiments are not obstructions of nature, but quickenings; the conditions of intenser vital action are given.

The Adept can control the sensations and alter the conditions of the physical and astral bodies of other persons not Adepts; he can also govern and employ as he chooses the spirits of the elements. He can not control the immortal spirit of any human being living or dead, for all such spirits are alike sparks of the Divine Essence and not subject to any foreign domination.

Propositions 2 and 3 contain and include the seven-fold classification. In 1877 H. P. B. was writing for those who had known but the three-fold scheme. In number two the vital principle (*prana* or *jiva*) is given; the body with vitality makes two; the real man inside called the soul, being composed of *astral body*, *desires*, and *mind*, makes five; the spirit, including the connecting link of *Buddhi*, completes the seven. The will is one of the forces directly from spirit, and is

guided, with ordinary men, by desire; in the Adepts' case the will is guided by Buddhi, Manas, and Atma, including in its operation the force of a pure spiritual desire acting solely under law and duty.

ROGER BACON—OCCULTIST.

(San Francisco Examiner.)

The first public explanation of the key discovered to the cipher code used by Roger Bacon, the thirteenth-century philosopher-monk, which has revealed Bacon knew of the telescope, microscope, and scientific facts hitherto supposed to have been unknown until centuries later, was made before the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Philadelphia.

Addresses were made by W. M. Voynich of London, owner of the Roger Bacon manuscript in which the key to the code was found; Professor Romaine Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania, who is working on the cipher, and Professor C. E. McClug, who is assisting Professor Newbold.

At present it is only possible to conjecture at the extent and importance of the discoveries, said Professor Newbold, for the art of reading the cipher is yet in its early stages and it is not certain that the whole manuscript can be read.

"The manuscript falls in four divisions," he continued, "dealing with plants, the heavenly bodies, the generation of animal life, and preparation of drugs. The common link connecting all four is probably Bacon's interest in the prolongation of human life.

"Plants are discussed because of their medicinal properties, the stars because they determine a man's character at his birth and influence him throughout life, embryology because of the bearing on later life of all factors influencing conception and pharmacology because drugs are essential to the cure of disease.

"A drawing in the second section, the late Professor Eric Doolittle asserted, was a drawing of a nebula and he declared the man who drew it must have had a telescope. The legend attached to this picture says the object was seen in a concave mirror, and gives its location in the sky. The location is that of the great nebula Andromeda.

"This is the first record of the use of the telescope.

"The embryological section contains

thirty-one drawings. As a rule they are symbolic.

"But there are drawings which so accurately portray the appearance of certain objects that it is difficult to resist the inference that Bacon had seen them with his microscope. It is possible that the decipherment of the text may reveal unsuspected meanings in the pictures, but the interpretation I have put on them seems obvious. Such are the spermatozoa, the body cells and the seminiferous tubes, the ova with their nuclei, indicated."

IMMORTALITY.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Even from the meagre reports of Professor Einstein's lectures on relativity it is easy to see that the most momentous conclusion to be drawn from his equations is that matter and energy are merely different names for the same fundamental entity.

This conclusion seems to me to have an immediate interest for humanity because of its bearing on the question of the immortality of the human soul. No fact throws more light on it or confirms it more convincingly than the discovery of the identity of matter and energy. For if the soul is a force or form of energy—and that it is there is every reason to believe—it must be immortal, because energy is indestructible.

Psychic force and mechanical force, like matter and energy, are but different names for the same fundamental entity in different stages of development.

There is nothing in what has been said that is incompatible with personal immortality, but the object of this letter is to prove general immortality.

HENRY L. PHILLIPS.

FALLS VILLAGE, CONN., April 23.

THE WAY OF ATOMS.

(Ellwood Hendrick in the Literary Review.)

To an old-fashioned chemist the appearance of an aura around the human figure doesn't sound right. It isn't the way atoms and molecules, as we have been in the habit of considering them, behave. We do not find any parallel with these records of observed aura in subatomic phenomena so far as these have been studied. On the other hand, we know as yet very, very little, and the

subatomic forces are of an intensity which we can hardly grasp. Whether there is any such thing as matter, except innumerable balances of opposed positive and negative charges of force, is a lively question of today. Can an emanation, an effluvium, a luminosity projected from a living body organize itself into a cloud, into a filmy substance, and finally into a solid, and then disintegrate and return whence it came? This is the impression to be drawn from Baron von Schrenk Notzing's book, and the records offer reasons for believing it.

GOD OF THE DISTANCES, HEAR US.

God of the Distances, hear us—

Hear us and guide us today.

Thy footsteps, though never so near us,

Are lost in the dust of the fray.

Thy high priests, who often have spoken

The word that was heeded, are mute;

Their torch is extinguished; their token

Is distrust and discord and dispute.

God to the Distances, never

Was man, though still fettered, so free

To challenge his star and to sever

Himself from the past and from thee.

But we, though our spirit is broken,

We heed thee again and anon;

We trust thee, O God, though thy token

Be the desert, thy promise, the sun.

Forever the Distances call us—

The Distances veiled of the Dream;

And we come, whatsoever befall us,

Our pledges and thine to redeem.

We come; and though often we altered

Our course at the gates of dismay,

We never looked backward or faltered,

Never regretted our way.

God of the Distances, hear us—

Hear us and guide us today.

—*Ameen Rihani in "A Chant of Mystics." Published by James T. White & Co.*

"SPIRIT" POETRY.

(From the Paris correspondent of the New York Herald.)

French spiritualists are greatly excited this week over the appearance of a new volume of verse by Mme. Judith Gautier, niece of Theophile Gautier. Prior to 1917 the announcement would not have caused a stir in the literary world, but during that year Judith Gautier died—and thereby hangs the tale.

The new volume is called "The Glory

of Illusion," and is sponsored by Suzanne Meyer Sundel, one of Judith Gautier's most intimate friends; in fact Suzanne inherited under Judith's will the historic four-poster bed, all canopied, wherein the immortal Theophile Gautier once slept.

Last New Year's eve Suzanne decided to sleep in this bed for the first time, and as she relates the story, at midnight she awakened suddenly and saw a vision of Judith Gautier, who spoke to her in measured lines. Being of a careful, providing nature, Suzanne reached for a pencil which was on a table nearby. The vision continued to appear nightly, dictating verses, for nearly a month, enough to fill a volume of more than 300 pages, and then disappeared, leaving Suzanne Sundel to arrange with the publishers, pay the government taxes, and rake in the profits.

As Suzanne insists that prior to her vision she could not read, let alone write, poetry the curiosity of all Paris has been aroused and the profits are promising. Her friends are now advising her to refuse to pay income tax on the sale of the book, suggesting that the eternal author really is liable for them, while the publishers are wondering whether Judith will make a reappearance and begin a new series of revelations.

A KEY TO THE UNDERSTANDING OF THE MYSTICS.

(From "The Porch.")

It seems advisable to include in this series of re-prints from Ancient Wisdom a number devoted to some attempt to make that wisdom luminous to such as yet have not caught the mystical point of view. The present volume is an attempt to do this, and give—not so much what mystics have written, as the ground from which they have written it. Apart from a clear perception of this ground, their writings must remain obscure and unintelligible, and even nonsensical, because the point of view of writer and reader may differ even to reversal.

For understanding ever depends on point of view. If by "good" I mean "righteous," and am talking to a man to whom it means "nice" (as to be rich, or to gain some indulgence of sense), it is clear that we shall be talking at cross purposes. Or if by "death" I mean the

exchange of one order of life for a higher, and my friend means by it "ceasing to Be," we shall be at similar cross purposes. To him it will be a thing to be dreaded and avoided at all costs; to me it will be quite the contrary.

To know the mystical point of view does not require great learning. It depends really on certain powers, or a certain quality, of mind, which no one can tell whether he does not possess till he has tried to develop it, and either succeeded, or utterly failed. There are thousands who possess the gift, who are entirely unaware of the fact; simply because nothing has yet suggested to them to try to exercise it.

Many will ask, What is the necessity for seeking the attainment, what gain will it bring, and will it be worth the trouble we may have to bestow? The reply is that all those who have tried, and attained, say, with one voice, that everything which is said about it in our own, and other, scriptures is true. For this is that "Wisdom" which in Job xxviii, and in Proverbs viii (and many other passages) is said to be better than every precious thing in the world. This "wisdom" is not so much a body of opinions as a certain attitude of the mind towards truth. To know the opinions by hearsay only, and not possess the right attitude of mind, profits little, if at all. What then is this right attitude of mind?

Wisdom I would define as *knowledge of the Fact*. Our ordinary views, or opinions, or notions, of what we are, and where we are, and why we are, are all guesses at what is the Fact. We see some things—to some these seem *most* things, to others, *all* things. But others again have caught the idea that they may be rather the very few things—compared with all there is to be seen; and that we see them, not as they really are, but very imperfectly and distortedly. Science fully admits that we know very little (comparatively speaking) of the things of this world; but believes that we are gradually finding out more and more; and—given the requisite time—shall eventually come to know them all. But the mystical point of view differs from the scientific in this, that it believes that there is an altogether different *order* of things from those into which science inquires: things which no microscope can reveal, no scalpal lay bare, no re-agent

affect; and that things of which this is true are far more important than the whole sum of things of which it is not. Where science talks about external things as "facts," mysticism must fall back on an extension of the term, and talk about the "Transcendent Fact." That is, the "Fact" behind all other "facts"; out of which all others arise and have their being, and in the power of which they are as they are, in contrast to what they seem to us to be.

In a word, where science deals with "bodies," mysticism seeks to deal with "spirit." Now here occurs the great division of view, whereby men are divided into two great classes. One of these stoutly maintains that the human mind possesses no ability to inquire into "spirit"; that all such inquiry is dangerous and impractical, and apt to lead astray into the following of "wandering fires" and falling into the "quagmire." The other equally stoutly maintains that this is not so; that man is himself "spirit"; and that though the outer eye can not see, nor hand grasp, the things of "spirit," yet *the heart can feel them*. They urge further that the greatest things in human nature do not exist for science; such things as "love," "pity," "joy," "bravery." Science can tell us something of the relation of the brain to such things as these: it can see love, pity, joy, bravery, in action, because the actor is in this external world; but of the "thing-in-itself," the thing, "love," the thing, "pity," etc., it knows nothing. These things can not be "known" externally; they must be "felt"; and they can be felt, though they can not be seen.

This great distinction arises in causes which—to us here—are beyond our power to create or destroy. No amount of negative reasons which science can muster will ever avail to persuade a man who "sees" (or rather "feels") these things to admit that they are delusions; and similarly, no amount of reason produced by the mystic will ever avail to shake the confidence of the man of science in this—that where he sees nothing, there is nothing to be seen. Argument is useless; controversy, worse than useless. The mystic, knowing both fields, can agree to differ. The man of science, knowing only his own, finds such agreement more difficult; and *resents* the mys-

tic's teaching more strongly than the latter resents his.

Yet do not let it be thought that the mystic does not base the conclusions to which he comes on reason. What reason any man possesses depends (probably) on the nature of his mind, and the external and internal faculties he possesses. These things fix the quality of "order" of his reason. The greater the general grasp, the wider is the quality of the "reason"; so that considerations which do not weigh at all with the man of small grasp, weigh heavily with the man of larger. Hamlet's mother, with her,

Nothing I see, yet all there is I see,

limits phenomena to the visible. I leave it to the reader to determine whether the un-expert opinion of the materialist who has never tried to enter any region beyond the visible—or, if he has, has tried hoping beforehand that he would not succeed—is of greater weight than that of thousands of men who have tried and succeeded. Surely positive assurance must (other things being equal) be stronger than negative. Else might any blind man rightly conclude that the sense of sight was a delusion.

"Re-ason" and "re-al" are both based on the idea of "res," "thing"; that which can be spoken of, or thought of ("think" is cognate to "thing"). We can neither speak nor think of what is not; and every positive concept in the mind has some basis in reality. The idea is of the object of thought in itself, apart from the things thought about it; for it does not follow that everything thought about the object is "re-asonable," or "thing-al," that is "re-al." This agrees with what we said above, that the object of the mystical apprehension is the Fact: not the fact as we apprehend it, but the Fact, the Thing, as it is to be apprehended. The eye sees only so much as it brings with it the ability to see; and it is absolutely unreasonable to assume (assumption is not reason) that there is no limit to the vision of the eye, as we are here, in a state admittedly imperfect. But if there are things the outer eye can not see, it is reasonable to suppose that we must possess some deeper penetrative and cognizing faculty; for what would be the use of God, or any Power, producing things which never could be known? And the mystic's argument is that it is more likely that man, yet in his

childhood, should possess a limited vision than that he should be able to conceive of things beyond what the mighty Power which made things could conceive and create: more likely that some should see less than all, than that some should see more than all. Less than all is easily conceivable, but more than all is absolutely inconceivable.

In fact, the seeing power of the eye of any plane of being is in strict relation to the "dimensions" of that plane. In a world of one dimension the eye would be unable to see anything but objects in the straight line of the one dimension, and would only see them as "points." And though, to the right and left of it, there might be "existence" which in size exceeded that world as x square exceeds x , all this fulness of content would be invisible to beings of the one-dimensional world. So with a two-dimensional world: the existence, the "things," of a world of three dimensions would exceed the world of two dimensions as x cube exceeds x square. To put this graphically: if x equals 1000, for a thousand million things visible to a world of three dimensions there would be one million visible to a world of two, and nine hundred and ninety-nine million things invisible to the world of two. Now mathematical science assures us that there is no reason why dimensions should be limited to three, the number standing open to us here, in this present world. There may be, said Professor Cayley, words up to the " n "th dimension. We know also that there are light vibrations which our eye now can not see; and sound vibrations which our ear can not hear.

Indeed, I think it may with reason be contended that the actual power of the eye is always one dimension less than that of the mind; and that in this three-dimensional world, vision is two-dimensional. We do not *see* distance, but judge of it by the lessened size of what is distant, compared with what is near. But for this no artist could suggest distance on his canvas, which is always a surface, two-dimensional. The eye sees, not the landscape before it, but a picture of it, cast on the retina, a picture in two dimensions. The more deeply we go into the theory of "vision," the more we discover how large is the action of the mind, as apart from that of the eye. For the mind is in relation to other senses,

and by the aid of these we know that we can conceive of three dimensions; and we read this knowledge into what we seem to see.

Moreover, it is as plain as can be to anything like expert thought in this matter that what to the lower dimension is closed and shut, to the higher is naked and open. A being of a world of two dimensions could be absolutely imprisoned by a line drawn round him. Escape would be impossible, save by breaking through this line. But a being of three dimensions could lift him out upwards as easily as possible. It would be called a miracle by two-dimensional beings, but would be absolutely natural and non-miraculous to the being of three. So with us, a coin in a box with the top fastened on can not be got out without breaking the box: we can not conceive of any "way" out of the box save through one of the three dimensions of the space of our experience. But it might be the easiest of operations to a four-dimensional being to get the coin out without breaking or opening the box.

These considerations are not quoted as *proofs*. Proof can not be gained till the fourth-dimensional faculty opens. They are mentioned only as tending to enlarge the mental concept of possibility; which here is very naturally, but without any justification in "reason," limited to our actual experiences; which are necessarily three-dimensional. To grasp the theory of dimensions clearly in the mind, nothing helps better than to study experimentally the relation of a shadow to the object casting it. Arrange a flat piece of white paper beneath a strong light, as concentrated as possible (such as an acetylene gas flame), and interpose between the light and the paper such objects in three dimensions as a knitting needle, a ring, a wire twisted in a spiral, a flat card; and you will find that the needle can become a round and small point, the ring and the card a line, and the spiral a circle. Every shadow is two-dimensional. And every one of these objects can be so held before the eye that the eye sees them as they show in their shadows. Evidently then the eye does not see in the third dimension.

But it is time to turn from these considerations to that to which they are offered as rough, preparatory introduction only. There is no direct and abso-

lute proof of any spiritual concept: and can not be, from the nature of the case. Not because proof is impossible in itself; but because we do not yet possess, in perfect use, the faculty needed to see it. Faint gleams and guesses, and deductions drawn from other things, are the utmost to which we can hope to attain. Yet these so widen our estimate of possibility, and afford such hope and support against those foes (fear and doubt) which naturally beset limited beings, that even these, slight and dim as they are, are worth attaining.

Yet when I say "no proof," I mean "none by which we can compel admission in others." For ourselves, we may attain what is equivalent to proof: such cogency of persuasion as will avail to make the hope we discern practically operative in our own hearts. And this is proof practical, if not proof positive.

While the mystic would admit that man is not entirely *dependent* on divine revelation for his knowledge of his subject, all Christian mystics believe that the revelation given in our scriptures is a great aid and guide to the attainment; and that, by consulting it intelligently, we are saved from many difficulties and mistakes, which—otherwise—might beset the path. This faith receives—to my thinking—large support when we find that the revelation in our own scriptures, and in other ancient Wisdoms, agree on certain very important fundamentals. I have not the slightest wish to belittle the marvelous wisdom-literature of ancient India or Persia, or any other that is found to give practical help to students in this pursuit. But, in a small book—such as this—it would be hopeless to seek to include all these: and I must therefore confine myself to the precepts of Christian mysticism. There are practically three revelations of God, given by Him to man: in nature, and in his own heart, and in the sacred writings: and it is safe to say that nothing can be accepted as true by any man to which his own heart does not yield assent. By "his own heart" I mean his own deepest feeling when he has tried to get down to the deepest to which he can penetrate; and tried rightly, and according to the directions of the greatest Masters of the subject.

(To Be Continued.)

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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

ROGER BACON.

(Walter Hart Blumenthal in the
Oregonian.)

Startling disclosures are promised the scientific world by those elucidating the Roger Bacon cipher manuscript, which for more than three years baffled all attempts at interpretation. The work was found seven years ago by Dr. Wilfred M. Voynich, a noted Pole. It lay neglected with other mediæval books in an Austrian castle. It is what bibliographers call a hermetic work, or one sealed to the common understanding by virtue of its occultism or the code in which its purport is concealed. This type of writing was once adopted by many savants, if only to make their works seem more recondite than they really were.

One American booklover, George Fabyan of Geneva, Illinois, collects only cryptic books and manuscripts which are known under the general name of steganography, or any form of cipher or symbol writing. Of course, shorthand is the commonest of these, though it is not generally known that stenography was used centuries ago. There is in the British Museum a sixteenth-century manuscript Bible written entirely in shorthand.

The bound Bacon manuscript, which contains about 750,000 words in crabbed Latinity, ciphered and in parts illegible, has many charts and diagrams which are the best clues to the meaning of the text. In the thirteenth century, when it

was compiled, experiments in physics were regarded as black magic.

Roger Bacon, the English Franciscan monk who wrote it, lived as long before Francis Bacon (the contemporary of Shakespeare) as we do after the author of the sententious "Essays." That gives an idea of how the earlier Bacon made discoveries which, because of his secrecy, were not hit upon by the rest of the world for centuries.

The cipher work, to the decoding of which Dr. William Romaine Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania has now devoted two years, is said to show that Roger Bacon understood the theory of the telescope and perhaps actually constructed one more than three centuries before astronomers had these instruments. That he knew the principle of the enlarging glass, perhaps even of a low-power microscope, is disclosed in the extant manuscript record of his researches. How many other discoveries were locked up in this cipher remains to be told by Dr. Newbold when he addresses the College of Physicians and the American Philosophical Society on the remarkable work.

If, as Dr. Voynich states, Roger Bacon had a knowledge of the telephone it would be a peculiar coincidence, for Francis Bacon, in his "New Atlantis," which pictured a future ideal commonwealth, undoubtedly foresaw that invention. In the perfect state which he describes he installs "means to convey

ads in trunks and pipes, in strange
 .es and distances." Not only that, but
 the later Bacon guessed a continent
 where Australia was afterward discov-
 ered, for he placed his "New Atlantis"
 there. He inflicts his perfect Antipodes
 with a weather bureau. Moreover, he
 anticipated Burbank, for he suggests
 growing "divers new plants, differing
 from the vulgar, and making one plant
 turn into another."

The question whether Roger Bacon
 used a telescope and a microscope re-
 vivifies the contention as to whether it was
 not in the new world that both these
 instruments were first invented. For an-
 tiquarians who have studied extant
 hieroglyphic codes of the Aztecs say this
 race when overthrown by the Spanish
 conquerors was more advanced in as-
 tronomy and optics than Europe of that
 day.

It is known beyond cavil that in sur-
 gery the Aztecs practiced the trephining
 operation, and there is reason to believe
 that they could produce a form of local
 anæsthesia. Hospitals existed in the na-
 tive cities of Mexico at the time of Co-
 lumbus, and the attending native sur-
 geons, says one annalist, "were so far
 better than those in Europe that they
 did not protract the cure in order to in-
 crease the pay." Their skill was, ac-
 cording to the annalist, of a high order.

But the best proof of the advanced
 state of Aztec civilization was their cal-
 endar. Cortez found the European sys-
 tem, known as the Julian reckoning, to
 be more than ten days in error when
 tried by the Aztec calendar. The leap
 year is an attempt to adjust an even
 number of 365 days to the actual solar
 period of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes,
 46 seconds, which constitutes the true
 year. The Aztecs approximated the
 true length of the year within two min-
 utes and nine seconds. Hence more
 than five centuries elapsed before the
 loss of an entire day.

From the nicety of their calendrical
 system and the fact that comets and
 eclipses are marked on their hiero-
 glyphic drawings, authorities have in-
 ferred that the Aztecs were familiar
 with astronomical instruments. Their
 accurate ideas of the movements of the
 heavenly bodies could not have been
 gained without such aid, in the opinion
 of several authorities.

The early Spanish annalist Ulloa,
 speaking of a fine magnifying glass
 which he found in Peru, wrote: "I have
 seen them of all kinds (convex, plane,
 and concave), and from the delicacy of
 the workmanship one would have
 thought these people had been furnished
 with all kinds of instruments and com-
 pletely skilled in optics."

MIND-ENERGY.

(From the Quest.)

The papers before us are not simply a
 translation, but have been gone over
 very carefully in detail by M. Bergson
 himself with Dr. Carr, so as to give
 them the same authority as the original
 French, which bears the title "*L'Energie
 Spirituelle*." There are seven pieces in
 all and they have been chosen to illus-
 trate the concept that reality is a spir-
 itual activity. The best known are the
 Romanes Lecture on "Life and Con-
 sciousness" (1911) and the Presidential
 Address to the Psychical Research So-
 ciety (1913); others go back a decade
 and include a study on Dreams, which
 appeared in 1901. With brilliant analy-
 sis and approaching the subject from
 many points of view our philosopher
 labors to show that the life of the mind
 is superior to the mechanical determin-
 ism of matter and indeed uses it for its
 own purposes. Wherever there is choice,
 there is consciousness, no matter how
 feeble, and this is the beginning of free-
 dom. The life of the mind is the prin-
 ciple of freedom and in man is winning
 towards ever greater expression; no
 bounds can be set to possibility in this
 direction. But the more we probe into
 the matter the more we find that the
 major part of our mental activity es-
 capes us, so that today we might almost
 say that, if in the past the chief problem
 of philosophy has been to define the na-
 ture of consciousness and explain its
 genesis, in the future its most pressing
 task will be to explain the nature and
 genesis of what we speak of as the un-
 conscious. A finger-post pointing in this
 direction is set up by M. Bergson in
 treating of the way in which mind con-
 trives its self-improvement by veiling
 the major part of its activity in order
 to concentrate more effectively on the
 immediate life-task. It is one of this
 acute investigator's most characteristic
 contributions to philosophic thought and

allows us to appreciate his standpoint perhaps better than any other. He frequently recurs to it, as in the following passage:

"I believe that our whole past still exists. It exists subconsciously, by which I mean that it is present to consciousness in such a manner that, to have the revelation of it, consciousness has no need to go out of itself or seek for foreign assistance; it has but to remove an obstacle, to withdraw a veil, in order that all that it contains, all in fact that it actually is, may be revealed. Fortunate are we to have this obstacle, infinitely precious to us is the veil! The brain is what secures to us this advantage. It keeps our attention fixed on life; and life looks forward; it looks back only in the degree to which the past can aid it to illumine and prepare the future. To live is, for the mind, essentially to concentrate itself on the action to be accomplished. To live is to be inserted in things by means of a mechanism which draws from consciousness all that is utilizable in action, all that can be acted on the stage, and darkens the greater part of the rest. Such is the brain's part in the work of memory; it does not serve to preserve the past, but primarily to mask it, then to allow only what is practically useful to emerge through the mask. Such, too, is the part the brain plays in regard to the mind generally. Extracting from the mind what is externalizable in movement, inserting the mind into this motor frame, it causes it to limit its vision, but also it makes its action efficacious. This means that the mind overflows the brain on all sides, and that cerebral activity responds only to a very small part of mental activity."

The phrasing here makes it appear that brain does something of its own over against mind, but in keeping with the general contention elsewhere it is mind that uses body. We must of course take into account the obstacles of every kind that the life-force has to meet on its way, nevertheless the whole of evolution seems to mean that it is mind which works within it and seeks, not only to free itself from trammels, but also to surpass itself. By many similar reflections we are led continuously in this direction, but are not carried definitely further. Averse as M. Bergson seems from drawing the conclusion,

much of what he writes seems to suggest purpose in the fundamental nature of things. Life-urge, mind-energy, spiritual activity, look like non-committal terms; but if they convey the impression of being creative means for progressive ends, as the whole tendency of the philosopher's thought implies, they might with advantage be subsumed under some still higher concept.

LECTURES AND ESSAYS. By Henri Bergson, Member of the French Academy, Professor at the Collège de France. Translated by H. Wildon Carr, Hon. D. Litt., Professor in the University of London. Macmillan Company.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.

(By Fairfax.)

Two Paths are there which lead to the Temple of Truth. Along the first travel those who seek for Knowledge with singleness of heart. Along the second travel the Disciples who are led by Love. Hence the man of wisdom says of the Mystic: "He sees what I know." And the Mystic says of the man of Wisdom: "He knows what I see."

He who feeds his horse on too rich food, and begins to start at too great a pace will find, ere the journey is half over, flatulence filling his horse and weariness dragging at his feet, and the latter part of the journey of Life will be full of pain and despondency.

The Mystic Dervish, being questioned by the King as to what revelation, in his quest for knowledge, had seemed to him the one most pregnant with meaning, answered thus:

"In my wanderings in the Strange Land this did I see.

"A Temple built like a Tower, rising to a great height, surrounded at its base by a circular colonnade. Impelled by the desire to learn, I knocked at the gate of the Temple and prayed for admittance. A venerable old man—the Sage of the Temple—opened the Gate and said to me, 'What seekest thou?' I replied, 'Knowledge. He said, 'Hast thou the strength and determination to climb to the topmost chamber of the Tower?' I said, 'The desire have I if thou wilt be my guide to show me the way.' Then he stretched out his hand and raised me up, saying: 'If thy heart is stout, cross the threshold of the Temple of Human Knowledge.' I seized the proffered

hand, and with the Sage I passed under the mighty Gateway of the Temple. When I had entered the precincts of the building I saw that a stately colonnade ran in a circle round the triangular Tower, which seemed to rise to a giddy height above me; and presently as I looked I perceived that the wall behind the colonnade was covered with representations of human figures, and my Guide spoke: 'Behold, the Cycle of Human Life! See Man as he appeareth to the human eye!'

"Then I looked again, and I saw that the first picture, by the Entrance Gate, represented the Childhood of Man, and the Angel of Life was drawing back the Veil, beyond which lay the World with all its dangers and possibilities, and the children full of joyance were marching forward to enter the promised land; but I saw that there was a look of pity on the face of the Angel, for in the darkness by the Veil crouched the figure of Satan, marking with his claws upon the sand the number of those whom he would devour. And as I gazed longer at the children I began to perceive that each child represented some type of Humanity. There I saw the young King approaching the Veil with firm step, but with awe upon his face, as he gazed upon the unknown World which he would be called upon to govern, and by his side was a youth with vicious face and envy in his heart, seeking to push aside the young King that he might enter first into possession of the world. Many children I saw bubbling over with the exuberance of youth, pleased with what lay around them. One maiden I noticed gazing earnestly at the Star of Love, which from above shone down upon the World of Youth, and another maiden—in whom was the Soul of a wanton—was bending down to the ground to pluck a rose, and in her haste to seize it a thorn had pricked her finger.

"I followed my Guide around the colonnade, and at each step I saw the same children grow older—having advanced a little on the Journey of Life; and I saw many fall by the way, and when I came to the last picture I saw that few were left—the ascetic Dervish, worn and emaciated—the man who had sought for God through the Spirit—and the aged King, full of gravity—the man who had sought for God by striving to

act according to the lights in the World; loneliness was around these two, but they heeded it not, and behind the throne of the King stood, with her arms crossed and on her face a look of impenetrableness, the Angel of Life, now changed into the Angel of Death.

"Saddened by what I had seen, I withdrew from the colonnade, and in the sunshine of the pleasant garden round the base of the Tower I sat for a long while meditating on the vanity of human existence.

"Then my Guide touched me upon the shoulder and said: 'Thine eye hath seen but the outer shell of Humanity, and thou art depressed thereby. Seekest thou now to know what hath been revealed to the Soul of Man, and what are the limits of Human Knowledge?'

"I replied: 'I am willing, for my heart thirsteth for Knowledge.'

"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 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 he 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 that 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 to me 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."

(To Be Continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM JACOB BOEHME.

When this great internal revelation takes place, the internal senses are then opened to the direct perception of spiritual truth. There will be no more necessity for drawing conclusions of any kind in regard to such unknown things, because the spirit perceives that which belongs to its sphere in the same sense as a seeing person sees external things.

The four lower principles without the eternal light are the abyss, the wrath of God, and hell. Their light is the terrible lightning flash, wherein they must awaken themselves.

The soul in the power of God penetrates through all things, and is powerful over all as God himself; for she lives in the power of his heart.

In each external thing there is hidden an eternal and imperishable something, which issues again in an ethereal form out of the degraded body of the terrestrial substance.

All the external visible world, in all its states, is a symbol or figure of the internal spiritual world. That which a thing actually is in its interior is reflected in its external character.

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.

If the divine principle of love were not still pervading all nature in this terrestrial world, and if we poor created beings had not with us the warrior in the battle, we would all be sure to perish in the horror of hell.

Ultimately all things must be one and the same to man. He is to become one with fortune and misfortune, with pov-

erty and riches, joy and sorrow, light and darkness, life and death. Man is then to himself nothing, for he is dead then relatively to all things in his will.

No man can attain spiritual self-knowledge without being spiritual, because it is not intellectual man that knows the Spirit, but the Divine Spirit that attains self-knowledge in men.

No one should want to know his state of holiness while he lives in this world, but he should keep on drawing the sap of Christ from his own tree, and leave it to that tree to bring forth from him whatever branch or bough it may choose.

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.

A KEY TO THE UNDERSTANDING OF THE MYSTICS.

(From "The Porch.")

(Continued.)

This feeling is called "intuition," and is properly "insight." If there be an internal, its content must certainly be far vaster than that of the external—as we have shown above. The first effort of the student should be to test himself as to what extent he already possesses this faculty of seeing *into* things. The best method is to get alone and apart; put aside all thought of externals, and try to see great cogencies. Ask your heart whether it *feels* that love is better than hate; whether it is likely that this universe, so wonderful and marvelous, was made to be the theatre of man's strivings for himself and against his neighbor; whether to accumulate wealth, or attain great rank and position, are the *best* things of life, or whether better are not possible. Many *know* these things—of hearsay, and few venture to deny them. But the thing to seek for is whether we *feel* them. For it is by what we feel that we determine our real nature. One of the great evils of the present day—or of any "day"—is that so few realize the distinction between what they *know* and

what they *are*. Many go to Church or Chapel who have no real attachment to religion: and out of these is built up that large class who "*say but do not*."

And it is not enough to admit—as the scientific mind might—that love is better than hate because its *results* are better. This is a great corroborative consideration indeed, but is no sufficient reason for believing that we are of the "love" spirit. In all divine things the requirement is attachment to *the thing*, and not only to *its results*. The results of speaking the truth are often disastrous, in their immediate result; but he who loves truth will speak it, whatever be its results. Many a man thinks he loves a girl, because he loves her kisses; and yet might be found unwilling to give his life for her. Over the *thing* are always its results, and the mystic must burrow down through all these, and get to the thing itself.

We may be quite certain that if we love love (in itself) we love God; for "God is love." It is equally certain that none will penetrate to the inwardness of mysticism who does not love God. For God is the Fact, and the Fact is the mystic's quest; and nothing can "at-one" us with any object of pursuit, save love. Short of this, we may know some things *about* our subject, but not the subject, the thing sought to be known, itself.

In this world, as it is, love is thought to be a grace of life, that which sets off and embellishes it, and is always desirable *if it can conveniently be had*; but is seldom thought to *be* life itself; and that without which no other attainment is of any value. The reason for this we will now proceed to examine.

To the mystic, this life bears much the same relation to the real life as dreams bear to waking life. I saw "much the same" because there are differences, and therefore the resemblance is not actual identity.

Compared with the apparent reality of waking life, dream is a false imagination. In dream, we can believe ourselves to do things which we simply could never bring ourselves to do in waking life: because in dream, certain higher centres of the brain are rendered inoperative. The most self-contradictory things happen, which, in waking life, we know could not happen: and yet, in the dream, they cause us no surprise; and evoke no protest from our reason.

In a very similar way we find ourselves acting in waking life in a way quite contrary to the nature of God, and therefore quite contrary to our real nature, as it is in the Fact. This, to the materialist, is a vast assumption: he prefers to define his nature by *what he finds and experiences it to be here and now*. But we do the same in dreams: we never question that the dream nature is our real nature in what is then here and now. Yet when we wake from the dream we never doubt that the nature we wake to is much more truly our real nature than that we wake from. This *proves* (and I use the word deliberately) that *impression as to reality is no assurance of actual reality*. Every such assurance avails for the state to which it is proper, but no further.

On this idea mysticism is based: that in this world, this present state of being, we are not in immediate relation to the transcendent Fact. Its predicates are (1) that what we know is but a part of the whole Fact, and (2) that what we know is not exact, even as far as it extends. It predicates further that full and complete *knowledge* involves that we become practically *one with* the thing known; and do not merely stand outside it, looking at its surface, so that there is a difference between it and us as of object and subject; but that we get so "at-oned" with it that we find ourselves in it, and it in ourselves. For the most complete knowledge obviously involves the closest and most intimate relationship, and the thing of all things which I know most completely is myself, in which object and subject are united. This is the truth expressed by Jesus Christ when He said, "Abide in me, and I in you": and—speaking of the Father—"I in them and Thou in Me, perfected into One."

Inside and outside are each incomplete, apart from the other. To know the inside, we have to rend, or remove, the outside; and we then have the inside apart from the outside. But *neither alone* can give a full and complete knowledge of that "whole" of which each is a part; for we can not forcibly separate the two without destroying the relationship which obtains when the two are together as one. For any organic thing is always much more than the mere sum of its parts. This is true of even material things. All the parts of an

organ, laid out for exhibition side by side, are not equal to the organ itself. And it is more intensively true of things more than material: for all the parts of an animal laid side by side, so as to be viewed separately, give no adequate idea of the living animal. It is not in the parts in themselves, but in their due and vital relationship, that the thing to be known consists.

"Being" is, and must be, essentially "One": but this "one" is the one of unity and not of singularity. There is all the difference in the world between the two ideas. This difference it is impossible to convey adequately by any illustration, because we know of no one, single thing which is complete in itself, and neither can, nor need, enter into any relation with any other.

In every Being there must be an internal and an external; a basal Power, and its manifestation to itself and to others. This—or something like this—is so fundamental a requirement that it applies even to God, who in the power of His mere Being would be unknown, but finds the requisite information in His Son, who is not "another" Being from the Father, but the same Being on the side of its manifestation. The two are One.

In the case of a perfect Being, the manifestation will be the full and perfect manifestation of the whole content of the Power; so that there will be nothing in the Power which is not adequately expressed, or manifested, in the Being. "Abstract Being," the absolute Ultimate (says Madam Blavatsky), is best thought about under the idea of "Space." But there is an illicit process here; because *there simply can not be any such thing as abstract Being, apart from manifestation to some order of consciousness.* We have to speak of it thus, indeed, but only because—through the limitation of our minds—we have to separate into two concepts that which—to perfect consciousness—is One. For this reason, mystics are compelled to speak in paradoxes, because they have to speak of the "two" of their apprehension as if they were "apart," while they never really are apart. Eliminate either one of these two, and the whole vanishes.

How the "many" can also, and at the same time, be the "one," we see illustrated in the music of a great orchestra.

It is a rough and inadequate illustration, but may serve to give some clue to the transcendent idea here sought to be expressed. A better one is man himself, a unity of body, soul, and spirit, and yet a conscious one thing.

For man there exists a distinction between the known and the unknown: he is aware that he grows slowly in knowledge and perception, and that not everything is known to him at once. For I, or any man, can only know myself in and through my consciousness; and this consciousness is the integration of all the powers of cognition I—at the time—possess. The mystic believes that—as a matter of abstract Fact—we have all the powers; though we have not yet discovered all we have, and learned to use them rightly. A boy, fond of music, will strum out tunes on the piano with one finger. He wants no more perfect instrument—the piano is all right; and he has all ten fingers; as many as the most brilliant performer. He uses but one finger only because he has not yet learned to use all; and not because he has not got more than one. Science tells us that, in the embryo, all that will be when perfect growth is reached exists; and that its full attainment is a question of evolution, and not of creating what is not there at all to start with.

This is exactly the mystic's persuasion: he believes that there lie in man faculties yet embryonic, but which can be developed by due cultivation. Every intelligent person admits the bare idea of development on the lines of the present order of our consciousness; knowledge of external things, power in the external world. The mystic differs in that he seeks things of a *different order* of consciousness. A man in a dream might seek to advance his interests, as he took them—in the dream—to be; if he was dreaming he was poor, he might seek to make money successfully. But it would be a different thing if—in the dream—he reached the idea that he was only dreaming he was poor, and that if he could exchange the dream consciousness for waking consciousness, he might find he was rich all the time.

Of course the question must remain. Can this be done? The mystic believes that—to some extent at least—it can.

(To Be Continued—)

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

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THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY.

(From the World Almanac.)

In 1905 there appeared in the world of science a new theory, dealing with physics in general and with light and gravitation in particular. Albert Einstein is the author of the theory; although a German by birth, Dr. Einstein is a naturalized citizen of Switzerland, where, in Zurich, he taught physics. During and since the war he has been affiliated with the University of Berlin. He is now about forty-three years of age.

The new theory deals with fundamental ideas and is exceedingly difficult and complicated. It takes as starting-point the so-called Michelson-Morley experiment which showed that some mysterious compensating influence is at work to prevent an experimenter from detecting even with the most delicate instruments the rate and direction of the earth's motion through the luminiferous ether. The ether is supposed by physicists to fill all space, to permeate all bodies freely, and to be perfectly stationary; it would therefore seem admirably qualified to serve as an absolute standard to which all questions of time and space could be referred. The Michelson-Morley experiment left the modern physicist without any fixed and certain datum ground. Dr. Einstein took up the matter at this point and denied that we can have any knowledge of absolute motion as absolute position in

space. One set of reference axes is as good as another, provided the axes are not subject to twisting or to acceleration. All one can do is to compare moving bodies among themselves. So far Einstein differed not at all from Sir Isaac Newton, in whose theory the interplanetary ether had no place. But Einstein went farther, startling the world with a philosophy as new as it is far-reaching. The well-established doctrine of electrons enabled him to deal in a masterly way with bodies at exceedingly high velocities. He has generalized the whole science of physics and of celestial mechanics. The three time-honored laws of motion propounded by Newton, as well as Newton's law of gravitation, are true, according to Einstein, only for moderate velocities. For the greatest velocities these laws require serious modification. The upper limit of all velocities is placed at 186,000 miles per second; this, the velocity of light, is conceived to be a fundamental relation between space and time, so that no effect of any kind could possibly be propagated faster. At this speed all energy becomes latent, inertia becomes infinite, physiological processes are arrested, and a condition of suspended animation ensues. If the earth should quit its orbit and go cruising through space with the velocity of light and should return to the orbit and orbital motion only after the lapse of a thousand years, it would be true that to the earth's inhabitants the

thousand years had not been even a moment of time, since the clocks were at a standstill and none of the sons of men had so much as made a movement; at the moment of return the ticking of the clocks and the routine of life would automatically continue as if no millennial break had occurred. The standards of length and force, as well as of time, undergo a change with the body's motion; a moving body is shortened in the direction of its progress and correspondingly lengthened in the transverse direction; since everything is similarly distorted, it is impossible for the change to be perceived by one who is himself partaking of the motion. The earth is thus shortened two and one-half inches. One is, accordingly, farther from the earth's centre at noon and midnight than at 6 a. m. and 6 p. m. The particles of light are flattened in this way into circular disks of practically zero thickness.

It is Dr. Einstein who has brought the fourth dimension into physics as a vital fact. In addition to length, breadth, and height of the old order, one now takes account of the time-dimension as the new fourth coördinate. Time and space are no longer treated as independent. The relativist claims that we can know nothing of absolute space in the Euclidean sense of a line that goes on and on straight into eternity and infinity. The material universe moves in perfect cycles; the system of which we are a part moves through a cycle of sixteen million light-years; at the end of that period it recommences its long journey and, like the recurring decimal, repeats it over and over.

Energy is identical with mass; energy may be said to create this material world; and the doctrine of conservation of energy becomes merged in the doctrine of conservation of mass. It is here that the relativist seems most surely to have planted his feet on solid ground. He has the undoubted facts about electrons in his support. Proceeding from the dictum that mass is identical with latent energy, he formulates a new law that mass is not invariable, that mass actually receives an increment that varies with the square of the ratio of the body's velocity to that of light. In astronomy this strange doctrine has already been decisively confirmed. The most interesting and bewildering thing

about relativity is that there is so much in Nature to confirm it.

Some account is here given of the three great astronomical tests of the theory; of these the first two have been satisfactorily met: (1) The authors of accepted astronomical tables have been obliged to add an arbitrary constant, 43 minutes, to the centennial motion of Mercury's perihelion in order to secure agreement between the old Newtonian theory and telescopic observation; this discrepancy was a hopeless puzzle until Einstein announced the law of mass varying with velocity and computed from this law a correction of 42 minutes, or within one second of the true. Mercury attains a velocity of thirty-five miles per second and is by far the most rapidly moving body in the solar system. (2) Einstein predicted that if stars be observed when they are close to the sun's limb, the light coming from the stars to the earth would be bent by the gravitational pull of the sun; stars at the limb would appear displaced outwardly from the sun by 1.75 minutes; stars some distance away from the limb would be displaced inversely as the distance from the centre of the sun's disk. Such observations can be made only at the time of a total solar eclipse. Einstein's success in solving the problem of Mercury had greatly interested British astronomers. The prediction as to the bending of light was in the nature of a challenge, since it presented a clear-cut issue. The Newtonian law of gravitation led one to expect a displacement of 0.87 minutes at the sun's limb. Einstein predicted twice as much, or 1.75 minutes. Two expeditions went from England to observe the eclipse of May 29, 1919, one to Sobrai, in Brazil, the other to Principe, in the Gulf of Guinea. The one expedition secured 1.98 minutes as the result; the other, 1.61 minutes; both are very strongly confirmatory of Einstein. (3) In an intense gravitational field like that of the sun all lines of the spectrum should be displaced to the red. This displacement has not yet been found.

Karma-Nemesis is no more than the spiritual dynamical effect of causes produced, and forces awakened into activity, by our own actions.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

THE MYSTIC ROSE.

(By Fairfax.)

(Concluded.)

"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 Unity 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 had issued from the last Chamber, he bade me 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 lies 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 for Humanity the Realization of the 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 on 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. Then my Guide said to me: 'Behold the Eye of the World! Through it the mind realized 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 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."

"With my Guide I began to ascend to the Third Level of the Tower, and when we had reached it we entered together the Seventh Chamber, which lay above the Fourth Chamber and the First Chamber below. Therein I saw nothing for a time; then I heard the whizz of an arrow, and beheld in the misty distance a noble stag struck down by it. Looking round there appeared to me the majestic vision

of a man, radiant like a conqueror, holding in his extended hand the bow of Power from which the arrow had been discharged. He said to me: 'What seest thou?' I said: 'I saw the weak overcome by the strong.' He said to me: 'Behold, I am the Man Conqueror; Man as the Emblem of the Creator. I am more than Nature, I am Nature illuminated by the Spirit of the Eternal, and therefore do I overcome mere Nature.'

"When this Vision had disappeared from my sight, I passed with my Guide to the Eighth Chamber. Herein I saw a Sword standing unsupported on the point of its hilt, and in astonishment I exclaimed, 'What meaneth this Sign?' My Guide replied: 'Between Man and Nature a permanent struggle exists; what man attaineth by labor he loseth again IF HIS LABOR SHOULD CEASE. This is the Sign of Equilibrium, the balance between opposing Forces, between Good and Evil in the Created World. This is the Sign of the Spirit of Justice which with the Power of the Sword separates the opposing combatants.'

"When I had gazed for some time upon this symbol, I proceeded to the last Chamber on this Level of the Tower, which was the Ninth Chamber. When the veil by the entrance had fallen behind me I found myself face to face with an aged Dervish, whose countenance was serene and radiant; for his age seemed to have no affliction, and Wisdom shone forth from his eyes. In his right hand he held aloft a burning lamp, and in his left hand he held a staff, on which he leant. I saluted him with reverence, and he addressed me thus: 'When I was young I selected the Path of Light, and my reward has been great. Wisdom have I imprisoned in the lamp which illuminated my Path. Round my Soul have I drawn the Mantle of Protection which shall ward off Evil when it shall assail it. This Staff of strength have I found upon my path, and on it I can lean with security in the ascent towards Truth.'

"When I issued from the last Chamber I followed my Guide up the ascent to the next Level of the Tower, where with him I entered the Tenth Chamber, which lay above the Seventh and the Fourth and the First Chamber below. Here I beheld a Circle turning upon no visible

axis, and my Guide said to me: 'Behold the Symbol of Eternity, the Symbol of the incessant action of time. The Circle is ever moving; it ascendeth and descendeth; so ascendeth the Spirit of God to the Summit, so descendeth the Spirit of Evil to the abyss.'

A KEY TO THE UNDERSTANDING OF THE MYSTICS.

(From "The Porch.")

(Continued.)

First he tries to form some sufficient idea as to why such an effort is necessary. Does God create imperfect creatures, when He could as easily (abstractly) create perfect?

The careful and deep consideration of this question brings several things into view. First, that what seems a long process to man need not seem so to God. We find that, in dreams, one single instant can be fanned out into a consciousness of a very long time; and thus we are able to understand that—to different states of consciousness—one day may seem a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Neither is the time value used here to be strictly pressed; so that though one day (or one instant) could seem a thousand years, it could not seem ten thousand. The words of the Apostle are doubtless a rough indication of a principle that the consciousness of one plane, and of a higher, differ to reversal. There, "time shall be no longer."

Next he finds this to be a law of our consciousness: that high appreciation comes only in things of which we have had experience of a contrary. He realizes therefore that if it were the will of God to create creatures capable of finding the highest possible joy in "good," He could not apply a better process than to give them, first, experience of evil. For that of which we can not so much as think the contrary is to us the ordinary, the wonted, the matter of course thing, of which we are never highly and delightedly conscious. If the reader will only reflect on this idea, he will easily see its cogency.

Satisfied then that—whatever the Fall was—it was no interference with, or reversal of, the will of God (with which we are taught, there is no power which can interfere), the mystic proceeds to

the endeavor to estimate exactly how this Fall affected human consciousness. He finds it described in scripture as a falling into darkness; and the power of this consciousness is called "the power of darkness." It is also described as a falling into division—from unity; and as a sleep and dream; finally, as a falling into death—from life.

Further reflection shows that if God willed to give man experience of a contrary, there was no need for Him to *create* any definite, contrary "thing." Light is a vibratory energy issuing from the sun; and is therefore a positive "thing"; but darkness is not a contrary energy; but the absence of the positive energy; and to cause darkness it is enough to interpose an opaque body between the sun and the eye, or so to alter the eye that it becomes incapable of transmitting the vibrations to the brain; or to that behind the brain which is the real recipient. Similarly, death is absence of life; and can be produced by a gradual weakening of the life force; without any positive, contrary force being created. This means that there is always power in the negative to produce an impression contrary to the positive: and the forces in the universe or either plus or minus, and not two contrary pluses. The negative practically acts as a contrary positive. Or, in other words, every change we cognize is cognized as a positive: negative cognition if it could be, would be non-cognition. Which is a contradiction in terms.

Therefore the whole change produced was produced, not by the definite, positive creation of a contrary order, but by a throwing out of gear of some of man's perceptive faculties which—ceasing to function rightly—cut him off from the receiving of impressions which—but for this—would have got through.

But it is ever true that faculty, really limited, never bears conscious and positive witness to its limitation. Hence the perfect intelligibility of the materialist's persuasion, that where he sees nothing, there is nothing to be seen. The mind accepts no conscious blanks; and where it sees less than all, creates in itself an idea of the "all" in accordance with what it does see: and in this idea the moiety not seen plays no positive, conscious part. This moiety is as if it were non-existent, as if it were dead: the real truth being that we are dead to it.

We see this illustrated in the phenomenon of dream. The Fact is that the dreamer is lying on his bed; possibly his wife by his side, and his children in an adjoining room. But in the dream consciousness, all this is unrepresented. He may be far away, among conditions utterly unlike those of his waking life. Yet, for the time being, this dream is his reality: he never doubts or questions it; and remained *dead* to the conditions of the Fact until the dream breaks at waking.

Nevertheless, note this. If a wealthy man who had never even thought the thought of any state different from his abundance were only to dream that he was poor, and miserable because he was poor, he would—when he awoke from the dream—have a higher appreciation of the delight of his state of abundance than he ever had before. The whole inwardness of the philosophy of Evil lies here.

This then, generally and roughly stated, is the mystical theory. But sound mysticism never rests in theory: it values it only as a guide to practice; to finding out how so to live and work as to recover what has been lost; and pass from a state of fragmentariness to a state of wholeness—which is the same thing as "holiness."

There are, says St. Paul, two "minds," the mind of the flesh and the mind of the spirit: and these, he says, are *contrary*. The mystic seizes on this as a leading and pregnant idea: and formulates from it the following direction for practice. *Endeavor to reverse all ordinary notions, as to moral qualities, which are found in your mind before effort has been earnestly made to make it spiritual.*

For if the things which are seen here, the temporal, are the "not as the Fact," and the things unseen are "as the Fact," I still want to know whether between the two there is any relation, or none. If none, then the things seen are purely what the mystics of India say they are, Maya, delusion; and there is nothing whatever that I can learn from them; although they are the only things I see. I may therefore totally disregard and ignore them; as seems to be the teaching of India. But if these *seen* things are the *reversal* of the things unseen, then there is between the two a relation, and I can learn all I first need to know by studying the things seen. For reversal is

its sojourn it is poor and sorrowful, it would say: "Yes, I am thus now; but I am really a citizen of heaven, with vaster possessions than the world could contain, and a life and health so vigorous that it is immune from all sicknesses and from death. Yet here for a little moment dreaming a dream of the reverse of these conditions, so that when I return to them I may appreciate their infinite delight and glory as I never could, had they been my sole and every-day condition. Do I think threescore years and ten a little moment? It is not, to my surface consciousness; but it most surely is to me, as I know myself, an inheritor of eternity. Some people say I am mad, and some that I am a hypocrite? My *dear* friend, when God speaks, it is done; but when men who stand in the dream speak, it isn't. If a little dog barked at me, I should think myself small indeed to fancy that it mattered. Poor people, poor people! I would say that by any self-sacrifice I could make them see the Fact, and that they—by their little mouthings—do not alter the fact by a hair's breadth. Let them come here to me, and see if by saying, 'Let your leg be broken,' they can break it. And if by a word they can not affect my body, still less by a word can they affect my soul. Don't you see? You wonder how I can live on my small income? I could not *live* so as never to really die on all the wealth of the world. What can money do, more than give satisfaction? and I am satisfied: I have all and abound. Lack of money prevents me from relieving external distress; but that is the sole reason why I would not refuse money if it came my way. You are sorry to hear that the doctors consider my complaint incurable? I assure you that nothing is the matter with *me*. It simply means that the bad dream is near the ending, and I am soon to awake to my real and glorious and endless life."

And so on. Call it delusion, insanity, sentimentalism, if you will, yet the fact remains that he who gets some conscious hold on the truth of the real Self finds himself set free from all the little irritations, troubles, pains, covetings, envyings, complainings and fears, which go as far as anything to make this life not worth living. There is only one thing which can be urged against it: that it is not possible, because there is no such

thing as the real Self. But inquiry would lead to the conclusion that most of those who thus dogmatize have never tried to discover it; and that the rest had tried half-heartedly.

But how is it to be discovered? The man who says, "Go to. Let us be a distinguished individual," does not always succeed in gaining distinction; and not every one who desires to find the true Self succeeds. We must try in the right way; and this means, in the right spirit. The possession of the true Self would make us lightly esteem all which the world values; and to seek it, and yet retain attachment to the natural self is impossible. "Ye can not serve God and Mammon."

The first thing, say the great Masters, is to cultivate a sincere meekness. Meekness is to be content to *be* true, upright, brave, kindly, but not to care to *be thought* thus. Cast out all desire to be praised and admired for what you are: think more of how you stand in God's sight than in the sight of the world. Try to distinguish "things that differ": to get your estimate of *value* sound and true. Let nothing which can come to an end when the world passes away tempt you to think it a real good; and try to look at everything *sub specie aeternitatis* (under the category, or from the point of view, of eternity). It seems almost absurd to have to say this: for it is really so obvious. In money matters it is what every one does, looks for the best and most reliable and lasting investment.

(To Be Continued.)

PARACELSUS.

Perchance
I perished in an arrogant self-reliance
An age ago; and in that act, a prayer
For one more chance went up so earnest.
so
Instinct with better light let in by Death,
That life was blotted out—not so completely
But scattered wrecks enough of it remain,
Dim memories; as now, when seems once more
The goal in sight again.—*Browning*.

The soul was not born; it does not die; it was not produced from any one; nor was any produced from it.—*Emerson*.

Occult Information About the Elementals

Living within you, inside of your physical body, are strange races of beings, connected with the astral world. What, for instance, causes the beating of your heart? It is an Elemental pumping the blood. Your stomach and liver perform their functions, because Elementals are or compel those functions. What causes the breath to swing in and out mysteriously? A time Elemental. Get acquainted with these astral-psychic beings, and see how they run every organ, every sense, far inside your body, where now, in thought, you seldom venture.

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There is danger from the misuse of Elementals. For instance, where one attempts to cure disease by denying the existence of it, the Elementals carry out the thought and hide the disease. But they do not cure it; it is transplanted to another plane and will become a psychic or mental trouble.

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

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THE MYSTIC ROSE.

(Continued.)

"Overcome with dread, I issued from the last Chamber, and began the ascent to the next Level of the Tower, where when I had reached it I entered with my Guide the Sixteenth Chamber. Here I saw before me a Tower of great strength, and the Master of the Tower and his attendants were enjoying their security behind the battlement of their stronghold. And I said to myself: 'So cunning seemeth to have been the skill of the architect that this Tower will perish but with the destruction of the World.' But presently I heard a great roar, and I beheld a thunderbolt descending from a cloud, and it struck the mighty Tower, and the battlement parted asunder, and the Master and the attendants were hurled to the ground. In amazement I exclaimed: 'What meaneth this Sign?' My Guide replied: 'Behold the Sign of the Fall! Man who was Spiritual has entered the World and put on the burden of the material body. Behold the Symbol of the Spirit of the Unity, which to thine eyes is invisible, incarnated in the World which lieth open unto thy senses.'

"When the Vision had passed away I followed my Guide to the Seventeenth Chamber, and as I entered it I felt the Breath of Spring upon me, and my heart, which had been saddened at the sight of the ruined Tower, leapt for joy; and as I looked I saw before me the Vision

of a lovely maiden, and her golden tresses were crowned with a diadem of seven stars; she sat in the midst of a green meadow enameled with the glory of flowers, and by her side was a fountain from which poured forth the pure Water of the Earth. Presently the lovely maiden opened her lips and spoke, and my Soul was so stirred that tears flowed from my eyes for joy of the softness of her voice, which was like the music of a harp in the stillness of the night. And she said: 'I am the Voice of Hope in the World. I am the Eternal Youth of Nature. In the depth of the Material World lieth hid the Water which welletth up in the Fountain of Immortality. The Glory of the Sun have I absorbed in my golden tresses; from my diadem of stars do I draw down the Spirit into the Body of Man; into his fallen Soul I breathe the Hope of Redemption; through me cometh to man the Courage to struggle against the bondage in which he is placed.'

"I tarried long in contemplation of this beautiful Vision, until my Guide with his wand of Power caused it to vanish; then I followed him to the last Chamber on this Level of the Tower, which was the Eighteenth in Number. Here again I found myself in utter darkness, but after a few moments I heard my Guide saying to me: 'Watch, and thou shalt see.' Then I gazed again into the gloom, and there grew before me a Vision which filled my Soul with despondency, for it

seemed to me that I saw the World spread out before me, illuminated only by the pale and sickly light of the Moon; and man was struggling against man; and wild beast against wild beast; and the reptiles of the Earth came out of their hiding places to gather their spoil. And in my sorrow I exclaimed aloud: 'What meaneth this Sign?' My Guide replied: 'This is the last Term. This is the ultimate descent of the Spirit of the Unity into the depths of the Abyss of Negation. This is the Realm of Chaos; in the World the Kingdom of the Passions let loose. This is the Triumph of Matter, Matter absorbing the Spirit and on the verge of throttling it.'" (For completion of this vision see No. 19. May 7, 1921.)

FRAGMENTS FROM THE MYSTIC ROSE.

The accumulated knowledge of facts is often like a pile of unused bricks, they form not an edifice. Without the Architect the bricks are nothing; but sometimes in imagination—the realm of ideas—the Architect perceives the edifice as a reality though the bricks be wanting. So it is with men; though they lack knowledge of facts, they often gain perception of a more complete and perfect representation of the Truth than they who are the possessors of ill-digested knowledge. These latter resemble the mason who sits hopeless on a pile of bricks without an architect to direct him.

Logic is often an instrument of deception; so-called intellectual reasoning is often but a blight upon the development of the Soul of man, and the great creator of false gods. Love, which is the longing for the Beautiful, is the guiding lantern, and whether its light be great or small, still the Soul which turns thereto is gazing in the direction of the Eternal Light, and is traveling in the direction of the path of salvation.

Oh! men of learning! Oh! philosophers of great repute! How often have ye held up to the World a lantern which had no light in it, while he whose Soul was intoxicated with the Celestial Wine, and the Beauty of the Rose, and the Song of the Nightingale, knew more than ye of the beginning and ending of all things; for that which "IS," is the expression of the Absolute, which is the Beauty of Beauties, and the longing thereafter is the true wisdom.

THE SECRET OF SATAN.

(From Anna Kingsford's "The Perfect Way.")

1. And on the seventh day there went forth from the presence of God a mighty Angel, full of wrath and consuming, and God gave unto him the dominion of the outermost sphere.

2. Eternity brought forth Time; the Boundless gave birth to Limit; Being descended into Generation.

3. As lightning I beheld Satan fall from heaven, splendid in strength and fury.

4. Among the Gods is none like unto him, into whose hand are committed the kingdoms, the power and the glory of the worlds:

5. Thrones and empires, the dynasties of kings, the fall of nations, the birth of churches, the triumphs of Time.

6. They arise and pass, they were and are not; the sea and the dust and the immense mystery of space devour them.

7. The tramp of armies, the voices of joy and of pain, the cry of the new-born babe, the shout of the warrior mortally smitten:

8. Marriage, divorce, division, violent deaths, martyrdoms, tyrannous ignorances, the impotence of passionate protest, and the mad longing for oblivion:

9. The eyes of the tiger in the jungle, the fang of the snake, the factor of slaughter-houses, the wail of innocent beasts in pain:

10. The innumerable incarnations of Spirit, the strife towards Manhood, the ceaseless pulse and current of Desire:—

11. These are his who beareth all the Gods on his shoulders; who establisheth the pillars of Necessity and Fate.

12. Many names hath God given him, names of mystery, secret and terrible.

13. God called him Satan the Adversary, because Matter opposeth Spirit, and Time accuseth even the saints of the Lord.

14. And the Destroyer, for his arm breaketh and grindeth to pieces; wherefore the fear and the dread of him are upon all flesh.

15. And the Avenger, for he is the anger of God; his breath shall burn up all the souls of the wicked.

16. And the Sifter, for he straineth all things through his sieve, dividing the husk from the grain; discovering the

thoughts of the heart; proving and purifying the spirit of man.

17. And the Deceiver, for he maketh the False appear true, and concealeth the Real under the mask of Illusion.

18. And the Tempter, for he setteth snares before the feet of the elect; he beguileth with vain shows, and seduceth with enchantments.

19. Blessed are they who withstand his subtlety: they shall be called the sons of God, and shall enter in at the beautiful gates.

20. For Satan is the doorkeeper of the Temple of the King: he standeth in Solomon's porch; he holdeth the Keys of the Sanctuary;

21. That no man may enter therein save the anointed, having the arcanum of Hermes.

22. For Satan is the Spirit of the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom.

23. He is the devourer of the unwise and the evil: they shall all be meat and drink to him.

24. Whatsoever he devoureth, that shall never more return into being.

25. Fear him, for after he hath killed, he hath power to cast into hell.

26. But he is the servant of the sons of God, and of the children of light.

27. They shall go before him, and he shall follow the steps of the wise.

28. Stand in awe of him and sin not: speak his name with trembling; and beseech God daily to deliver thee.

29. For Satan is the magistrate of the Justice of God: he beareth the balance and the sword,

30. To execute judgment and vengeance upon all who come short of the commandments of God; to weigh their works, to measure their desire, and to number their days.

31. For to him are committed Weight and Measure and Number.

32. And all things must pass under the rod and through the balance, and be fathomed by the sounding-lead.

33. Therefore Satan is the Minister of God, Lord of the seven mansions of Hades, the Angel of the manifest worlds.

34. And God hath put a girdle about his loins, and the name of the girdle is Death.

35. Threefold are its coils, for threefold is the power of Death, dissolving the body, the ghost, and the soul.

36. And that girdle is black within, but where Phoibos strikes it is silver.

37. None of the Gods is girt save Satan, for upon him only is the shame of generation.

38. He has lost his virginal estate: uncovering heavenly secrets, he hath entered into bondage.

39. He encompasseth with bonds and limits all things which are made: he putteth chains round about the worlds, and determineth their orbits.

40. By him are Creation and Appearance; by him Birth and Transformation; the day of Begetting and the night of Death.

41. The glory of Satan is the shadow of the Lord: the throne of Satan is the footstool of Adonai.

42. Twain are the armies of God: in heaven the hosts of Michael; in the abyss the legions of Satan.

43. These are the Unmanifest and the Manifest; the free and the bound; the virginal and the fallen.

44. And both are the ministers of the Father, fulfilling the Word divine.

45. The legions of Satan are the Creative Emanations, having the shapes of dragons, of Titans, and of elemental gods;

46. Forsaking the Intelligible World, seeking manifestation, renouncing their first estate;

47. Which were cast out into chaos, neither was their place found any more in heaven.

48. Evil is the result of limitation, and Satan is the Lord of Limit.

49. He is the Father of Lies, because Matter is the cause of Illusion.

50. To understand the secret of the Kingdom of God, and to read the riddle of *Maya*, this is to have Satan under foot.

51. He only can put Satan under foot who is released by Thought from the bonds of Desire.

52. Nature is the allegory of Spirit: all that appeareth to the sense is deceit: to know the Truth, this alone shall make men free.

53. For the kingdom of Satan is the house of Matter: yea his mansion is the sepulchre of Golgotha, wherein on the seventh day the Lord lay sleeping, keeping the Sabbath of the Unmanifest.

54. For the day of Satan is the night of Spirit: the manifestation of the worlds

of Form is the rest of the worlds in-formulate.

55. Holy and venerable is the Sab-bath of God: blessed and sanctified is the name of the Angel of Hades;

56. Whom the Anointed shall over-come, rising again from the dead on the first day of the week.

57. For the place of Satan is the bourne of divine impulsions: there is the arrest of the outgoing force; Luza, the station of pause and slumber:

58. Where Jacob lay down and dreamed, beholding the ladder which reached from earth to heaven.

59. For Jacob is the planetary Angel Iacchos, the Lord of the Body;

60. Who hath left his Father's House, and is gone out into a far country.

61. Yet is Luza none other than Bethel; the kingdom of Satan is become the kingdom of God and of His Christ.

62. For there the Anointed awaken-eth, arising from sleep, and goeth his way rejoicing;

63. Having seen the vision of God, and beheld the secret of Satan;

64. Even as the Lord arose from the dead and brake the seal of the Sepulchre;

65. Which is the portal of heaven. Luza, the house of separation, the place of stony sleep;

66. Where is born the centripetal force, drawing the soul upward and inward to God;

67. Recalling Existence into Béing, resuming the kingdoms of Matter in Spirit;

68. Until Satan return unto his first estate, and enter again into the heavenly obedience;

69. Having fulfilled the Will of the Father, and accomplished his holy Min-istry;

70. Which was ordained of God be-fore the worlds, for the splendor of the Manifest, and for the generation of Christ our Lord;

71. Who shall judge the quick and the dead, putting all things under his feet; whose are the dominion, the power, the glory, and the Amen.

Life we look upon as the One Form of Existence, manifesting in what we call Matter; or what, incorrectly sepa-rating them, we name Spirit, Soul and Matter in man.—*Secret Doctrine*.

WHO WAS JACOB BOEHME?

(By Mrs. A. J. Penny.)

One of the most remarkable cases of spiritual mediumship, in the highest sense; a man chosen by God for revealing knowledge that he himself had never sought, and did not understand, while at the urgent dictates of an invisible guide he wrote what was communicated to him. The saying of our Lord that as "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit," is true of the *knowledge* born of the Spirit also: it was never more strikingly proved than in the case of Boehme. To this unlearned shoemaker, living more than two centuries ago in an obscure town of Germany, we owe revelations so profound, so various, and so divinely central, that while in nothing do they contradict the Holy Scriptures, in many points they supplement, in many more they explain and emphatically confirm, its teaching. The Bible would not have for me half the depth of meaning it has if this more recent messenger of God had not poured light on some of its most perplexing passages: a light to which human reason could never have won, but for which he had unconsciously made himself ready by intense singleness of purpose in seeking the one only refuge for the soul of man. "I never desired," he says in one of his letters, "to know anything of the divine mys-tery, much less understood I the way how to seek or find it; I knew nothing of it, as is the condition of poor laymen in their simplicity. I sought only after the heart of Jesus Christ, that I might hide myself from the wrathful anger of God and the violent assaults of the devil; and I besought the Lord earnestly for His holy spirit and His grace that He would be pleased to bless and guide me in Him." So seeking he found. With that ardent and humble approach to "the Centre"—to which he so often invites others—he won access to the unsearch-able riches of Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowl-edge. These were opened to him in such unwonted measure that to this day they have not been even approximately esti-mated at their true value: and a future generation will wonder why, when such writings were extant, any one could

think that inspiration from on high ended with the writers of the New Testament, or that the promise of guidance into all truth, far more than the immediate followers of Jesus Christ were able to bear, had been broken, and eighteen centuries had passed away with no further utterance of the spirit of truth.

But for facts. Born in 1575, Boehme was as a youth apprenticed to a shoemaker in Görlitz, in Saxony; married to a daughter of a butcher in 1594, and had four sons, all of whom he brought up to some trade. While still a lad, alone in his master's shop, busily sweeping it out, we read of his having an interview with a mysterious stranger, who, after buying a pair of shoes, spoke very impressively to him of his duties and his future; and this is supposed by his biographers to have influenced his conduct, making him more zealous in all religious exercises, more studious of the Bible, more earnest in striving to live blamelessly. The natural consequence of such endeavor was a keener sense of sin, with that tumult of conflicting desires and reactionary evil impulse which so often precedes the outburst of victorious light.

Truly it is darkest before the dawning with very many, as Boehme seems to have experienced. But while he tells us of the fierce onsets of the enemies of the soul, he can not find words glad enough or expressive enough to describe what followed. "I wrestled, in God's assistance, a good space of time for the victorious garland or crown of victory, which I afterwards, with the breaking open of the gate of the deep in the centre of nature, attained with very great joy."

At the age of twenty-five he was first consciously overtaken by the *Spirit of the Light, which loved him exceedingly*. Walking one day in the fields, the mystery of creation was opened to him suddenly, and, as he narrates, "in one-quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than if I had been many years together at an university, at which I did exceedingly admire, and I knew not how it happened to me; and thereupon I turned my heart to praise God for it. For I saw and knew the Being of all beings, the *Byss* and *Abyss*, also the birth or eternal generation of the Holy Trinity; the descent and original of this world, and of all creatures through the divine wisdom; I knew and saw in myself all the three

worlds, namely, the divine, angelical, and paradisaical world; and then the dark world, being the original of nature to fire; and then, thirdly, the external and visible world, being a procreation or external birth; or as a substance expressed or spoken forth from *both* the internal and spiritual worlds; and I saw and knew the whole being [or working essence] in the evil and in the good, and the mutual original and existence of each of them." . . . "I saw it (as in a great deep) in the internal, for I had a thorough view of the universe, as in a CHAOS, wherein all things are couched and wrapped up, but it was impossible for me to explicate and unfold the same."

But it was ten years later, when, finding these unsought riches of revelation come to him more and more, that he first tried to record their purport. He wrote the "Aurora"—his first work—for a help to his own memory, in 1612. After a while he lent the manuscript to a friend, by whose agency it got into the hands of a gentleman who was so much impressed with its unique value that he had it unstitched and copied from end to end by many different hands before it was returned; and this transcript, getting abroad, fell under the eyes of the authorities of Görlitz. As a matter of course it was vehemently condemned, chiefly by the Primate, Gregory Richter.

A religious writer who presumes to teach more than contemporaneous religious teachers know, and to understand what they deem an impenetrable mystery, is sure to be denounced as a heretic, a heretic all the more dangerous if, as in this case, the bringer of new things is evidently devout, and impugns, not the words of Scripture, but the wisdom of its interpreters, in supposing current meanings to be all that are contained, or that are to be found in it. This—and an unsparing rebuke of evil wherever it was, high or low, decent or gross—was the unpardonable sin of Boehme: to this day unpardoned by every reader who is not, in good earnest, fighting against self with Christ and for Christ. To those who are not, his writings may be interesting; to every thinker they *would* be, for "if a man would satisfy the human mind so that it may give itself up into the eternal rest, then a man must shew him the root of the tree out of which spirit and flesh hath its origin." And

Boehme alone offers to shew it—but with a repulsive severity of reprobation, an obnoxious thoroughness of unconventional Christianity, which lays bare the cunning of self-deception under every kind of “devout shows,” and presses on unwilling minds the “rude uncouth message” that in all the world there is no such cruel evil beast as that harbored in the breast of every man and woman—self-love. In saying this, I by no means assert the converse. The most sincere conversion of the will from self-seeking to the obedience of Christ does not secure a liking for books so obscure as his. They bristle with terms so unusual, and thoughts so unlike the accepted coin of the religious world, that for a large majority of readers repulsion *must* at first be far stronger than attraction. A little patience, a little passing over what has no meaning at first, and dwelling on the sublime intensity of clearest utterance which is to be found on almost every page, and vigorous intellects will be more stimulated than baffled. But all minds are not vigorous, neither have all leisure for such exercise.

What embitters ordinary Christians more than anything else in this old teacher is that he takes ignorance as to spiritual Mysteries for proof positive of arrest in Christian life. Again and again he meets the charge of speculating beyond bounds of holy awe, with the counter charge if we were led by the Spirit more and more would be revealed to us of the deep things of God, and that the going on unto perfection to which St. Paul exhorts would include increase of knowledge as well as greater holiness of life. In his “Apology” or defense against Gregory Richter he justly says: “You say that I will search out the Deity, and [you] call it devilish; thereby you shew your ignorance to the daylight, that you understand nothing of the Book of Nature, and also do not read the New Testament, for St. Paul saith, *The spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.* It is not of man’s ability; but God’s Spirit performeth that searching through man’s spirit.”

Recognition of this was at once his own safeguard and his credential as a man sent by God. Speaking of his own writing, he said: “I can not say that I have learned or comprehended it, but so long as the hand of God stayeth upon

me, I understand it; but if it hides itself, then I know not my own labor, and am made a stranger to the work of my own hands. Whereby I may see how altogether impossible a thing it is to search out and apprehend the mysteries of God without God’s Spirit.” . . . “If it be His will for me to know anything, then I will know it; but if He willeth it not, then do I so also. *I will be nothing, and dead,* that He may live and work in me *what He pleaseth.* I have cast myself wholly into Him that so I may be safe.”

It is doubtless owing to this attitude of deepest humility and self-abnegation that he was so absolutely free from all the unbalanced excitement of visionaries; and were it not for his strong sense of the sublime uses of the humblest business on earth, his knowledge of the latent powers in man and perception of man’s original greatness might have tended to disqualify him for the details of practical duty; but while asserting that “the soul is a sparkle out of the great omnipotency of God”—that “by the will God created heaven and earth, and such a mighty will is hidden also in the soul”—he never lost sight of the nothingness and impotency of man as he *now* is, until Christ is formed in him, and every imagination is brought into obedience to Christ. No exaltation of self, because of the abundance of revelations, was possible to one who so well understood that mortification of self-will and reciprocity of grace is *all* that a human creature can do in “working out its own salvation.” “The soul hath free will to go out and in, but it can not generate itself in Christ; it must only go out of its own evil will, and enter into God’s mercy.” . . . “I lie in imbecility,” he adds, “as a dying man, but the Most High raiseth me up in His breath, so that I go according to His wind.”

Some of the most *learned* of his fellow-countrymen sought him out for instruction on the mysteries of the natural as well as the spiritual world; and it is notorious that from his writings Sir Isaac Newton in England and Hegel in Germany drew what the French call *les idées mères*, to which their own fame has been largely due; but Boehme himself lightly esteemed any knowledge that fell short of that which, as he expressed it, “opens to us the paradisaical gate in the inward centre of our image, that the

paradisical gate might shine to us in our minds," adding: "Seeing that Christ the Son of God hath generated us again to the paradisical image, we should not be so remiss as to rely upon art and earthly reason; for so we find not paradise and Christ, who must become man *in us* if we will ever see God: in our reason it is all but dead and blind."

Yet never surely did a holy man so much axalt the uses of art and reason when rightly employed; one of his greatest peculiarities is the stress he lays on the value of all earthly pursuits so long as they do not *fill* and darken the mind. "Indeed, the divine wisdom standeth not in art and reason, but it sheweth art the way, what it should do and how it should seek. Art is really the tool or instrument of God wherewith the divine wisdom worketh or laboreth; why should I despise it?" . . . "All profitable arts are revealed out of God's wisdom; *not* that they are that by which man cometh to God, but for the government of the outward life, and for the glorious manifestation of divine wisdom and omnipotence."

"Man must labor and trade, for therefore he is created into the outer world, that he should manifest God's wonders with his skill and trading. All trades, businesses, and conditions are God's ordinance; every one worketh the wonders of God."

How different is *this* aspect of *worldly* pursuits from that which pretends to condemn all interests and occupations of present life in order to throw into strong relief the glories and bliss of a future state! as if trying to denaturalize man was the best method for spiritual evolution! The result of this mistaken effort meets us at every turn, a spiritual *false* being too often adopted when the old Adam has not been so much mortified as ignored; and the recoil from such unwholesome tension too often proves that heavenly-mindedness is *not* the usual effect of disdainful earthly good. Our old mystic held "the old ass," as he quaintly terms the natural man, in wiser estimation, and insists on its uses with regard to the new man, who is to be formed in it as gold is formed in the rough ore of its matrix.

The persecution that he underwent after Gregory Richter had denounced him from the pulpit resulted in his being

severely condemned for heresy, though on no one point could his judges find him guilty, but vaguely passed sentence on his writings upon "hearsay censure." He was forbidden to write any more, and to this order, with characteristic meekness, he submitted for six or seven years, quietly carrying on his shoemaker's craft meanwhile, till at last the dictates of his invisible guide, and the urgency of friends, led him to disregard the prohibition. Between the years 1618 and 1624 he wrote in quick succession the rest of his works (he wrote 31 in all), each, as it seems, opening more deeply and impressing more earnestly the mysteries and lessons which he had been taught.—*From Light and Life.*

(To Be Continued.)

REINCARNATION.

The soul of man
Is like the water,
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven it mounteth,
And thence at once
It must back to earth,
Forever changing.—*Goethe.*

A STORY OF EGYPT.

It is a stirring tale, full of mystery, intrigue, ambitions, passions, swift action, and dramatic situations that is told by Garrett Chatfield Pier in "Hanit the Enchantress," which E. P. Dutton & Co. published last week. It tells what happened beneath the eyes of a young American Egyptologist when he fell one night into a tomb after a hard day's work directing excavation among the tombs and temples in the Libyan hills. He had been much interested in hints and clues to a dramatic story about Queen Hanit, first wife of King Amenhotep the Magnificent, and the story which he lived, or dreamed, is about her and her murdered son, a lovely princess, and an attack by the Hittites, and strange happenings that lead to the tragic end. The author's knowledge of Egyptian archaeology has enabled him to tell the story against a richly colored background which reproduces the life and the people of thirty centuries ago with startling vividness.

We make our fortunes and we call them fate.—*B. Disraeli.*

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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 whosoever 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

KEEP PURRING.

(By M. W. Knapp, M. D.)

"Doctor, I feel so nervous and irritable. What is the matter with me? I can't be decent with my family, for the children annoy me so and wife irritates me, and yet you know I love my family, for they mean all the world to me. You have been in our family enough to know I have a fine wife and splendid children. The trouble must be in me, but what in 'L' is it?"

He was a fine business man, making money so fast that he could buy anything that money could produce, yet he knew there was something he was missing and could not get and he came to me to see if he could not buy this something he was missing. Many people go to the doctor to buy health and peace of mind, and how miserably they fail only a wise doctor can know. Health can not be bought. It must be earned as all really good things of life must be. The doctor can direct the way to health by advice and physical and mental and even spiritual aids, but he can not hand out health in a pill, a bottle of medicine, or a surgical operation.

I invited him into my private office and told him to sit down and compose himself while I tried to beat a little sense into his brain. I told him that if he was running his financial affairs with as little reason and common sense as he was running his health and daily affairs of life he would soon be bankrupt

financially as well as physically and mentally. The man that spends all his time rushing after that super Venus, the woman with the wondrous smile, that much-worshiped ravishing beauty called "Commercialism," will sooner or later find himself in about the same condition that all men do that chase after the eternal courtesan. Getting houses, lands, money, stocks, bonds, and getting only these, are often as destructive and withering as the diseases contracted from vice.

This man knew all about the laws of business, but he knew nothing of the laws of cause and effect as it related to his own physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual being. Money he had a plenty. Of the things that really make life worth while he was almost a bankrupt. So I carefully explained in as simple words as possible wherein the vital forces of his being lay. The food on his plate would not move, ever, if not lifted to his mouth. The food had in it the potential energy that could make him run a mile or whip his weight in wildcats. Then how was this potential energy to be changed into kinetic or active energy? What were the laws?

There is a little gland in the centre of the brain called the pituitary body that is the somatic brain, that is it is the brain that keeps up the actions of the body while one sleeps or goes about one's business. It is the subconscious brain. This gland with the brain cells sends a

secretion to the thyroid gland which activates the thyroid gland to the manufacture of iron or iodine, phosphorus and arsenic for the general system. Arsenic especially for the skin centres, phosphorus for the nerve centres, and iodine for the general system, but especially to be sent to the adrenal glands. The adrenal glands lie just over the kidneys and are so important that if they are removed the person dies in from one minute to one hour. Many cases of supposed apoplexy of the brain were apoplexy of the adrenals.

These adrenal glands produce a secretion called adrenin which is one of the most important secretions of the body. The adrenin combines with the oxygen from the lungs and this substance must constantly bathe every cell of the body or the cell dies. This adrenal secretion has a very special function in keeping up the heart beat. Experiments have proven that the brain may be separated from the spinal cord and yet if plenty of adrenal secretion is supplied the heart goes right on beating normally.

This adrenal secretion also plays a most important part in the peristaltic movements of the stomach and bowels. The peristalsis of the stomach and bowels is that wave-like motion that propels the food along the digestive tract. Digestion can not take place without this wave-like motion. As soon as the wave motion stops we have fermentation and putrefaction, and the result is that the system is filled with the products of this fermentation instead of good nourishing food. This poisoning we call autointoxication.

If man lives in a normal, happy state this peristalsis will go on in a normal way. If man was only a physical being he might not have indigestion. But there is more in the make-up of man than just the physical structure. This physical structure is the vehicle of expression for the emotional, mental, and spiritual part of man. I have said before that the pituitary gland was the seat of the somatic or subconscious brain. So any emotion will affect the pituitary gland and in its turn the thyroid, adrenal, and other glands. Uplifting emotions help build the body and quicken the actions of all the forces in man. They aid the converting of the potential energy into kinetic or active energy. These upbuild-

ing thoughts and emotions are love, faith, hope, joy, happiness, etc. The destructive and deterring forces are fear, worry, hate, jealousy, anger, suspicion, envy etc.

Man in his evolution went through the "Fight and Flight" stage, and he still has vestiges of that stage left within him. When man left his cave to seek food he was likely to meet his fellow-man and then there was usually a fight on or a terrific flight. He did not have sense enough to hunt for food with his fellow-man as a mutual helper. As I said before, when man was in a normal state the adrenal and other glands supplied enough adrenal and other secretions to supply the muscles and all the organs of the body so the food could be converted from potential energy into active energy. The adrenal secretion is the secretion of secretions. That is, it is the base from which is formed the saliva of the mouth, the pepsin and hydrochloric acid of the stomach, the pancreatic juices that supply the bowels with their digestive agents and the bile of the liver and minor digestive helps. When man is in the "Fight and Flight" condition there will be needed an extra supply of adrenin to supply the heart and other muscles, so nature stops the supply to the digestive tract and all the digestive glands. While that is stopped there can be no digestion.

Man has in his business methods of today the prototype of the "Fight and Flight" condition. He hurries to his meals, eats hurriedly and voraciously. He has business fights with his partners or competitors, he worries and frets and gets angry and lives in a state of emotional and mental depression, to say nothing of lack of spirituality. The peristalsis of the bowels slows or ceases and there is the resulting putrefaction and fermentation in the digestive tract. The result is kidney trouble, high blood pressure, stomach ulcers, cancers, irritability, unhappiness, or a funeral and flowers and a beautiful obituary where it is mentioned that "God in his mysterious ways has called a loving father and husband home." That is a lie. The man died because he was too big a fool or ignoramus to observe the common decent laws of living.

The business man must learn to use the upbuilding emotions, and he can do it as well as the destructive ones. He,

However, must learn to use the laws of brotherhood instead of the laws of the jungle.

All this did I tell to the man when he asked me what was the matter and I illustrated with the story of the cat under the fluoroscope. When the cat is fed aarium meal and placed under the fluoroscope and the cat is petted and pleasantly stroked, the cat purrs and the peristaltic waves may be seen moving regularly along. Then prick the cat with a pin and pull her tail and "Meow!" the cat is angry and the peristalsis stops at once. Exactly the same thing happens within us when we become angry or worried.

Up to this time the man had sat perfectly still listening to me, but here he broke in with, "Then it is up to me to keep a-purring." I said, "You have the idea."

I gave the man some medicine to help correct his digestion and he paid me the usual fee of \$2.50 and went his way. Now when I meet him he gives me the laugh and says: "I am fine. I am purring." He has told me since that my advice was of the greatest value for him, as now when he has any trouble with his partners and they begin to get a little angry he tells them to wait until they can talk the business over without any unpleasant emotions. He is in harmony with his family again. He has learned a valuable lesson in the law of cause and effect. He understands the destructive as well as the constructive laws of his being. He had known the constructive and destructive laws of his business, but he had never thought of any laws governing his physical and mental being until ill-health was destroying him physically, emotionally, mentally, and spiritually. He has health and poise. I have \$2.50. I have more, however, for I have the consciousness that I have done just a little toward bringing one human being farther from the cave man stage of "Fight and Flight." Slowly, oh so slowly, man is learning that he is more than a mere physical being. Slowly he is learning the higher laws of his being and that competition is a destructive force and that coöperation is the constructive force. The cells and organs of the body will naturally work in harmony if allowed to do so. But if one set of organs are required to do ex-

cessive work and use the potential energy of the body for themselves some other organs must suffer and wither or become inactive. It is the law of action and reaction or the law of cause and effect. The same law runs throughout the political, economical, and commercial world.

WHO WAS JACOB BOEHME?

(By Mrs. A. J. Penny.)

(Concluded.)

In his "Third Epistle" he gives a wonderful account of the "instigation of the Spirit," under which in nine months he wrote three of his most profound books.

The disturbance raised in Görlitz by his persecution obliged him to leave it for the sake of peace. He went to Dresden, where he resided until his death—after a short illness—in 1624. His last words were: "Now I go hence into Paradise."

We are told that he was a small man of low stature, and the written account of his features in no way contradicts the impression given by his pictured likeness of harsh and homely outlines illumined by a singular look of settled peace and intense inward activity.

Boehme has many wonderful truths to tell us, and a solution to offer of many mysteries deemed inscrutable by most divines; but the most priceless truth and the most unfailing pass-key to a treasury of spiritual knowledge which he presses upon us in his every book, with ever new fervency, is the necessity of *continued* dying to self, and keeping the soul plunged in humility, patience, and love. A hard lesson practically, but how simple and easy to understand are the terms in which he gives it! "Thou wilt ask, What is the new regeneration? or how is that done in man? Hear and see; stop not thy mind, let not thy mind be filled by the spirit of this world with its might and pomp. Take thy mind and break through [the spirit of this world] entirely; incline thy mind into the kind love of God: make thy purpose earnest and strong to break through the pleasure of this world with thy mind and not to regard it."

"Seek you nothing else but the Word and Heart of God: . . . you need not break your mind with hard thoughts, for with such high fancies and conceits you will not find the *ground*: do but only in-

cline your mind and thoughts, with your whole reason, into the love and mercy of God, so that you be born out of the Word and Heart of God in the *centre of your life*, so that His light shine in the light of your life, that you be one with Him."

And now, having so far learned who and what Boehme was from his own evidence as well as from the reports of contemporary biographers, I think we can understand the accuracy of his prediction in the preface to his "Aurora." "Now, if Mr. Critic, who qualifieth or worketh with his wit in the fierce quality, gets this book" (any of his books) "into his hand, he will oppose it, as there is always stirring and opposition between the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of hell."

Yes, but as the King of Heaven is Omnipotent, all who resist His rule *must* yield at last: at last all-conquering love will extirpate the venom of scorn, and prevail even on Mr. Critic to know "the meekness of wisdom," and all its resulting blessedness. "In the time of the lily," said Boehme, "my writings will be much sought after." Some little buds of that lily may be described among us already.—*From Light and Life.*

THE STRENGTH OF THE GENTLE.

(Editorial in Oakland Enquirer.)

The Chinese philosopher Lao Tze once sat at tea with Dzo Chen Lu, the Viceroy of the Province of Hu-Peh. Dzo said:

"Tell me, sir, what is your opinion of the way in which a man may rise to greatness?"

Lao Tze stooped and plucked a blade of grass that grew between two flagstones of the courtyard.

"This blade of glass," said he, "is delicate. Its substance is like water. But observe that it has thrust itself through the flagstones, and stands above them. It is like a spear. The forbearing and the gentle overcome the hard and the strong."

"On the contrary," said Dzo Chen Lu, "I think that the man who wishes to prevail among men must hold himself rigid. Strong men are inflexible."

"Dead things are inflexible," answered Lao Tze. "But the living flesh is supple and yielding. Have you not observed that when a tree grows rigid it is

doomed? Tenderness and delicacy are the qualities of life. Rigidity is the quality of death. The gentle and the forbearing are uplifted like the growing foliage of a tree. The inflexible trunk remains below."

"I prefer to stand like the rock," said Dzo Chen Lu, "that divides the swift waters of the Yang Tze River."

"True," replied Lao Tze. "The waters yield to the rock. There is nothing in the world more tender than water. There is nothing in the world that is harder than rock. But tell me, have you not noticed that the rapids of the river at last wear away the rock? Thus the gentle and the forbearing at last conquer the hard and the strong. Truth is paradoxical," he added.

Dzo Chen Lu sipped his tea and was silent.

WHY I AM A BUDDHIST.

(Denzel Carr in "Buddhism in America.")

After the death of my mother I traveled with my uncle, an evangelist of the old school, who believed in an orthodox heaven and a still more orthodox hell. He had the gift (if gift it be!) of being able to impress upon the his auditors just what celestial music and hell-fire were. He literally scared them into heaven. But, as every one who has come into Buddhism through Christianity knows, this state could not last very long, so, beset on every side by "sweet temptation," they soon succumbed to the onslaughts of the devil and were again miserable sinners awaiting an evangelist to set them on the "straight and narrow way that leads to the Throne of God." I was only five at the time, but hell was not for me, as it is for most children, a thing which was brought up on the Sabbath—it was a terrible reality, day and night.

A year or so later I helped the sexton rake the leaves from the graves, and there I saw people weeping for some dearly beloved one. Existence seemed to me an injustice, and God Himself the archculprit of all. Before attaining the age of ten I was a confirmed skeptic—an atheist—an infidel. My more pious relatives despaired. My sisters, however, lost none of their faith, so the whole family was not doomed.

Later in my quest for a philosophy of life, which would take into account the

foibles of human beings and give them a fair chance to right themselves through works, and not by a death-bed repentance, when a whole life of iniquity might be washed away in the blood of the Lamb, I attended meetings of every religious body represented in my home town. Christian Science, Mormonism, Spiritualism, *et al.*, claimed my attention for a while. In the Theosophical Society I learned something of Buddhism, but I think I can say without equivocating that it was misleading. It was made part and parcel of Hinduism, and I was not sufficiently interested to investigate further.

Finally, in the winter of 1919-20, I chanced upon a yellow booklet, published by the Open Court Publishing Company. A few days later I called at the office of the publishers and bought a copy of "The Gospel of Buddhism." The reading of that book was a revelation to me. It was just what I had been seeking for several years.

Why did Buddhism finally claim me after all other religions had failed to arrest my attention for more than a moment? Because in Buddhism I had found a Religion of Humanity, where the best and most praiseworthy act was not an endeavor to propitiate an incensed deity, but a great love for one's fellows, which includes all things that are, or better, that are becoming.

Buddhism is a Religion of Justice. Had it not been for the glaring injustices of the Christian creed I should, perhaps, still be among the "saved." But to think that a good man, who lives a life of kindness, but who could not induce himself to accept a certain religious dogma, would be tormented forever: while he who professed a belief in the "cleansing power of the blood," even though he lived in comparative sinfulness (as they are wont to express it), would be carried on high to sit at the throne of God, was too much for me.

Buddhism is a Religion of Science. It can view with equilibrium the latest discoveries in the scientific world. Not even Dr. Einstein with his "Relativitätstheorie" can detract one iota from the Dhamma of Our Lord, the Buddha. Many Christians are still calling down curses upon the head of Darwin, because he gave an age-old truth to the Western world. It is very comforting to learn

that the number of Buddhists in Germany now is double the pre-war figure, and France, Britain, and the United States are all contributing their quota toward making the world "safe for humanity."

Buddhism is a Religion of Freedom. A religion, like Christianity or Islam, which is based on revelation, makes of mere belief a virtue. To reject a single dogma, to disprove a single teaching of the Bible, is to invalidate the whole. But in Buddhism I am not asked to believe until I have learned through actual experience and reasoning that such and such a thing is true. It is then no longer belief, but knowledge. It goes without saying that knowledge is a much stabler foundation, upon which to build a religion, than belief, although to the simple-minded there is more of the attractive in the latter.

I like to compare our religion to a lighthouse, which serves as a beacon to those shipwrecked on the storm-tossed ocean of existence. Other religions may offer faith, prayer, and many things of a similar nature, but they only turn man's mind away from his sorrows for a moment, just as opium makes of hell a paradise. He sees not the restless waters below, but they are there ready-eager, in fact—to engorge him. But when he perceives that ever-faithful light which fails not, and which is unaffected by the storms that rage about it, no time will be lost in turning his craft in its direction, and once arrived, he will never more embark upon that stormy sea, for he has learned its lessons.

It is not without reason that Gotama is called the Buddha, the Wholly Enlightened One, by those who know Him and love Him. That many others may find in the Dhamma of the Tathagata the long-sought peace which passeth understanding is the most earnest wish of one of His followers.

A PEA AT THE NORTH POLE. (Scientific American.)

Doubtless there are many men of science whose thoughts are directed towards the possible solution of the problem of breaking up the atom. It is regarded as established that every atom of matter is a storehouse of energy and hence a possible source of power if only the way could be found to make this

energy available. The amount of energy involved, as estimated, is almost unbelievably great—considering the size of the atom.

According to one calculation, the repulsive power that is inherent in the so-called electron, which is the building-stone of the atom, is a trillion-trillion times greater than the attractive power of gravitation.

It is stated that if a single gram of electrons (an ordinary pea weighs about a gram) could be isolated and placed at the North Pole and another gram at the South Pole, the two masses of electrons would repel each other with the force of 112,000,000 tons, notwithstanding the fact that the force decreases with the square of the distance.

It would appear that if the two little pellets of electrons could be placed near together at the centre of the earth they would shatter our entire globe into fragments.

However much we may qualify these estimates, the fact remains that enormous power is inherent in the electron. Under existing conditions this power is not exhibited (so the physicists believe), because every atom has at its core a charge of positive electricity that balances the negative electricity of the electrons and holds them in thralldom, somewhat as planets are held by the gravitational-pull of the sun.

All that is necessary, apparently, is to neutralize the positive electricity in the atom—and the electron would do the rest. Up to the present, however, no one has the remotest conception as to how such neutralization might be effected.

FROM THE ALCHEMISTS.

Our stone is like the creation of man. For first we have the union; (2) the corruption; (3) the gestation; (4) the birth of the child; (5) the nutrition follows.—*Morienus*.

So it clearly appears that the philosophers spoke the truth about it; although it seems impossible to simpletons and fools, that there was indeed only one stone, one medicine, one regulation, one work, one vessel, both identical with the white and red sulphur, and to be made at the same time.—*Arnold*.

For there is only one stone, one medi-

cine, to which nothing foreign is added and nothing taken away except that one separates the superfluities from it.—*Arnold*.

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

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

In so far as the substances here do not become incorporeal or volatile, so that there is no more substance you will accomplish nothing in your work.—*Arnold*.

The green lion encloses the raw seeds, yellow hairs adorn his head, *i. e.*, when the projection on the metals takes place they turn yellow, golden.—*Hohler*.

The dragon is the guardian of the temple. Sacrifice it, flay it, separate the flesh from the bones, and you will find what you seek.—*Berthelot*.

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

that are fastened around the herald's staff and rod of Mercury. . . . Therefore when these two (which Avicenna calls the bitch of Carascene and the dog of Armenia) are put together in the vessel of the grave, they bite each other horribly. These are two male and female seeds that must be produced . . . in the kidneys and intestines . . . of the four elements.—*Flamel*.

Therefore when you have put them (the white woman and the red man) in their vessel, then close it as fast as possible.—*Daustenius*.

Without seeds no fruit can grow up for thee:

First the seed dies; then wilt thou see fruit.

In the stomach the food is cooked tender
From which the limbs draw the best to themselves.

When, too, the seed is poured into the womb

Then the womb stays right tenderly closed.

The mensstruum does not fail the fruit
for nourishment

Till at the proper time comes to the light of day. —*Daustenius*.

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

For as of one mass was made the thing,
Right must it so in our praxis be,
All our secrets of one image must spring:
In philosophers' books therefore who wished may see,

Our stone is called the less-world, one
and three. —*Ripley*.

There are celestial bodies and bodies

terrestrial. . . . There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon.
—*Corinthians xv, 40*.

KARMA.

The books say well, my brothers; each man's life

The outcome of his former living is;
The byegone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,

The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!

The sessamum was sessamun, the corn
Was corn. The silence and the darkness knew;

So is a man's fate born.

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,

Sessamun, corn, so much cast in past birth;

And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar

Him and the aching earth.

If he shall labor rightly, rooting these,
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,

Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,

And rich the harvest due.

—*Light of Asia*.

We can not yet have learned all that we are meant to learn through the body. How much of the teaching even of this world can the most diligent and the most favored man have exhausted before he is called to leave it? Is all that remains lost?—*George Macdonald*.

There is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of metempsychosis. The pains and pleasure of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in another state.—*Isaac D'Israeli*.

If there be no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposing that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased.—*Shelley*.

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SWEDENBORG.

Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove contributes the following preface to his book, "Purpose and Transcendentalism," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Many of the greatest minds of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—Blake, Balzac, the Brownings, Carlyle, Coleridge, Emerson, to mention the names of some of the most eminent—were not a little indebted to Swedenborg, and through their writings some of Swedenborg's ideas have filtered down into current thought. In 1910, to celebrated its centenary, the Swedenborg Society held an International Swedenborg Congress in London, at which there was a crowded attendance, I believe, at every session, many visitors coming from as far as the United States of America to do homage to Swedenborg's memory. In recent years, too, Sir William Barrett, F. R. S., and other savants of standing in the world of science have called attention to Swedenborg's extraordinary anticipations of certain modern scientific theories, and the fact that three of Swedenborg's works have been issued in the well-known "Everyman" library appears to indicate an interest in and consequent demand for these works on the part of the general public.

Notwithstanding these facts, however, I think that Swedenborg's works are neither as widely read nor as much appreciated as they deserve to be. No doubt this is partly due to the wrong sense of values with which modern so-

ciety is afflicted—a stunted utilitarianism, on the one hand, which does not look beyond the immediate needs of the body; and, on the other, an idealism which, so it seems to me, has gone bad—and the disinclination evinced by so many minds seriously to think. But apart from these factors which operate against the popularity of the works of any philosopher, I think there is another peculiar to Swedenborg.

In 1743 an extraordinary event took place in Swedenborg's life, which he described as "the opening of his spiritual sight by the Lord." Thenceforward he claimed to be in constant communion with the spiritual realm: he gave up the various branches of scientific work in which he was engaged and applied his philosophy—which itself underwent a maturing process—to the attempted solution of the deepest problems of theology and the explication of the esoteric significance of certain portions of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. Nowadays, in the light of the patient and laborious work of the Society for Psychical Research, such a claim can be calmly received: it is possible for it neither to shake our faith in Swedenborg as a careful and reliable observer, and an astute and brilliant thinker, nor, on the other hand, to add anything to his authority, since, indeed, there is no authority for truth beyond reason. But to many minds, both of his own day and of later times, this claim means one of two

things: either that Swedenborg was mad or that he was an inspired prophet of God. And many such, realizing that this calm and sober philosopher was, indeed, no madman, adopt the latter alternative and claim divine authority for Swedenborg's works. Indeed, it is possible to find some passages in his writings to support the contention that this was his own idea of their nature: but on the other side must be recorded his clear teaching that *all* that is true and good is given to man by influx from God, *i. e.*, by divine inspiration. This doctrine robs the claim to inspiration of its character of uniqueness. In its light we may say: Truth is the test of inspiration: not inspiration of truth. Reason remains supreme authority, and such a claim can amount to no more than a profession of faith in the veracity of one's statements and the reasonableness of one's beliefs: it can never be a claim to an authority transcending reason. No doubt Swedenborg's works contain so much that is novel, illuminating, profound, that a reader coming under the fascination of his philosophy may be forgiven if, for the moment, he eulogizes Swedenborg in extreme terms and makes an untenable claim for him. But it is, nevertheless, very deplorable that Swedenborg's works are treated nearly always as either the ravings of a demented mind, or the authoritative utterances of divine inspiration. I am not thinking of that extreme section of his followers who would replace the edifice of modern science, the product of years of toil and careful questioning of Nature, by the brilliant but nevertheless faulty and, of course, very incomplete, speculations of Swedenborg, since their attitude is too absurd to need criticism, but only such as claim divine authority for the mature philosophical and theological works written during the latter period of his life. For instance, in a footnote to an article of real value as an exposition of one of Swedenborg's philosophical doctrines, the author writes, "The phrase, 'Swedenborg says' (and equivalent expressions) is, of course, used only as a matter of convenience; not by any means as importing that the writer regards the statement so introduced as Swedenborg's merely personal views or opinions. It is understood that, being contained in the Writings of the

Church [*i. e.*, the books written by Swedenborg during the period of his psychical experiences], they carry the authority of those Writings, which is that of the Lord from Whom they come." I can not suggest anything better calculated than this to repel the average level-headed man from a study of Swedenborg's works, and I think that this claim of divine authority made for them by the majority, at any rate, of those whom I may term Swedenborg's disciples has operated very detrimentally against their reception.

Swedenborg's philosophy deserves to be studied in the cool, critical spirit that is given to the study of the works of any other eminent philosopher, and it is in that spirit that I attempt in this volume to expound his outstanding philosophical doctrines and certain of their applications in various departments of modern thought. I am not here called upon to substantiate the reality of his psychical experiences, or to answer the question as to exactly what the word "reality" signifies in this connection; because the doctrines in question are not in any sense based on these experiences—they were, in fact, as I shall point out in the course of the volume, formulated during the earlier part of Swedenborg's career—though in the light of them they reached maturity. On this point I have said what I have wished to say elsewhere, and my indebtedness to Sweden's great philosopher has been many times acknowledged.

I do not think that Swedenborg is infallible—the proposition, in fact, is incredible. I think he made statements (like every one else, however great) open to criticism and capable of contradiction. But, on the other hand, I consider him one of the world's masterminds. I think that a critical study of his works yields much priceless philosophical gold, and that his philosophical doctrines (or certain of them) are of the greatest importance in their applications to the thought of today and are much needed by that thought. And it is because I think this that I have written the present book.

Some readers may deem it a defect in the book that I have made no attempt therein to review Swedenborg's doctrines in the light of Einstein's Theory of Relativity. But this task, though

fascinating, would, in my opinion, be premature until far more is known concerning the implications and fundamental significance of this latter theory. Certain conclusions, however, will be obvious to the reader. On the one hand, for instance, it will be seen that so far as the Theory of Relativity is regarded as abolishing the ether of space, it must also be regarded as in opposition to Swedenborg's views. On the other hand, however, Einstein and Swedenborg are in close agreement in denying any absolute reality to space and time and in treating them as essentially coördinate elements of one and the same manifold. On the whole, I think that the relativist's verdict concerning Swedenborg's philosophy would be favorable, because Swedenborg himself was so essentially a relativist—a relativist in the domain of spirit.

ARE THERE NEW SOULS?

(From the Path.)

M. E. A. asks: "We all know that the population of the earth is increasing yearly, and that in time this globe will not be able to support its population unless the future inhabitants can get along on air. Does Theosophy teach us that new souls are created? Each one of these future unfortunates must have a soul. Will the *Path* please explain?"

Answer. There are some assumptions in this inquiry about which no one has positive information. It is not settled that the population "is increasing yearly." For the apparent increase may be only a more accurate knowledge of the number of inhabitants, following from a more accurate knowledge of the globe on which we live. For instance, we have only lately acquired information of vast quantities of people in Africa previously unheard of.

Nor does it follow that the earth will not be able to support its population in time. A great many well-informed persons think exactly the opposite. Not very long ago several millions of people were destroyed in China, Japan, and elsewhere in a single week; this would leave a good deal of room for a population—in the United States, for instance—to expand. Hence the question is narrowed down to the single one—"Does Theosophy teach us that new souls are created?" Mme. Blavatsky answers this in the "Secret Doctrine" by stating that from now until the end of this period of manifestations there will be no new

Monads (which will answer the word "souls" of the questioner), but the old ones will be reincarnated on this globe. If her view is the correct one, then the reincarnations from now onwards will be incarnations of Monads who have been here many times before. That is to say, we will all be worked over many times. This opinion of Mme. Blavatsky's is held by many Theosophists.

"If we started as spirit and therefore perfect, why need we these reincarnations of suffering, only to finally attain what we started with?"

Answer. This is the old question, the old inquiry, "What has the Absolute in view, and why is there anything?" The question contains its own answer, for if we started as "spirit," and therefore "perfect," we must still be and so remain forever perfect. But in the "Upanishads" it is said that "These radiations from the Great All are like sparks from a central fire, which emanate from it and return again for its own purposes." Furthermore, there is nothing more distinctly and frequently taught in theosophical literature than this, that it is the personal, the illusory, the lower "I," who asks such questions as these, and that the real person within, the spirit, sees no such thing as suffering, but rejoices forever in immeasurable bliss. "We" did not start perfect, but imperfect, and "our" progress to union with spirit is the perfection of the lower "we" and "our."

JAPANESE SACRIFICE.

Mr. T. Philip Terry, author of Terry's "Guide to Japan" (Houghton Mifflin Company), says Japanese women often make personal sacrifices for their religion which an Occidental woman would shrink from with horror. When a magnificent Buddhist temple is being constructed a ringing call is sent out for money or materials to help build it. Certain women devotees of the neighborhood, fiercely desirous of making some sacrifice which money could not represent, shear off their luxuriant raven tresses—always a crown of joy and beauty to a Japanese woman—and weave them into hawser with which to haul the temple beams into place. Nearly every great Buddhist temple in Japan possesses a pathetic relic in the form of a hair rope, inches thick and a hundred or more feet long, donated by the de-

voted women of the parish. Few things could more poignantly demonstrate the depth of feminine devotion for the gentle teachings of Siddhartha.

THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

The theory of relativity is an intellectual edifice which is still in course of vigorous development, though it can already be said to rank among the loftiest achievements of the human mind. It is built on foundations laid down by the work of many men, but is itself the creation of Professor Albert Einstein, by whom it was gradually evolved, in little more than a decade, before he had attained the age of forty. Professor Einstein describes the ascent to the theory in its present wide generality as having been made by a series of "small, almost self-evident steps of thought," starting from, and dominated by, the ideas of Faraday and Maxwell.

It has long been recognized in mechanics that we have no knowledge of absolute motion, but only of relative motion between different bodies. Measurement of the motion of light *in vacuo*, however, indicates a definite velocity of propagation, constant in all directions and independent of the motion of the source; this suggests that the vibrations which constitute light are vibrations in a medium (the luminiferous æther) which affords a standard of absolute position. Were this the case, it is natural to suppose that motion of bodies through æther should influence the course of phenomena, and enable the amount of the motion to be measured. The famous Michelson-Morley experiment was one of many experiments which, were this view true, should have revealed the amount of the earth's motion relative to the æther. The failure of all such experiments to realize this object called forth explanations which met the facts by supposing that objects in uniform motion through the æther change their shape, in accordance with certain general laws concerned with their ultimate constitution; it was possible to show that this change of shape would in every case obviate the possibility of detecting the motion relative to the æther.

While explaining the facts, this solution gave preference to an absolute space, identified with a stationary æther,

which was, nevertheless, such that the motion of material bodies relative to it was unascertainable. Mr. Einstein's first (the "special") theory of relativity had its starting-point here; feeling the assertion of an unknowable absolute space to be intolerable as a physical hypothesis, he laid down, as a principle supported by experiment, that we must not expect ever to find evidence of absolute motion, and he proceeded to test the implications of this principle. A searching analysis of the physical significance of space and time showed that length can not be an inherent property of matter, but has signification only in relation to an observer, and depends in amount on the relative motion of the material object to the observer. The statement that two events are simultaneous was also shown to be without meaning, except in relation to a specified observer. The conception of absolute time had to be abandoned, and it appeared that space and time have no separate significance in the actual world of phenomena, their semblance of distinction being imparted by the observer himself. The time-succession of events as seen by an observer on a star moving relatively to the earth would be different from that as seen by us, though the observed phenomena were the same; the events themselves are real and absolute, while points in space and instants of absolute time are subjective conceptions.

The development of this view led to revision in other ideas, in particular to a new law of composition of velocities, and to the conclusion that inertia is not a fundamental and absolute property of matter, but that it is a property of energy. In conformity with this theory it was found that the mass of an electron varies with its velocity, though the changes become appreciable only at speeds comparable with that of light; for this reason the mass of bodies of ordinary size moving at ordinary speeds appears to be constant. Another application of the theory has resulted in the explanation of the "fine structure" of spectral lines, the change of mass during the varying elliptic motion of an electron round the nucleus of an atom resulting in the production of what may be compared to minute ripples on the main series of waves of light emitted by the atom.

But in spite of its triumphs, this first

theory contained two great gaps; it still referred solely to uniform relative motion in a straight line, and disregarded the case of relative acceleration and rotation; it also took no account of that fundamental property of matter, gravitation. Mr. Einstein could not rest until he evolved a new theory, profoundly modified, which identifies gravitation with inertia, and involves the replacement of Newton's law of gravitation by another law, deduced with the aid of geometrical considerations relating to varieties of space which do not conform to the axioms adopted by Euclid. Einstein's law of gravitation, though essentially different from Newton's, corresponds so nearly with it in the deductions derivable from it that very few criteria can be found by which to test experimentally the accuracy of one or other law. One of these deductions was that the major axis of the elliptic orbit of a planet round the sun must slowly turn round the sun in the plane of motion of the planet in the same direction. Such a shifting of the axis of each planetary orbit is already produced in the solar system by the mutual disturbance of the various planets, but Einstein's law adds a slight additional motion after the former has been allowed for; only in the case of one planet, Mercury, is this additional motion large enough to have been observed as yet, and in this case a discrepancy had long been recognized between the actual motion and that deducible from Newton's law; Einstein's law precisely accounts for the discrepancy.

The other astronomical criterion is found in the bending of rays of light, which the Einstein theory predicts, in the case when the rays are passing through a region of strong gravitation, such as that existing near the massive body of the sun. This bending, though of extremely small amount, was observed by a remarkable feat of astronomical skill, in regard to the rays of light from stars seen close to the edge of the sun during the total eclipse of 1919.

While the Einstein theory has thus been vindicated in such diverse fields as the motion of light through space, of planets round the sun, and of electrons within the atom, it reaches out to problems of still greater extension and minuteness. It raises the inquiry as to

whether or not the spatial extent of the universe is finite, and it endeavors to probe the interior nature of the subatomic particles which in the system of an atom are comparable with the planets and the sun in the solar system. But the history of these inquiries is yet in the making.

While nations and races justly rejoice in the rise of genius in their midst, mankind at large claims community in the high achievements of its sons. In the realm of the mind and spirit national boundaries do not constitute barriers, and this country may remember with pleasure that the past great conflict in Europe saw not only the birth of Einstein's doctrine, but also the astronomical preparations for the triumphant verification, at the hands of Englishmen, of one of its prime consequences.

WORLD CRAVES MYSTICISM.

Moses Gaster, the famous English Zionist and writer, speaking in the *Forum* for July of the tendency of the times towards spirituality, remarks:

"We are living in a similar period just now when Faith is waning, when Science is beginning to lose its hold. Moral disintegration on one side, and the failure of science to keep its promise of finding the key to the final problems, have profoundly shaken the world. Minor details have contributed towards this decay; a wild criticism of the sacred Scriptures has sapped the belief, and the use to which Science has been put in destroying humanity and civilization, has robbed the world of all happiness and joy.

"It is the period known in Teuton Mythology as the twilight of the gods. We are in an epoch of transition, and who can say whether it is for better or for worse? This is precisely the time when mystical speculations arise, and mystical practices reappear. They had apparently long been forgotten or assigned to the lumber room of what is called the Middle Ages. Yet it is quite natural in the light of historical investigation that we should again be face to face with them, and try to understand the riddle of the Sphinx which they present. Essenes and Gnostics, and other Hellenistic mystical schools and speculations flourished at the time when Christianity was born, and all the practices re-

corded of that period, magical conjurations, the appearance of ghosts, the casting of nativities, palmistry, and astrology, all reappeared at the break up of the Middle Ages.

"With the end of the eighteenth century, an era again begins to set in which has not yet reached its culminating point, and the old familiar spectres flit across the human stage."

RESPONSIBILITY.

The King said, "Reverend Nagasena, what is re-born?" The elder replied, "Mind and body, O King, are re-born." "Is it just this mind and body that is re-born?" "Not just this mind and body, O King, but with this mind and body a man does deeds (karma), either good or evil, and through these deeds another mind and body is re-born." "If, reverend sir, it is not just this mind and body that is re-born, surely he will be liberated from his evil deeds?" The elder replied, "If he were not re-born, he would be liberated from his evil deeds, but just because he is re-born he is not liberated from his ill-deeds."

"Give me an example." "Just as if, O King, a man were to steal a mango from another man, and the owner of the mango were to take him and bring him before the king, saying, 'Your majesty, my mangoes have been stolen by this man'; and the thief were to reply, 'Your Majesty, I did not take his mangoes. The mangoes that he planted are not the same as those I stole. I am not liable to punishment.' Now would the man, O King, be liable to punishment?" "Yes, reverend sir, he would." "Why?" "Whatever he might say, he could not deny the first mango, and he would be liable to punishment for the last." "Even so, O King, through this mind and body a man does good or evil deeds, and through these deeds another mind and body is re-born. Hence he is not liberated from his evil deeds."

"Give me a further example." "Just as if, O King, a man were to buy a pot of milk from a cowherd, and were to leave it in his charge and go away, saying, 'I will come and take it tomorrow'; and he were to come the next day, when it had turned to curds, and say, 'Give me my pot of milk,' and he should give him the curds, and the other were to say, 'I did not buy curds from you; give me my

pot of milk.' The other would reply, 'Without your knowing it the milk has turned to curds.' If they came disputing before you, in whose favor would you decide?" "In favor of the cowherd, reverend sir." "Why?" "Because, whatever he might say, nevertheless it is just from the milk that the curds are derived." "Even so, O King, through this mind and body a man does good or evil deeds, and through these deeds another mind and body is re-born. Hence he is not liberated from his evil deeds." "You are a clever man, Nagasena."—*From "Buddhist Scriptures," translated by E. J. Thomas, M. A., in Wisdom of the East Series.*

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 uni-
son
With the world's law of outgrowth,
save it won
New robes and ampler as its growth in-
creased?
Quit shrunken creed, and dwarfed phi-
losophy!
Let gently die an art's decaying fire!
Work on the ancient lines, but yet be
free
To leave and frame anew, if God in-
spire!
The planets change their surface as they
roll:
The force that binds the spheres must
bind the soul.—*Henry G. Hewlett.*

It seems hardly possible that Science, by the mere use of terms such as "force" and "energy" can disguise from itself much longer the fact that things that have life are living things, whether they be atoms or planets.—*Secret Doctrine.*

I produced the golden key of preëxistence only at a dead lift, when no other method could satisfy me touching the ways of God, that by this hypothesis I might keep my heart from sinking.—*Henry More.*

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 Karam 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 emo-

tion, 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 reincarnations 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.

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 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 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*.

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.—*Secret Doctrine*

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THE SECRET OF THE ADEPTS.

(From the Four Books of J. S. W. concerning the Secret of the Adepts; A practical work. With very great study collected out of the Ancient as well as the Modern Fathers of Adept Philosophy, reconciled together, by Comparing them with one another, otherwise disagreeing, and in the newest Method so aptly digested, that even young Practitioners may be able to discern the Counterfeit or Sophistical Preparations of Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral, whether for Medicines or Metals, from True; and so avoid Vagabond Imposters, and Imaginary Processes, together with Ruine of Estates. London, printed by Will Bonny, for tho. Howkins in George-Yard in Lombard-Street, 1685.)

Under Heaven is not such an Art, more promoting the honour of God, more conducing to Mankind, and more narrowly searching into the most profound Secrets of Nature, than is our true and more than laudable Chymy.

This is it which shews the clemency, wisdom, and omnipotence of the Creator in the creatures; which teacheth not only speculation, but also practice and demonstration, the Beginning, Progress, and end of Things; which restoreth our bodies from infinite diseases, and by common means intolerable to pristine health, and divert our minds from the cares and anxieties of the world (the thorns and bryars of our Souls) to tranquillity of life, from pride to humility,

from the love and desire of worldly wealth to the contempt thereof. And in a word, which raiseth us from Earth to Heaven.

Yet for all that may we say of it with the same truth that amongst all the Arts which hath yielded any benefit or profit to the world there is none by which less honour has hitherto accrued to God Almighty, and less utility to mankind; for lest a Science of so great dignity and utility should be too common, or ill managed by the ignorant and impious, the prudent possessors of the same make it their business so to describe it as to make it known to their disciples only, but exclude unworthy altogether from it.

But in process of time, the Adepts arriving to a greater perfection of knowledge and experience, invented sometimes one, sometimes another shorter method in their work, altering furnaces, fires, vessels, weights, yea, and the Matter itself; who being thereby also constrained to make new theories and terms of art, according to the new invented practice, it happened, that the scholar of one Adept understood not the new theory, much less the practice of another; which also sometimes happened to the Adepts themselves, those especially, which were under the document of some certain patron in some particular method and process; for they had not the power of discerning further than they had learnt; whereupon they commonly suspected all the Notions of other men, especially

those that differed from theirs, though in themselves good and right, as fallacious and contrary to Nature, or applied other men's theories, sentences, and terms of art unknown to themselves, to their own private process, with which they were acquainted, as I shall by many examples elsewhere declare.

By which very thing they involve this art in such a chaos of obscurity that hitherto neither Masters nor Scholars have scarce had the power of communicating any benefit to the learned world.

It is to be wondered, at but rather lamented, to see such imperfect philosophical systems as have been hitherto bequeathed to us by the masters of this art, not seldom contradicting both nature and themselves, whereas the miracles of nature might by virtue of this art have been truly and plainly without any convulsion or contradiction of words expressed; in which respect I dare, with philosophical license here affirm, that most of the Adepts have by their writings declared themselves to the world better chemists than philosophers.

For what I pray could they have better done in medicine than to have applied themselves to this subject, imitating the diligence and industry of Paracelsus? But alas! amongst all, I find perhaps three or four who have been careful and cordial herein; and therefore the less to be admired, that this noble and necessary art, has made no greater progress, witness common chemistry, where the names of famous medicines are noised about, themselves being unknown, and shells given for kernels.

Lately indeed we had not only hope, but promises also from the Rosy-Crucian Fraternity, as if they have a mind to make this our age more happy than their studies; but no effect being hitherto heard of, we can not but fear, their fair promises will never be performed.

On the contrary, experience teacheth, that instead of an universal good derived from the fountain of this art, the world hath rather been involved by it in great and many miseries: for the Adepts affirming, that they in their writings treated more clearly and truly of the art, than any other philosophers, have thereby instigated many young novices of all degrees and faculties, to begin their chemical labors according to the method of their prescriptions, exposing them-

selves not only to intolerable expenses, but also being as it were obstinate in a certain confidence of their understanding the Authors genuine meaning, do rather die amongst the coals and furnaces, than recede from their imagination, once imprinted in them for true. Whereupon some of the more learned inquirers ruminating with themselves, how rarely, and with what difficulty some of the Adepts attained to the art by the reading of books only, thought it a point of prudence to desert the authors, together with their books, persuading themselves to be able to find out a nearer and easier way by virtue of their genius and reason, trying, repeating, altering, etc., experiments and conclusions; but herein they were disappointed of their desired success, no less than as a mariner saying without a compass, and so such inquirers would have acted more advisedly, if they had inquired in themselves, whether they had overcome all the difficulties obvious to them, before they applied themselves to this more secret art, and doubtless many of them would have harkened to the counsel of Theobald of Hoheland (who copiously described the difficulties of this art collected out of philosophers' books) and avoided it as worse than the plague or a serpent. For who of you (saith our Saviour) intending to build a tower will not first sit down, and compute the charge, whether he has herewith to finish it, lest having laid the foundation, and not being able to perfect it, all that beheld it, should begin to deride him, saying, That man began to build, and could not finish the building.—*Luke 14.38.*

But I am sensible that these admonitions will rather be slighted than accepted, especially by those who are loath to have the magnificent towers built by themselves in the air demolished. For notwithstanding the impossibility of removing the aforesaid difficulties by some men, they endeavor to persuade others, that they can teach them, what as yet they know not themselves, and so will rather persist in deceiving than desist from that which they know to be weakness and error.

Others think themselves very able to overcome all manner of difficulties, and therefore it is in vain to persuade them from this art. Others indeed perceiving all the difficulties, and an undoubted in-

capacity in themselves of facilitating them, are, though free from all fraud and arrogance, yet by some natural or secret impulse so incited to this art as not to be driven from it by any argument.

Wherefore having a sense of the frailty which mankind is afflicted with, to them will I dedicate my studies relating to medicine. Deceivers I will restrain, shame those that ascribe more to themselves than due; but the true disciple of this art, I will lead by the hand, that they may not for the future be subject to the derision, reproaches, and scoffs of satyrs, together with the loss of health, as well of mind as body, and at length verifie in themselves the lamentable predictions of Geber, saying, Most miserable and unhappy is he, whom, after the end of his book, God denies to see the truth, for he ends his life in error; who being constituted in perpetual labour, and surrounded with all manner of misfortune and infelicity, loseth all the comfort and joy of this world, and spends his life in sorrow, without any benefit or reward.—*Lib. 2.*

So with the same argument will I vindicate this the best of arts from the injuries of defamers, who being deceived, by not knowing the principles, accuse it as fraudulent, impossible, and so ridiculous, as that they deter the lovers of it, and incite them to vilify all the demonstrations and famous testimonies of the same; and lastly, That the honour and glory of God hitherto buried in the ashes of it, may from thence rise again, as a Phoenix, I will set before your eyes, that which you have not been hitherto able to find in so many volumes of this art, namely, "Diana Unveiled," that is, I will deprive her of the Vizards of tropes, figures, parables, barbarous names, etc., by which she hath hitherto disguised, lest she should be obvious to the knowledge of wicked men. I will expose her to you, namely, the very truth of our art (with so much study and labour sought in vain). (To Be Continued.)

REINCARNATION.

The soul of man
Is like the water,
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven it mounteth,
And thence at once
It must back to earth,
Forever changing.—*Goethe.*

THE INDIAN UPON GOD.

I passed along the water's edge below
the humid trees,
My spirit rocked in evening light, the
rushes round my knees,
My spirit rocked in sleeps and sighs; and
saw the moorfowl pace
All dripping on a grassy slope, and saw
them cease to chase
Each other round in circles, and heard
the eldest speak:
*Who holds the world between His bill
and made us strong or weak
Is an undying moorfowl, and He lives
beyond the sky.*
*The rains are from His dripping wing,
the moonbeams from his eye.*
I passed a little further on and heard a
lotus talk:
*Who made the world and ruleth it, He
hangeeth on a stalk,
For I am in His image made, and all this
tinkling tide
Is but a sliding drop of rain between His
petals wide.*
A little way within the gloom a roebuck
raised his eyes
Brimful of star-light, and he said: *The
Stamper of the Skies.*
*He is a gentle roebuck; for how else, I
pray, could he
Conceive a thing so sad and soft, a gentle
thing like me?*
I passed a little further on heard a peacock say:
*Who made the grass and made the
worms and made my feathers gay,
He is a monstrous peacock, and He
waveth all the night
His languid tail above us, lit with myriad
spots of light.*

—William Butler Yeats.

DAUBS.

Joseph Pennell, the etcher, complains that he is swamped by letters from writers who want to know whether the pictures which Whistler's ghost was painting through a woman in Peoria, Illinois, were genuine Whistlers.

Mr. Pennell discussed this vexation at the Hotel Margaret in Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. Mr. Pennell was a friend of Whistler and is his biographer and the possessor of a large collection of Whistler's works. He was much wrought up over the Peoria Whistlers which have caused a sensation in the Middle West. Mr. Pennell displayed a

scrapbook with clippings showing reproductions of the Peoria Whistlers and photographs of the Mrs. Smith whose hand is said to be guided by the genius of the dead artist. There were pictures of trees, lawns, and running brooks, kine, swine, and other pastoral items. Mr. Pennell said they were daubs.

"Further than that," he said, "this is not the first time the thing has been done. Shortly after Whistler's death there was a Dr. Alexander who said that the spirit of Whistler had come to him and dictated a whole book. The doctor also said that his hand had been used by the ghost to make a series of drawings. He took his manuscript to Harper's, but their enthusiasm waned when they saw the pictures. I always considered Dr. Alexander an honest man. He was a writer and historian of some repute, but had surrendered to some form of self-delusion in regard to Whistler.

"In the Peoria case, I believe the idea of connecting Whistler with spiritualism was based on his biography. Whistler was deeply interested in spiritualism and was at one time much in company with Rossetti, who was an ardent believer. Burne-Jones, George Meredith, Swinburne, and a good many of note also were interested. Whistler was very eager to get in touch with spirits for inspiration, but it all came to nothing."

Mr. Pennell added that Donald Shaw McLaughlin, an etcher of great ability, had asserted that, as a student he was very much discouraged, and was about to drop his art, when the spirit of Whistler manifested itself and told him to stick to it.

A LAND OF MYSTERY.

(H. P. B. in the *Theosophist* for June, 1880.)

The ruins of Central America are no less imposing. Massively built, with walls of a great thickness, they are usually marked by broad stairways leading to the principal entrance.

When composed of several stories each successive story is usually smaller than that below it, giving the structure the appearance of a pyramid of several stages. The front walls, either made of stone or stuccoed, are covered with elaborated carved, symbolic figures; and the interior divided into corridors and dark chambers, with arched ceilings, the roofs

supported by overlapping courses of stones, "constituting a pointed arch, corresponding in type with the earliest monuments of the old world." Within several chambers at Palenque, tablets, covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics of fine design and artistic execution, were discovered by Stephens. In Honduras, at Copan, a whole city—temples, houses, and grand monoliths intricately carved—was unearthed in an old forest by Catherwood and Stephens. The sculpture and general style of Copan was unique, and no such style or even anything approaching it has been found anywhere else, except at Quirigua, and in the islands of Lake Nicaragua. No one can decipher the weird hieroglyphical inscriptions on the altars and monoliths. With the exception of a few works of uncut stone, "to Copan, we may safely assign an antiquity higher than to any of the other monuments of Central America with which we are acquainted," says the *New American Cyclopædia*. At the period of the Spanish conquest Copan was already a forgotten ruin, concerning which existed only the vaguest traditions.

No less extraordinary are the remains of the different epochs in Peru. The ruins of the temple of the Sun at Cuzco are yet imposing, notwithstanding that the depreciating hand of the Vandal Spaniard passed heavily over it.

WHAT DID BACON KNOW?

Writing in *Harper's Magazine* for July, concerning the now famous cipher manuscript in Philadelphia, Professor Manly of the University of Chicago discusses the question of its origin and whether Roger Bacon, the alleged author, had any such knowledge as had been attributed to him:

"That Bacon knew and uses simple lenses has long been generally admitted, but until recently it has been customary to deny that he used lenses in combination, either for microscopes or for telescopes. Yet his treatise on optics distinctly states the principles of combination, and, though with some exaggeration, the results that can be obtained. Recent students of his work in optics and mathematics, such as Professor Eilhard Wiedemann of the University of Erlangen, and Professor David Eugene Smith of Columbia University, rate his knowl-

edge and his capacity for scientific thinking very high indeed. His correction of the error in the calendar was remarkable for its accuracy.

"Of his latest observations and speculations in biology we know very little. He published no specific treatise on the subject. What he says is said incidentally in connection with other subjects and was written at least twenty-five years before his death. That he should, during the years of his imprisonment (1278-1292?), have found time and opportunity for microscopic work on cells and ova need occasion no surprise. Prisoners such as he were often allowed by their jailers to do the very things which the imprisonment was intended to prevent.

"Nor should any amount of practical knowledge of astronomy surprise us. In his recent monumental work on the history of science ("Le Système du Monde"), Professor Duhem, the greatest living authority on the subject, accords Bacon the highest honor for both theoretical and practical astronomy, and Mr. Voynich possesses a manuscript of astronomical calculations which seems very certainly to be from his hand.

"It may be mentioned incidentally that Bacon taught the rotundity of the earth, and that it was a quotation from Bacon which gave Columbus the idea of attempting to reach the East by sailing west. But this is not remarkable. Learned men from the days of Pythagoras onward have held this view, and in the thirteenth century it was the current doctrine, as set forth in the famous treatise of Johannes de Sacro Bosco.

"That Roger Bacon believed in alchemy and in astrology has, however, been enough in the minds of many modern writers to cast discredit or suspicion upon the clear and unmistakable evidences of his scientific attainments and brand him as a visionary and a charlatan. Such persons forget, or have never known, that practically every eminent man of science in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries believed in both these pseudo-sciences, and that some of the most eminent English physicists of the present day hold views which to many of us are as absurd as alchemy or astrology. The fact is that in 1300 scientific thinking had advanced practically as far as it had three hundred years later, and

that Roger Bacon was one of the most learned, clearest, and most remarkable thinkers of that remarkable epoch."

IMAGINATION AND PHANTASY.

(Mrs. A. J. Penny in Light, 1889.)

I.

"It matters not what our wills and imaginations are employed about; wherever they fall and love to dwell, where they kindle a fire, and that becomes the flame of life, to which everything else appears as dead. . . . That which concerns us therefore is only to see with what materials our prevailing fire of life is kindled."—*W. Law's "Appeal to All That Doubt,"* 1762, pp. 307-309; 1893, pp. 198, 199.

While writing on these subjects I am aware that my treatment of them is as insufficient as the babble of a child, and that where I seem to myself to think clearly on the surface of depths unsearchable, that clearness is probably more due to ignorance than to knowledge. Minds scantily furnished with *received* ideas, and saturated with the less restrictive teaching of intuitional seers, are prone thus to presume. But what still emboldens me to do what I can with their dicta is the conviction that tentative outlines of thought, if but firmly and clearly presented, may serve as skeleton maps serve in the schoolroom. They do not pretend to suffice; they only make ready a frame for larger knowledge to fill up.

Boehme and Swedenborg agree in reprobating Phantasy. The first assigns to the arch rebel "the kingdom of phantasy," because, breaking the harmony of the seven spirits of God's Eternal Nature (I italicize the word as a reminder that they cause an eternal *coming to be* in ceaseless interaction), he "introduced the eternal will out of the temperature into division, viz., into the disharmony of the phantasy; which phantasy instantly seized upon him, and therein brought him into an unquenchable cold and hot fire-source, into the opposition and contrariety of the forms and dispositions. For the wrath of the Eternal Nature, which is called God's *anger*, manifested itself in them" [notice the plural pronoun; all those *forms* became creaturely] "and brought their will into the phantasy; and therein they still live, and can now do nothing but what the property of the phantasy is, viz., practice foolery, shows, tricks, metamorphose themselves, destroy and break things;

also elevate themselves in the might of the cold and hot fire, frame and will in themselves to go forth above the hierarchies of God, viz., the holy angels."

In another of his works Bohme credits these slaves of phantasy with originating the changeful fashions of dress that so often disfigure womankind, and indeed there has been much of late in the monstrous projections and elevations of its style to make one ready to believe it.

To sum up all, the self-will of the creature "set the phantasy in the place of God, and then the Holy Spirit departed from its nature, and now it is a spirit in its own self-will, and is *captivated* in the phantasy as we perceive in Adam. Now when the root of the soul, through the devil's inspiration or infection, elevated itself, then the Holy Spirit departed into his own principle, and so Adam became weak in the image of God, viz, in the temperature; and could not in the similitude, magically *bring forth* his like out of himself."

(Swedenborg's definition of *image* as the *spiritual*, and *likeness* as the *celestial*, representative of God, is worth remembering here.)

In these two passages the most important doctrines of Boehme are comprised, and the essential difference of phantasy and true imagination implicit. Man was destined, in the kingdom of a great dethroned angel, to generate a race manifesting God, as His delegate and representative. The phantasy to which he became subject is but a "*theatric play of the geniture*," because it can never evolve light and heavenly substance without which God can not be revealed to the creature. The "phantasy only imageth or formeth *itself*"; and now that phantasy receiveth nothing into itself but only a similitude or thing like itself; and that likeness is the power of its life. If anything else did come into it, then the phantasy must cease and vanish, and then would that vanish with it, out of which it is generated, viz., nature; and if nature did cease and vanish away, then the *Word* of the Divine power would not be speaking or manifest, and God would remain hidden."

There is given to reflective thought the cause of the *necessity* of the Redeemer of our race coming to it in a similitude—in the disguise of our phantastically monstered human nature. Had

He come to our world even in its pristine glory, the consuming fire of His Divine love would have destroyed the object of salvation. But the Word was made flesh, and "re-out" spoke everlasting love, in the flesh, dwelling among us amid the phantasies of early life, till the *imagination* of man was once more quickened in "the looking-glass" of Deity.

"The new fountain of Divine love and unity hath, with its outflowing in Christ, incorporated itself into the *true* life of the three principles of the human property, and is entered into the imaginary thoughts, into the natural, creaturely, apostated, image-like will of the life and assumed humanity; and broken the selfhood and own self-willing with the inflowing of the sole and only love of God, with the eternal one, and inclined or turned in the will of the life again into the *Temperature*: where then the devil's introduced will became destroyed, and the painfulness of the life became brought into true rest."

Throughout his "Spiritual Diary" Swedenborg tells of phantasy in various aspects—as a means of discipline carried on by divine wisdom through the permitted agency of "castigating spirits" often cruel in their mode of inflicting torture. And "the cruelty of the infernals can never be described: they act from phantasies in a most cruel manner against others, upon whom they practice such cruelties that if they were described they would cause horror." . . . "For such is the power of phantasies among souls that they can induce, as it were, a bodily sensation, and thus excruciating pains." "It is wonderful that souls and spirits have sense (or sensation) altogether as in the body—thus they have the sense of touch, as when they touch their garments. In like manner as to cupidities and appetites, heat, cold, yea perspirations, which are as actual as in the body; when, nevertheless, they can not be otherwise called than phantasies: but inasmuch as the sense is real, such as it is in the body, they are, as it were, real sensations. These and similar things are induced upon spirits by an imaginative direction." "Unless the Lord should take away their phantasies, their corporeal things thus remaining in their minds they would be tormented with much severer anguish than in their

bodies; for evil spirits and the diabolic crew not only have such phantasies, but they inflict the like upon the minds of those whom they torment, which, unless the Lord took away and moderated, they would have a hell vastly more excruciating than would ever be possible from their *bodies* being held in the suffering of the most intense anguish."

Our recently acquired knowledge of hypnotic experiments should enable us to believe this. By bending, or removing phantasies, Swedenborg tells us in the same book, gradual reformation in vicious spirits is effected, for with his usual sagacity he sees these phantasies to be so much a constituent of man's present nature on either side of death, that it would not be safe to remove them suddenly.

"At the present time," he wrote in 1747, "when there is no faith, and when scarcely any one can be prepared for Heaven in the earth-life" [*he says, other life, referring to this from a transmundane position*], "because they are in an inverted order of life, there is nothing but mere phantasies or hallucinations of the senses, which remain in souls, or in their natural mind, or animus, in which the life of the man living at the present time chiefly consists. This natural mind, full of so many phantasies, is not broken, that is, its phantasies can not at once be shaken off and extinguished; for in this case the man himself would be broken down, and nothing as to his sensitive life would remain; for this life is composed of mere phantasies—a fact which from many things is so evident that no doubt can be entertained on the subject. There is an insanity in all things which compose and govern the life of man."

Indirect confirmation of that saying, "phantasies can not at once be shaken off, for in this case the man himself would be broken down," seems to me to have been given by the fact which Sir A. Helps noticed some thirty years ago in the "Spanish Conquests in America," that "native tribes die out so soon as their ideas are conquered." Assuredly whenever habitual belief is sapped by misgivings the whole inner man is weakened and a state of nervous collapse results, which must injure bodily health.

II.

"The deep sea of love is a heaven of fire,

which shall break the adamant nature in the man of sin, in both worlds; for it spreads itself over all worlds and reduces everything into the pure being and nature of God. Such is the true nature and property of Love."—*Jane Lead.*

"Christ, the inbreathed Word, Who only can reach the soul's original ground, being the creating *Fiat*, can alone make all new again."—*Jane Lead.*

Swedenborg seems to have noticed the surface similarity and intrinsic difference of phantasy and imagination, for in his "Spiritual Diary" we find, "I spoke with spirits concerning phantasies, yea, with those who supposed that they were wholly corporeal men, although they knew they were spirits" . . . "it was granted to tell him that hence may be known what is phantasy, and that man seems to live from himself, and yet it is such a phantasy, and that it is not wonderful that there exists phantasies of this sort concerning the body and corporeal things, so long as that phantasy of living in or from himself remains. Afterwards we spoke concerning angelic representations, that still they are not, although they appear. Concerning which it was granted to say, that such things are imaginations, or representative imaginations, signifying celestial and spiritual truths, and are thus exhibited to angels and angelic spirits. Wherefore, they are not phantasies, for they feel them and are intimately delighted by them. Such delight and felicity can not come from any other source than from the truths of faith which are therein."

(To Be Continued.)

PARACELSUS.

Perchance

I perished in an arrogant self-reliance
An age ago; and in that act, a prayer
For one more chance went up so earnest,
so

Instinct with better light let in by Death,
That life was blotted out—not so completely

But scattered wrecks enough of it remain,

Dim memories; as now, when seems
once more

The goal in sight again.—*Browning.*

The soul was not born; it does not die; it was not produced from any one; nor was any produced from it.—*Emerson.*

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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

ISLAM METAPHYSICS.

(By Miriam Milner French.)

Is the unspeakable Mahomadan, as many Christians are pleased to call him, a human being? Assuming that he was created by God, even as were they, is it presumptuous to wonder if he is not also endowed with a soul, even as they? Might one dare to further wonder, grudgingly allowing him a soul, if that soul, too, might not at times go mad for the love of God, even as they?

These are indeed unwilling admissions for many orthodox and sinless Christians to make, despite the unmistakable language of the Prophet in the *Qur'an*: "Say unto the Christians, their God and my God are one." Yet, if the ideals of Brotherhood are to ever become living practical realities, the fact must be accepted, however reluctantly, that the Moslems and Christians are one.

The language of the Bible is believed by many to be symbolical and allegorical. Perhaps it would be but common fairness to generously make a similar concession concerning the *Qur'an*. In studying comparative creeds, one may say with the Prophet: "Religions are a matter of indifference, but serve, however, as a means of reaching realities." With the Islams, no priests or sacrifice are ever allowed to come between the human soul and God. Can as much always be said of the Christians?

The *Qur'an* teaches: That God only exists. He is in all things and all things

are in Him. A Mahomadan will shout in ecstasy: "Huwa-l-haqq! He is the Fact—the one Reality!" That all invisible as well as visible beings are His emanations and are not distinct from Him in any respect. That the soul existed before the body and is now confined within it as in a cage. At death the soul returns to the Divinity from which it emanated. That sleep is the brother of death. In ecstasy or even in physical sleep the soul can return to the world from whence it came.

That the principal occupation is to meditate on the Unity, and so attain spiritual perfection—unification. That God does not refuse His aid to those who are on the right path. That man has a certain faculty whereby he perceives hidden mysteries. This faculty is the inner light. The intuition which under certain conditions conveys to him a knowledge of God by direct apprehension in a manner similar to the evidences of the senses. That the great duty of man is to cast off the "Not Being," to die to self to live in God.

There have always been many secret orders in Islam that interpret the inner meanings of the *Qur'an*. These esoteric truths are not allowed to be communicated to the people. "Did not Allah say: 'Speak to the people of that which they understand.'" In the record of a certain initiation the neophyte is described as saying: "I learned the mystery of the doctrine of Unity and of the

Knowledge of God. Thou were I, and I knew it not. The truth of the union with God was clearly revealed. My inward eye was opened, spheres of colors and images were revealed until I entered the colorless region."

A Moslem poet has thus described his search for the Unity with God:

I toiled to the summit, wild, pathless and lone,
The sev'nth heaven I traversed,—the sev'nth explored,
But in neither discern'd I the Court of the Lord;
I question'd the Pen and the Tablet of Fate,
But they whisper'd not where He pavilions His state.
My vision I strain'd; but my God-scanning eye,
No trace that to God-head belong could descry.
My glance I bent inward, within my own breast,
Lo, the vainly sought elsewhere, the God-head confess'd.
In the whirl of its transport, my spirit was toss'd,
Till each atom of separate being I lost.

Another doctrine was that the *Qur'an* contained the eternal Word, which existed in the essence of God before time was. That Word consists of sounds and combinations of letters. This was called the created Word, and undoubtedly corresponds with the sacred word *OM* which appears with such frequency in the *Upanishads* at the beginning and ending of many verses.

"Let him in seclusion repeat the Word so often that at last the Word involuntarily passes from his lips. Then ceasing to speak it, let him utter the Word mentally until even the Word is forgotten and the meaning only remains in his heart, then will God enlighten his Mind." The first verse of the second chapter of the *Qur'an* begins with the letters *A. L. M. (Alif Lam Mim)*. There are altogether twenty-nine verses which have this peculiarity, some with single letters, others with more. These letters are believed to veil sacred meanings and deep mysteries and also to be the sacred Word of God. Tradition records that it was said by the "Prophet of God (peace be on him) that whosoever uttereth a letter of the *Qur'an* gains the reward of performing ten virtuous acts." It further says: "I do not mean that *Alif Lam Mim* written in Arabic is one letter, but *Alif* is one letter, *Lam* is another, and *Mim* a third." Each letter therefore containing three letters, who-

soever repeats all of them gains for himself thirty virtuous acts.

Abul Sheikh and *Iban Mauzai* have related by tradition as follows from Daud (David), who is stated to have said: "I asked Shabi to let me know the meaning of these letters. He replied: 'O, Daud! every book has some mystery and the mystery of the *Qur'an* is in these three letters. Leave them alone and ask anything else you like.'"

It was also thought these letters hid some mystery that passed between God and the Prophet. One authority says that these letters are the names of God. Another that they are the names of the *Qur'an*. Again it is said they are the names of the chapters. All agree on one point, however. "They are the components of the Word of God. His name and the Words of His knowledge and Unity; and the words which man utters are also composed of these very letters; and although only some are mentioned, yet they purport to mean all letters."

Some of the ancient Islam metaphysicians rejected Aristotle's view of matter and became atomists after their own fashion. They thought that substance and quality were both only of a moment's duration. They conceived of atoms of time and space also. The basis of all manifestations, mental and physical, of the world in place and time is a multitude of monads.

Each monad has certain qualities, but has extension neither in space or time. They have simply position, not bulk. They do not touch each other, consequently there is absolute void between them and similarly as to time. The time atoms are equally unextended and have absolute void of time between them. Just so space is only in a series of atoms, so time is only a succession of untouching moments and leaps across the void from one to the other with the jerks of the hands of the clock. Time from this idea is in grains and can only exist in connection with change. The Moslem monads are, and also are not, all change and action in the world, reproduced by their entering into existence and dropping out again, not by any change in the atoms.

Mahomad has been called an ignorant egotist, a charlatan, superstitious, even a madman, notwithstanding the fact that his teachings have guided the souls of

more than one hundred and eighty millions of people in the past 1200 years. This would scarcely have been possible if those teachings had not been written by a man inspired of God, one whose cosmic consciousness had been awakened and who had therefore actually heard the Voice of God speaking to him. Although illiterate himself, he valued learning highly. "The ink of the learned is better than the blood of martyrs." "Seek science if it be in China." "One learned man is harder on the devil than a thousand ignorant unbelievers."

He once pardoned a number of prisoners who were able to read and write Arabic provided they each taught the art to ten Mahomadan boys who were unlearned. He considered it as important, indeed imperative, to impart knowledge as it was to acquire it, and said that at the Great Day those who had withheld knowledge would be called into account.

Excerpts from the *Qur'an*: "Hide thy good deeds as closely as thou would'st hide thy sins." "He who knows his own soul knows his Lord." "Every good act is charity; smiling in your brother's face; your putting a wanderer on the right road."

"Allah, who brought men to life by a strange and lowly process of nature, is well able to restore the body He created." Thus was the resurrection analogous to the birth process.

"Woe to those who stint the measure. Who, when they take by measure, from others exact the full. But when they mete to them or weigh to them diminish. What, do they not think they shall rise again at the Day of Decision."

BACK TO LAMARK.

I now find myself inspired to make a second legend of Creative Evolution without distractions and embellishments. . . . I abandon the legend of Don Juan with its erotic associations, and go back to the legend of the Garden of Eden. . . . I am not, I hope, under more illusion than is humanly inevitable as to the crudity of this my beginning of a Bible for Creative Evolution. I am doing the best I can at my age. My powers are waning; but so much the better for those who found me unbearably brilliant when I was in my prime. . . .

Thus Mr. Shaw at the end of a preface longer and more furiously packed with thought than any yet, and introducing a dramatic cycle of the bulk of Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts," that spans creation from its beginning to the year 31,920 A.

D. His theme is the Life Force, the Will-to-Live that runs like a shuttle through so much of his work. Here it forms the main texture. The volume is a stand-up fight, in a preface and "Pentateuch," with the Darwinians, a criticism in which satire, farce, fantasy, and invective are used, as they suit his purpose, to prove that if the world is to be saved we must go back to Lamark, and to belief in "the simple fact that the will to do anything can and does, at a certain pitch of intensity set up by conviction of its necessity, create and organize new tissue to do it with." The Darwinian and neo-Darwinian view of Evolution, which "may fairly be described as a chapter of accidents," has a "hideous fatalism about it, a ghastly and damnable reduction of faith and intelligence, of strength and purpose, of honor and aspiration to such casually picturesque changes as an avalanche may make in a mountain landscape or a railway accident in a human figure. To call this Natural selection is a blasphemy. . . ." To our later obsession with it, Mr. Shaw asserts, can be traced the whole of the major ills of our time:

Within sixty years from the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species," political opportunism has brought Parliaments into contempt, created a popular demand for direct action by the organized industries ("Syndicalism"), and wrecked the centre of Europe in a paroxysm of that chronic terror of one another, that cowardice of the irreligious which, masked in the bravado of military patriotism, had ridden the Powers like a nightmare since the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71.

Worse than this will befall us, he predicts, if we keep on rushing down the Darwinian slope. But the future is not without hope:

As the conception of Creative Evolution developed, I saw that we were at last within reach of a faith which complied with the first condition of all the religions that have ever taken hold of humanity, namely, that it must be first and fundamentally a science of metaphysics.

So he sets out to show the Will-to-Love in operation, from Adam to "As Far as Thought Can Reach." Each section of his "Pentateuch" is a considerable play in itself. In the first the Serpent, as one would expect, is the most intriguing character. "I tell you," says the Serpent to Eve, "I am very subtle. When you and Adam talk I hear you say 'Why?' Always 'Why?' You see

things and you say 'Why?' But I dream things that never were, and I say 'Why not?' It is the Serpent who invents new words, like "Love," "Death," and "Jealousy," and even humors Adam—when he asks for a "beautiful new word for doing things tomorrow; for surely that is a great and blessed invention"—by coining "procrastination," to Adam's complete satisfaction. It is the Serpent, too, which tells them that the immortality of the individual, at the prospect of which the pair have begun to be dismayed, is the only means by which the Will-to-Live can find expression. We leave them on an oasis in Mesopotamia, with a vast progeny who have even now begun to divide into fighters and toilers, and all of whom show off their newest tricks to Mother Eve. But the woman is not content. The curtain finds her telling Adam:

Man need not always live by bread alone. There is something else. We do not yet know what it is; but some day we shall find out; and then we will live on that alone; and there shall be no more digging nor spinning nor fighting nor killing.

We jump next into our own time and the company of the Brothers Barnabas, two eminent men of science who have hit upon the staggering hypothesis that since the normal span of human life, as we know, is not sufficient to give to the race the experience and the mastery it must have if it is to survive, the Life Force will certainly increase the span. There is some good fun in this section with two rival statesmen (scarcely disguised at all under the names of Lubin and Joyce Burge) who are hard to convince that the brothers are not selling an elixir in a bottle, and who, when they do understand the thesis, are chiefly interested in how it will affect their prospects and those of the Liberal party, which they both hope to lead. But in places here Mr. Shaw's satire is so mordant as to pass the bounds of fair play and to send one's smile a little awry.

The third division finds us in the official parlor of the President of the British Isles in 2170 A. D. By this time the Thing Has Happened. The Archbishop of York, among others, is discovered to have been concealing the fact that he has lived for 300 years, having changed his job several times in the course of that period. It is clear that the news will set up tremendous competition in

will to do the same. When we come, in the next division, to the year 3000 we find the centre of the empire at Bagdad, and the world divided into "shortlivers" (who are treated as children and clearly can not survive) and "normals" who are "primaries," "secondaries," or "tertiaries" according to the centuries they have to their credit. In the final fantasy the race has willed itself out of pain and disease, out of birth as we know it, out of hate and fear—indeed, out of most of the activities, joys, and griefs we know and into a state of perpetual contemplation, incommunicably ecstatic, which nothing need interrupt except a fatal accident. Even so this brings no finality. The last words of the book are with the Spirit of Lilit, who was before Adam and Eve:

Of life only there is no end; and though of its million starry mansions many are empty and many still unbuilt, and though its vast domain is as yet unbearably desert, my seed shall one day fill it and master its matter to its uttermost confines. And for what may be beyond the eyesight of Lilit is too short. It is enough that there is a beyond.

These are the bare outlines of the biggest single piece of work Mr. Shaw has given us. How great a dash of seriousness may be behind his assertion that he hopes through it to be an "iconographer of the religion of his time" is a matter for speculation. In parts the fantasy is so complex and overwrought as to fail of its purpose; in others the humor so broad as to lose him dignity. He has chosen the medium of drama, but one doubts if, even in the most willing of "advanced" theatres, a metabiological idea that is pursued at times in wearisomely long debates will hold together five plays that have no more to link them and that would take the best part of a working week to perform. As a work of art it does not, we think, bear comparison with the finish, the balance, the economy, and the sustained force of much of his slighter work.—*A. S. W. in Manchester Guardian.*

We can not yet have learned all that we are meant to learn through the body. How much of the teaching even of this world can the most diligent and the most favored man have exhausted before he is called to leave it? Is all that remains lost?—*George Macdonald.*

IMAGINATION AND PHANTASY.

(Mrs. A. J. Penny in Light, 1889.)

(Concluded.)

And of *useful* phantasies he tells valuable truth in this other entry. "Spirits seem to themselves to dwell in houses and bedchambers, and these indeed well furnished with utensils of every kind, and also with indefinite variety according to each one's inclinations; thus because initiated into the like, during the life of the body, they also retain after life, and desire similar things; thus the like are granted them with indefinite variety according to each one's genius, and thus they are bent to good, for they arrange those things according to use which the Lord disposes, and at the same time the use introduces quiet and innocence in their minds. Thus also peace and innocence are insinuated." . . . "They do not stand in want of all these things in the other life; wherefore such a cupidity is false; but to receive such things as have been mentioned, from the Lord, and to arrange these according to use in tranquillity and innocence, this is the chiefest reality, because it conduces to their felicity. *Such imaginations so-called are real, because they have real things in themselves.*"

(This is a lesson which many a discontented heart might profit by, before carrying its poison into the world of spirits.)

Here we have the vital distinction between phantasy and imagination vividly lit up. Contentment and consequent happiness *are* real, they proceed from facts; such and such pleasant phantasies are received from the Lord and tend to use. Compared with these, a phantasy proper is what the lovely vegetation seen in mirage is to the produce of fertile soil. The first must perish fruitless of all but deceiving and disappointment. It is but a seeming thrown upon barren ground by transient influences—it is not *generated*. This is the difference emphatically marked in all Boehme says about imagination; so far from confounding it with any delusions he says, "the *Magia* is the greatest hidden secret, for it is above Nature, and maketh Nature according to the form of its will," and after a profound analysis of its efficacy in the antecedents of Nature, he gives the key to his frequently asserted problem that "all things arose from Di-

vine imagination" in these few words, "*The Magia is the acting in the will-spirit, or the performance in the spirit of the will.*" . . . "This magic will yet *sticketh in the desire*, may image itself in the looking-glass of the wisdom how it will, and as it imageth itself in the tincture, so it is comprehended in the *Magia* and brought into a substance."

Tincture here means the light proceeding from the soul's fire, it is the most mysterious force in nature, and here only this much can be offered to explain it—Boehme's own definition in his "Explanation of the Table of the Three Principles":—"Tincture is the *separable* word out of which the seven properties"—those of Eternal Nature—"flow forth."

This *separable* word, man's will re-out speaking itself as "a child of the omnipotency," forms into a substance in a surrounding plenum of what St. Martin calls "*Matières Spiritueuses.*" "For every imagination desireth only substance in its *likeness* wherein it doth exist," and it is by the strength of its desire the *performance*, not the mere project of the will. It is a forcible laying hold of impressions which, without a determinate vigor, would pass away like the shapes of fleeting clouds; and the will must be as steadily fixed, while imagining, as one point of the compass if the other is to trace the desired circle. It is to this central point that Boehme refers when he says, "in every will of every essence there is again a centre of a whole substance."

Now the centre that generates substance must, according to his shewing, be a *fire*: the will, in the last analysis, is the soul's fire, and its light, and consequently the substance produced from light, depends on *what fuel of imagination* that fire is fed by. Let him explain himself here. "The fire of the soul must have the right fuel or wood, if it is to give a *clear*, bright, and powerful light; for from the soul's fire. God's Spirit in its power becometh separable, distinct, and manifest in the nature of the soul; as the light is *manifested* from the fire, and as the air is manifested from the fire and light, and as a subtle dew or vapor goeth forth from the air, which becometh substantial after its going forth, whence the light draweth the power and virtue again into itself for its food"

. . . "so in like manner can *Christ in Man* not be manifested, though indeed he be in man and draweth and calleth him, also presseth himself into the soul, unless it eat of the fiery *Ens* into its property . . . and then out of the soul's fire, the right *divine* air spirit goeth forth out of the fire and light, and bringeth forth its spiritual water out of itself out of the light, *which becomes substantial*; whereof the power of the light eateth, and in the love desire introduceth itself into a holy substance therein—viz., into a *spiritual* corporeity, wherein the Holy Trinity dwelleth, which *substance* is the true temple of the Holy Spirit." It is difficult for me to stop short in such quotations—so helpful and enlightening is the context; and one sighs to remember how few ever read it—even of those who fain would. It was in deference to this spiritual corporeity that J. G. Gichtel said when speaking of his contemporaries: "The inner body of virtue is dead; they are but skeletons of men." And it is because the rebel angel and his host fired their imagination with proud desires, and lost the only light that can produce enduring substance—for they have but flashes of unsteady light—that they long to be *creaturely*, to have something like substance for their unquiet souls to exist in. "Our selfhood hath no true *Ens* wherein its light may be *steadfast*; for it createth with its desire not out of the Eternal One, viz., out of God's meekness, but createth itself into substance, its light originateth only in the substance of the selfhood." "Light in all forms is the master," Boehme says elsewhere, "*for it hath the meekness*," and "meekness maketh substantiality."

How *literally* true this is it is not here the place to shew; his writings will do that—especially in the "Treatise on Incarnation," Part I., ch. v., pars. 67 to 72. I can fancy how scientific readers may smile derisively at all this; but perhaps he knew something of science though not of our scientific formulae. Sir Isaac Newton was glad to borrow from him one of his most valued theories. The general reader, too, would say, of course, what absurdity to suppose that all this goes on when we feel nothing of it. But while so many vital processes of our animal life go unfelt, it is unreasonable to think that accretions of growth in the immortal body are likely to be perceived.

Nevertheless there must be a conscious death of the apostate self-will before the Divine word can re-outspeak itself in the soul. That habitual self-suppression, that resolved dying to sin is now all the human will can do towards the rebirth of the image of God.

The practical issues of these doctrines are momentous. "Every will hath a seeking to do or to desire somewhat, and in that it beholdeth itself, and seeth in itself in the eternity, what itself is; it maketh to itself *the looking-glass* of its like, and then it beholdeth itself what itself is, and so finding nothing but itself, it desireth itself."

If in every world we are liable to find nothing but ourselves, the unspeakable folly of setting our hearts upon *external* goods comes into clearest light. What we *have*, however delighting and desirable, is truly a matter of small importance compared to what we *are*, and if we could but see it, the habits of our mind, our thoughts, wishes, and aspiration are really bills of exchange upon our future lot, be it on this or the other side of bodily dissolution. A trick of being discontented with such things as we have is a flaw in our looking-glass which no change of existence can remove; it is a defect in our own hearts which will come before us wherever we may be till humility and love have been made magical by the "spirit of the will." If we knew all the ramifications of cause and effect in external circumstances, I believe we should discover that they are not only more of a response to secret desires, but a truer reflection of character than we generally suppose—antenatal character, some will say. But short of that length of causation, all might allow it if, besides seeing how character moulds events, we could estimate the impetus given to every turn of events favoring its peculiarities by accomplices unseen. For our wills attract others in the same cupidity. The immediate coalescence of chemical atoms that have affinity one with another may give some notion of how instant and how strongly inviting and intensifying such attraction may be. Every human being is a mighty magnet, and, the will once determined, legionary subject spirits rush into coalition. We were lost if the Love which is the life of the world of light were not as eager to combine with the faintest

beginnings of spirit rebirth: and cruel, though so often an unconscious wrong, is the word or look from a human being which imperils *that* in the soul of another; for "the fiery essence of the soul figureth an image for the soul, according to its imagination in the will." To throw upon the looking-glass of another an evil or dispiriting representation of the soul that there *seeks itself*, is to do much to poison the will, and deface its fair image, so fragile, so unsubstantiated still! Hence the inexpressible importance of fixing imagination on Divine love. "Whereinto a spirit introduces its long-imagined imagination, the essence and property of that it receiveth in the great mystery of all beings."

"Hold fast to love in your imaginations," says Gichtel, with the eagerness of a long-experienced victor over wrath. "Nothing can take it from you but your own imagination: as soon as our imagination goes out of the love, darkness enters the imagination." Merciful heaven, let this be believed! Let it not pass away from the thought as a mere opinion! For as "all things are generated out of imagination, so also the soul shall receive its property in the imagination: and every imagination *reapeth its own work which it hath wrought*."

COLORS AND HEALTH.

It is no longer a theory, but a proven fact that certain colors produce certain desirable or extremely disastrous effects, even upon the ordinarily sensitive mind. Psychologists, eminent physicians, and skilled decorators are making a keen study of this subject, and each year discloses some new and valuable truth.

For a long time we have known that blue and violet were employed successfully in treating nervous cases; and so soothing indeed is blue that, when used in a whole room scheme—walls, curtains, rugs—it acts as a partial anæsthesia upon extremely sensitive natures, sufficient for dental purposes or the carrying out of minor operations.

Red develops the action of muscles as much as 50 per cent. and is often employed in the medicinal world where stimulating results are desired, as in the treatment of smallpox, melancholia, and certain forms of anæmia.

Red, therefore, is not a good color to choose when decorating the room of a

"tenage" child, for, side from its hot and heavy suggestion in summer, it overstimulates the already restless nature of the growing boy or girl.—*Good House-keeping*.

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 homing-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.

Our soul having lost its heavenly mansion came down into the earthly body as into a strange place.—*Philo*.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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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MAGICAL INCENSE.

(By Miriam Milner French.)

Before me, coiled, a cobra—motionless—its hood spread, unblinking eyes. The room lies in deep pools of dusky twilight and strange, fantastic shapes lurk in the purple shadows. The brilliant sunset's afterglow grows faint and dim without; within, a wavering, flickering light—the fitful glow from an illumined golden lotus from whence gray-shrouded phantoms rise upon the smoke as burning incense fills the air.

The cobra with its hooded head is scarcely visible in the deepening gloom. Though made of bronze, it fills me with an unnamed dread. Strange symbol that! A serpent coiled, upon whose head erect a golden lotus rests—the incense bowl. In the room close by one softly plays some dreamy, quivering sounds—exquisite trills from "Aida"—its tragedy of Egypt fills my soul.

By now the room has grown quite black and I am all alone, and incense drunk, I muse. I wonder if it holds a power to bring to life an ancient self. As if compelled, I sink upon my knees before the incense bowl. It seems not strange from that thick smoke that upward rose, weird forms commenced to shape. A strip of land not far away—nearer—nearer yet it came—and then sinuous, undulating motions that of waters told—the waters of the Nile—Serpent Divine. And now I hear the Sphinx. She calls! Forever she is call-

ing and her devotees in every land have always heard!

A mosque! At first I look with dreamy eyes, and then a passing impulse bids me enter. The great palmwood door within an old stone arch, the outer side of sheeted iron, stands grim and uninviting. Cautiously I open it. For a moment I hesitate, then softly, deliberately, I closed it, leaving behind me the world with its flashing changes, its modern ways, its rush and noise. Softly, quietly, though almost fearfully, I slipped into the mouldering, hidden, darkened womb of forgotten ages. And when that great palmwood door was shut, the one who closed the door was not the one who later left that strange old mosque.

What was I seeking? I sought the Double House of Life, an ancient school versed in the knowledge of a book—the sacred book of Thoth. That great god Thoth who traveled in the Boat of the Sun. To understand, to ever know that silent, ancient land, one, too, must travel in that boat, a white lotus for one's flower—Horus and Ra—one's gods, and all the while the Sphinx looks forth with eyes of stone—eyes that gaze far beyond the land of Egypt—beyond the world of men deep into the centre of the sun, and on to higher planes. I felt perhaps that in this temple I might find the Double House of Life, and if I did I could secure the sacred book of Magic for myself.

I do not know how long I stayed. At last so weary I became I laid me down

and dreamed a dream, a dream as one who dreameth in the night. I saw a figure of the god—great Thoth himself—and heard him speaking thus to me:

"Art thou Thubia, daughter of the Prophet Bastib, lady of Aukhitau, once priestess in the Temple of Amen-Ra? The morning of the morrow having come, go into the library of this temple Khmun. There thou wilt find a shrine, closed and sealed. Open it. Thou wilt also find a box within the shrine. A roll of papyrus it contains which I myself did write with mine own hand. Bring it thither. Take its copy and do thou cause it to repose within its place again. The roll reveals the secret place where lies concealed the sacred book itself—the Book of Magic is its name.

"On the roll of papyrus within the shrine are written down directions for obtaining the key which will unlock the tomb wherein the Book of Magic is contained. An iron coffer lies in the midst of the Nile and it does hold the key. Make thou an image then of wax within a waxen boat, and blow on it the breath of life. Recite the spell that thou must learn from the papyrus roll within the shrine. Place it on the waters of the Nile. That waxen image thou hast brought to life by the spell of those diviners and horoscopers who incant by the earth and incant by the entrails will then set sail and bring thither to thee the iron box wherein does lie the key.

"Take thou the key and go to the place where is the book that Thoth did write, which decipher will put thee below the gods. The two formulae that are written there, if thou recite the first, thou shalt charm the heavens and earth—the world of night—the mountains—seas. If thou recite the second one, even when thou liest in the tomb thou shalt resume the form thou hadst on earth. Thou shalt behold the sun rising in the heavens, his cycle of gods, and the moon in the form that she has when she first appears.

"This place is east of the Southern Pyramid, in the tomb of Nenoferkeph-tah, son of King Nerenphthes, which is in the midst of the necropolis. Unlock the door. Beware of taking it from him by force. He may make bring thee it back, a forked stick—a staff within thy hand, a lighted brazier on thy head. But hear and ponder well my words. Unless thou makest solemn vow to never render

thyself impure, thou shalt not gain the magical powers thou seekest. Fearful also shalt be the calamities that will befall thee if thou breakest any vows."

I took the vows. I raised my eyes unto Thoth and uttered in a solemn voice:

"I swear never to reveal to an uninitiated person the mysteries that are to be communicated to me. I call upon all the deities of the earth, the heavens, and of the netherworlds to witness this my oath, and trust their vengeance on my head will fall should I ever render myself a villain base—impure."

From that hour I no longer knew in what part of the world I was. I was made Knight of the Eagle and of the Rose Croix. I was garbed in black with sable gloves—my hands did hold a sword. Upon my collar I perceived a passion cross of brightest red. Below a square of satin—white, with crimson border, and underneath of velvet—black, embroidered, too, it was. Upon my neck I wore a jewel hung by scarlet thread—a compass whose points rested upon the segment of the circle. On one side at the bottom was an eagle, its wings extended—the other, a pelican whose breast was pierced to feed its young below. Between the compass points a cross—above a full-blown rose of deepest red.

The blazing star I saw above revealed the Word thought lost. I passed two pillars on my way—walked up the winding stairs in groups of three and five and seven, at each of which I stopped to learn what next to do. I learned the awful power of earth and fire, of air and water, too. Gates of solid iron denied me entry until I humbly made proper supplication and then they opened wide.

I next proceeded through a low dark passage on my hands and knees. In the subterranean room three deities of the Pyramid met me. Above the door an inscription blazed: "The courageous which travel alone the fearful way, without hesitation or fear, after purification by earth, fire, water, and air, shall be enlightened by the glorious mysteries of the Book of Thoth."

The jets of flame that burst upon my eyes after the long dark passage filled me with fright when I entered the Hall of Fire. In the Hall of Water I passed through steam—rain and waterfalls. I forded streams that flowed in torrents wild. In the Hall of Winds I was blown from off my feet, then suddenly a door

was open thrown and I was led into the sanctuary of Isis, the goddess Isis. Before her altar I knelt down and took a solemn oath of secrecy. I was received upon probation after first being tempted in many subtle ways—then came the Sacrifice.

This ceremony lasted many days—one for each zodiacal sign dedicated to the gods themselves. I then was given mystic scarves—twelve there were in all—a sacred cloak upon which were signs and heavenly symbols of the stars. With lamp in hand again I was led up to the altar, and again I repeated the oath of secrecy and invoked the gods to visit me in direct wrath if ever I revealed the sacred mysteries I had learned. Here I read many holy writings of Thoth and tablets of Isis on which the mysteries were engraven in silver.

At last I came forth. I made a waxen image and then I made a boat of wax. After I had recited all the spells of those who incant by the earth and incant by the entrails, too, I breathed on it the breath of life, when lo, it lived, and a sailing went, that tiny boat, straight to the place in the midst of the Nile to where lay the iron box that held the key.

I took the key—unlocked the tomb. I carried with me sweet-scented woods, perfumes of the kind supplied by Pharaoh from the great Chamber of Perfumes, and gave them as gifts to the Ka within the tomb. The Ka of Nenoferkeptah being thus propitiated by the sweet-scented woods and perfumes rare, made no protest at my presence and permitted me to enter far within the tomb to where a large bronze coffer stood. Then up rose Nenoferkeptah, son of King Nerenphthes, and said:

"Why dost thou come to disturb me? What have I in common with thee?"

"The Book of Magic, written by the great god Thoth," replied I, with courage feigned. Suddenly the tomb was enveloped in darkness, the sun had ceased its shining, and I knew the wrath of Nenoferkeptah was very great. But at last, when the son of King Nerenphthes perceived I was resolved to have the Book of Magic and knew no fear, he told me marvelous things.

He bade me open the large bronze coffer. Within the bronze coffer was one of cinnamon woods, the cinnamon wood contained an ivory and ebony coffer. The ivory and ebony held a sil-

ver one, the silver coffer one of gold, and within the golden casket many reptiles writhed. In the centre of the golden coffer the Immortal Serpent lay there coiled, surrounding, guarding well the Book of Thoth. I killed it thrice. Each time it came to life. At last I conquered it. And then I made a final vow to hide my knowledge from the world—the outer world that would forever try to wrest from me the Book of Magic I possessed. I then proceeded to accomplish that for which I had come and after that once more I knew not in what part of the world I was.

* * * * *

So long as tongues of smoke from the burning incense rose the vision lingered, but when the flame expired and lifeless ashes turned to cold the shapes of which I speak, I knew the dream had passed. I knew its end had come when dimly, then more faintly still, the ghosts had vanished from my sight.

And Thubia, perhaps an ancient self, had once more gone to say her prayers to Ptah—the god. Once more I knew that she had gone to her long sleep—enchanted sleep—where for æons she will lie upon the magical lotus flowers and palms, and there among mysterious ways her soul still lives, the embodiment of the nothingness of time.

BOTH ALIVE.

During a sojourn in the south of Europe a French naturalist, says *Popular Science Monthly* (New York), had the rare opportunity of observing an intensely interesting struggle for existence between an egg and a moss plant. We read:

The egg was that of a lizard which had been deposited on a cushion of moss. It was enclosed by a white protective covering of leatherlike toughness. The moss on which the tip of the egg rested secreted at the point of contact a substance that gradually dissolved the leathery shell of the egg. When there was no longer any resistance, the stem of the moss plant penetrated the shell and sent its branches through the substance of the egg, emerging at the opposite end. But the egg was equal to the emergency. It enveloped the stem of the moss inside the egg with a membranous coating that formed an insulating tube around the intruder. Then the moss sent out side branches through the egg, traversing it, but these also were made innocuous by an albuminous coating. In spite of this struggle against the intruding moss, the lizard embryo developed to all appearances normally and finally emerged from its prison unharmed.

THE WAY WE MUST WALK.

(By Jacob Boehme.)

You must go out from your reasonings in the fleshly spirit, and bring your heart, mind, and thoughts wholly into the obedience of God, and yield yourself unto God's will. And do not feign ways of your own reason, or ask where *Christ* is? Direct your way *into Christ*, and know for a certainty that *Christ is in your heart*. Submit yourself to Him in great humility, cast all your purposes and doings into His will and pleasure, and consider that you always stand in the presence of God, and that Christ sits at the right hand of God *in you*. Consider that you stand every moment before the holy number THREE: and that God always examines and sees into the most secret recesses of your heart; and take heed that you enter into no deep thought or searching, but merely into God's love and mercy, and resolve never to go out any more, but ever continue therein.

And then, *secondly*, consider that you do what is pleasing in the sight of God, the most High, when you seek with love your brethren in this world, whosoever they are, and by what name soever they are called, and of what opinion soever they are of, embrace them in your heart, pray for them, and help them to wrestle against the devil, and as far as possible instruct them in all humility. But if they will not receive it; then put on the meekness of Christ, and be a good example to them; be serviceable and helpful to them; forgive them when they hurt and wrong you. When they curse you, do you bless them. When they do you an injury, if you can not turn it into good, and avoid them, let it pass, and consider you are but a pilgrim here. Withdraw your love from none, for your God, in whom you live, withdraweth Himself from none that seek Him. In all your affairs, and conversation, love righteousness, and always have a care that you do your work for God.

We must in this world, in this troublesome valley of misery, accomplish our affairs with labor and pain. We should not go into holes, cloisters, cells, nor corners, for Christ saith: "Let your light shine *before* men, that your Father may have praise in your works." Do all things *from* a sincere heart, *in* a pure mind; and consider that you do it *to* Christ, and that the Spirit of Christ does it *in* you. Be always ready, expecting

the Bridegroom. Let your heart have no permission to meditate and search into any other opinion. It is not profitable for you to know much of men's opinions.

Let every man learn to do his own special work, wherewith he may have sustenance for his body, whether he be high or low. Let the magistrate learn righteousness, and to distinguish the false from the true, for he is an officer of God; what he doth and judgeth, that he judgeth for God, and God through him. Let the laity be humble and respectful before the ordinance of God. If any wrong be done him with a high hand, and that it can not be otherwise, let him consider that he suffers wrong for the truth's sake, and that it is a great honor for him in Christ, in the presence of God.

In all your matters, actions, conversations, and dealings, always set the judgment of God before your eyes, and have a care that you live blamelessly here; for this lifetime is short, and we stand here in a field growing; therefore, see that you be good fruit for God, at which all the angels and hosts of heaven may be pleased and rejoice.

Bear malice to none, for that inviteth the devil to a lodging in your heart. Be sober and temperate; let not the desire of this world persuade you; and though it happens sometimes through temptations, do not go on in it. Go every hour out of death into life: crucify yourself in true repentance and conversion from evil.

When you are reproached for fearing God, and evil spoken of, and what is said be false and untrue, then rejoice most of all, in that you are become worthy to suffer reproach for the doctrine and honor of Christ. When you are in affliction, be not dismayed: consider you are in the will of God, He will suffer no more to be laid upon you than you shall be able to bear.

Turn away your eyes from covetousness, from high-mindedness and state, and be not ready to look after such things, lest you be captivated; for the devil catcheth the souls of men with state and high-mindedness, but go not into his net. Be always watchful, never be secure; for that fowler goes constantly about to see where he can catch any one.

Where honest, virtuous people are

mocked and scorned, go not thither; make not yourself partaker of such wickedness; let it not enter into your ears; that the devil may not tickle your heart with that foolish laughter, and so you become infected with it.

Briefly, commit yourself to God in Christ, and pray to God the Father, in the name and upon the promise of Christ, for His Holy Spirit; desire it upon Christ's promise, and so you will receive it; for He is faithful who hath promised it; He will not deny you of it; you will most certainly receive it.

Only give yourself *wholly up to Him*, that is the greatest and chiefest thing. Commit all to His will, and then His Spirit will teach you sufficiently what you are to do. He teaches you to speak. He gives you a mind and knowledge, and understanding how to behave yourself. Be not careful therefore after what manner you should do a thing, when you are to deal with men; but commit all your doings to Him; He will do that in you well enough which is well-pleasing to God.

But go on in the power of God, and then all your doing will be well-pleasing to God; for that any defends himself against his enemies upon necessity, without any other intent or desire, that is not against the commands of God; for he who has his house on fire may quench it; yea, God has given leave to *Israel* to defend themselves.

But he that causeth and beginneth a war, he is the devil's officer; for all wars are driven on by anger, wherein the devil dwelleth. God has not been the author of wars; for He created us in love, that we should live together in paradise, in friendly love, as loving children. But the devil envied us that happiness, and led us into the spirit of this world, which has awakened all wars and mischief in the anger of God, so that we hate and murder ourselves.

Seeing then we are thus surrounded with enemies in this valley of misery, and grow among thorns and thistles, we ought to watch; we must watch also over the enemy we carry in our bosom, namely, our mind and thoughts, for that is the worst enemy, as therein the devil has his den of thievery, and great labor and toil is required to cast him out; he slips many times into our mind, and leads us on in smooth, delightful, hypocritical ways; so that we suppose we

are in God's Spirit, and that our ways are right.

But there we should constantly have our touchstone with us, which is the blessed love towards God and towards man.

We should not take pleasure in ourselves, but we should be of such a conversation that God and man may take pleasure in us for our virtue.

Self-seeking must be quenched, and true resignation to the will of God must grow and flourish.

When we thus converse in the love and the righteousness of God, and in the obedience of faith; then we put on CHRIST, who setteth the fair crown of pearls upon us; He crowneth us with His wisdom, to which we were blind before.

The sufferings of this world, if they can not be avoided, are not worthy to be called sufferings, in respect of the great glory which shall be manifested on us by Christ.

We stand here between heaven and hell in a field, and there groweth either an angel or a devil out of us; therefore if any have a love to the kingdom of heaven, and would fain be an angel, he ought to look to himself.

Thou hast free-will, whithersoever thou inclinest, thither thou art; what thou sowest, that thou shalt also reap.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." (Gal. 6:7, 8.)

The Self pervades all created things in the five forms, and constantly makes them, by means of birth, growth, and decay revolve like the wheels of a chariot. He who thus recognizes the Self through the Self in all created beings becomes equal-minded towards all, and enters the highest state, Brahman.—*Manu*.

Materialists, unwilling to admit the mysterious element of our nature, make it all mysterious—nothing mysterious in nerves, eyes, etc., but that nerves think! Stir up the sediment into transparent water, and so make all opaque!—*Coleridge*.

ROGER BACON.

(Chicago Tribune.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The first public explanation of the key discovered to the cipher code used by Roger Bacon, the thirteenth-century philosopher-monk, which has revealed that Bacon knew of the telescope, microscope, and scientific facts hitherto supposed to have been unknown until centuries after his death, was made here before the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Addresses were made by Wilfrid M. Voynich of London and New York, owner of the Roger Bacon manuscript in which the key to the code was found; Professor Romaine Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania, who is working on the cipher, and Professor C. E. McClug, also of the University of Pennsylvania, who is assisting Professor Newbold.

At present it is only possible to conjecture about the extent and importance of the discoveries, Professor Newbold said, for the art of reading the cipher is yet in its earliest stages, and it is not certain that the whole manuscript can be read, but a study of the drawings alone proves their importance.

"The manuscript falls in four divisions," Professor Newbold continued. "dealing respectively with plants, the heavenly bodies, the generation of animal life, and the preparation of drugs. The common link connecting all four is probably Bacon's interest in the prolongation of human life.

"Plants are discussed because of their medicinal properties; the stars because they determine man's character at his birth, and influence him throughout life; embryology because of the bearing upon later life of all factors influencing conception, and pharmacology because drugs are essential to the cure of disease.

"The evidence of certain discoveries is found in the drawings of the second and third sections.

"A drawing in the second section, the late Professor Eric Doolittle asserted, was a drawing of nebula, and he declared the man who drew it must have had a telescope, as he correctly depicted features invisible to the naked eye.

"The legend attached to this picture says the object was seen in a concave mirror, and gives its location in the sky.

The location is that of the great nebula Andromeda.

"This is the first record of the use of the telescope.

"The embryological sections contains thirty-one drawings. As a rule they are symbolic, for Bacon was unwilling to draw objects recognizable by the casual observer.

"But there are drawings which so accurately portray the actual appearance of certain objects that it is difficult to resist the inference that Bacon had seen them with his microscope. It is possible that the decipherment of the text may reveal unsuspected meanings in the pictures, but at present the interpretation I have put upon them seems obvious.

"Such are the spermatozoa, the body cells, and the seminiferous tubes, the ova, with their nuclei distinctly indicated.

"The spermatozoa was not again seen after Bacon until they were rediscovered by Hamm and Leeuwenhoek. It seems impossible to doubt that Bacon was the first to discover these important structures.

"The symbolic significance of the drawings is as yet imperfectly understood. It relates in large part to Bacon's belief that the soul lived in the stars before birth and returned to the stars after death.

"There are some drawings which possibly express symbolically the multiplication of cells by fusion and the fertilization of the ovum by union with the spermatozoa, but these interpretations are uncertain and are expressed with reserve.

"Bacon sketched with amazing accuracy the fundamental principles of mathematical physics as we conceive it today. Only less amazing is his intuitive grasp of the principles of philology and of the textual criticism; his diagnosis of needed reforms in education, of the necessity of endowing research work, of his forecasts of the development of medicine in the direction of hygiene and preventive medicine, and of the application of chemistry to physiology, agriculture, and industry.

"The drawings which accompany the Voynich manuscript prove that the author possessed both the telescope and microscope or lenses of considerable power.

"That Bacon was the author of the manuscript possessed by Mr. Voynich is

proved by the fact his name is written in cipher on the last page. The key to the cipher is also written on the last page, partly in Roman, partly in cipher characters."

Mr. Voynich told of his researches which led to the discovery of the manuscript, saying he was compelled to read the biographies of several hundred persons to find one which shed any light upon it. This concerned John Dee, who Shakespeare said "had volumes he prized more than his dukedom." Dee, it appears, came into possession of the manuscript now owned by Mr. Voynich.

Mr. Voynich pointed out that among the persons who were influenced by Roger Bacon through the medium of John Dee was the great English philosopher, Sir Francis Bacon, who lived three hundred years later, and who is believed by some persons to have been the author of works attributed generally to Shakespeare.

The reason given for Roger Bacon's reticence about his discoveries is that both in England and France, in which countries he lived [1214-1294], he feared persecution for "witchcraft." By some students of the ciphers he is held to have possessed the greatest mind in the history of human life.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 21.—Alchemists who for 600 years sought to find in Roger Bacon's cipher writings the secret of turning base metals into gold were the victims of a hoax, declared William Romaine Newbold, professor of intellectual and moral philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania, before the general meeting of the American Philosophical Society here today.

Bacon, he contended, hid under a nonsensical jargon of alchemists' terms a marvelous storehouse of scientific knowledge.

Dr. Newbold told of his two years' labor to decipher the code Bacon used.

As a result of the revelations made by the 800,000-word manuscript scientists have declared Bacon had remarkable knowledge of mathematical systems conceived today, and had not the discoveries made by him remained unknown to others until rediscovered hundreds of years after his death, science would have been just so much in advance of its present state.

"Bacon conceived the idea of expressing every letter of a word which he

wanted to write in cipher by a syllable and building the syllable into a new word," he said. "For example, if the letter 'C' is represented by 'GR,' 'A' by 'AD,' and 'E' by 'ED' the word 'Graded' would spell 'Cat.'"

"The principle can not be used in this way because, first, every word will be represented in cipher by twice as many letters, and second, no words can be used in cipher except those of an even number of letters. To meet these difficulties Bacon lays down the rule that successive syllables must end and begin with the same letters, doubled letters being dropped. Thus 'Cat' may be spelled in the Bacon cipher as follows: 'Go-ol-ld'; dropping the double letters, one gets the word 'Gold.'"

"In reading the cipher you double every letter except the first and last and thus discover the syllables which spell the word. But it is seldom possible to find syllables which fulfill these conditions and yet spell a new word when arranged in the order of letters of the original word like 'cat,' for example. 'Cat' may also be spelled 'ar-rk-da,' and the syllables may be rearranged into the word 'dark,' but when 'dark' is translated the word 'cat' will reappear as 'tea,' the order of the letters being disarranged. These are the principles Bacon used.

"There are 484 possible combinations of the letters of two twenty-two letter alphabets, taken two by two. Bacon makes every one of the 484 represent a letter of his alphabet and with them spells his words in Latin in the way indicated above. He disarranges the underlying text as little as possible and it usually is still recognizable, but frequently it is disarranged so much that scholars probably never will agree as to how it should be reconstructed."—*A. E. D.*

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.*

Wisdom is not only knowing how and why, but is the attitude of a mind that has been put in parallel with great truths and is thereby nourished and fortified.—*Alan Sullivan.*

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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 LOTUS, NATURE'S SACRED FLOWER.

(By Miriam Milner French.)

The lotus has been a symbol of deepest and sacred meaning since the remotest antiquity among the Egyptians, Hindus, Persians, Greeks, Chinese, and Japanese. It is said to have held one of the highest places in art thirty centuries B. C. It was symbolic of the Cosmos, and the God in man.

Botanists say the lotus seeds contain even before germination completely formed leaves, infinitesimal shapes of the beautiful flowers they will one day become, just as a human being contains the spiritual prototype of what it shall become one day in the course of evolution.

There is a legend in many of the sacred books that in the beginning of time Brahma sprang into life from the navel of Vishnu, alighting on the golden lotus and with the different parts of the plant created he the world. The triangle of the calyx represents the Trinity. The lotus is an emblem of eternal life, symbolic of the world, the breath of the gods and an attribute of silence.

It has ever been a solar emblem among all Eastern nations, the beautiful sacred White Lotus, Queen of All Lilies, opening its chalice of pearls at the rising sun and folding them chastely up at the disappearance of its adored one, thus renewing itself day by day. This is also symbolic of the solar matrix returning to

the mysterious sanctuary to renew itself.

Buddha sits upon a lotus ready to hear the prayers of the faithful that commence: "*Om Mani Padme Hum*—O, the Jewel in the Heart of the Lotus—O, My God within." With the Egyptians it was the flower of Osiris—the blue lotus, sacred lily of Isis. It was also the flower of Horus, god of silence, who sits on a lotus like Buddha, with a finger on his lips, the sign of silence.

The lotus represents the physical and spiritual productive and creative powers, symbolizing generation. It was thought to be the sacred flower of Nature and also that of her gods. It rooted in the mud—the material life. The stalk passed up through the slime and water and finally the beautiful buds floating upon the surface at last opened their perfect blossoms, exquisite offering to the sun-god. It also typifies the human soul, symbolic of the soul's struggles and growth through the cycles of time, evolving up through material matter until it blossoms into the perfect flower. It has been called the Flower of Power, being the product of earth, air, fire, and water.

The various sacred centres in the body—the three greatest being the Head, Heart, and Navel—are called lotuses or padmas. All human beings are then lotus-bearers—"Chakna Padma Karop"—He who holds a white lotus." Its seed and roots lie deep within the lower re-

gions of matter and darkness, and as the Divinity manifests itself within the human body, slowly the lotus unfolds, gradually growing, opening up centre after centre until it bursts in bloom—the thousand-petaled golden lotus—in the head, thus unveiling a sacred mystery to those who understand. It is said that when a golden lotus blooms on earth, all the heavenly angels sing.

Carlyle says: "There is but one temple in the universe and that is the body of man; nothing is holier than that high form. We touch heaven when we lay our hand upon a human body. We are the miracle of miracles, the great inscrutable mystery, the mystery in it is the breath of Heaven, the Highest Being reveals Himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed."

"Worship His Holy Feet on the Lotus of the Heart."

THE STAR IN THE DAYTIME.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

The curious thing about the star was that once you found it, looked right at it, and kept your attention fixed upon it you could see it clearly, if you had the right kind of eyes. Lots of people couldn't see it at all, some because they did not have the right kind of eyes, but mostly because they were blinded by the garish light of an extraordinarily bright and sunny morning. The sky was a bottomless sea of azure; the clouds that swept across, melting into shifting wisps and flecks or vanishing altogether as the sunshine ate them up, shone like new snow. The fluttering flags on tall poles distracted your gaze. But if you did get into a shadowed place or down in the depths of the cañons between the towering buildings, carefully work out the exact location and fix your gaze there, you saw the star, glittering like a diamond in the blue.

Then it came to you afresh that after all the stars are there all the time, passing stately across the sky, sending out their steady stream of light, as much and as truly in the glare of the brightest day as against the velvet blackness of the darkest night. It is not their fault if we do not see them. It is the fault of our eyes, filled with the blaze of things, or of the earth-bound clouds that shut us in. Also, we do not trouble in the daytime

to look at, or for, the stars. Only those who look, out of the depths of cañons or at the bottom of narrow vistas, see the stars in the daytime.

In the daytime we are all-powerful. In the awe and loneliness of night we pray, each after his own fashion:

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

As if to say, "While I am awake and on the job I can take care of myself. While the sun is shining, never mind the stars." The prayers of most of us come out of our fears.

Suddenly comes a day when we discover that whether we look for it or not, the star is overhead and shining, regardless of our seeing. And we realize then that if our eyes are open and intent we can see it and steer by it—unless we suffer the garishness of the day to blind us to its glittering presence.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

(Florence Ada Reid in the Forum.)

Dark portals of the Past that lead away
Into the shadows of the things that were,

Where phantom castles tower, cold and gray,

Beckoning fearful minds with strange allure

Of ancient halls of myth and mystery.
Where dwelt the revered thoughts of history.

Windows of the Future, that peer afar,
Seeking the misty dawn with dim, strained eye,

Unmindful of the world and things that are,

Impatient, weary, stifling a sigh.
Her glories linger on the distant hill,
And take thy scrutinizing gaze but ill!

The Present lies around us and the light
Of day comes filtering from above,
Naught in the Future lies, or Past of might—

Only the Present lives; only that love
Which can endure the sun of day can give

Beauty to make the Past and Future live.

The first necessary requisite for the attainment of real knowledge is the possession of power to distinguish the enduring from the non-enduring.—*San-karacharya*.

THE HISTORICAL SPOOK.

(Daniel Poiré in L'Echo de Paris.)

M. Hector Lejoyeux, professor of history and *maitre de conférences*, was a very credulous gentleman. It was not enough for him to believe in history—in itself a clear indication of a temperament inclined to mysticism. He even believed in spiritualism! So firmly was he convinced that he permitted no contradiction, whether it had to do with the most significant details of the historic past, or with the apparitions, phantasms and materializations of the spiritualist; and although he was usually a man of perfect good humor, he could not take in very good the part the sly raillery of his friends when his passion for spiritualistic questions was concerned.

One day, determined to convince even the most skeptical, he procured a medium, whom he prized particularly because of her high degree of sensitiveness. She was a young girl, whose face was intelligent, but whose education had been lamentably neglected. M. Lejoyeux did not see far enough ahead. He supposed that she was simple-hearted because she had had very little instruction and that therefore she was incapable of lending herself to those gross mystifications which constitute the chief joy of the detractors of spiritualism.

So, having assembled his guests in his salon, he plunged the surroundings in complete darkness (for light is the enemy of mystery). Several minutes passed in the midst of religious silence, broken only by the heavy breathing of several people who were not very much at ease.

Not a movement. Nobody dared make a gesture for fear of disturbing the atmosphere in which the unknown forces were to reveal themselves. From time to time the wood of the furniture cracked with a dry sort of sound, and some of the people were slightly startled. In the centre of the salon was a chair on which was seated the medium, motionless, and as if insensible of what was going on about her.

Suddenly a slight rustling made itself heard, and before the sombre drapery which covered a door a light cloud appeared, whose contours little by little came vaguely to resemble a woman's

translucent silhouette. With staring eyes the guests in the salon gazed at the figure, seeking to make out the features. Now the medium was disturbed, giving vent to plaintive cries. No doubt the materialization of the phantom which she had just produced had exhausted her.

When she grew calmer, M. Lejoyeux, in the accent of a master spiritualist, commanded: "Question the spirit, ask her to give you further revelations." Renewed gymnastics from the medium. The guests felt the sweat burst from their moist temples. Then suddenly a pale, monotonous voice, feeble as a breath, broke the dolorous silence with a name: "Antoinette Poisson!"

Overcome with emotion the professor of history asked:

"Are you the famous Marquise de Pompadour?"

"Yes," replied the medium's voice. "My childhood was not happy, and it was only when I became the favorite of . . ."

At this moment the phantom of the marquise seemed to mark time. Either she was suffering pain, or a kind of modesty restrained her. At any rate, the tone had a bizarre note of hesitation. Unconsciously they divined the violent effort which Mme. de Pompadour was making.

For all that, she came to a decision at length:

"The favorite of—of—of Louis XIV."

There was an instant of amazement among the guests. As for M. Lejoyeux, he stood aghast, his mouth wide open, his eyes fixed.

After a few seconds, he went on:

"Louis XIV?" he asked.

"Louis XIV," replied the voice.

"But in that case——"

"Chut!" remarked Mme. de Pompadour. Then, as if she regretted having let this great secret escape her, she murmured "Chut!" in an imploring accent.

M. Lejoyeux desired to interrogate still further, to pierce the stupefying mystery. But the medium began to shake again and to cry out until the phantom of Antoinette Poisson had gradually disappeared, after which the electricity was turned on and the professor's guest left him alone, lost in profound meditation.

In an enormous lecture hall, a crowded audience composed of serious-looking

young people, a few old men, and many women of every age, all of them cackling like chickens in a back yard, awaited the entrance of M. Lejoyeux. Amidst rapturous applause he appeared and took his seat.

In the twinkling of an eye a quiet fell upon the room, and M. Hector Lejoyeux, the master, the believer, the fervent and convinced apostle of history and of spiritualism, opened his lecture with the following words:

"Mesdames, messieurs: However sincere and impartial a scholar may seek to show himself, he remains none the less subject to error in the examination of historical documents; and it would therefore be a ridiculous presumption to put faith in them. We are surrounded with legends, over which the truth often can triumph only by a lucky chance.

"Thus it is that by spiritualistic agency the truth has recently been placed in my hands. The famous Marquise de Pompadour was not, as misguided historians have hitherto supposed, the mistress of Louis XV, but the mistress of Louis XIV."

That very evening M. Lejoyeux received a note from the rector of the university, suggesting that it would be advisable for him to abandon his professorship, for which, no doubt, he could quickly console himself by giving all his energies to new experiences in spiritualism, with the assistance of the medium whose education had unfortunately been so sadly neglected.—*Living Age*.

ANTHROPOSOLOGY.

(From the *Living Age*.)

Occultism has become a subject for philosophical polemics in Germany. It is perhaps not flippant to characterize anthroposophy, the latest manifestation of a movement which has so many passing fashions, as the *dernier cri* of esoteric doctrine. Like most such cults, it derives much from the personality of its founder, Rudolf Steiner, who was born of German peasant parentage in Croatia some sixty years ago, and in his younger years was editor of a literary magazine and a lecturer on literary subjects in Berlin. He has gathered a large following and founded a society which may best be described as a variant of the theosophical society. It is organized into lodges and its teachings are more or less secret. The latter have attracted enough

attention to be discussed and criticized by philosophers of the standing of Max Dessoir and Hermann Keyserling. Steiner has also been attacked by theologians of distinction and by Johannes Müller, who is just now the most popular evangelist in Germany. The latter characterizes anthroposophy and all allied doctrines as atavistic phenomena and reversions to the spiritual ideas of primitive man.

However this may be, the new cult is entitled to some attention, if only for the wide support and respectful attention it is receiving among Germans of more than average education. A gifted and eloquent Berlin clergyman, Friedrich Rittelmeyer, who has been in close touch with Steiner's doctrines for many years, has just published, in association with nine collaborators, a work of some three hundred and fifty pages, entitled: "Vom Lebenswerk Rudolf Steiners, eine Hoffnung neuer Kultur" ("Rudolf Steiner's Life Work. The Promise of a New Civilization," which those who are curious about such matters, and are sufficient masters of German to follow a rather abstruse discussion in that language, will find an interesting contribution to the literature of mysticism.

HYMN TO THE PLANET-GOD.

(From "The Perfect Way," by Dr. Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland. Published by the Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Company, New York.)

1. O Father Iacchos; thou art Lord of the Body, God manifested in the Flesh;
2. Twice-born, baptized with fire, quickened by the Spirit, instructed in secret things beneath the Earth:
3. Who wearest the horns of the Ram, who ridest upon an Ass, whose symbol is the Vine, and the new Wine thy Blood;
4. Whose Father is the Lord God of Hosts; whose Mother is the Daughter of the King.
5. Evoi, Iacchos, Lord of Initiation: for by means of the Body is the Soul initiated:
6. By Birth, by Marriage, by Virginity, by Sleep, by Waking, and by Death:
7. By Fasting and Vigil, by Dreams

and Penance, by Joy, and by Weariness of the Flesh.

8. The Body is the Chamber of Ordeal: therein is the Soul of Man tried.

9. Thine Initiate, O Master, are they who come out of great tribulation; whose robes are washed in the Blood of the Vine.

10. Give me to drink of the Wine of thy Cup, that I may live for evermore:

11. And to eat of the Bread whose grain cometh up from the Earth, as the Corn in the Ear.

12. Yea; for the Body in which Man is redeemed, is of the Earth; it is broken upon the cross, cut down by the sickle, crushed between grindstones.

13. For by the suffering of the Outer is the Inner set free.

14. Therefore the Body which Thou givest is Meat indeed; and the Word of thy Blood is Drink indeed.

15. For Man shall live by the Word of God.

16. Evoi, Father Iacchos: bind thy Church to the Vine, and her elect to the choice Vine.

17. And let them wash their garments in wine; and their vesture in the blood of grapes.

18. Evoi, Iacchos: Lord of the Body; and of the House whose Symbol is the Fig;

19. Whereof the image is the figure of the Matrix, and the leaf as a man's hand: whose stems bring forth milk.

20. For the Woman is the Mother of the Living; and the crown and perfection of Humanity.

21. Her Body is the highest step in the ladder of Incarnation,

22. Which leadeth from Earth to Heaven; upon which the Spirits of God ascend and descend.

23. Thou art not perfected, O Soul, that hast not known Womanhood.

24. Evoi, Iacchos: for the day cometh wherein thy sons shall eat of the fruit of the Fig: yea the Vine shall yield new grapes; and the Fig-tree shall be no more barren.

25. For the Interpretation of hidden things is at hand; and men shall eat of the precious fruits of God.

26. They shall eat manna from Heaven; and shall drink of the river of Salem.

27. The Lord maketh all things new: he taketh away the Letter to establish the Spirit.

28. Then spakest thou with veiled face, in parable and dark saying: for the time of Figs was not yet.

29. And they who came unto the Tree of Life, sought fruit thereon and found it not.

30. And from thenceforth until now, hath no man eaten of the fruit of that Tree.

31. But now is the Gospei of Interpretation come, and the Kingdom of the Mother of God.

32. Evoi, Iacchos, Lord of the Body: who are crowned with the Vine and with the Fig.

33. For as the Fig containeth many perfect fruits in itself; so the House of Man containeth many spirits.

34. Within thee, O Man, is the Universe: the Thrones of all the Gods are in thy Temple.

35. I have said unto men, Ye are Gods: ye are all in the Image of the Most High.

36. No man can know God unless he first understand himself.

37. God is nothing that Man is not.

38. What Man is, that God is likewise.

39. As God is the heart of the outer world, so also is God at the heart of the world within thee.

40. When the God within thee shall be wholly united to the God without, then shalt thou be one with the Most High.

41. Thy Will shall be God's Will, and the Son shall be as the Father.

42. Thou art ruler of the world, O Man: thy name is Legion; thou hast many under thee.

43. Thou sayest to this one, Go, and he goeth: and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to another, Do this and he doeth it.

44. What thou knowest is told thee from Within; what thou workest is worked from Within.

45. When thou prayest, thou invokest the God within thee; and from the God within thee thou receivest thy good things.

46. Thy manifestations are inward: and the spirits which speak unto thee are of thine own kingdom.

47. And the spirit which is greatest in thy kingdom, the same is thy Master and thy Lord.

48. Let thy master be the Christ of

God, whose Father is the Lord Iacchos.

49. And Christ shall be thy Lover and the Saviour of thy body: yea, he shall be thy Lord God, and thou shalt adore him.

50. But if thou wilt not, then a stronger than thou art shall bind thee, and spoil thine house and thy goods.

51. An uncleanly temple shalt thou be: the hold of all manner of strife and evil beasts.

52. For a man's foes are of his own household.

53. But scourge thou thence the money-changers and the merchants: lest the House of thy Prayer become unto thee a den of thieves.

54. Evoi, Father Iacchos: Lord of the Thyros and of the Pine-Cone.

55. As are the involutions of the leaves of the Cone, so is the spiral of Generation—the progress and passing-through of the Soul:

56. From the lower to the higher: from the coarse to the fine; from the base to the apex;

57. From the outer to the inner; yea, from the dust of the ground to the Throne of the Most High.

58. Evoi, Io Nysæ: God of the Garden and of the Tree bearing fruit.

59. The dry land is thine, and all the beauty of earth: the vineyard, the garland, and the valleys of corn:

60. The forests, the secrets of the springs, the hidden wells, and the treasures of the caverns:

61. The harvest, the dance, and the festival; the snows of winter, and the icy winds of death.

62. Yea, Lord Iacchos: who girdest destruction with promise, and graffest comeliness upon ruin.

63. As the green Ivy covereth the blasted tree, and the waste places of earth where no grass groweth:

64. So thy touch giveth life and hope and meaning to decay.

65. Whose understandeth thy mysteries, O Lord of the Ivy, hath overcome Death and fear thereof.

66. Evoi, Father Iacchos, Lord God of Egypt: initiate thy servants in the halls of thy Temple;

67. Upon whose walls are the forms of every creature: of every beast of the earth, and of every fowl of the air;

68. The lynx, and the lion, and the bull: the ibis and the serpent: the scorpion and every flying thing.

69. And the columns thereof are human shapes; having the heads of eagles and the hoofs of the ox.

70. All these are of thy kingdom: they are the chambers of ordeal, and the houses of the initiation of the Soul.

71. For the Soul passeth from form to form; and the mansions of her pilgrimage are manifold.

72. Thou callest her from the deep, and from the secret places of the earth; from the dust of the ground, and from the herb of the field.

73. Thou coverest her nakedness with an apron of Fig-leaves: thou clothest her with the skins of beasts.

74. Thou art from of old, O Soul of Man; yea, thou art from the everlasting.

75. Thou putteth off thy bodies as raiment; and as vesture dost thou fold them up.

76. They perish, but thou remainest: the wind rendeth and scattereth them; and the place of them shall no more be known.

77. For the Wind is the Spirit of God in Man, which bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, not whither it shall go.

78. Even so is the Spirit of Man, which cometh from afar off and tarrieth not, but passeth away to a place thou knowest not.

79. Evoi, Iacchos, Lord of the Sphinx: who linkest the lowest to the highest; the loins of the wild beast to the head and breast of the woman.

80. Thou holdest the Chalice of Divination: all the forms of Nature are reflected therein.

81. Thou turnest man to destruction: then thou sayest, Come again, ye children of my hand.

82. Yea, blessed and holy art thou, O Master of Earth: Lord of the Cross and Tree of Salvation.

83. Vine of God, whose Blood redeemeth: Bread of Heaven, broken on the Altar of Death.

84. There is Corn in Egypt: go thou down into her, O my Soul, with joy.

85. For in the kingdom of the Body, thou shalt eat the Bread of Thine Initiation.

86. But beware lest thou become subject to the Flesh, and a bond-slave in the land of thy sojourn.

87. Serve not the idols of Egypt; and let not the Senses be thy taskmasters.

88. For they will bow thy neck to their yoke: they will bitterly oppress the Israel of God.

89. An evil time shall come upon thee; and the Lord shall smite Egypt with plagues for thy sake.

90. Thy body shall be broken on the wheel of God: thy flesh shall see trouble and the worm.

91. Thy house shall be smitten with grievous plagues; blood, and pestilence, and great darkness: fire shall devour thy goods; and thou shalt be a prey to the locust and creeping thing.

92. Thy glory shall be brought down to the dust; hail and storm shall smite thine harvest; yea, thy beloved and thy first-born shall the hand of the Lord destroy;

93. Until the Body let the Soul go free; that she may serve the Lord God.

94. Arise in the night, O Soul, and fly, lest thou be consumed in Egypt.

95. The Angel of the Understanding shall know thee for his Elect, if thou offer unto God a reasonable faith.

96. Savour thy Reason with Learning, with Labour, and with Obedience.

97. Let the Rod of thy Desire be in thy right hand: put the Sandals of Hermes on thy feet; and gird thy loins with Strength.

98. Then shalt thou pass through the Waters of cleansing: which is the First Death in the Body.

99. The Waters shall be a Wall unto thee on thy right hand and on thy left.

100. And Hermes the Redeemer shall go before thee: for he is thy cloud of Darkness by Day, and thy Pillar of Fire by Night.

101. All the horsemen of Egypt and the chariots thereof; her princes, her counsellors, and her mighty men:

102. These shall pursue thee, O Soul, that fliest; and shall seek to bring thee back into bondage.

103. Fly for thy life: fear not the Deep: stretch out thy Rod over the Sea; and lift thy Desire unto God.

104. Thou hast learnt Wisdom in Egypt; thou hast spoiled the Egyptians: thou hast carried away their fine gold and their precious things.

105. Thou hast enriched thyself in the Body; but the Body shall not hold thee: neither shall the waters of the Deep swallow thee up.

106. Thou shalt wash thy robes in the Sea of Regeneration: the Blood of Atonement shall redeem thee to God.

107. This is thy Chrism and Anointing, O Soul; this is the First Death; thou art the Israel of the Lord,

108. Who hath redeemed thee from the dominion of the Body; and hath called thee from the grave, and from the house of bondage,

109. Unto the Way of the Cross, and to the Path in the midst of the Wilderness;

110. Where are the adder and the serpent, the mirage and the burning sand.

111. For the feet of the Saint are set in the way of the Desert.

112. But be thou of good courage, and fail thou not: then shall thy raiment endure, and thy sandals shall not wax old upon thee.

113. And thy Desire shall heal thy diseases: it shall bring streams for thee out of the stony rock; it shall lead thee to Paradise.

114. Evoi Father Iacchos, Jehovah-Nissi: Lord of the Garden and of the Vineyard:

115. Imitator and Lawgiver; God of the Cloud and of the Mount.

116. Evoi, Father Iacchos; out of Egypt hast thou called thy Son.

LEAVES OF GRASS.

I know I am deathless.

I know that this orbit of mine can not be swept by a carpenter's compass; And whether I come to my own today, or in ten thousand or ten million years,

I can cheerfully take it now or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

As to you, Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths.

No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.

Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years.

Births have brought us richness and variety, and other births have brought us richness and variety.

—Walt Whitman.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

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

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

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THEOSOPHY IN ENGLAND.

(The following is extracted from a speech delivered by Mr. E. T. Hargrove at the annual convention of the Theosophical Society recently held at New York.)

The Theosophical Society today stands for a higher and more splendid ideal than the world has ever known. In the past, while the world has seen the ideal revealed in the lives and the sacrifice of Masters, in the person of Masters, the Western world has never before been told that that same attainment is the opportunity of the human race. It was only in 1875 that Mme. Blavatsky revealed the doctrine of Masters, the doctrine of human perfectibility. We are the custodians of that ideal. We are responsible for its growth in the hearts of men. It is impossible, of course, for us to embody it; and yet, after all, there is no such thing as the impossible. The fact that, intellectually, it is impossible, ought to be a stimulus to those who perhaps would describe themselves as would-be disciples of the Lodge.

Compare this attitude with that of the world. In England at the present time you have, on the one hand, the self-assertiveness of Labour; on the other hand, the self-assertiveness of the aristocracy—two different kinds of self-assertiveness, because one is positive and psychic, the other is negative and psychic. Among the aristocracy, you find too often the self-assertiveness of inertia, with a repudiation of responsibility so negative that some of them say "they

suppose the day of aristocracy is past," that it is "the turn of the working man"—washing their hands of England's honor, of England's prosperity, of that burden which the great Law itself placed upon them by reason of their birth. It is they who ought to be confronting the self-assertiveness of Labor, which is trying to create an aristocracy of Labor—not in the true sense of the word, but in the sense in which it might be used in Russia at the present time, where the proletariat is placed above all classes or grades of society. It is the self-assertiveness of a group as against the whole, beginning with the creation of a government within a government. Nothing could be further removed from the ideals of Theosophy, which point out to all men, and to all classes of society, a common goal of attainment, showing that any one life is only a step, *can* only be a step, toward the attainment of that goal, and that the true purpose of life is to fulfill that destiny so far as it may lie in a man's power to do so.

Theosophy reveals to us, not only an age-long growth, but an age-long effort at persuasion on the part of those who have attained. It shows them stooping, as it were, toward those who have not attained, to lift them up from the mire of life to a paradise of wisdom and love and power. A member who spoke this morning, when we were discussing the circulation of the *Quarterly*, referred to salesmanship; and we can well think of

the Masters as salesmen. It is rather a tragic way to think of them, and yet it may prove helpful. Our friend said truly that if once you can get something into the hands of a possible purchaser, you can leave it to him to pay for it afterwards. I remember a statement by one whose business it was to dispose of mining properties in the West: If you can persuade a man to go down a mine, he will always pay for it, somehow, when he comes up! And the Masters are trying to persuade us to buy something, something beyond prices—to accept from them the water of life which they give freely. If we would but hold this treasure in our hands for a moment, we would never let go. And they know it. So they try to persuade us to open our hands, the hands of our hearts, to receive and then to retain if only for the flash of a second, their gift of immortal life and of immortal consciousness.

Such is the opportunity of that small group in England; to open their hands and to receive, and thus to draw into the life of England the help that England needs. I doubt whether they know what their opportunity is. It is hard for a handful of mortals, not always working side by side, often separated one from another, to feel to the point of conviction that so few—that one man perhaps working in an office, a woman working in her home, a girl teaching in a school—have it in their power, by their spirit of devotion, by their zeal in the cause of Theosophy, to call forth the leader for whom England waits. If they will lead, and will lead consciously in the spiritual sense; if they will recognize their own mission there in the midst of that darkness, then, through the action of Karma, they will, as it were, evoke from that darkness, the mission of the man who waits—for whom the Lodge waits, and whom the Lodge itself can not push forward into outer activity until England herself calls.

If the eye were not of the nature of the sun, how could we behold light? If divine force were not at work in us, how could divine things delight us?—*Goethe*.

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*.

All souls are preëxistent in the Worlds of Emanation.—*Book of Wisdom*.

NONRESISTANCE PLUS.

(By Miriam Milner French.)

Nonresistance is a word that has taken on a new significance since the doctrine of the Hindu Ghandi has come into prominence. The real meaning, however, is lost upon many people, who think a non-resisting attitude is a negative one. Their idea of positivism is to be offensively aggressive and brutally forceful, and they find it difficult to comprehend the subtle law of nonresistance. During the process of educating them perhaps it might not come amiss to instill sometimes a little wholesome fear of the Lord into their hearts, lest they in their complacent ignorance impose upon the nonresisting ones.

It is said that a Holy Brahman, while walking one day, chanced to meet a venomous cobra. The cobra was wickedly striking every living thing with which it came in contact, wantonly killing even little children and the most inoffensive creatures alike. The Holy Priest sternly rebuked the cobra, inquiring the reason for its wickedness, to which it replied:

"Most Holy Brahman, if I do not strike first, I shall myself be killed. I must wage war on all living creatures in order to protect myself." It was quite simple.

The Brahman then proceeded to explain to the sinful cobra the beautiful and effective law of nonresistance. He at last succeeded in obtaining a promise that it would cease from its evil ways and adopt a nonresisting attitude.

Some time later the Holy Brahman chanced that way again and saw lying by the dusty roadside a cobra. The cobra, though being stoned by children, was not even trying to run away—a mutilated, bleeding, and dejected cobra it was. He approached the snake and said:

"My friend, why fare you so ill?"

To which it made answer:

"Most Holy Brahman, I am the cobra that you advised to practice the law of nonresistance. I have harmed no living thing since I made the promise to you. I have received blows and met every persecution, refusing to strike, and you see what has befallen me. Behold my sorry plight!"

The Holy Brahman looked with compassion upon the bleeding cobra for a moment.

"It is true," said he, "that I told you

to be nonresisting; to meet all enemies that attacked you with nonresistance; yes, I said it was wrong to strike and kill, but, my friend, I did not say, however, it was wrong to hiss a little."

THE STATE OF THE WORLD.

(The following extract from a book by the President of China, Hsu-Shih-Chang, was made by Georges Soulié de Morant. It appeared in *La Revue Mondiale* of Paris, and a translation in the *Living Age* of July 23d.)

Today the whole world is apparently longing for a permanent peace. If this desire is honest, would it not be wise to study the real causes of the great wars of the past, in order to remove them? Should we not investigate ways of preserving peace, so that we may put them into effect as soon as possible?

Some assert that the Great War was due to Germany's desire to control a railway from Berlin to Bagdad, and thus to extend her influence to the Persian Gulf, with the ultimate object of conquering India and, eventually, all Asia. But her project came into conflict with the vital interests of Russia in the Black Sea and the Dardanelles. Therefore, the Tsar tried to strengthen the southern branches of the Slavic race by every peaceful means in his power, in order that they might become a barrier against German ambition. At the same time the Kaiser threatened England by his naval programme. It was therefore inevitable that whenever resistance to Germany's ambitions came to a head, a war would occur.

This desire to seize what belongs to other people, to extend dominion by sly manoeuvres or brutal assaults, is the seed of all wars.

It is an unhealthy and dangerous impulse, common to every nation and every individual. It is something we ought to destroy first of all by education, then by private law, and last of all by international agreements. At present, however, the textbooks of history used in the West are filled with recitals of battles, glorifying the names of conquering generals and the devastators of peaceful countries. The great benefactors of humanity have brief mention. European civilization reserves its highest honors in times of peace for its warriors. It seeks to enhance the glamour of their profession by brilliant uniforms and decorations and processions and

celebrations. How is it possible for the child who is growing to manhood to escape the conviction that the greatness of a nation is measured by its conquests, albeit they are utterly unjust, and by its wars, albeit they are carnivals of slaughter? Where do we find the tomb of a sage which rivals the tomb of Napoleon? How can each coming generation fail to be influenced by teachings so destructive of social welfare and peace, when it sees the highest officials of the government, its men of letters, its inventors, its engineers, going about modestly in the same garb as their fellow-men, receiving no special honor, wearing no decorations except for length of service; in every way less regarded than military men even of low rank? The whole Western world, forced to fight for generations against invasion from the East, has become impregnated with a spirit of conquest and violence utterly hostile to permanent peace.

China, on the other hand, has always regarded military leaders as inferiors, and has honored them far less than she has her scholars, her poets, and her civil functionaries. A popular proverb says: "Don't use good iron to make a sword; don't waste a good man to make a soldier."

The Chinese are taught from infancy the stupidity of destroying life and property, and the utility of producing wealth, and of living in harmony with one's family and one's neighbors. Our highest honors, our most memorable tokens of respect and veneration, are bestowed upon our wise men and our public functionaries. For twelve centuries our great academy of the "Forest of Pens" has never admitted a general or a Buddhist priest. A field marshal has the same political rank as a provincial governor; but he does not receive the high salary, the public regard, or the external marks of respect given the latter.

The West esteems material things above all else. Its people are constantly struggling to advance, to increase their fortunes and their honors, to enlarge their treasures; above all, to impose on others their ideas, their sentiments, and their customs.

In the Orient civilization is based primarily upon non-material things. Our teachings and our rites aim to cultivate harmony and discourage controversy.

Men of ardent and warlike natures learn to fight; but to fight their own anti-social impulses. By the time they grow old, they have been trained all their life to conquer the avarice and cupidity natural to their later years. The whole teaching of Confucius is directed toward making men honor and admire moral greatness and despise material things.

This explains why the Orient has fallen behind in material civilization, especially since the middle of the nineteenth century, which was followed by a great outburst of scientific progress in Europe.

But what has been the result of this excessive material progress? By it the whole Occident has been ruined, shattered, ground to pieces. The Orient is today far better off than the rest of the world.

Is it not possible to use what wisdom there may be in the teachings of the West to correct the defects of the East, and to apply the training and habits of Asia to alleviate the evils of Europe?

Western schools invariably teach that power and wealth are acquired by force and fighting. Would it not be wiser to teach the art of living in peace? We should never lose sight of the fact that we are making today the history of the future, and we should consequently be ever seeking the shortest and surest road toward the common happiness of mankind. Sixty million men have been under arms. Thirty-two nations have been at war for nearly five years. The ruins which encumber the Western world are not yet cleared away; and already the people are arming again; their governments are manœuvring for supremacy more ardently than ever. New wars are brewing on every side.

This desire to possess what we do not own, to get wealth by hook or by crook, is not a sentiment likely to heal the ills of humanity, especially in the West, where the love of combat is already so deeply rooted. While waiting for some more rational scheme of education to cure these ills, governments might at least—if they really wish to avoid war—obviate some of the causes which are leading directly to future conflicts. If the question of the Near East had been discussed and adjusted for decades by a council of the Great Powers, Germany would have known that all the rest of the

world was against her, and would have bowed to its decision. Now that Western industries are urgently seeking markets, the question of the Far East will again become acute. It is certain that Japan, the United States, Great Britain, and eventually France, will each do all in its power to secure a lion's share of our trade. If the alliance we foresee between Germany and Russia is formed, or even if Russia alone recovers rapidly from her ruin, the situation will soon demand adjustment, discussion, and action.

The League of Nations is not a success, because each of its members seeks to preserve full liberty to extend its dominion and power. Each member wishes to use the league to cripple the progress of its neighbors, but does not propose to be crippled in its own progress. The spirit of conquest and violence is just as strong as ever in the Occident. To be sure, the history of civilization is receiving a little more attention in the schools, and recitals of slaughter and carnage are not quite so prominent in courses of instruction as heretofore. But military training is gaining ground.

The West has not yet begun to teach what we have always taught in China, that the welfare of the nations and the happiness of mankind do not depend primarily on science, intelligence, glory, or a government powerful abroad; but that they depend on labor, thrift, consideration for our neighbors, and mutual helpfulness. The latter are non-material objects in life, but the most important for which we can strive. Idleness, prodigality, covetousness, tyranny—these we must root out of our hearts. Confucius says: "You do not keep in your house a thing that is poisonous and spoiled. Why then do you keep in your heart a sentiment that envenoms human happiness?" His doctrine is based on three principles: self-perfection, respect of justice, and resistance to tyranny. These are the principles upon which all social life is based.

Europe is already old enough for us to discern from its history the common origin of all its wars and revolutions, and to base on them a doctrine and a method of instruction that will protect us from deceiving ourselves and others. During China's five thousand years of history, practically every doctrine and

theory of life and society has been examined and tested. Even Communism, which is now ruining Russia, was tried for twenty years in the twelfth century of the Christian era throughout the whole Celestial Empire. The results were precisely what they have been in Russia: misery, famine, public despair, violent revolutions, and bloody repression. The land was reallocated each year according to the number of persons in a family; the government distributed in the spring the seed which must be returned to it in the autumn. Cattle and other livestock were loaned to farmers by the government. But the principles of private property and of personal liberty are too deeply rooted in the hearts of men. China had to give up this unnatural theory. Ought such lessons, bought with so much suffering, to be of no service whatever to the world? Is humanity to continue thus blindly mutilating itself, plunging headlong through ever bloodier disasters toward an unknown goal?

The theory of human progress is now a dogma of world-wide acceptance. But history proves that our present course of progress is a constantly widening spiral, departing ever further from the only goal which we ought to seek: the happiness of mankind.

"SPIRIT."

Dr. Richard C. Cabot says in a "Foreword" to a little book called "Spirit," by E. P. S. H., which E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published, that "this little book seems to me to embody a great deal of important truth. I believe that it contains no errors in statement of fact, and that the advice given in it will be found to stand the tests of time and experience." The author endeavors to show how much physical well-being depends on keeping the mind free from disturbing emotions. Serious functional and organic troubles, she says, often have their origin in some bad mental habit of worry, or hurry, or irritability, or morbid thoughts, or ill-feeling toward others, or anxiety, and that the individual by eradicating those habits and establishing others of tranquillity, peace, pleasant anticipation, can avoid many possible physical ills and aid himself to better health. A habit of hurry and rush, for instance, develops irritability, and eating

while feeling hurried and irritable causes nervous indigestion, and that results in temporary incapacity or lessened inefficiency and consequent loss of time. This causes more hurry and more irritation in order to catch up, and so the vicious circle continues, with a constant trend toward acute illness of some sort. The author tells how, by means of the power within, the indwelling spirit, to control these habits and in their place to establish others of benignant nature.

REINCARNATED?

(New York Tribune.)

An attempt to penetrate the veil of death and find in the living body of another person the spirit of a brother, dead twenty years, is the task set for himself by a young electrical engineer, Reid Davies, who has essayed this task with the utmost confidence that his theory of recurrent human existence contains the key to "the raising of the dead."

The first news of Mr. Davies' remarkable effort become known through an advertisement inserted in New York papers last week, seeking correspondence with persons born within the period of July 22 to 25, 1895. In this advertisement the young engineer frankly stated his object was to find his dead brother.

"On October 27, 1894, a little child died," the advertisement stated. "There is scientific basis for the theory that this child's spirit pursued a continuous existence on earth and experienced another physical birth about July 22 to 25, 1895."

The detailed explanation of this apparently psychical and mysterious search reveals a theory that seems weird in the telling, but which in the end leaves one, like the first half of a novel, eagerly awaiting the next installment, which has not as yet been written in human experience.

Mr. Davies' brother died when he was five years old, and at the moment of his death the first line of this story was begun. Mr. Davies, then only seven years old, lay ill of the same disease in an adjoining room and, at the moment that the younger brother passed away, he heard a voice, which he described as an echo of "the voice of Christ on the Cross," say: "Go to Reid, mamma. He wants you."

Both the voice and his love for the dead brother remained steadfastly in the boy's mind. These were vividly re-

freshed for him six years later, when another brother passed through a crisis in an illness. And all through the years that followed there existed a feeling of inexplicable nearness between himself and the spirit of his departed brother. So strong has this feeling been that it has exerted a marked influence on his life.

Year before last, Mr. Davies declares, a change occurred in his life. The very air seemed charged with a promise of greater things and the lines of his life to converge to the start of a new life.

Then, as if in fulfillment of this promise, he recognized in a fellow-traveler in the subway the spirit of his lost brother. Both he and the man, he declares, were stunned by the mutual recognition. They could not keep their eyes off each other, and the other seemed "as a man might look whose heart and mind were groping in the dim past for a sleeping memory."

Mr. Davies was too stunned, too excited to speak, he says, but after several minutes he lost sight of the man.

From this meeting and the conviction which came with it there sprang a belief in the rebirth of souls upon the death of the body.

Mr. Davies, in support of his psychical feeling that he has actually seen the reborn person of his dead brother, declares that there was a physical likeness between the man and another of his brothers, who closely resembled the dead brother when a small boy. This likeness, however, was to be seen only after the spiritual recognition.

The seeker has devised certain psychological tests with which to meet those responding to his advertisement, and which he believes will prove conclusively whether or not any one of them is his brother.

His theoretical beliefs regarding the present person of his brother is that he is a man of Celtic or Anglo-Saxon ancestry, poor or in modest circumstances, devoted to work resulting in direct benefit to other people, and born about July 22, 1895, with a possible leeway of a week on either side.

He will require of any person corresponding with him proof that he approximates these conditions. And in addition the correspondent must have photographs of himself taken at the age of four and a half years, and a character

sketch of himself at the same age, written by his mother or a close relative.

Mr. Davies calls attention to the fact that he is in extremely moderate circumstances, and that no person stands to benefit financially by corresponding with him. He has gone to greater expense than he could easily bear in advertising and in preparing pamphlets for distribution, and he offers this fact as a proof of his sincerity. Any one seeing, or talking with Mr. Davies would not ask proof of his earnestness. He is an old-young man, with graying hair, and a frank, intellectual face.

His theory, and the facts upon which it was built, should, at the least, create attention, coming as they do at a time when the world is delving into psychical research.

OBJECTIVITY.

At a meeting in London on December 20, 1888, Mme. Blavatsky was asked: Is the apparent objectivity in a dream really objective or subjective? She replied: "If it is admitted to be apparent, then of course it is subjective. The question should rather be, to whom or what are the pictures or representations in dreams either objective or subjective? To the physical man, the dreamer, all he sees with his eyes shut, and in or through his mind, is of course subjective. But to the Seer within the physical dreamer, that Seer himself being subjective to our material senses, all he sees is as objective as he is himself to himself and to others like himself. Materialists will probably laugh, and say that we make of a man a whole family of entities, but this is not so. Occultism teaches that physical man is one, but the thinking man septenary, thinking, acting, feeling, and living on seven different states of being or planes of consciousness, and that for all these states and planes the permanent Ego (not the false personality) has a distinct set of senses."

The nature and functions of real dreams can not be understood unless we admit the existence of an immortal Ego in mortal man, independent of the physical body, for the subject becomes quite unintelligible unless we believe—that which is a fact—that during sleep there remains only an animated form of clay, whose powers of independent thinking are utterly paralyzed.

But if we admit the existence of a higher or permanent Ego in us—which Ego must not be confused with what we call the “Higher Self,” we can comprehend that what we often regard as dreams, generally accepted as idle fancies, are, in truth, stray pages torn from the life and experiences of the inner man, and the dim recollection of which at the moment of awakening becomes more or less distorted by our physical memory. The latter catches mechanically a few impressions of the thoughts, facts witnessed, and deeds performed by the inner man during its hours of complete freedom. For our Ego lives its own separate life within its prison of clay whenever it becomes free from the trammels of matter, *i. e.*, during the sleep of the physical man. This Ego it is which is the actor, the real man, the true human self. But the physical man can not feel or be conscious during dreams; for the personality, the outer man, with its brain and thinking apparatus, are paralyzed more or less completely.

We might well compare the real Ego to a prisoner, and the physical personality to the gaoler of his prison. If the gaoler falls asleep, the prisoner escapes, or, at least, passes outside the walls of his prison. The gaoler is half asleep, and looks nodding all the time out of a window, through which he can catch only occasional glimpses of his prisoner, as he would a kind of shadow moving in front of it. But what can he perceive, and what can he know of the real actions, and especially the thoughts, of his charge?—*Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society, Part I.*

A CHURCH MORATORIUM.

Charles F. Dole, former president of the Twentieth Century Club and well-known minister of Boston, arraigns the current religious sects in his new volume, “A Religion for the New Day” (Huebsch). Speaking of the organized theological sects, he asks: “How great a loss, if any, should we suffer if we proclaimed a moratorium of a generation or two for these time-honored institutions?” Dr. Dole suggests that for the period of the war at least a moratorium on church worship should have been declared. One gathers that in Dr. Dole’s meaning such a moratorium would work no harm on true religionists; only the theologically

ostentatious would be deprived of the arena for display.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM JACOB BOEHME.

When this great internal revelation takes place, the internal senses are then opened to the direct perception of spiritual truth. There will be no more necessity for drawing conclusions of any kind in regard to such unknown things, because the spirit perceives that which belongs to its sphere in the same sense as a seeing person sees external things.

The four lower principles without the eternal light are the abyss, the wrath of God, and hell. Their light is the terrible lightning flash, wherein they must awaken themselves.

The soul in the power of God penetrates through all things, and is powerful over all as God himself; for she lives in the power of his heart.

In each external things there is hidden an eternal and imperishable something, which issues again in an ethereal form out of the degraded body of the terrestrial substance.

All the external visible world, in all its states, is a symbol of the figure of the internal spiritual world. That which a thing actually is in its interior is reflected in its external character.

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.

If the divine principle of love were not still pervading all nature in this terrestrial world, and if we poor created beings had not with us the warrior in the battle, we would all be sure to perish in the horror of hell.

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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

Third—To investigate the 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 works 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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