

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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Edited by Katherine Tingley



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# The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



# The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian

Nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

---

Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

THEREFORE, O brethren, — ye to whom the truths I have perceived have been made known by me — having thoroughly made yourselves masters of them, practise them, meditate upon them, and spread them abroad; in order that pure religion may last long and be perpetuated, in order that it may continue to be for the good and happiness of the great multitudes, out of pity for the world, to the good and the gain and the weal of gods and men!

Which then, O brethren, are the truths which, when I had perceived, I made known to you, which, when you have mastered it behooves you to practise, meditate upon, and spread abroad, in order that pure religion may last long and be perpetuated, in order that it may continue to be for the good and the happiness of the great multitudes, out of pity for the world, to the good and the gain and the weal of gods and men?

They are these:

The four earnest meditations.

The fourfold great struggle against sin.

The four roads to saintship.

The five moral powers.

The five organs of spiritual sense.

The seven kinds of wisdom, and

The noble eightfold path.

These, O brethren, are the truths which, when I had perceived, I made known to you, which, when you have mastered it behooves you to practise, meditate upon, and spread abroad, in order that pure religion may last long and be perpetuated, in order that it may continue to be for the good and the happiness of the great multitudes, out of pity for the world, to the good and the gain and the weal of gods and men!

— MAHĀ-PARINIBBĀNA-SUTTA (a Buddhist work), iii, 65  
Translation by T. W. Rhys Davids

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CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*  
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*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept*

THE ROSES IN OUR GARDENS ARE SPRINGING INTO LIGHT  
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XV, NO. 1

JULY 1918

"It is only by studying the various great religions and philosophies of humanity, by comparing them dispassionately and with an unbiased mind, that men can hope to arrive at the truth. It is especially by finding out and noting their various points of agreement that we may achieve this result. For no sooner do we arrive — either by study or by being taught by someone who knows — at their inner meaning than we find, almost in every case, that it expresses some great truth in Nature." — H. P. BLAVATSKY

## IS THEOSOPHY A RELIGION? \* by H. P. Blavatsky

"Religion is the best armour that man can have, but it is the worst cloak." — *Bunyan*

**I**T is no exaggeration to say that there never was — during the present century, at any rate — a movement, social or religious, so terribly, nay, so absurdly misunderstood, or more blundered about than THEOSOPHY — whether regarded theoretically as a code of ethics, or practically, in its objective expression, *i. e.*, the Society known by that name.

Year after year, and day after day had our officers and members to interrupt people speaking of the Theosophical Movement by putting in more or less emphatic protests against Theosophy being referred to as a 'religion,' and the Theosophical Society as a kind of church or religious body. Still worse, it is as often spoken of as a 'new sect'! Is it a stubborn prejudice, an error, or both? The latter, most likely. The most narrow-minded and even notoriously unfair people are still in need of a plausible pretext, of a peg on which to hang their little uncharitable remarks and innocently-uttered slanders. And what peg is more solid for that purpose, more convenient than an 'ism' or a 'sect.' The great majority would be very sorry to be disabused and finally forced to accept the fact that Theosophy is neither. The name suits them, and they pretend to be unaware of its falseness. But there are others, also, many more or less friendly people, who labor sincerely under the same delusion. To these, we say: Surely the world has been hitherto sufficiently cursed

\*Reprinted from *Lucifer*, Vol. III, November, 1888.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

with the intellectual extinguishers known as dogmatic creeds, without having inflicted upon it a new form of faith! Too many already wear their faith, truly, as Shakespeare puts it, "but as the fashion of his hat," ever changing "with the next block." Moreover, the very *raison d'être* of the Theosophical Society was, from its beginning, to utter a loud protest and lead an open warfare against dogma or any belief based upon blind faith.

It may sound odd and paradoxical, but it is true to say that, hitherto, the most apt workers in practical Theosophy, its most devoted members, were those recruited from the ranks of agnostics and even of materialists. . .

He who believes his own religion on faith, will regard that of every other man as a lie, and hate it on that same faith. Moreover, unless it fetters reason and entirely blinds our perceptions of anything outside our own particular faith, the latter is no faith at all, but a temporary belief, the delusion we labor under, at some particular time of life. Moreover, "faith without principles is but a flattering phrase for wilful positiveness or fanatical bodily sensations," in Coleridge's clever definition.

What, then, is Theosophy, and how may it be defined in its latest presentation in this closing portion of the nineteenth century?

Theosophy, we say, is not *a* Religion.

Yet there are, as every one knows, certain beliefs, philosophical, religious and scientific, which have become so closely associated in recent years with the word 'Theosophy' that they have come to be taken by the general public for Theosophy itself. Moreover, we shall be told these beliefs have been put forward, explained and defended by those very Founders who have declared that Theosophy is *not* a Religion. What is then the explanation of this *apparent* contradiction? How can a certain body of beliefs and teachings, an elaborate doctrine, in fact, be labelled 'Theosophy' and be tacitly accepted as 'Theosophical' by nine-tenths of the members of the Theosophical Society, if Theosophy is not a Religion? — we are asked.

It is perhaps necessary, first of all, to say, that the assertion that "Theosophy is not *a* Religion," by no means excludes the fact that "Theosophy *is* Religion" itself. A Religion in the true and only correct sense, is a bond uniting men together — not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs. Now Religion, *per se*, in its widest meaning is that which binds not only *all* MEN, but also *all* BEINGS and all *things* in the entire Universe into one grand whole. This is our Theosophical definition of religion; but the same definition changes again with every creed and country, and no two Christians even regard it alike. We find this in more than one eminent author. Thus Carlyle defined the Protestant

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Religion in his day, with a remarkable prophetic eye to this ever-growing feeling in our present day, as:

"For the most part a wise, prudential feeling, grounded on mere calculation; a matter, as all others now are, of expediency and utility; whereby some smaller *quantum* of earthly enjoyment may be exchanged for a far larger *quantum* of celestial enjoyment. Thus religion, too, is profit, a working for wages; not reverence, but vulgar hope or fear."

But to Theosophists (the genuine Theosophists are here meant) who accept no mediation by proxy, no salvation through innocent blood shed, nor would they think of 'working for wages' in the *One Universal* religion, the only definition they could subscribe to and accept in full is one given by Miller. How truly and Theosophically he describes it, by showing that

". . . . . true Religion  
Is always mild, propitious and humble;  
Plays not *the tyrant*, plants *no faith in blood*,  
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels;  
But stoops to polish, succour and redress,  
And builds her grandeur on the public good."

The above is a correct definition of what true Theosophy *is*, or ought to be. (Among the creeds Buddhism alone is such a true heart-binding and men-binding philosophy, because it is not a dogmatic religion.) In this respect, as it is the duty and task of every genuine Theosophist to accept and carry out these principles, Theosophy *is* RELIGION, and the Society its one Universal Church; the temple of Solomon's wisdom, in building which "there was neither hammer, nor axe, *nor* any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building" (I. Kings, vi.); for this 'temple' is made by no human hand, nor built in any locality on earth — but, verily, is raised only in the inner sanctuary of man's heart wherein reigns alone the awakened soul.

Thus Theosophy is not *a* Religion, we say, but RELIGION itself, the one bond of unity, which is so universal and all-embracing that no man, as no speck — from gods and mortals down to animals, the blade of grass and atom — can be outside of its light. Therefore, any organization or body of that name must necessarily be a UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Were it otherwise, Theosophy would be but a word added to hundreds of other such words as high sounding as they are pretentious and empty. Viewed as a philosophy, Theosophy in its practical work is the alembic of the Mediaeval alchemist. It transmutes the apparently base metal of every ritualistic and dogmatic creed into the gold of fact and truth, and thus truly produces a universal panacea for the ills of mankind. . . . Hence, once that we live up to such Theosophy, it becomes a universal *panacea* indeed, for it heals the wounds inflicted by the gross asperities of the Church 'isms' on the sensitive soul of every naturally religious

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man. How many of these, forcibly thrust out by the reactive impulse of disappointment from the narrow area of blind belief into the ranks of arid disbelief, have been brought back to hopeful aspiration by simply joining our Brotherhood — yea, imperfect as it is.

If, as an offset to this, we are reminded that several prominent members have left the Society disappointed in Theosophy as they had been in other associations, this cannot dismay us in the least. For with a very, *very few* exceptions, in the early stage of the Theosophical Society's activities when some left because they did not find mysticism practised in the General Body as *they* understood it, or because "the leaders lacked Spirituality," were "untheosophical, hence, untrue to the rules, you see," others *left because they were either half-hearted or too self-opinionated — a church and infallible dogma in themselves. . . .* Thus, all those who left have done well to leave, and have never been regretted.

Furthermore, there is this also to be added: the number of those who left can hardly be compared with the number of those who found everything they had hoped for in Theosophy. Its doctrines, if seriously studied, call forth, by stimulating one's reasoning powers and awakening the *inner* in the animal man, every hitherto dormant power for good in us, and also the perception of the true and the real, as opposed to the false and the unreal. Tearing off with no uncertain hand the thick veil of dead-letter with which all old religious scriptures were cloaked, scientific Theosophy, learned in the cunning symbolism of the ages, reveals to the scoffer at old wisdom the origin of the world's faiths and sciences. It opens new vistas beyond the old horizons of crystallized, motionless and despotic faiths; and turning blind belief into a reasoned knowledge founded on mathematical laws — the only *exact* science — it demonstrates to him under profounder and more philosophical aspects the existence of that which, repelled by the grossness of its dead-letter form, he had long since abandoned as a nursery tale. It gives a clear and well-defined object, an ideal to live for, to every sincere man or woman belonging to whatever station in Society and of whatever culture and degree of intellect. Practical Theosophy is not *one* Science, but embraces every science in life, moral and physical. It may, in short, be justly regarded as the universal 'coach,' a tutor of world-wide knowledge and experience, and of an erudition which not only assists and guides his pupils toward a successful examination for every scientific or moral service in earthly life, but fits them for *the lives* to come, if those pupils will only study the universe and its mysteries *within themselves*, instead of studying them through the spectacles of orthodox science and religions.

And let no reader misunderstand these statements. It is Theosophy *per se*, not any individual member of the Society or even Theosophist,

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on whose behalf such a universal omniscience is claimed. The two — Theosophy and the Theosophical Society — as a vessel and the *olla podrida* it contains, must not be confounded. One is, as an ideal, *divine* Wisdom, perfection itself; the other a poor, imperfect thing, trying to run *under*, if not *within*, its shadow on Earth. No man is perfect; why, then should any member of the Theosophical Society be expected to be a paragon of every human virtue? And why should the whole organization be criticized and blamed for the faults, whether real or imaginary, of some of its 'Fellows,' or even its Leaders? Never was the Society, as a concrete body, free from blame or sin — *errare humanum est* — nor were any of its members. Hence, it is rather those members — most of whom will not be led by Theosophy, that ought to be blamed. Theosophy is the soul of its Society; the latter the gross and imperfect body of the former. Hence, those modern Solomons who *will* sit in the Judgment Seat and talk of that they know nothing about, are invited before they slander Theosophy or any Theosophists to first get acquainted with both.

Regardless of this, Theosophy is spoken of by friends and foes as a religion when not a *sect*. Let us see how the special beliefs which have become associated with the word have come to stand in that position, and how it is that they have so good a right to it that none of the Leaders of the Society have ever thought of disavowing their doctrines.

We have said that we believed in the absolute unity of nature. Unity implies the possibility for a unit on one plane, to come into contact with another unit on or from another plane. We believe in it.

The just published *Secret Doctrine* will show what were the ideas of all antiquity with regard to the *primeval instructors* of primitive man and his three earlier races. The genesis of that WISDOM-RELIGION, in which all Theosophists believe, dates from that period. So-called 'Occultism,' or rather Esoteric Science, has to be traced in its origin to those Beings, who, led by Karma, have incarnated in our humanity, and thus struck the key-note of that secret Science which countless generations of subsequent adepts have expanded since then in every age, while they checked its doctrines by personal observation and experience. The bulk of this knowledge — which no man is able to possess in its fulness — constitutes that which we now call Theosophy or 'divine knowledge.' Beings from other and higher worlds may have it entire; we can have it only approximately.

Thus, unity of everything in the universe implies and justifies our belief in the existence of a knowledge at once scientific, philosophical and religious, showing the necessity and actuality of the connexion of man and all things in the universe with each other; which knowledge,

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therefore, becomes essentially RELIGION, and must be called in its integrity and universality by the distinctive name of WISDOM-RELIGION.

It is from this WISDOM-RELIGION that all the various individual 'Religions' (erroneously so called) have sprung, forming in their turn offshoots and branches, and also all the minor creeds, based upon and always originated through some personal experience in psychology. Every such religion, or religious offshoot, be it considered orthodox or heretical, wise or foolish, started originally as a clear and unadulterated stream from the Mother-Source. The fact that each became in time polluted with purely human speculations and even inventions, due to interested motives, does not prevent any from having been pure in its early beginnings. There are those creeds — we shall not call them religions — which have now been overlaid with the human element out of all recognition; others just showing signs of early decay; not one that escaped the hand of time. But each and all are of divine, because natural and true origin; aye — Mazdeism, Brahmanism, Buddhism as much as Christianity.

Nevertheless, it is an averred fact that mankind is not a whit better in morality, and in some respects ten times worse now, than it ever was in the days of Paganism. Moreover, for the last half century, from that period when Freethought and Science got the best of the Churches — Christianity is yearly losing far more adherents among the cultured classes than it gains proselytes in the lower *strata*, the scum of Heathendom. On the other hand, Theosophy has brought back many from Materialism and blank despair to belief (based on logic and evidence) in man's *divine* Self, and the immortality of the latter. . . .

Theosophy, as repeatedly declared in print and *viva voce* by its members and officers, proceeds on diametrically opposite lines to those which are trodden by the Church; and Theosophy rejects the methods of Science, since her inductive methods can only lead to crass materialism. Yet, *de facto*, Theosophy claims to be both 'RELIGION' and 'SCIENCE,' for Theosophy is the essence of both. . . .

The modern Materialist insists on an impassable chasm between the two, pointing out that the 'Conflict between Religion and Science' has ended in the triumph of the latter and the defeat of the first. The modern Theosophist refuses to see, on the contrary, any such chasm at all. If it is claimed by both Church and Science that each of them pursues the truth and *nothing but the truth*, then either one of them is mistaken, and accepts falsehood for truth, or both. Any other impediment to their reconciliation must be set down as purely *fictitious*. Truth is one, even if sought for or pursued at two different ends. Therefore, Theosophy claims to reconcile the two foes. It premises by saying that the *true*

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spiritual and primitive Christian religion is, as much as the other great and still older philosophies that preceded it — *the light of Truth* — “the life and the light of men.”


. . . . .

Thus, if Theosophy does no more than point out and seriously draw the attention of the world to the fact that the *supposed* disagreement between religion and science is conditioned, on the one hand by the intelligent materialists rightly kicking against absurd human dogmas, and on the other by blind fanatics and interested churchmen who, instead of defending the souls of mankind, fight simply tooth and nail for their personal bread and butter and authority — why, even then, Theosophy will prove itself the savior of mankind.

And now we have shown, it is hoped, what real Theosophy is, and what are its adherents. One is divine Science and a code of Ethics so sublime that no Theosophist is capable of doing it justice; the others weak but sincere men. . . . One may work for Theosophy to the best of his ability, yet never raise himself to the height of his call and aspiration. This is his or her misfortune, never the fault of Theosophy, or even of the body at large. Its Founders claim no other merit than that of having set the first Theosophical wheel rolling. If judged at all they must be judged by the work they have done, not by what friends may think or enemies say of them. There is no room for *personalities* in a work like ours; and all must be ready, as the Founders are, if needs be, for the car of Jagennâth to crush them *individually for the good of all*. It is only in the days of the dim Future, when death will have laid his cold hand on the luckless Founders and stop thereby their activity, that their respective merits and demerits, their good and bad acts and deeds, and their Theosophical work will have to be weighed on the Balance of Posterity. Then only, after the two scales with their contrasted loads have been brought to an equipoise, and the character of the net result left over has become evident to all in its full and intrinsic value, then only shall the nature of the verdict passed be determined with anything like justice. . . . Now, these results can hardly be perceived, much less heard of amid the din and clamor made by our teeming enemies, and their ready imitators — the indifferent. Yet however small, if once proved good, even now every man who has at heart the moral progress of humanity, owes his thankfulness to Theosophy for those results. And as Theosophy was revived and brought before the world, *via* its unworthy servants, the ‘Founders,’ if their work was useful, it alone must be their vindicator, regardless of the present state of their balance in the petty cash account of Karma, wherein social ‘respectabilities’ are entered up.

## THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY: by T. Henry, M. A.

### II

E have seen that the burden of Christ's teachings, or of the true and original Christian gospel, is that which has been called the "Mystic Christ"; but that H. P. Blavatsky, in writing on the subject as a Theosophist, does not deny that there was a historical character which served as a basis for the gospel narratives of Jesus. Nevertheless, as regards these narratives, the expected has happened, and the life of this character, like the teachings, has suffered much from the hands of scribes and transmitters. We must frankly confess a want of knowledge on this subject; H. P. Blavatsky, in the course of her numerous writings, has scattered many hints, which might, in the hands of a sufficiently patient and laborious student, furnish the clue as to the basis of the historical Jesus. We are convinced that she knew much more than she tells. We are left with the conclusion that the character depicted in the canonical gospels is mainly fictitious, but that it had a historical basis. Some sage has been used as that basis, and his life has been conventionalized, many of the incidents, such as the virgin birth, the temptation, and the ensuing moral victory, being symbolic and common to other world-saviors. The Jewish legend of Joshua Ben Panthera, well known to Christian scholars, is gone into by H. P. Blavatsky, with the suggestion that his name was borrowed by those who compiled the gospel. That a great Teacher was due in that part of the world at that time, seems to have been known; and we may mention Vergil's prophecy. But cycles do not dawn at the same time in all parts of the world; and it is evident that the gospel of mercy and forbearance had been taught long before in the lands ruled by Buddhism. But it will be more profitable to leave this question and pass on to consider the practical question of the actual teachings. In Christianity, adequately interpreted, we shall find preserved the sublime teachings of that Wisdom-Religion which is the vital spark of every great religious system in the world, however much these may have been encrusted and imbedded in forms and dogmas by the hands of man.

The doctrine of the Mystic Christ is sufficiently clearly pronounced even in the few sayings of the Teacher which have come down to us, as also in those of some of his disciples; and it will be necessary to quote but a few of such instances. The expressions, "kingdom of heaven" and "kingdom of God," often occur, in reference to a state to be attained by man; and the most striking case of this is the well-known:

"The kingdom of God is within you." — *Luke*, xvii, 21.

— with which may be compared St. Paul's exhortation:

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"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" — I. Cor., iii, 16.

As to praying to God, we find:

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." — *Matt.* vi, 6. (See also v. 18.)

Lest the meaning of the English should here be misunderstood, through change of idiom since the translation was made, it is advisable to refer to the Greek. The phrase is τῷ πατρί σου, τῷ ἐν τῷ κρυπτῷ, which means "To thy Father-in-secret"; and further on in the same two passages we have ὁ πατήρ σου ὁ βλέπων ἐν τῷ κρυπτῷ, meaning "Thy seeing-in-secret Father." In *Galatians*, iv, 19, we have:

"Until Christ be formed in you."

And in vv. 15 and 16 of the first chapter, we read:

"When it pleased God . . . to reveal his Son in me."

The three following passages may be coupled together:

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." — *Matt.*, vi, 33.

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." — *John*, xiv, 12.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." — *Matt.*, v, 48.

It seems clear that Christ and his apostle were teaching that man should seek the God within, not an imaginary God without; that they should strive to *become*, rather than to follow. The words 'Father' and 'Son' are frequently used in this connexion; and here we but find conformity with a very ancient and recognised form of symbolism. The ancient teaching, as found in Egypt (Osiris and Horus), as in many other places, is that the Father is the universal Spirit, not the property of any man; but the Son is an emanation from that universal Spirit, and is the Divine Spirit individualized in man. Thus the Son forms the link between the human and the divine, and is man's means of access to the divine.\*

One of the most important passages in the Gospels is the brief account

\*Students may be referred to the following footnote in Chapter v of *The Key to Theosophy*: "Christos is not only one of the three higher principles, but all the three regarded as a Trinity. This Trinity represents the Holy Ghost, the Father, and the Son, as it answers to abstract spirit, differentiated spirit, and embodied spirit." Also in chapter vii: "The spirit — the 'Father in secret' of Jesus — or Âtman, is no individual property of any man, but is the divine essence which has no body, no form. . . ." And in chapter x: "Our God *within* us, or 'our Father in secret,' is what we call the Higher Self, Âtmâ. Our incarnating Ego was a God in its origin . . . but, since its 'fall into matter,' . . . it is no longer a free and happy God, but a poor pilgrim on his way to regain that which he has lost."

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of Jesus' private interview with Nicodemus, a Pharisee and ruler of the Jews, who came secretly to see him, and said: "We know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." And the answer was:

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." — *John*, iii. 3.

Nicodemus asks how a man can be born again, and is told:

"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

This again refers to a process taking place within man, and amounting to a second birth. Jesus was a Teacher of the Sacred Wisdom, and as such had been consulted by Nicodemus. Paul seems to have been a proficient follower of Jesus' esoteric teaching. In the eighth chapter of his epistle to the Romans he describes the difference between the two natures of man.

"The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. . . . They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit. For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

Then comes this significant passage:

"But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness."

And he says that the Spirit of him that raised Jesus from the dead can quicken our bodies. Paul was clearly a believer in the indwelling Christ. In *Galatians*, i, 15, he speaks of God revealing "his Son in me"; in *Ephesians*, iii, 17, we find: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

H. P. Blavatsky says:

"This 'resurrection' can never be monopolized by the Christians, but is the spiritual birth-right of every human being endowed with soul and spirit, whatever his religion may be. Such individual is a *Christ-man*. On the other hand, those who choose to ignore the Christ (principle) within themselves must die *unregenerate heathens* — baptism, sacraments, lip-prayers, and belief in dogmas notwithstanding."

Which agrees with Paul's reiterated assertion that a man is not justified (regenerated) by works and the law alone, but by faith. In short, he must realize the spirit of the doctrine, not merely accept it outwardly and observe certain rites. (James, however, insists on the other side of the question, showing that even faith is vain unless it is the kind that produces works.) As to the words, "every human being . . . whatever his religion," we may compare the following (*Galatians*, iii, 8):

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"The scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed. So then they which be of faith are justified with faithful Abraham."

Resurrection means the rising again of the Christos in man from its grave in the flesh; it means the reattainment by man of his liberation. We are told by scholars that, during an initiation ceremony, the candidate actually passed three days in a sarcophagus, entranced and seemingly dead, after which he arose, inwardly regenerated. But the process of regeneration and rebirth is continual in man; it happens when, by strong resolve, he masters his selfish passions and allows the Christ spirit to rise within him.

We realize better now than formerly that we cannot expect to carry dogmatic Christianity into all lands to convert the adherents of other creeds. But we can carry the true spirit of Christianity by preaching everywhere the truth that man is redeemed from bondage to sin by the power of the Divinity within him. In that way we shall not antagonize the believers in other religions, but shall form a fellowship with them. Truly this would be carrying out the original purpose of Jesus in sending forth apostles to the gentiles. To have faith in Christ does not mean that we are to trust blindly to a charm or formula, but that we are to avow the Divinity in whose image we are fashioned and whose breath inspires us. To deny this Divinity is the sin against the Holy Inspiration. Theosophy, among other aims, strives to reconstitute Christianity, but in doing so it is necessarily the adversary of all that corrupts Christianity.

The Theosophical motto, "There is no religion higher than truth," defines the attitude of Theosophy to religions; and what can be more holy than the eternal truth of the Divinity of man? In this age of lop-sided intellectual development, when so much is being done to stamp upon our minds the idea that our lineage is mainly bestial, it is all the more a sacred duty to insist on the Divine origin and nature of man. Let us away with the doctrine that man is a feeble creature, innately sinful, with no power to reform himself, and only redeemable by a miracle of special grace which will wash away all his sins without any great effort on his part. This doctrine was never taught by the Master; but it must be one of those that were interpolated later by the generations of busy scribes and expounders during the turbulent eras of ecclesiastical history. When man was endowed with a spark of the Divine free-will, he was intended to use it, not to abjure it.

The present world-cataclysm has brought vividly before men's minds the religious issues we are here discussing; and, judging from what is now being said in public print, we shall not seem revolutionary in our remarks. The churches, they say, have not made good or risen to their

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opportunities; but there is nothing the matter with religion itself, they say. Some look for a reconstitution of Christianity; others see that the arguments applied to sectarianism within one religion can also be applied to creeds within the one universal Religion. Our present object is to show the relation of one religion in particular — Christianity — to the universal Religion; but we do not aim to make out a special claim for that one religion above others. The service rendered by Theosophy in doing this is apparent when we consider that dogmatic Christianity cannot survive in its present form the repeated assaults made on it; and that, *unless there is something to replace it*, the age will relapse into materialistic negation and moral anarchy. Adverse critics of Christianity are fond of pointing out the analogies between this religion and other religions or Pagan beliefs; intending this as argument against the truth of Christianity, as tending to show that it is merely rehashed heathenism. But we use the same facts in support of a very different conclusion. We maintain that these analogies show the identity of the one great Wisdom-Religion throughout all its various forms of presentation. Let those who are dissatisfied with the husks find the kernel, not throw away the whole fruit in petulance.

Let us bear in mind that, during the centuries when Christianity was young, the world was declining headlong towards social and moral decay. Internecine strife had broken up the old Greek harmony and loyalty to moral beauty; the sterling character of the Roman republicans had become a thing so far forgotten by the degenerate hordes of the empire that it could no longer be invoked as a saving force. In the interests of world-domination, powerful forces were banded together for the purpose of hunting out and exterminating all traces of the ancient Mysteries. Constantine forms an alliance between Christianity and secular power. Julian vainly labors to restore the ancient faith. Justinian closes the last of the Athenian schools and persecutes all followers of the ancient Gnosis. Christ was thus buried very deep in the earth, and it has always been the undying Spirit of man himself, and never the constituted authorities, that has resurrected Christ and brought renewed life to Christianity. So be it now in our day! Let us stand manfully on our innate divinity and rebuke all who would fain have us believe that we are helpless sinners, nothing better than mere higher animals.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### LOMALAND ROSES

"The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,  
For that sweet odor which doth in it live."

— *Shakespeare: Sonnet liv.*



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#### LOMALAND ROSES

"If on creation's morn the king of heaven  
To shrubs and flowers a sovereign lord had given,  
O beauteous rose, he had anointed thee  
Of shrubs and flowers the sovereign lord to be." — *Bohm*



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*


GLIMPSE OF MME TINGLEY'S ROSE GARDEN, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL  
HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

ONE OF THE COZY GROUP BUNGALOWS OF THE STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA  
COLLEGE, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

## ART AS A FACTOR IN EVOLUTION: by R. Machell

S knowledge increases the range of human sympathies, so should the more highly civilized become more liberal in their appreciation of the races formerly classified as savage or barbarian; because the advance of knowledge tends to make clear the fact that in all races, even in the most degraded, there are traditions as well as evidences of lost arts and sciences such as distinguish the civilized nations. We are now beginning to see the weakness of the ape-ancestry theory, which held the field for about half a century in Europe and America, and we are forced to admit that all the evidences are in favor of the opposite theory, to wit, that the arts, sciences, religions, and philosophies, have continually deteriorated, and often almost entirely disappeared, to be again revived, restored, revealed, or rejuvenated, in a renaissance or rebirth that comes more as a revelation, through man as the active agent, than as a growth or gradual development. The history of nearly all inventions is similar. Some one or more individuals have foreseen the new machine, or the new scheme, almost in its entirety, and have been laughed at as dreamers, until the idea has taken root in the minds of practical men, who gradually gave it form, and brought it up to the level of the ideal as it first presented itself to the 'dreamer,' who is seldom credited with its origination.

I imagine that as time goes on we may recognise the fact that civilization is a product of evolution guided by Wisdom, or Superior Intelligence, which continually reveals to man the truths that he continually degrades, and disfigures, in his attempts to adapt them to his limited conceptions of what is necessary for the welfare of his kind.

The theory of revelation is complementary to that of evolution. The reason why it has been regarded as antagonistic is that the knowledge of the true nature of man has been lost, and that the source of revelation has been placed outside of him in an impossible kind of God, who was both personal and absolute, which is of course unintelligible to the mind of man, though capable of a metaphysical explanation, that to most men would also be unintelligible.

But Theosophy explains intelligibly that man is in himself a kind of epitome of the Universe, linking up the highest and the lowest spheres of being, the most spiritual and the most material, in his own person, and thus is able to reveal the mysteries of his own inner life to the mind that is housed in his body, and so to all other men. Man is himself the revealer, the recipient of Wisdom, and the mystery revealed.

The prime factors in civilization, as well as its chief attributes, are the arts and sciences, the religions and philosophies.

Tradition has it that in the Golden Age all men were of one tongue,

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and religious intolerance was unknown. But the element of discord was introduced, according to exoteric tradition, and still works havoc in the world. The occult philosophy puts it differently, saying that the Human Monad left its state of pure spirituality to descend into Matter for the regeneration of the world and for the increase of its own experience. This was according to the Universal Law of evolution and involution, which must bring the human race through the region of chaos and conflict up again to the golden heights of Wisdom and peace.

So the old philosophy recognised the existence of discord as an element peculiar to this stage of evolution, a temporary experience, that can be at any time surmounted by the individual, who knows that the source of Wisdom and peace are in his own heart, and may shine through to illuminate his mind with true ideas, that may be made practically useful in his material evolution. Civilization depends upon the periodic revelation of ideals from the spiritual world to the earth-bound souls of mortals. The arts, sciences, religions, and philosophies are means by which such ideals are brought forth from the inner world and made serviceable.

While we are taught that all men are thus potentially revealers and teachers, we are also reminded that the whole human race is here under the hypnotic spell of ignorance or chaos, and that only the elder brothers of the race succeed in bringing to earth the seed of divine wisdom. By Elder Brothers is meant Souls that in previous cycles of evolution have learned the lessons that they are now qualified to teach.

As we are all students in the school of life we must admit that we have much to learn, but we may avail ourselves of what our Teachers have given us to clarify our own ideas on the subject of these various branches of the tree of Wisdom, one of which is Art.

An artist is not always the best person to explain verbally the meaning and purpose of art. It is his mission to exemplify this in his work, and we do not generally give the name of artist to a speaker or writer, although it may be in every way fully as well applied in their case.

Painters are naturally inclined to express themselves in paint rather than in words, and it often happens that they pass through life without even formulating mentally any clearly defined explanation of the purpose and power of art. Many of these producers of 'works of art' are hardly worthy of the honorable title 'artist,' but should rather be considered as servants of art or as apprentices (in the larger sense). For they have not mastered the principles of art, though they may have acquired more or less skill in the exercise of some artistic function.

As to who shall decide their right to the name of artist, that is a matter which is open to discussion, for it depends upon one's philosophy of life as to who may be considered entitled to speak authoritatively on any

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subject. In the meantime, in this democratic age, everybody is free to claim authority, and is entitled to all he can command. On the other hand, no one need consider himself bound by any other authority than the law of the land, or such other law as he may have accepted, willingly or otherwise. Obviously there is no general agreement on such matters. Else the world would now be at peace and might continue so. Fortunately, Art is not a cause of war; and that distinguishes it from religion. If the two were better understood the difference between them would disappear along with the misunderstandings as to their true nature.

It would be safe to say that the vast majority of those who take some pleasure in art are entirely ignorant of the nature of aesthetics. Many, perhaps most, of these would say they know the meaning of the word religion, while they would surely break down utterly in any attempt to say what is the quality in a work of art that gives it aesthetic value.

The terrible ordeal through which our civilization is now passing will probably open people's eyes to the reality of spiritual forces in a material world, and will make them better able to appreciate the deeper nature of life and art. It must surely already have prepared many to sympathize with that which appeals to the latent spirituality in themselves, and which indicates the spiritual nature of the world they live in.

I think that no longer will the world at large be content to be simply amused or distracted for a moment by work that can only appeal to their sensuous perceptions of material beauty. Nor will they be satisfied with that which may excite admiration for the skill of the executant. Skill is necessary, but it is a means to another end. That end is ecstasy, a word that will surely repel many who yet love art.

But the word is a good one and that which it expresses is of vital importance in life. One dictionary gives this:

"A state in which the mind is carried away, as it were, from the body; a state in which the functions of the senses are suspended by the contemplation of some extraordinary or supernatural object; a kind of trance. . . ."

This, which is a familiar phenomenon in connexion with certain forms of religion, is hardly recognised as a right and proper faculty of art, by the generality of those who flock to our art galleries or museums to get enjoyment and distraction.

Indeed, I think it would be true to say that ecstasy generally to the public suggests delusion; and that aesthetic ecstasy is another name for affectation in their vocabulary. The rise of materialism, with the decay of religion, and the loss of spirituality coupled with an excessive emotionalism, have made the rational world look askance on anything approaching mysticism or ecstasy.

The fact is that without some knowledge of the complex nature of

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man the phenomenon of ecstasy cannot be explained so as to place it where it really belongs in the field of human experience.

To the Theosophist, man is a soul incarnate in a body, and connected therewith by means of a mind, which itself is dual, the lower mind being merely a function of the body, and the higher being the reflexion of the spiritual intelligence of the soul or spiritual essence, which is the real and enduring self overshadowing, if not inherent in, the living human being.

The term soul is loosely applied by various schools of religion and philosophy to describe any or all of the many conditions of man's consciousness above the purely animal.

Accepting the term soul as descriptive of a state intermediate between pure divinity or spirituality and pure animalism or materiality, we may call ecstasy a state in which the mind is closed to the animal and made to reflect the light of the divine.

Such a condition is an approach to union with the higher or spiritual self and is a state of infinite bliss.

Accepting again this rough sketch of man's complex nature, it will be easy to see that there must be many stages of ecstasy, or perhaps one should say that ecstasy has many *imitations* in lower states, which may be produced by use of drugs, as well as by surexcitation of the lower emotions and passions. Love and hate can produce a frenzy, that is a kind of diabolical parody of spiritual ecstasy, but which may appear elevated to one who is sunk in mere animalism. Ignorance of man's nature may cause one to mistake such intoxication for divine ecstasy.

The results of such mistakes are disastrous to the victims of these indulgences, as well as to those who mistake the utterances of such debauchees for revelations derived from truly spiritual sources.

It may be said that all keen enjoyment or intense pleasure is a phenomenon that in some sort reflects the state of ecstasy, but the difference is a difference in kind as well as in degree: for the plane of matter is separated from the plane of spirit, and man has in himself the bridge by which he may pass from one state to the other. Pleasure, amusement, distraction, interest, and so on, are states of the lower mind: ecstasy is the passing over the bridge into conscious perception of the spiritual world. (I am using the words in their ordinary sense, for in truth the condition of consciousness in the state of spiritual awakening, or ecstasy, is one that cannot be correctly described in ordinary language.

All religious ceremonies aim at producing a state of ecstasy, and it has truly been said that one of the main differences between the religions of civilized and of savage races is that the ceremonies are abortive in civilized communities and effective in those of the primitive devotees, who more strictly adhere in practice to their ancient rituals.

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In both cases art and religion are used together for the same purpose, and while the process in civilized communities is generally an intellectual exercise resulting in intellectual exaltation at best, and in fatigue more usually, in the so-called savage ceremony the evocation is aimed at planes of nature that are not intellectual, whether they be higher or lower, and from which results are definitely expected and probably received, though they may be highly undesirable from the point of view of civilized morality.

While the phenomenon of ecstasy is perhaps not altogether unknown to the general public, it is probably correct to say that it is almost invariably regarded as a state of delusion or dream, caused by an abnormal condition of the mind. But it would be really much nearer the truth to say that mankind is in general only about five per cent. awake, and that his normal condition at present is one of semi-sleep or of partial intoxication, in which both vision and understanding are clouded and distorted by ignorance and sensuality, and that ecstasy is a momentary or partial awakening of the true man to a dim perception of his own inner possibilities, and to a conception of bliss, that may seem to him too beautiful to be true, too pure to be possible.

The attainment of this intense joy is one of the aims of both religion and art, and in both cases the real aim is constantly obscured by the misuse of these high functions for the lower purpose of amusement or sense-gratification, which holds the mind down to the material plane.

Art, therefore, is a revealer of hidden truth, a bridge across the gulf that separates the illusions of earth-life from the realities of the spiritual spheres of consciousness. When it is employed as a means of increasing the pleasure of life on earth it becomes indeed a deluder, for the earth is but a state of transition or of preparation for real life.

When speaking thus of earth-life as an illusion, it must be clearly understood that by 'earth-life' is meant a life wholly concerned with the pleasures and pursuits of material existence — that is to say of animalism. Though here again one must guard against the error of supposing that animals are degraded creatures because their state of evolution is different from that of man. What is proper to the animals is no longer proper to man, who is endowed with higher possibilities than the animals have yet evolved. For man to be content to live like an animal is retrogression, and therefore his animalism is unnatural to him and disgraceful. Nor are we in a position to say how far the animals may be spiritually illuminated in their unintelligence or the reverse.

It may be that man in evolving mentality and in cultivating his intellect has thereby temporarily obscured the light of the soul, and so has brought himself into a state of materialism to which no animal could

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possibly attain. It may well be that the mind of man has led him to plunge deeper into the abyss of matter, has caused him to "descend into hell," as said in the old mystery-drama, in order that he may be forced to free himself by his own effort from the delusion of the senses, and so rise to true self-knowledge and spiritual self-consciousness.

So when we speak of animalism as a reproach to man we do not impute degradation to the animals in general. Exception may be made in the case of the anthropoid apes, which in *The Secret Doctrine* are said to be the abnormal progeny of man, paying to nature the penalty of man's violation of her laws.

But man's mission is to evolve to higher states than those that he at present can command. For this he is equipped with the higher faculties of the mind, which is his, to use as he will. He can rise to great heights by its aid, or he can plunge far lower than the beasts in pursuit of gratifications that they dream not of; and in the exercise of his great powers he can find joy that marks him out as a being distinct from them. They too recognise the difference.

So it is proper for man to aspire, and it is right for him to use the means he has evolved for that purpose. For this his imagination exists, not for his deception, not to blind him to unpleasant facts, but to reveal to him the truth that lies concealed within the illusions of material existence. By this high faculty he comes to a perception of his own divinity, his god-like ancestry, and his relation to the Great Soul of Humanity; by this he senses the reality of Universal Brotherhood.

And what if he deludes himself? Even so he learns to know his limitations, which must be understood along with his possibilities. But in fact delusion does not come as a consequence of true aspiration; for aspiration is itself the turning of the mirror of the mind so that it may reflect the image of the divine. Delusion comes from looking down into the darkness of the magic mirror, and seeing there in the lower sphere distorted images. The mind is a mirror, but it must be controlled, or it will give distorted reflexions. So the control of the mind is the first duty of man; on that his evolution must depend. That is the basis of all true morality, which is something more than a social convention adopted as a veil to conceal the ugliness of life. Morality is self-discipline, which is control of the mind. Without this discipline no true knowledge can be attained, for the mirror in which the truth is reflected will not remain steady of its own accord; it must be controlled by Will: and Will is man's magic, which can accomplish miracles.

Therefore let those who are looking for some light beware of the false beacons that are raised by undisciplined seers of distorted truths. Test all ideals by the touchstone of your own heart; and if your aspiration

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is sincere, your own mind self-controlled, and your imagination free from vanity and passion, your heart will not deceive you.

To aid man in his evolution, the Teachers of humanity, those elder brothers, who belong to an older race long since passed on to other spheres, and who remain with us to keep the link unbroken in the chain of evolution, have given us civilization, with our arts and sciences, our religions and philosophies, all which are means to the same end, the attainment of spiritual enlightenment, which we call Wisdom. The history of the world is a long record of the efforts of these Teachers, and of the consequent rise of civilization and its subsequent relapse, to be again revived by new efforts of the tireless Leaders, who watch over man's evolution.

And all these arts, sciences, and religions aim at producing a state of ecstasy, not frenzy nor hysteria, but simply a higher state of consciousness such as is described in "the divine *Pyramander* of Hermes Trismegistus":

"The knowledge of IT is a divine silence and the rest of all the senses."

In that silence there is something that is more eloquent than speech, more musical than song. It is not instruction. It is direct perception.

The attainment of this state is difficult, and the means by which it may be accomplished are innumerable, as they must be, for humanity is composed of many different elements. And, as all nations do not now speak the same language, so all the individuals in a nation cannot understand or employ the same means of awakening themselves to a higher state. It is said in the Book of the Golden Precepts that "the Path is one for all; the roads that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim." So we have multitudinous religions and diverse arts, but the aim of all is to open a way to the Path. This opening of the way is ECSTASY.

When one realizes what these things really do mean, one is almost appalled at the distance from the truth to which we have wandered in our pursuit of false ideals of progress and prosperity. And when a Teacher returns to earth to carry on the work, it must be a hard task to gain a hearing. Such is in fact the experience of every True Teacher. But the work is done somehow, and a new age is started. The Teacher may not be recognised as such, but the new revelation of the old Truth is never quite fruitless.

There have been nations that responded readily to the appeal of art while others rose eagerly to the call of religion, but it would seem as if this were merely a question of temperament. A nation appears to have an artistic, or a religious, or a scientific temperament, but, at the time of its periodic awakening or renaissance, there seems to come to birth in it a group of old Souls, who may not consciously co-operate in the work of revival, but who undoubtedly do work together, even though

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separated by circumstances, for the restoration of the old ideals, each in his own department. Some one or other may attain to fame and the rest may be more or less unknown in their day; but the historian in time discovers them and shows that they were there at the right time doing their share, sowing seed perhaps for a later age to profit by. And each Master has his own disciples; so it would be natural to find the birth of such a master-soul followed by the appearance of a number of lesser men of genius or of talent, who may not have come into direct contact with their Master in that life-time, but who worked in the same direction, with more or less success, to raise the ideals of the people. The result was in each case a revival that was not the result of what went immediately before, but rather a cyclic consequence of the eternal ebb and flow that is the condition of all life. It would seem that Great Souls can only come to birth at certain epochs, just as the flowers can only bloom at certain seasons of the year. But also it is true that flowers may be induced to bloom at other seasons by artificial means; and man can achieve great spiritual progress even in the dark ages of materialism; but then it must be by artificial means. All civilization is artificial in a sense, and individual men can at all times free themselves from the limitations of their age, to some extent, and rise to a considerable height above the general level of their generation by artificial means. For men are to some extent individuals, not perhaps as much as their vanity may lead them to believe, but more than they generally realize. And each individual may at any moment find the open door through which to pass into the presence of his own soul and so attain self-knowledge.

As men and women we are the slaves of Time, or perhaps I should say the fools of Time, but as souls we are free from such limitations, and who shall say at what moment in time we may come to perception of eternal Truth? One thing is certain: we are passing through a time of great changes. So much has been already destroyed, that the work of reconstruction assumes more and more imposing scope as the days of disaster pass into years, and as the institutions and traditions of yesterday pass from sight in the needs of the moment. But though all things pass, and all forms change, the principles of civilization remain the same, the arts and sciences, the religions and philosophies.

The forces of destruction are let loose and will do their work, but the forces of reconstruction must be assembled, and the plan of the new building must be understood. It already exists in the Universal Mind; we have to find it and fulfil it. Therefore I have ventured to put forward these thoughts from the teachings of Theosophy, as I have been able to understand them, in their application to the meaning and purpose of Art in the scheme of civilization, and considered as a factor in evolution.



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**'LA MAISON DU SEIGNEUR' IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES, FRANCE**



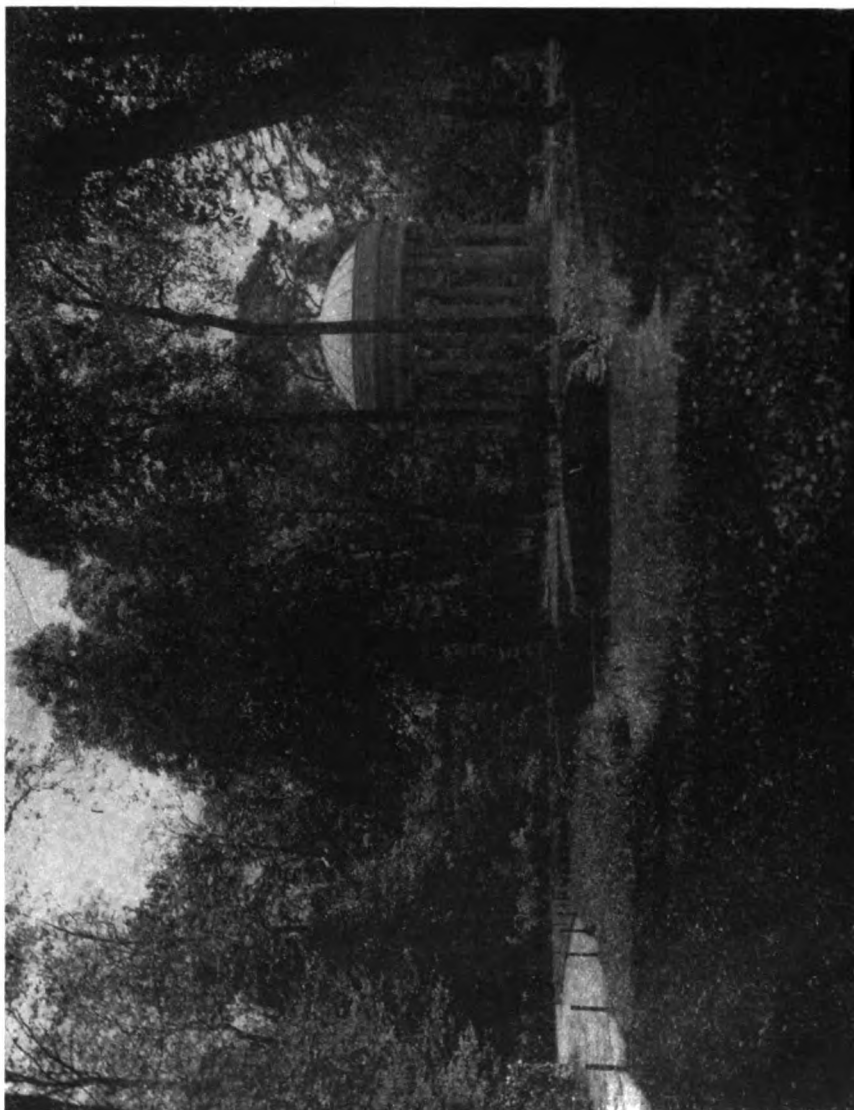
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**GROUP OF MARIE ANTOINETTE'S PLAY-HOUSES, VERSAILLES**



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

NEARER VIEW OF ONE OF THE PLAY-HOUSES



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**'TEMPLE OF LOVE' IN THE GROUNDS OF THE LITTLE TRIANON, VERSAILLES**

## A ROYAL PLAYGROUND: by Edytha Pierce

**I**T is with a strange feeling that, after passing through the vast halls and galleries of the great palace at Versailles and viewing the extensive park and gardens, the beautiful fountains and white marble statues which line the broad stone steps, one wanders down one of the broad shady avenues and suddenly sees the rural scenes depicted in the accompanying photographs, in the midst of all the splendor of the most famous palace and grounds of France. The quaint little thatched buildings look like doll-houses, compared with the great palace with its 'rooms for a thousand,' and yet this little representation of a rural English village is roomy enough to accommodate quite a large number of persons.

It was the old king, Louis XV, who gave 'Little Trianon' to Marie Antoinette, saying to her that as she was fond of flowers he wished to present her with a bouquet. Close by this property was the King's own botanical garden, which was one of his recreations.

Weary with the round of regulated life in which the whole court of Louis XVI lived, which brought with every hour some set form of ceremony, even to the minutest detail, and having no time in the whole day when she was not surrounded by great personages of the court or by servants, from the time she arose in the morning until she retired at night, it is no wonder that Marie Antoinette, the queen, would gather together her few closest friends and escape to her beloved Little Trianon, and pretend, if nothing more, to live a simple country life.

It was her joy to enlarge and beautify the place, and to add to it in many ways, as related by Elizabeth W. Champney in *Romance of the French Châteaux*:

"Here, in contrast to the ostentatious pomp of the magnificent distances of Le Nôtre's royal garden, . . . the sunlight steals through the natural wood and glints the mossy, thatched roofs of the tiny hameau, touching softly the ruinous walls of the Queen's Dairy, the Mill, and the humble Maison du Seigneur.

"The little Eden did not evolve itself by chance, nor in a day. For three years Marie Antoinette occupied herself with it, assisted by experts and artists. The Duc de Caraman (an amateur landscape gardener enamored with the new, so-called English style, . . .), the architect Mique, and, above all, the artist Hubert Robert, . . . all gave their best thought to the Queen's desire. No more formality of never-ending vistas, of rigid straight lines, of clipped trees, colossal statuary, and spectacular fountains.

"Trees and brooks, rocks, shrubs, and flowers should be free as nature itself, and all architectural adjuncts graceful, coquettish, and petite. *Rochers* were piled in picturesque disorder. The tiny stream wound gracefully through its daisy-starred meadow, crossed by rustic bridges turning in its passage the brown wheel of the mill, so carefully posed in the most alluring situation for the water-colorist. The habitations of the mock village were quaint and apparently dilapidated from the first, with cracks painted on the stones and scars of fallen plaster showing the brickwork in the hut which the King was to call his residence. Each friend was to have her *chaumière*, but must dress in the peasant costumes invented by Watteau for the opera. This child's-play and rural stage-setting was only a part of the scheme. The classical note

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struck by the dainty palace itself was recalled in Mique's exquisite Temple of Love, a fitting shrine for Bouchardon's *Cupid*. The Salle de Comédie and the Music Pavilion, where Gluck, who had been the Queen's master in Vienna, played upon her harpsichord, were both in the pseudo-Greek style of the Petit Trianon, which Marie Antoinette had no desire to change."

For several years Marie Antoinette occupied herself in beautifying her beloved spot, and many happy days were spent here, where court etiquette was banished and where a simpler and more natural life was indulged in, and where, in her little theater there, she and her friends had their little theatricals and invited the King and other guests for a happy time together. She there "lived as a private person," she said.

The buildings are empty now, but they are still in such a fine state of preservation that one wonders that they show the marks of time so little, for when one comes to think of it, one recalls the fact that Marie Antoinette was enjoying her pretty summer home at about the time when our own American Revolution was in progress. Time and Nature have indeed taken away all the artificiality from the place, for the shallow pond is bordered deep with reeds and rushes, and the little streams are overgrown with sedges. The trees have grown tall and stately with the years, and many are ivy-draped. Moss and ivy also drape parts of the pretty buildings, while daisies stud the grass and other wild flowers peep at you from under the bushes and shrubs, as if saying, "We have been growing here so long that we feel perfectly at home."

Certainly, there is food for thought in these two contrasting features of this most remarkable spot: the outer manifestation of life with all its pomp and circumstance, the material splendor of the great palace, of the luxuriant gardens, and of the great park, which appeals to the worldly senses; and the simple, beautiful, natural-looking little village with its simple, homelike, thatched cottages, in a setting of natural glories of trees, water, and sky, which appeal directly to the inner sense of sweet peace and contentment, in the very midst of all the surrounding greatness.

There was indeed something most commendable in the young queen Marie Antoinette, if in her heart of hearts she longed (as she most surely did) for the touch of the simple life, and for the good, the true, and the beautiful, and if she turned from the artificialities of the court life and found her longings gratified in her beloved Little Trianon. How the remembrance of it must have sustained her when the shadows came upon her and her way fell upon evil days.

And now, the weary traveler after viewing the splendid palace, after walking miles through the great galleries full of treasures of art, after climbing the hundreds of marble steps, turns with relief to the shady path which leads to the little thatched cottages beside the still pond and under the great trees, and sits him down to feast his eyes upon the simple restful scene.

## HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE: by J. H. Fussell



AN interesting, and to many a startling, contribution to modern science has recently been made by Professor Wood Jones, Professor of Anatomy in the University of London. So important was this considered to be that a long report of Professor Jones' conclusions was cabled to the *New York Times*, which we quote here in full.

### SAYS MAN WAS ANCESTOR OF APES

#### British Scientist Calls for Reconsideration of Post-Darwinian Theory

##### TALGAI SKULL DEDUCTIONS

MAN HIGHLY DEVELOPED AGES BEFORE PERIOD HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MERE BRUTE

"Special Cable to *The New York Times*.

"London, Feb. 28. That man is not descended from anthropoid apes, that these would be in fact more accurately described as having been descended from man, that man as man is far more ancient than the whole anthropoid branch, and that compared with him the chimpanzee and orang-outang are newcomers on this planet, were assertions made by Professor Wood Jones, Professor of Anatomy in the University of London, in a lecture yesterday on the origin of man.

"The professor claimed these assertions were proved not only by recent anatomical research, but to be deducible from the whole trend of geological and anthropological discovery.

"One of the most interesting references in the lecture was to recent reports by Dr. Stewart Arthur Smith of Sydney on the Talgai skull discovered in 1889 in Darling Downs, N. S. W., but never seriously investigated till 1914.

" 'This undoubtedly human skull, very highly mineralized,' he said, 'was found in a stratum with extinct pouched mammals, and probably is as ancient as the famous Piltdown skull, whose human nature was so hotly disputed just before the war. In deposits of the same age as those in which the Talgai skull was unearthed were found bones of dingo dogs, and also bones of extinct pouched mammals gnawed by these dogs.

" 'Until the arrival of Captain Cook in Australia no non-pouched mammals were ever introduced upon the Australian island continent. It is geologically certain that Australia has always been surrounded by the sea since the time of the evolution of pouched mammals. Had it not been so, it is almost certain that many non-pouched mammals in the neighboring continents would have migrated thither.

" 'How then can the presence of the Talgai man and his dingo dogs alone among these be accounted for? The conclusion deducible is that he must have arrived there in boats with his family and his domestic dogs, and the astounding fact emerges that at a period in the world's history, when only a year or two ago the most advanced anatomists were satisfied man was scarcely distinguishable from his brute ancestors, a man already so highly developed as to have domesticated animals and to be a boat builder and navigator was actually in Australia, and, to an astonishing degree, the reasoning master of his own fate.'

"In view not only of this, but of even more convincing evidence gathered from man's

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own anatomical structure, Professor Wood Jones made a moving appeal for the whole reconsideration of the post-Darwinian conception of man's comparative recent emergence from the brute kingdom. The missing link of Huxley, if ever found, would not be a more apelike man, but a more human ape."

Forty-one years ago, in 1877, Helena P. Blavatsky published her first great work, *Isis Unveiled: A Master-Key to the Mysteries of Ancient and Modern Science and Theology*. In the Preface, the author writes:

"It is offered to such as are willing to accept truth wherever it may be found, and to defend it, even looking popular prejudice straight in the face. . . .

"The book is written in all sincerity. It is meant to do even justice, and to speak the truth alike without malice or prejudice. But it shows neither mercy for enthroned error, nor reverence for usurped authority. It demands for a spoliated past, that credit for its achievements which has been too long withheld. It calls for a restitution of borrowed robes, and the vindication of calumniated but glorious reputations. Toward no form of worship, no religious faith, no scientific hypothesis has its criticism been directed in any other spirit. Men and parties, sects and schools are but the mere ephemera of the world's day. TRUTH, high-seated upon its rock of adamant, is alone eternal and supreme."

And in the opening chapter, Madame Blavatsky writes:

"In undertaking to inquire into the assumed infallibility of Modern Science and Theology, the author has been forced, even at the risk of being thought discursive, to make constant comparisons of the ideas, achievements, and pretensions of their representatives, with those of the ancient philosophers and religious teachers. Things the most widely separated as to time, have thus been brought into immediate juxtaposition, for only thus could the priority and parentage of discoveries and dogmas be determined. In discussing the merits of our scientific contemporaries, their own confessions of failure in experimental research, of baffling mysteries, of missing links in their chains of theory, of inability to comprehend natural phenomena, of ignorance of the laws of the causal world, have furnished the basis for the present study. . . . We have laid no charge against scientists that is not supported by their own published admissions, and if our citations from the records of antiquity rob some of what they have hitherto viewed as well-earned laurels, the fault is not ours but Truth's. No man worthy of the name of philosopher would care to wear honors that rightfully belong to another.

" . . . Our voice is raised for spiritual freedom, and our plea made for enfranchisement from all tyranny, whether of SCIENCE or THEOLOGY."

Madame Blavatsky's second great work, her greatest, so many regard it, *The Secret Doctrine: The Synthesis of Science, Religion, and Philosophy*, was published in 1888, exactly thirty years ago. Its two volumes deal respectively with *Cosmogenesis* and *Anthropogenesis*. In the latter, particularly, is given a comprehensive review of the theories advanced by modern science respecting the origin and evolution of man; and in contrast with these, a presentation of the most ancient teachings, based upon Stanzas of the *Book of Dzryan*, which Madame Blavatsky declares to be

"the records of a people unknown to ethnology; it is claimed that they are written in a tongue absent from the nomenclature of languages and dialects with which philology is acquainted; they are said to emanate from a source (Occultism) repudiated by science; and, finally, they are offered through an agency, incessantly discredited before the world by all those who hate unwelcome truths, or have some special hobby of their own to defend. Therefore, the rejec-

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tion of these teachings may be expected, and must be accepted beforehand. No one styling himself a 'scholar,' in whatever department of exact science, will be permitted to regard these teachings seriously. They will be derided and rejected *a priori* in this century; but only in this one. For in the twentieth century of our era scholars will begin to recognize that the *Secret Doctrine* has neither been invented nor exaggerated, but, on the contrary, simply outlined; and finally, that its teachings antedate the Vedas." (Vol. I, xxxvii, Introductory)

To the last statement, Madame Blavatsky adds a footnote, saying:

"This is no pretension to *prophecy*, but simply a statement based on the knowledge of facts. Every century an attempt is being made to show the world that Occultism is no vain superstition. Once the door be permitted to be kept a little ajar, it will be opened wider with every new century. The times are ripe for a more serious knowledge than hitherto permitted, though still very limited, so far."

With each succeeding year since their publication, these two great works, *Isis Unveiled*, and *The Secret Doctrine*, have found a wider circle of readers. Regarded at first, save by a few, more as literary curiosities, 'inventions,' 'exaggerations,' they are being increasingly recognised as among the most serious *attempts* (if you like) in all literature to get at the foundations of human knowledge, and to make an impartial study of the ancient wisdom, and contrast it with modern scientific theories and religious dogmas. They are being increasingly recognised as dealing with the greatest scientific problems of this or any age; as being in themselves scientific, philosophic, and religious in the highest degree.

True, they have been rejected and derided, as Madame Blavatsky said they would be, in the last century, and are still rejected and derided by some today, but her (not 'prophecy,' but) "statement, based on knowledge of facts," that in the twentieth century scholars would begin to give them recognition, is already receiving confirmation. Not that credit is yet given, save in rare instances; not that honor is paid where honor is due, — though Madame Blavatsky never looked for honor to herself — but that with almost every year, new corroborations are appearing to demonstrate the truth of the ancient teachings, which she declared have been 'simply outlined' in *The Secret Doctrine*.

\* \* \* \*

One of the greatest, and most fascinating, of all problems has ever been the origin of man. Answer that, and you will know his destiny; for that no stream rises higher than its source is axiomatic; as is also the statement that the less cannot include the greater. Ascribe to man an ape or brute ancestry, and one can expect no more than that ferocious and brutal animal instincts shall recur again and again to destroy whatever civilizing, human and, shall we say, spiritual and divine qualities may have been — by what miracle, indeed? — evolved from the brutish ape-stock. But on the other hand, ascribe to man a divine origin and ancestry,

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and we can call upon him to claim his heritage and act in accord with his inherent divine nature.

No great question can be answered from a one-sided viewpoint, or from a partial consideration of facts relating to only one phase of it. Yet this is precisely what the Darwinists have the presumption to claim: namely, that they have solved the problem of man's origin, while at the same time ignoring the supreme facts that distinguish man from the brute. They have built, and not wisely, only upon the fact that man has a brute side to his nature, ignoring his divine potentialities, and in some cases more than potentialities, his divine achievements. They have investigated along one line only, they have discovered many facts assuredly, but have also misinterpreted many, and so have built up the huge degrading theory of man as the descendant of the ape. Claiming to use reason, they have ignored the fundamentals of logic; they have built upon the insecure foundations of unsupported theory for the establishment of what they designate as law. They have misinterpreted legend, tradition, history, biology, geology, and archaeology, and have failed to see the implications in the unbridgeable gulf between those characteristics and qualities which have in them the potentialities of divinity and which make man truly man, and the brute instincts of the ape; between the mind of man with its limitless powers and the unreasoning instincts of the animal.

One of the greatest teachings of Theosophy, given in *The Secret Doctrine*, is that there is not one line only of evolution, but two lines. The modern theory postulates and concerns itself with but one, the physical, claiming mind to be product or outgrowth of physical evolution. Theosophy, as is shown in *The Secret Doctrine*, not ignoring this, but amplifying it, postulates another, the mental, the truly human. It postulates also a third, the Monadic, or purely spiritual, but space forbids us, and for our present purposes we do not need to discuss it, save to say that it is interblended with, and is the very ground or basis of, the other two. This must however be studied for a complete understanding of the subject, and the student is referred to *The Secret Doctrine*.

In fact, man is more than an animal, more than an outer animal nature, though that were developed to its highest. The animal nature evolved to its highest, as in the most highly developed human form, is not man and can never be man. Man is of another order; the human form is but the vehicle, the house, in which man, the tenant, lives. Man is the soul, the mind, (using these terms somewhat loosely, and in this instance as synonymous). Man is an inhabitant of the human form which is his dwelling and also the instrument by means of which he contacts the outer physical world and so gains experience therein.

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Darwinism deals, and imperfectly, as said above, only with the evolution of the physical frame, dwelling or instrument, in which man lives, and which he uses. It has attempted, but has utterly failed, to account for the dweller, man himself. It has even failed to trace man's physical parentage, as we shall presently show on the highest authority, the authority of discovered facts.

\* \* \* \*

Ever since its first formulation there has been, in certain quarters, persistent opposition to the Darwinian theory, (a) from scientists who, like the great French naturalist, de Quatrefages, and others, claim that certain well authenticated facts disprove the ape-ancestry of man; (b) from certain theologians who hold to the *special creation* theory for man's origin, basing this on a literal interpretation of the Biblical account in *Genesis*; and (c) from those who accept the ancient Theosophical teachings as given by Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, and in other Theosophical literature.

Other theologians, however, psychologized by the weight of modern scientific opinion, have deserted the *special creation* theory and accepted the Darwinian. Thus, according to them, even Jesus, Buddha, and all the great Teachers of the past, are the product of evolution from the ape. What reverence, what worship, should we not therefore give to the brute form in which is locked up, hidden away, the divine potentialities of the sublime wisdom that fell from their lips! For remember Jesus did not differentiate himself from the human race. Did he not say, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"; and "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother"?

If we accept the Darwinian theory, what other conclusion can we come to? Read what Professor J. Howard Moore, a noted Chicago educator, and writer on ethical subjects, says in an article, 'Our Neglect of Ethical Culture,' published in *The Open Door* (New York, December, 1916). He says:

"We have known now for something like two generations that man's origin was not so shining as it was once supposed to be. But so poky are we in adjusting ourselves to new truths, especially truths of revolutionary importance, that our whole educational program still proceeds on the hypothesis that the raw material of human character is celestial.

"Man did not come from the skies. He came from the *jungle*. We are not children of the sun. WE ARE CHILDREN OF THE APE. MAN IS AN ANIMAL. He acquired his psychology in the same way exactly as he acquired his backbone. He did not originate it; it was handed to him. The great trunk tendencies of human nature are the same tendencies as those that form the foundation of animal psychology elsewhere.

"Civilized peoples are the not very remote posterity of savages, and savages are the posterity of those bowed and unconsidered beings who walk over the earth with their faces toward the ground. Humanity is only a habit."

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He says further: "The greatest defect of our educational system is the lack of a moral element." Are we then to look for the ground of such moral element in man's hypothetical ape-ancestry? This evidently is the trend of Professor Moore's argument. Others however, and especially students of Theosophy, trace the lack of a moral element — so far as it is lacking — in our modern educational systems precisely to the degrading teaching of such ancestry.

There is much truth in the familiar sayings which have become proverbial; "Like produces like," and "Like father, like son"; and a great teacher, illustrating the same truth, once asked: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

Is, then, the moral element traceable to the ferocious animality of the anthropoid, or to a higher source?

"We are not children of the sun. We are children of the ape. Man is an animal," says Professor Moore. Hence what can we expect from man but animal ethics, — if we can ascribe ethics to an animal?

Is this to be the basis of education? Is it not rather that the ape-ancestry theory, which has so psychologized humanity — a very large part of it certainly — during the last half century and longer, is very largely responsible for the present crisis with which our civilization is confronted?

Very different are the results already to be seen, even in so short a time as has elapsed since the beginning of the present century, in the accentuation of the moral element in education based upon a recognition of the inherent divinity of the human soul. I refer to Katherine Tingley's Râja-Yoga system of education which has this as its basis, while at the same time recognising the duality of human nature — the animal passional side as well as the truly human, potentially and inherently divine side, the Higher and True Self, which metaphorically speaking *is born of the Sun*, and in its essence is pure, radiant and divine, however hidden its true nature may be, enmeshed in, covered up and seemingly warped by its association with the animal, lower self. How else is self-control possible, self-conquest, if there be not a higher to control and conquer the lower?

\* \* \* \*

There are certain difficulties that inevitably arise in connexion with the Darwinian theory which have received no satisfactory answer; and, some of them, no adequate consideration by the advocates of the theory. Yet they demand solution, else the theory falls by the weight of its own degrading absurdity. We may put them thus:

(1) Regarding the missing link needed to bridge what has been spoken of above as the unbridgeable gulf between the human mind and

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the brute instinct of the ape: how comes it that we find no evolution from the anthropoid upward *now going on before our eyes*, nor any evidence of progression, on the part of the anthropoid, in the long ages that have elapsed since the first human is supposed to have differentiated from the ape, or from the hypothetical common ancestor of both?

(2) How account for the fact that however far back we go, through archaeological research, we find evidences of civilizations as high and glorious as any in *known* history? Whereas, on the other hand, the lowest, savage races, such as the Blackfellow of Australia, show no progression, but the retrogression of decrepit old age; show indeed no evidences of being nearer ape-ancestry than ourselves, but rather that they are the decaying remnants of a once highly developed people.

(3) How account for the fact that man existed before the apes? — of which there is abundant scientific evidence.

(4) How account for the fact that as the ape grows older, he becomes more brutal, the brain more restricted, whereas the opposite is true of man?

All these points are discussed by Mme Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* and shown by her to be conclusive arguments against the Darwinian theory. But before quoting from that work, it is of interest to turn to the most recent scientific corroboration of the ancient teaching that man preceded the anthropoid apes. This corroboration, with an account of which we have headed this paper, is from no less distinguished a scientist than Professor Wood Jones, Professor of Anatomy in the University of London. His conclusion, as stated in the *New York Times*, based on scientific grounds, and particularly on the recent reports of Dr. Stewart Arthur Smith of Sydney, Australia, on the Talgai skull discovered in 1889 in Darling Downs, N. S. W., but never seriously investigated till 1914, is "that man is not descended from anthropoid apes, but that these would be in fact more accurately described as having been descended from man, that man as man is far more ancient than the whole anthropoid branch"; claiming that "these assertions were proved not only by recent anatomical research, but to be deducible from the whole trend of geological and anthropological discovery."

This, as we shall presently see, is in entire harmony with the most ancient teaching, the Secret Doctrine of antiquity.

\* \* \* \*

Honor to whom honor is due, and while paying honor to Professor Wood Jones and to Dr. Stewart Arthur Smith for the careful scientific analysis of these lately discovered facts and for their clear statement of their significance, it is but just that we should recall briefly the testimony

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of other earlier scientists in regard to the insuperable difficulties against an acceptance of the Darwinian theory. Madame Blavatsky makes reference to many of these in *The Secret Doctrine*.

Speaking of "the *approximate* duration of the geological periods from the combined data of Science and Occultism now before us" and giving "rough approximations in accordance with the latter," she writes:

"Mr. Edward Clodd, in reviewing M. de Mortillet's work *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme*, which places man in the mid-Miocene period, remarks that 'it would be in defiance of all that the doctrine of evolution teaches, and moreover, win no support from believers in special creation and the fixity of species, to seek for so highly specialized a mammalian as man at an early stage in the life-history of the globe.' To this, one could answer: (a) the doctrine of evolution, as inaugurated by Darwin and developed by later evolutionists, is not only the reverse of *infallible*, but it is repudiated by several great men of science, e. g., de Quatrefages, in France, and Dr. Weissmann, an *ex-evolutionist* in Germany, and many others, the ranks of the *anti-Darwinists* growing stronger with every year; and (b) truth to be worthy of its name, and remain truth and fact, hardly needs to beg for support from any class or sect."

Adding a footnote,

"The root and basic idea of the origin and transformation of species — the *heredity* (of acquired faculties) seems to have found lately very serious opponents in Germany. [This was published in 1888.] Du Bois-Reymond and Dr. Pflüger, the physiologists, besides other men of science as eminent as any, find insuperable difficulties and even impossibilities in the doctrine." — *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 711.

### Madame Blavatsky declares emphatically

"That man was *not the last member in the mammalian family*, but the first in *this Round*, is something that science will be forced to acknowledge one day.

"That man can be shown to have lived in the mid-Tertiary period, and in a geological age *when there did not yet exist one single specimen of the now known species of mammals*, is a statement that science *cannot deny* and which has now been proven by de Quatrefages." (*Introduction à l'Étude des Races Humaines*). — II, 155.

"Civilization dates still further back than the Miocene Atlanteans. 'Secondary-period' man will be discovered, and with him his long forgotten civilization." — II, 266.

"The geologists of France place man in the mid-miocene age (Gabriel de Mortillet), and some even in the *Secondary* period, as de Quatrefages suggests; . . ." — II, 686.

Ernst Haeckel (in *The Pedigree of Man*, translated by Ed. B. Aveling, p. 49) after citing what he calls Huxley's *momentous sentence* that "the anatomical differences between man and the highest apes are less than those between the latter and the lowest apes," says:

"In relation to our genealogical tree of man, the necessary conclusion follows that the human race has *evolved gradually from the true apes*."

On this Madame Blavatsky comments:

"What may be the scientific and *logical* objections to the opposite conclusion — we would ask? The anatomical resemblances between Man and the Anthropoids — grossly exaggerated as they are by Darwinists, as M. de Quatrefages shows — are simply enough 'accounted for' when the origin of the latter is taken into consideration.

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“‘Nowhere in the older deposits, is an ape to be found that approximates more closely to man, or a man that approximates more closely to an ape. . . .’”

And quotes also Dr. F. Pfaff, Professor of Natural Science in the University of Erlangen, as follows:

“‘. . . The same gulf which is found today between Man and Ape, goes back with undiminished breadth and depth to the Tertiary period. This fact alone is enough to make its untenability clear.’” — II, 87.

“‘If,’ says Professor Pfaff, ‘in the hundreds of thousands of years which you [the Evolutionists] accept between the rise of palaeolithic man and our own day, a greater distance of man from the brute is not demonstrable, [*the most ancient man was just as far removed from the brute as the now living man*], what reasonable ground can be advanced for believing that man has been developed from the brute, and has receded further from it by infinitely small gradations.’” — II, 686-687.

And Sir W. Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S., in *Origin of the World*, p. 39, says:

“‘While we can trace the skeletons of Eocene mammals through several directions of specialization in succeeding Tertiary times, man presents the phenomenon of an *unspecialized* skeleton which cannot fairly be connected with any of these lines.’” — II, 720.

And we find Madame Blavatsky stating unequivocally that

“‘Man belongs to a kingdom distinctly separate from that of the animals.’” — I, 186.

And though, according to the ancient teaching, man was at one time ‘ape-like,’ yet he never was an ape, nor was his ancestor an ape. This is of the greatest interest in view of certain legends and traditional records of the Orient, especially as recited in the Mahâbhârata. On this point Madame Blavatsky says:

“‘It is not denied that in the preceding Round [or great period of evolution before the present, the Fourth Round] man *was* a gigantic ape-like creature; and when we say ‘man’ we ought perhaps to say, the rough mold that was developing for the use of man in this Round only — the middle, or the transition point of which we have hardly reached. Nor was man what he is now during the first two and a half Root-Races. That point [*i. e.*, the middle or transition point, just referred to] he reached, as said before, only 18,000,000 years ago, during the secondary period, as we claim.’” — II, 261.

“‘But what the Occultists have never admitted, nor will they ever admit, is that man was *an ape in this or in any other Round*; or that he ever could be one, however much he may have been ‘ape-like.’” — I, 187.

“‘The man who preceded the Fourth, the Atlantean race, however much he may have looked physically like a ‘gigantic ape’ . . . was still a thinking and already a speaking man. The ‘Lemuro-Atlantean’ was a highly civilized race, and if one accepts tradition, which is better history than the speculative fiction which now passes under that name, he was higher than we are with all our sciences and the degraded civilization of the day: at any rate, the Lemuro-Atlantean of the closing Third Race was so.’” — I, 191.

“‘It is sufficient,” declares Madame Blavatsky, “to glance at the works of Broca, Gratiolet, of Owen, Pruner Bey, and finally, at the last

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great work of de Quatrefages, *Introduction à l'Étude des Races Humaines, Questions Générales*, to discover the fallacy of the Evolutionists," and then adds:

"We may say more: the exaggerations concerning such similarity of structure between man and the anthropomorphous ape have become so glaring and absurd of late, that even Mr. Huxley found himself forced to protest against the too sanguine expectations. It was that great anatomist personally who called the 'smaller fry' to order, by declaring in one of his articles that the differences in the structure of the human body and that of the highest anthropomorphous pithecoïd, were not only *far from being trifling and unimportant*, but were, on the contrary, very great and suggestive: "each of the bones of the gorilla has its own specific impress on it that distinguishes it from a similar human bone." Among the existing creatures there is not one single intermediate form that could fill the gap between man and the ape. To ignore that gap, he added, 'was as *uncalled-for as it was absurd*.' "

In a footnote to this, Madame Blavatsky quotes again from Professor Pfaff, who says:

" 'We find one of the most man-like apes (gibbon), in the *tertiary period*, and this species is *still in the same low grade*, and *side by side* with it at the end of the Ice-period, man is found in the same high grade as today, the ape not having approximated more nearly to the man, and modern man not having become further removed from the ape than the first (fossil) man. . . . these facts contradict a theory of constant progressive development.' "—II, 681-682.

Exactly the same position as is now taken by Professor Wood Jones was taken half a century ago by the great French naturalist, de Quatrefages, as is seen from the following. We continue our quotation from *The Secret Doctrine*:

"Finally, the absurdity of such an *unnatural* descent of man is so palpable in the face of all the proofs and evidence of the skull of the pithecoïd as compared to that of man, that even de Quatrefages resorted unconsciously to our esoteric theory by saying *that it is rather the apes that can claim descent from man than vice versa*. As proven by Gratiolet, with regard to the cavities of the brain of the anthropoids, in which species that organ develops in an inverse ratio to what would be the case were the corresponding organs in man really the product of the development of the said organs in the apes — the size of the human skull and its brain, as well as the cavities, increase with the individual development of man. His intellect develops and increases with age, while his facial bones and jaws diminish and straighten, thus being more and more spiritualized: whereas with the ape it is the reverse. In its youth the anthropoid is far more intelligent and good-natured, while with age it becomes duller; and, as its skull recedes and seems to diminish as it grows, its facial bones and jaws develop, the brain being finally crushed, and thrown back, to make with every day more room for the animal type. The organ of thought — the brain — recedes and diminishes, entirely conquered and replaced by that of the wild beast — the jaw apparatus." — II, 681-682.

Other important testimony in refutation of the claims of the Darwinists, cited by Madame Blavatsky, and by no means to be disregarded, is given by Lyell, the 'Father' of Geology, by Professor Max Müller, and by Professor Rawlinson.

"According to Lyell, one of the highest authorities on the subject, and the 'Father' of Geology (*Antiquity of Man*, p. 25):—

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"The expectation of always meeting with a lower type of human skull, the older the formation in which it occurs, is based on the theory of progressive development, and it may prove to be sound; nevertheless we must remember that as yet we have no distinct geological evidence that the appearance of what are called the inferior races of mankind has always preceded in chronological order that of the higher races."

To which Madame Blavatsky adds:

"Nor has such evidence been found to this day. Science is thus offering for sale the skin of a bear, which has hitherto never been seen by mortal eye!

"This concession of Lyell's reads most suggestively with the subjoined utterance of Professor Max Müller, whose attack on the Darwinian Anthropology from the standpoint of LANGUAGE has, by the way, never been satisfactorily answered:—

"What do we know of savage tribes beyond the last chapter of their history?"

(Cf. this with the esoteric view of the Australians, Bushmen, as well as of Palaeolithic European man, the Atlantean offshoots retaining a relic of a lost culture, which thrived when the parent Root-Race was in its prime.)

"Do we ever get an insight into their antecedents? . . . How have they come to be what they are? . . . Their language proves, indeed, that these so-called heathens, with their complicated systems of mythology, their unintelligible whims and savageries, are not the creatures of today or yesterday. Unless we admit a special creation for these savages, they must be as old as the Hindûs, the Greeks and Romans [far older]. . . . They may have passed through ever so many vicissitudes, and what we consider as primitive, may be, for all we know, a RELAPSE INTO SAVAGERY or a corruption of something that was more rational and intelligible in former stages.' (*India: What Can It Teach Us*, 1883, p. 110).

"The primeval savage is a familiar term in modern literature,' remarks Professor Rawlinson, 'but there is no evidence that the primeval savage ever existed. Rather all the evidence looks the other way.' (*Antiquity of Man Historically Considered*). In his *Origin of Nations*, he rightly adds: 'The mythical traditions of almost all nations place at the beginning of human history a time of happiness and perfection, a 'golden age' which has no features of savagery or barbarism, but many of civilization and refinement.' How is the modern evolutionist to meet this consensus of evidence?" — II, 721-722.

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It is to be expected that exception will be taken by some to the statement of Professor Wood Jones, for error once firmly entrenched in the human mind dies hard. Indeed, such exception has already been taken by Garrett P. Serviss who has declared that Professor Jones has been misunderstood and his words misinterpreted. To the latter's statement, as reported by the *New York Times*, that the anthropoid apes "would be in fact more accurately described as having been descended from man," Professor Serviss takes exception, saying:

"This cannot possibly have been Professor Jones' meaning, because it involves a misunderstanding of the scientific view of man's descent that no university professor could be guilty of, although popularly it is widespread and apparently ineradicable.

"No evolutionist believes, and none has ever contended, that the ape was the ancestor of man. . . ."

Professor Serviss evidently forgets Ernst Haeckel, usually regarded

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as one of the greatest evolutionists, whom we have already quoted as saying distinctly, "the necessary conclusion follows that the human race has evolved gradually from the true apes." And if the popular view of the evolutionary theory is so wide-spread and ineradicable, the evolutionists themselves are responsible for this. As to the "scientific view of man's descent," spoken of by Professor Serviss, we fail to see wherein it is scientific; in fact, as we shall see presently, quoting Professor Serviss' own words, it is based wholly on 'supposition.' *Our* idea of science involves something more sure than supposition as a basis.

But the arguments presented above hold equally against the view presented by Professor Serviss, namely, that

"What evolution teaches is that both ape and man had a common ancestor, from which they both arose as two branches of a tree arise by bifurcation from a single trunk."

With strange inconsistency, however, Professor Serviss still makes man the descendant of apes and monkeys as is seen in his further statement which I italicize. He says:

"*The first bifurcation of that trunk has generally been dated in the Eocene or the Oligocene, the two earliest subdivisions, or ages, of the Tertiary period.*

"*Both of the branches then formed are supposed to have been represented by apes and monkeys. There was yet no sign of the creature man. But in the next age, the Miocene, one of the two first branches [both supposed to have been represented by apes and monkeys, he has just said, remember] is supposed to have divided, giving rise on one side to the branch of anthropoids called gibbons, and on the other side to a branch which again subdivided, one of its parts producing the direct though as yet unknown ancestors of man who lived in the Pliocene age (next after the Miocene), while the other gave rise to the primitive anthropoids from which are descended the chimpanzee, the gorilla, and the orang.*"

So, after all, Professor Serviss makes man descended from "apes and monkeys," — "both branches (the first bifurcation) then formed," he declares, "are *supposed* to have been represented by apes and monkeys."

"Supposed!" In fact, at the best, this 'scientific view' is nothing but supposition, theory, and is not supported by *any discovered facts*. And with this brief reference, we may take leave of Professor Serviss.

The insuperable difficulties against accepting an ape-ancestry for man apply equally against accepting a common ancestry for both man and ape. All honor then to those scientists and others who, recognising these difficulties, and many perhaps realizing *intuitively* the fallacy of the Darwinian theory, have set their faces against its degrading psychology.

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So, honor to whom honor is due; and especially is honor due to Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and not only honor, but gratitude. For in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, not only has she given a masterly

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and scientific presentation of the whole case against the Darwinian theory, whether in respect to the ape-ancestry of man, or their common ancestry, but she has done more. She has, on logical, scientific, and philosophic grounds, once again demonstrated the truth of the ancient teaching of the Wisdom-Religion: that man is inherently divine; that the real man, the soul, is a spiritual being, potentially a god; that, as such, man has power to rise or fall, yet never can he utterly lose his potentially divine nature.

We cannot here take up this phase of the subject further. That must be left for a future occasion. We give but one more brief quotation from *The Secret Doctrine*. There Madame Blavatsky declares that

“Owing to the very type of his development man *cannot descend* from either an ape or an ancestor common to both, but shows his origin from a type far superior to himself. And this type is the ‘Heavenly man’ — the Dhyān Chohans, or the *Pitris* so-called, as shown in the first Part of this volume (*The Secret Doctrine*, q. v.). On the other hand, the pithecoids, the orang-outang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee *can*, and, as the Occult Sciences teach, *do*, descend from the animalized Fourth human Root-Race, being the product of man and an extinct species of mammal — whose *remote* ancestors were themselves the product of Lemurian bestiality — which lived in the Miocene age.” — II, 682-683.

Man’s origin being from a type superior to himself — the “Heavenly man” — his destiny is likewise to rise to the height of that origin — Divinity itself. This has been the burden of every one of the great religions of the world, and the teaching of Jesus himself. Study his words, study comparative religion, — the same teaching runs through all: — “Ye are not worms of the dust; ye are children of the Sun, children of Light, sons of the Divine, of Deity itself.”

Honor to whom honor is due!

Honor to the one who has again made known man’s true origin, his divine heritage, his divine destiny: — Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the Light-Bringer, the great Theosophist!

*White Lotus Day*  
May 8, 1918

*International Theosophical Headquarters,*  
*Point Loma, California*



“MAN is certainly *no* special creation, and he is the product of Nature’s gradual perfective work, like any other living unit on this Earth. But this is only with regard to the human tabernacle. That which lives and thinks in man and survives that frame, the masterpiece of evolution — is the Eternal Pilgrim.” — H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, 728.

## THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF ENGLISH KINGS:

by C. J. Ryan

**W**INDSOR CASTLE, the ancestral home of the English kings for many centuries, is not only interesting from its historical associations which are naturally very numerous, but from its wonderful picturesqueness, whether it is seen from the Thames, or the flat meadowland on the north side of the river, or even in glimpses from the old-fashioned streets of the royal borough of Windsor. It stands on a commanding position, overlooking the Thames valley for many miles. The general design or plan of the castle is antique, but the majority of the buildings have been restored or even entirely rebuilt in modern times. The dominating Round Tower was an inconspicuous feature until about a century ago, when it was raised thirty-nine feet by Wyatville under direction of George III.

In the picture of Windsor Castle from the Thames the 'Norman Gateway' and the Winchester Tower can be seen to the left of the great Round Tower. To the right of the latter the most striking object is the beautiful Perpendicular Chapel of St. George with its turrets and flying buttresses. In front of this, to the right, is the Curfew Tower, rising white above the quaint red-tiled roofs of the town.

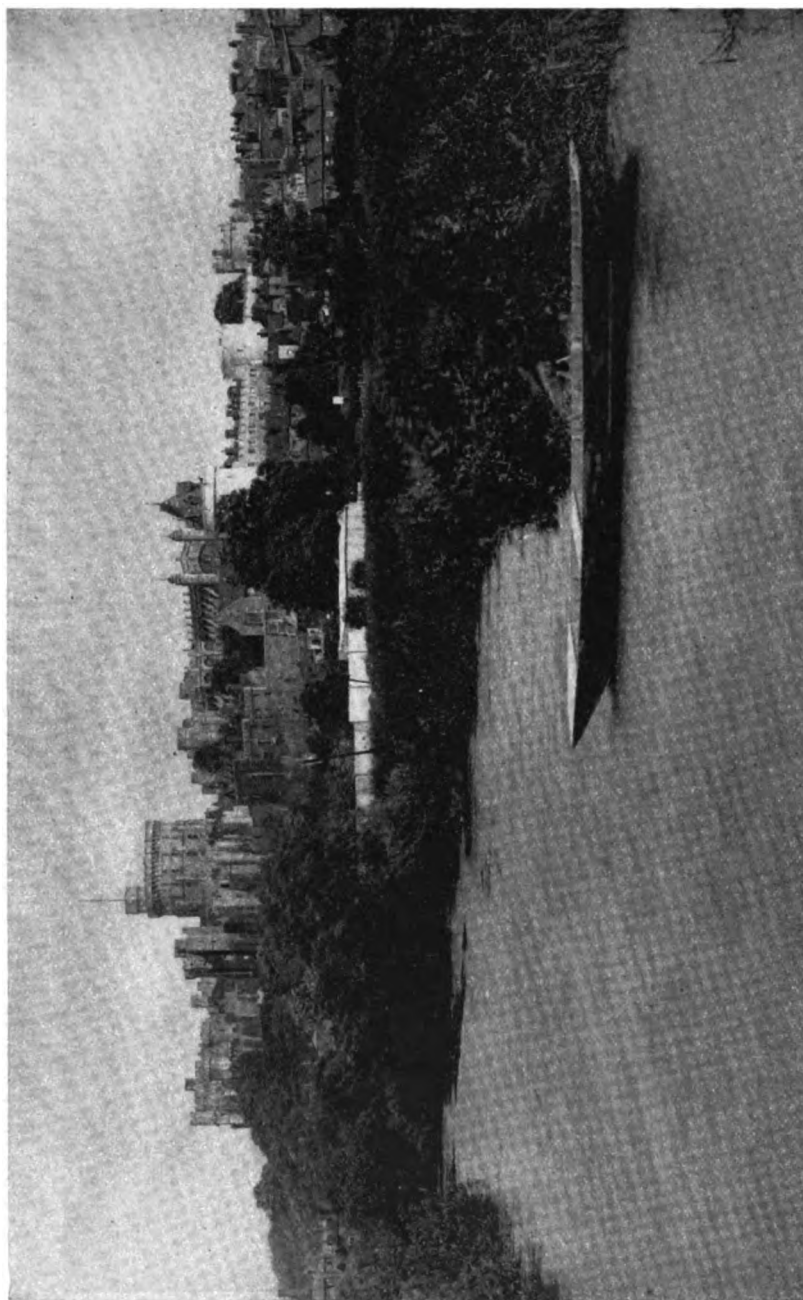
The Saxon kings were attracted by the charm of Windsor to build their simple palaces there; even the Romans had a settlement there, as we find from brickwork remains; but it was not till William the Conqueror looked upon the land and saw that it was pleasant for hunting and of strategic value also that any important work was placed there. He built a stone fortress on the summit of the hill, and also many hunting lodges in the forest, for hunting was, after warfare, the delight of his life.

To Edward III and William of Wykeham, the famous builder, we owe the general plan of the castle as it is today. The Round Tower was erected by Edward III to be the meeting-place of the most illustrious and remarkable of the English Orders of Chivalry, the 'most noble Order of the Garter' (some say 'Garder' or 'Guarder-Warders').

According to Froissart, King Arthur held his court of the Round Table on Windsor Hill, and it is said to be certain that the medieval historian did not invent the legend. A historian says:

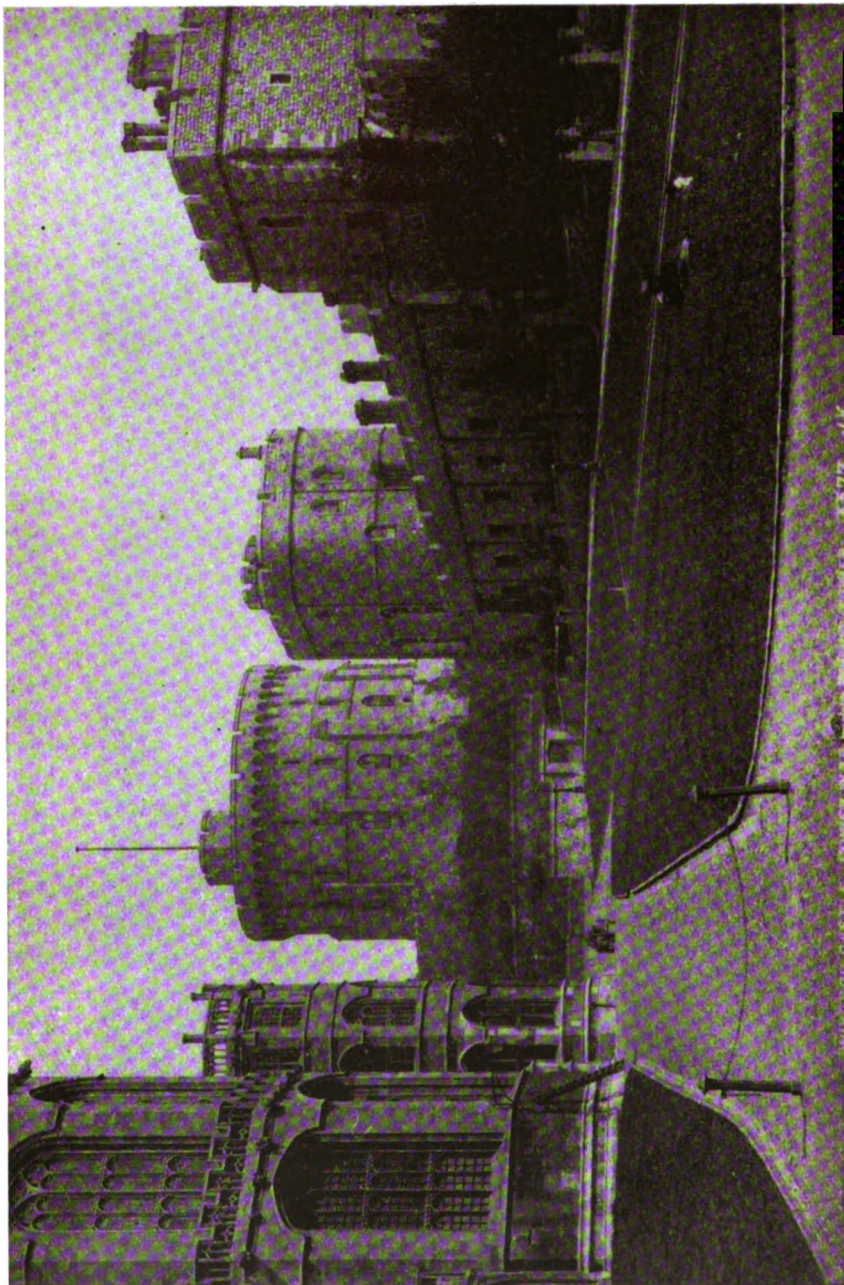
"The Tower was built entirely in ten months, in the eighteenth year of Edward III. It was built in great haste by the special command of the King, to receive the Round Table for the new order of Knights of the Garter, then just established. . . . The building was covered by a roof of tiles; part of the wooden arcade of the gallery remains, and nearly the whole of the roof with the fine moldings of the fourteenth century. . . . The Knights sat on one side only with their backs to the wall. The King and his sons dined with them all on the same level, without any high table."

Though the Round Tower has seen very little fighting, it has its other



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE THAMES**



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE LOWER WARD, THE ROUND TOWER, AND ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE

## ANCESTRAL HOME OF ENGLISH KINGS

romantic memories. Here the unfortunate James I of Scotland was imprisoned for seventeen years, having been captured by Henry IV in 1406 at the age of eleven. He was an accomplished musician and poet, and his well-known poem, *The King's Quhair*, was written before he returned to Scotland with his much-loved English wife, Lady Jane Beaufort. Another Scottish king, David, was held in Windsor Castle by Edward III, but was ransomed for the great sum of 100,000 marks. In 1357 King John of France reached Windsor as a prisoner of war after the battle of Crécy. He was honorably treated by Edward III, being allowed to hunt and take his diversion in the forest. Being unable to raise the enormous ransom demanded, he returned, from France, loyally to fulfil his obligation and to die in England in 1363.

The most perfect and striking relic of medieval architecture now standing is St. George's Chapel, a glorious example of Perpendicular Gothic, (1480-1508) worthy of the Order of the Garter for which it is the hall of ceremony. Ruskin calls it "a very visible piece of romance." It is noted for the great size of its windows, which allow a flood of light to illuminate the noble proportions of the interior. The stained-glass windows contain portraits of English Sovereigns, beginning with Edward III; and the fan tracery, or vaulting of the roof — its somberness relieved by the bright colors of the arms of the Knights of the Garter — is very curious and beautiful.

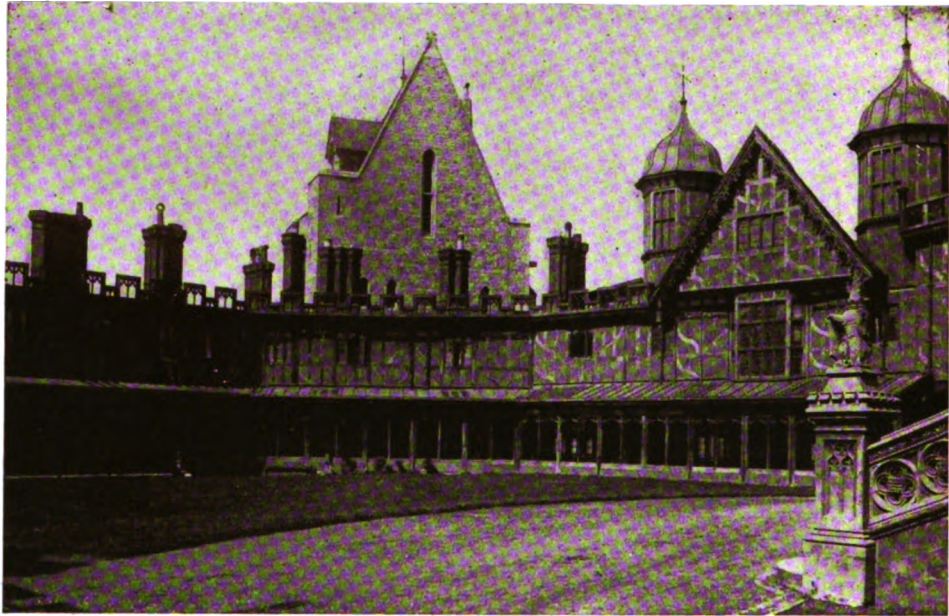
St. George's Chapel has been the scene of many historical events, chiefly weddings and funerals, and the ceremonies of the Order of the Garter. Perhaps the most pathetic was the burial, in absolute silence, of the body of the executed King Charles I in 1649; and the most impressive, the funeral service which was held over the remains of Queen Victoria in 1901.

The Sovereign of Great Britain is always the head of the Order of the Garter, and the ceremonials held in St. George's Chapel are generally connected in some way with that interesting relic of ancient chivalry. There is still a doubt as to the origin of the famous motto of the Order, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*'; the story generally given of the Countess of Salisbury and Edward III is considered by many to be a blind, concealing a deeper meaning which perhaps would not be easily discovered by a materialistic world. It has been suggested that Richard I brought it from the East, and that the meaning of the words has been misconstrued for centuries by the ordinary scholar. There is some literature available upon this rather unusual subject of interest to those who find it profitable to search in out-of-the-way corners. Hallam, the historian, says the Order of the Garter was founded when England was "the sun, as it were, of that system which embraced the valor and nobility of the Christi-

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

an world . . . when chivalry was in its zenith, and in all the virtues which adorned the knightly character none were so conspicuous as Edward III and the Black Prince."

Windsor Castle is famous for its treasures of Art, and the Royal Library. Rubens, Vandyck, and Holbein are in great strength. and there



THE HORSESHOE CLOISTERS, WINDSOR CASTLE

are superb examples of many other great masters of painting. The Library contains a matchless collection of drawings by the old masters, especially Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Holbein.

Everything about Windsor takes back the mind to medieval times. There is, however, little of special interest in the town itself except the picturesque streets and the Town Hall, built by Sir Christopher Wren, though considerably altered. The churches and ancient Inns — of which there were once seventy — have been modernized or entirely rebuilt, but the old-world atmosphere is unmistakable and the dominating majesty of the ancient Castle is felt for many miles around.

Of the Horseshoe Cloisters, shown in the picture, one writer says:

"These have an air of immemorial, exquisite, and well-preserved antiquity. In fact they are not older than the flight of broad steps, quite modern, by which the west door of St. George's Chapel is reached. [To the right in the picture] It is almost hard to believe that they were not built in their present form in the glorious days of Elizabeth or her father Henry, but that to Sir Gilbert Scott belongs the credit of having reared in the place of an insignificant and unlovely range of buildings an edifice easily to be mistaken for a piece of genuine Tudor work."

## TALKS ON THEOSOPHY: by Herbert Crooke

### I — WHAT IS IT?

**T**HIS is the question which I put to a friend of mine as we rode together in the train to a neighboring city on our way to business. He was a bank man and studious, who rarely missed the opportunity given by the half-hour's daily ride to and fro to read what I found later were books on Theosophy. He looked at me in a mild way, a little surprised perhaps at my curiosity, but quite ready to shut his book and chat on a theme which was so much in his thoughts.

"Well," said he, "that is a big question which I cannot answer fully for I have only been studying it myself during the past year or two, but I can give you my idea of it, and will do so gladly."

I thanked him and remarked that lately I had heard it spoken of two or three times, and each time I had felt unaccountably drawn to learn something of it, though in a double sense it was 'Greek' to me.

In those days, some thirty years ago, little was known about the subject. Now and again one read in the daily press a reference to that remarkable Russian woman, Mme Blavatsky, and comments were made on the phenomena she was supposed to have produced. This did not interest me, for I was not drawn to anything that savored of the uncanny or was allied with what was called Spiritualism and the doings of mediums—it was too remote from the ordinary affairs of a business man's life.

My friend, however, evinced a remarkable enthusiasm as he went on to describe what little he knew about it. "You've heard of Buddhism, I suppose," said he, "and the teachings of Buddha?"

"No," I replied, "beyond the names, I know nothing about them except what the missionaries have reported occasionally; and that, I've always felt, was more or less overdone to impress children and their subscribers with the enormities of idol-worship and the crass ignorance of the so-called heathen. It's not Buddhism, is it?"

"No," he said, "not in its modern form, at any rate, but there are many ideas in it which correspond with the teachings of Gautama the Buddha, as one may see by reading Arnold's *Light of Asia*. Yet I remember my first interest was aroused by hearing a lecture on 'The Secret of Buddhism,' in which the modern teachings of the Buddhist priests were in no way referred to, but instead, what seemed to me a new way of accounting for the origin of this earth and its humanity."

"I suppose that there are only two ways to account for the origin of man and things," I remarked, "that contained in the Bible and that

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

vouched for by science on the Darwinian theory. They seem mutually contradictory rather, though for my part I have considered the contradiction was more seeming than real, since the process of creation set forth in *Genesis* does not eliminate the idea of evolution by which the elemental condition of things precedes the more organized and complex. The dry land and water are before the herbs and fishes and creeping things, and man appears rightly to crown and complete the great process of creation as being the finished product of all nature."

"Yes," he said, "but have you ever thought of it that even in the Bible there are two distinct processes of creation indicated?"

"No," I replied, "I had not seen it in that way, but rather as the description by two different records of the same stupendous work."

"Well," my friend added, "if they relate to the same work it is strange that the one should begin where the other appears to leave off. In other words, man seems to be the crown of creation in the first chapter of *Genesis*, while in the second he is described as the forerunner of all lesser nature."

"Ah! I had not thought of that," I said, "It is, as you say, very remarkable. Yet how is it to be accounted for?"

"Theosophy," said my friend, "seems to give a very consistent explanation of this seeming contradiction. For the process of creation or evolution, according to its presentation, is a very much more protracted and gradual affair than one would imagine from the brief summary of it shown in *Genesis* as the work of the Creator in a space of six days with its seventh of consummation and rest. Indeed you will find that the long slow measured process of evolution, dimly perceived by our scientists, is quite logically and systematically sketched in the Theosophical teachings. Nowhere does there seem to be any record of that sudden coming into being at the fiat of the Almighty, such as our theologians are too apt to credit."

"And then the rise and fall of nations and races," he continued, "the wonderful civilization of an ancient past succeeded from time to time by a reversion to the simplicity and barbarity, if one may so call it, of the nomad of the desert and the backwoods, which have been revealed by our geologists and anthropologists, and which are a constant menace to any theory of the savage condition of primitive man and his subsequent growth and development into the cultured being we know today — these problems seem to me much more seriously grappled with by writers on Theosophy than by any other school of modern thought, whether religious or scientific."

"Tell me," I said, "what you mean by this; are we not evolved then

## TALKS ON THEOSOPHY

from the condition of the primitive man? As one looks down the pages of history one feels at any rate that in our own country there was a time when the people appeared to be very little removed from the state of savages. Gradually law and order have been evolved and the interdependence of man upon his fellow-man has only dawned upon the human mind by degrees, as man acquired the art of communal life."

"That is where we too often delude ourselves," he replied. "We think our present condition so superior to that of our forefathers! But is it really so? Do we understand more of life or its meaning and purpose? Is there greater happiness in our cities and towns than there was in the rude hamlets and villages of olden times? Do we understand and support and comfort one another more than was done then?"

"Well," I said, "it is not easy to answer those questions, because the standards of comfort have varied so much in the different ages. However," I added, "I am anxious to understand how Theosophy makes clear what must be puzzling to the ordinary observer of our modern conditions of life."

"Theosophy," replied my friend, "certainly does throw a new light upon the problems of life. It postulates a great law of Harmony in the universe. Every part of it is dependent on every other part, and nothing can happen to the smallest particle of it that does not in some degree affect and modify the whole. The purpose of the whole universe, and therefore of the life of man, is the acquirement of experience which shall result in freedom — the freedom of the soul of man in the dignity and power of 'conscious godhood,' as one writer has so well put it. The conditions of being, below that of man, are not those of self-conscious entities; there is a blind acquiescence in the universal Law of Harmony; and hence we do not regard animals or plants or any lesser creature as having any moral responsibility. In a sense they are sinless. But man is a being qualified in his evolution to become free, he is capable of exercising a choice in his actions and so, according to his knowledge, he is competent to conform with the Law of Harmony or to disregard it and suffer the inevitable penalties of infringement. For there is no law in the universe which does not exact a penalty if broken. In other words, this great Law of Harmony may for a time be disregarded by the acts of a free self-conscious being, but the process of readjustment is inevitable. It is this process of action and reaction which in Theosophy is called Karma, and which brings about the sorrow and suffering, the reincarnation and rebirth, of this self-conscious entity, man, who having sown the seeds of disharmony in his ignorance or wilfulness, must reap the consequences in his present or a future life. Thus it may be seen that the present life is the outcome of past similar conditions, and is giving

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birth day by day to a future life which will be full of joy or sorrow as the seeds of that future are being sown today."


"But," he added, with a smile, "you see we have only just touched on the fringe of this vast subject, and I must now get away to my office."

With that we parted, but not before I had begged for another chat with my friend on what I now realize was a very profound topic.

## STUDIES IN CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING:

by **Osvald Sirén, Ph. D.**, Professor of the History of Art,  
University of Stockholm, Sweden.

### CHAPTER VII — ART AND RELIGION

UCH that I had in mind in writing the previous articles has remained untold, though implied in the words that I have used. But that is perhaps not altogether inappropriate in a book that deals so largely with Chinese painting. In this art no complete and exhaustive descriptions are attempted, but only suggestion — something that might attune the spectator's mind and give to his imagination an impulse in the right direction. Some of the lines of thought that have been touched upon in the preceding pages will here be carried further.

There are indeed great difficulties in reaching conclusions in the study of esthetics. If one simply holds to formal analysis one never reaches an explanation of the origin and significance of various methods of artistic creation. One is simply led into endless descriptions, assertions, and recapitulations, in which books on esthetics abound. The underlying sources of a certain trend in art, a certain manner of vision and mode of presenting pictorially ideas or the symbolism of nature cannot be reached without a closer study of the religious life and philosophy of the time and of the individuals by whom such art was produced. The religious life and experience of a people are obviously products of the spiritual will, which is also, though perhaps less obviously, the origin of all true art. Philosophically, art and religion may be called branches of the same tree; they both draw nourishment rather from the inner emotional or spiritual world than from the outer world of material existence.

If one conceives art in a merely mechanical fashion, if one tries to explain it as imitation of nature or as a product of technical skill and the

## CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING

material employed, or as ornamentation, a mere play of forms and colors, one will only be describing various sides of the genesis of artistic creation; but its actual origin will be overlooked. One will be saying nothing about the spiritual mystery which gives to art its power of fascination; one will be throwing no light on the peculiar fact that artists represent infinitely more than what lies within the bounds of visual experience and conscious ideation; one will be giving no hint of the difference between purposive design and the scribbling of a child or an idiot. So long as even esthetically inclined people continue to hold on to a more or less materialistic explanation of art, it can hardly be wondered at that the general public continues to judge a work of art by the test of its likeness to nature.

We have already in a previous chapter touched upon the relation of art to nature; the difficulty of reaching a wider understanding of these questions largely comes from our habit of using our eyes and our understanding exclusively for the collection of material facts. (This is especially true of art historians). We have learnt to face nature catalog in hand, and to put no trust in imagination and intuition. We have speculated to some extent on what we have seen, but we have hardly ventured to draw the natural conclusion that the highest expressions of man's soul-life, one of which is art, must have their origin in a spiritual will. If this were not the case, how was it possible, for instance, that the art of the classic periods, which availed itself of organic forms, could represent these so much more beautifully and expressively than they appeared in nature or that the more abstract art could create designs whose emotional and spiritual significance is still unsurpassed? That which there found expression whether in picture, ornament, or architecture, is not simply a desire for ornamentation or representation but a creative will revealing an inner reality. The same is true of primitive art; the subjective significance is not here obscured by methods of expression, which are relatively undeveloped. This happens more easily when the method of execution becomes more naturalistic, because then artists often lose sight of the inner reality in their pursuit of technical skill.

It has been said, not without exaggeration but with some truth, that for the great artist as for the religious devotee, the physical universe exists only as a means to ecstasy; but the ecstasy may indeed be of many different kinds, from the purely contemplative state of the philosopher who merges his consciousness in the infinite, down to that of mere sensual intoxication. Art may be used as a path to the sublime or as a means to sensuous enjoyment, and the pure bliss of the devotee may find its parallel in the fanatic's fierce joy of persecution. Neither art nor religion find the key to the universe in practical utility, but rather regard the objective world as a symbolic expression of some inner reality which stirs the soul.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

to aspiration and creation. This is a necessary condition for the existence of anything worthy of the name of artistic creation, or of a truly religious life. It first becomes possible to draw the parallel between religion and art when one understands them both in their purest form freed from the trammels of intellectual conventionality. The religious impulse has often played an important part in art, though appearing less as a definitely formulated doctrine than as a new spirit which had already found expression in a religious revival.

Thus it can hardly be maintained that Christian art owed its origin to the church or to theological doctrines; but it was gradually molded by the emotional aspiration and mental exaltation which under certain conditions were aroused by the Christian doctrines. They stirred the soul and set the senses in a ferment from which an entirely new form of art was born. They manifested themselves on the one hand in intense yearning for infinity and on the other hand in a scholastic subtlety which infused new rhythms into art and turned creative imagination towards ideals unlike those sought in preceding ages. How far these ideals could be called Christian is another question; in any case their origin was in a transcendentalism that stood in direct opposition to the immanence which characterized the religious conception of antiquity.

A few words about the general modifications of the religious ideals most plainly discernible in the evolution of European art may not be out of place here. To begin with, a few statements by the German author Groddeck may serve to throw light on the classic idea of immanence in nature as understood by the Greeks:

"A fundamental difference between the modern world and the antique lies in the relation of religion to nature. The Greek saw God everywhere. Nature was for him something to be worshiped and feared. We modern men with our cold intellectualism cannot understand why the Greeks of the Great Age maintained such peculiar customs in connexion with the felling of a tree or the hunting of an animal. We smile at their superstitious fears. But unfortunately in our day reverence has disappeared along with fear. We now stand in no other relation to nature than as the user to that which is used. . . . Nature has been robbed of her divine aspect. This change in our attitude toward nature is certainly closely connected with our progress in technical and material civilization, but we have paid the penalty in loss of inner cultural and spiritual qualities. The man of Antiquity did not imagine himself the center of the world and the ruler of the earth — rather the contrary."

The feeling of unity with nature was doubtless one of the primary conditions for antique art. They conceived nature as ensouled; they felt themselves involved in the organic life of nature, which thereby became for them stamped with something of their own individuality. Their pantheism was anthropomorphic, which fact led to the establishment of the human figure as the highest ideal of art. "Wonders are many but none more wonderful than man," was said in the *Antigone* of Sophocles — a

## CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING

verse that could stand as a motto for all Greek art from the Golden Age onward.

This is hardly the place to enter upon a discussion of how far the Greek conception of art and beauty was bound up with ethical and religious ideals. The central and ruling idea for them in art as in life was the principle of balance and harmonious proportions. It is clearly enunciated by philosophers like Plato and Aristotle, and it is of fundamental importance in the creations of the great sculptors and architects. But the origin of this principle and the standard by which it was tested was the human figure: the symmetry of its construction, the harmonious proportions of its parts, its tectonic organism, had for them the highest symbolic significance and artistic value. They held that man was akin to the gods, and in his ideal perfection became like them. The anthropomorphic ideal in art was a natural result of their conception of life and of the world they lived in.

The question, where does the spirit of Christianity find its fullest expression? may be answered in many different ways according to how religion itself is understood. To us it seems natural that as Christianity was a spiritual movement originating in the East, so it was there, in the Eastern parts of the then existing Roman Empire, that its spirit and essence found their best reflexion in art. It was well within the general tendency of Christianity to seek the highest ideal of life beyond the bounds of material existence, or, as often said, to turn the eye towards the infinite. The art whose aim it was to give expression to such a concept, naturally would not waste itself in representations of mere material objects, however beautiful, but would rather seek to sublimate the earthly form into an image of more purely spiritual character. The problem of this art was highly abstract, its solution could only come from within. It may be that this always is the case, to a certain extent, in an art that seeks inspiration in spiritual movements, and which symbolically expresses religious ideals, though the symbol may be direct or indirect, abstract or concrete. In the former case art speaks through rhythm of line and through qualities that have a direct symbolical significance; in the latter case it borrows the speech of nature and expresses itself by means of representation of organic form. We shall have the opportunity of discussing this diversity in what follows.

No one who has carefully studied the Byzantine mosaics of the sixth century can deny that they have an intense artistic significance and great decorative beauty. Form as a means of expression has here a more direct emotional value than in antique art; it is not weighed down by the necessity to imitate nature. The golden background and the deep-toned jewels of these mosaics intensify the suggestive power of the highly conventionalized figures and suffuse them with an atmosphere of ecstasy

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

which well accords with the religious yearning towards the infinite. The inherited esthetic refinement and the ceremonious court-life of the Byzantines provided material for the creation of the new emotional symbolism. The pursuit of the abstract came more naturally to them than to the people of the West; their emotional life was dominated by the general Eastern tendency to drift into vague poetic dreams and contemplation of immaterial beauty.

In the West the Gothic, later on, adopted similar emotional ideals as subjects for artistic presentation, but its forms of expression were never so abstract or sublimated by feeling and imagination as those of Byzantine art. Transcendentalism was here also an element of fundamental importance, but the Christian spirit that inspired the Gothic was in closer contact with life and reality than was the religiosity of the East; it was permeated by the Western love of action and movement in art. This depended naturally on the fact that the Christian culture of Western Europe had been molded by vigorous and active young nations who gradually replaced the older. They had an altogether new craving for realistic character in art unknown to the Byzantines. They create new living types and dramatic forms of expression. They describe and narrate. In spite of all their spiritual yearnings they revel in reality. No matter how much the Gothic cathedral-statues seem to shrink into themselves with ascetic repugnance to the outer world or to stretch out in boundless yearning towards the beyond, yet one may generally find in them some traits that show how closely they are bound to earth. Their artistic significance is often due to a compromise between abstract synthetic line and concrete plastic form. The further the Gothic develops the more it steep itself in the worldly delight of decorative form and undulating line and the more does religious solemnity give place to playful virtuosity.

The art of the Renaissance which sprang up in the soil of Humanism made fertile by the reawakened spirit of the Antique was inspired at its culmination by ideals similar to those of classic antiquity. Once more the conception of nature was colored with the ideal of immanence. The recognition of law-bound life expressed in organic forms more and more replaced the transcendental yearnings for and dreams of the beyond. The desire for scientific investigation and empirical knowledge in no small degree became a substitute for emotional religiosity.

We have already in an earlier chapter pointed out the far-reaching changes that the spirit of the new age brought about in the field of artistic representation; broadly speaking, it led to increased interest in the world of material phenomena and to greater efforts to create an appearance of actual bodily form. To begin with, this increased desire for reality went hand in hand with the passion for scientific experiment. Painters were

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inclined to lose sight of the higher aims of art in their eagerness to represent objects "as they really are," to quote Vasari's expression in regard to the art of Masaccio. But the further they progressed in their studies of the antique and the more deeply they were imbued with its spirit of anthropomorphic pantheism, the more conscious became their efforts to achieve the ideal perfection of organic form, harmonious proportion, and tectonic unity. As the spirit of the time became more classic, so the idealizing tendency in art grew stronger, the naïve delight in nature was superseded by conscious ideation; and organic form in art became more an architectonic work than a copy from nature. At length the Baroque appeared as a reaction against the Renaissance with its striving after entirely different kinds of illusion. The artists of the Baroque no longer concentrated their efforts on the representation of objective appearances or on the clear definition of organic form as such; what they sought to express was rather the subjective impression, a vision of form not shut in and limited but scattered and dissolved by the force of unrestrained movement. Their compositions instead of representing an arrangement of balanced and equalized forces were filled with dynamic effects and violent contrasts. This tension of sudden and violent emotion finds its expression in a movement that carries us beyond the limitations of objective form. The general tendency of the Baroque mode of expression is clearly related to that of the Gothic, but its inspiration is less transcendental than is the spirit of medieval art. It is the spirit of the contra-Reformation and Jesuitry, which pervades the most characteristic creations of the Baroque, and this did not aim at any liberation from the sensual world, but at an emotional intoxication, an ecstasy which was apt to lead the adventurous soul far from the balanced and peaceful state which was the ideal of the Renaissance. It was like stormy autumn after a sunny summer.

From a deeper standpoint, the Baroque period must be regarded as less spiritual than the Renaissance. The direction of this art is not towards emancipation from or elucidation of material phenomena, but towards the creation of illusion or optical deception which will produce the most pleasing impression of sensuous beauty. Its magnificent churches became more like foyers of opera-houses than like temples for worship; and its angels and saints like mundane beauties more or less fired with the fever of the senses.

Then comes the Rococo and makes play with the forms of the Baroque and gives them more freedom and suppleness. The opera becomes vaudeville; the saints shepherds and shepherdesses. The stream of spiritual life becomes still more shallow. The Neo-classic style then renews the bond with the ideals of the Antique and thereby places art again on a broader spiritual foundation, but as an art movement it is highly in-

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tellectual, more fostered by the scientific and literary interests of that time than supported by such a general and spontaneous will and enthusiasm as we find in the Antique, the Gothic, or the Renaissance. This is probably also the reason why it soon dries up in theoretical doctrines and does not set free any greater fund of spiritual power for the renewal of the inner life in art.

As a whole, European art, in spite of all variations of style, remained closely bound up in the problem of material form. Its true field of activity is the world of objective phenomena; it was only occasionally, during periods of intense emotional life, that it entered upon a path leading away from organic form towards the abstract and the purely subjective. At such times emotion had more reality than the objects of the phenomenal world which were reduced to material for pictorial symbology and poetic imagery. But Western culture for the most part provided us with no permanent soil for the growth of such an art. The emotional and religious yeast was soon swept away in the flood of material desires and the pursuit of outward appearances. Whatever subjects this art dealt with, whether it was religious or profane, still the real starting-point was the concrete bodily motive or an anecdotal interest. European art devoted itself so completely to representation and description that the Western world has almost forgotten that art may be a poetic creation capable of directly expressing spiritual and emotional impulses.

One need not have seen much of Chinese painting to perceive that pictorial art is not necessarily dependent on imitation of nature as generally understood. It may express even without the intermediary of material illusion, inspiring emotional qualities (present in all true art); it may arouse one's perception of the life and soul in things — without a complete description of their organic structure and composition. How this is accomplished in Chinese art has already been discussed in a previous chapter and there we had also occasion to observe how an extremely abstract mode of representation may serve for most intimate and living descriptions of nature. This supple vitality, this intense striving for movement, both inner and outer, plainly distinguishes old Chinese painting from the more or less abstract primitive art of Europe. There is indeed in both cases a certain denaturalization of objective forms by means of decorative conventions (or abstract deductions), but the points of departure are quite different: in the primitive art of Europe the aim is accomplished through a schematic simplification of form and a deliberate accentuation of contour, which brings out the decorative beauty of the symbols, without necessarily enhancing their expressional value. In Chinese painting the forms are sublimated into vehicles for living rhythm, which may be accomplished by means of tone as well as by line. The transformation

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here more than in the primitive art of Europe is a conscious inner process of recasting impressions, which is intended to enhance the suggestion of movement and life. Chinese painting proves beyond question the fact (discernible also in primitive art) that the artistic life of a picture by no means depends on faithful imitation of nature or correct representation of organic form.

We have also tried to show that form as such cannot be regarded as the essential vehicle of life in art. It is in itself dead and expressionless if it is not vitalized by rhythm. Rhythm is the pulse-beat in a work of art. It transmits to the spectator those elements of inner or outer movement which inspire the artist, and by it a connexion is established with the pulse that throbs in the spectator's own organism. The more intensely we feel the rhythm in a work of art, the more is our vitality stimulated and the deeper is our feeling for the living form, the movement, nay, the whole work as if it existed in our own organism. It is through the medium of rhythm that we may enter into a work of art and experience something of the exuberance and glow of the creative energy that fired the artist's soul. If the rhythm has once taken hold of us, we are led as if by an unseen hand further and further towards the hidden springs of life from which the artist drew his inspiration; our own vitality submits to the will of the artist, we respond to his appeal and we share in some measure the joy of creation.

Through what organs this subjective merging of our own perceptive consciousness into the life of the work of art is accomplished it is not necessary to inquire here in detail; we only wish to draw attention to the fact that the sense of touch is a most important factor in the interpretation of our visual impressions. Rhythm plays however on other organs as well in our perceptive system without our always knowing how the message reaches us. But certainly the responsiveness of our own instrument is of the greatest importance. There is no lack of people to whom art makes no appeal.

If one explains the appreciation and assimilation of art in this manner, if one sees in rhythm the real instrument for the transmission of life, movement, and expression in art, then one will easily understand that the formal method of representation is not necessarily of decisive importance for the inner significance of a work of art. Rhythm can be conveyed in relatively concrete as well as in abstract form, it can be expressed by line or tone, plastically or pictorially. But it cannot be achieved by a mechanical, faithfully detailed reproduction of outer form; it must be created from within, out of the union between the artist and his motive.

The esthetic definition inherent in our conception of rhythm concerns less the relation of a work of art to its outer material subject than its

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relation to the inner motive of spiritual, emotional, or physical life, which inspired the creative faculty of the master.

As rhythm, however, according to our explanation, is a subjective phenomenon, an abstract quality, it must naturally find its best expression in modes or schools of art which are not hampered by an absorbing interest in the imitation of nature. Abstract forms of art such as architecture and ornament often display the most striking qualities of rhythm, and in pictorial art, with which we are here most closely concerned, it is certain that the importance of rhythm increases in the same proportion as the slavish dependence on material form diminishes. This relative emancipation from the bonds of material form corresponds on the other hand, as we have seen, with the evolution of the whole emotional life of the people in the direction of transcendentalism. We have quoted as examples the early Byzantine and Gothic art, two lines of artistic development which were both stirred by the emotional impulse of Christianity and which in regard to their form of expression were wholly dependent on the quality of rhythmic movement of line. An essentially religious art which seeks to rise above the sensuous world of phenomena naturally always has particular need of the vitalizing power of rhythm.

Nor is this general rule contradicted by classic art as might easily be supposed from its persistent devotion to the representation of organic form, — here rhythm was closely allied to the pursuit of balance and harmonious proportion, it was objectivized and made to serve in the demonstration of the interplay of organic forces. Its function here is perhaps less directly emotional — the spiritual atmosphere of Antiquity did not conduce to emotional exaltation — but not on that account less significant, for it is through rhythm that the life-flow and the inner structure of the ideal organism are revealed.

It is only when art entirely loses itself in representation and description that the organizing power of rhythm disappears. The creative energy is then diverted into side-channels, it sinks into the sands of scientific analysis and historical narration and is lost. The desire faithfully to reproduce material objects closes the vision to the deeper aims of art. We can see this from our own experience. If we find ourselves before a carefully worked out naturalistic picture the first thing that attracts our attention is, in nine cases out of ten, the descriptive motive, and it requires a distinct effort to get away from this purely literary or historical interest to a strictly esthetic analysis of the work. Undoubtedly the greater number of spectators will not take the trouble to do this; for them consequently art has no independent inherent value.

That which is not material is not necessarily spiritual, even in art, and emotional intoxication is indeed mostly a purely sensuous condition

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(cf. the art of the Baroque). The deeper spiritual qualities will be revealed rather in the harmonious relationship of soul to body, rhythm to form. During the Golden Age of Antiquity this harmonious relationship was sought in the perfect proportions and the organic form of the ideal human figure. The ancients anthropomorphized art as well as nature and looked upon the ideal man as a divine being. Thus the creations of art assumed a religious significance independent of the mythological or historical motives they represented. The subject was of little consequence in that regard; the decisive factor was the concept of immanence.

In later times when European art followed the same general current as the Antique with regard to the problem of form, the desire for anthropomorphic symbols was not elevated by the belief in the divinity of man which ensouled the creations of the highest classic period. Even the great masters of the Renaissance in their happiest moments did not attain to the same religious conviction of the immanence of the divine in nature and man. The Christian conception of nature as inherently evil and of man as a miserable sinner had already been too deeply ingrained in the minds of men to be supplanted by the ideal vision of antiquity. Man's faith and trust in objective reality were shattered, his realization of his inner identity with the soul of nature was disturbed by the consciousness of iniquity, the fear of retribution, and the yearning for redemption. It was no longer possible to find in the organic forms of the material world ideal beauty or religious and spiritual harmony. But the creative will was still directed towards corporeal anthropomorphic imagery. The outer garment was preserved even though the wearer of it was dead. Art was once for all bound down to concrete representation. Never, not even during periods of exalted emotional life, when the incitation of the Christian religion was most active, could art free itself from the insistence of material form. Even Gothic shows the same anthropomorphic tendency, though at times it did violate organic unity of form in the interest of emotion.

Western art thus in later times never attained the same spiritual value of expression as it had during Antiquity. It became in great measure a compromise when it devoted itself to religious subjects. It was never able to free itself from the dominance of the human figure as a standard of representation, because it had nothing better to put in its place. It never found the path that leads beyond the differentiations of the material world and the limitations of space towards that great rhythm which blends life with infinity.

This was the path of Chinese art. We have endeavored to point it out through the analysis of different paintings. We have seen how this Eastern art sought to pierce through the veils of the phenomenal world

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and to awake a suggestion of a purer and richer existence beyond the bounds of sensuous perception. Man is to it but as a grain of sand upon the shores of the great ocean of life, a tone in the harmony of the universe, and like all other living things he finds his artistic significance in the spiritual rhythm that flows through all that lives. His form is a symbol like all else in objective nature, but his spiritual nature is an exhaustless fount of life and beauty. In his soul is mirrored a greater and more beautiful reality than any we can behold with our eyes or perceive with our senses. There alone all limitations are dissolved, all discords harmonized. The more clearly the image is mirrored there, the deeper will be the religious value of the creation. More than this no art can reveal.

## THE COLD CLEAR SPRING

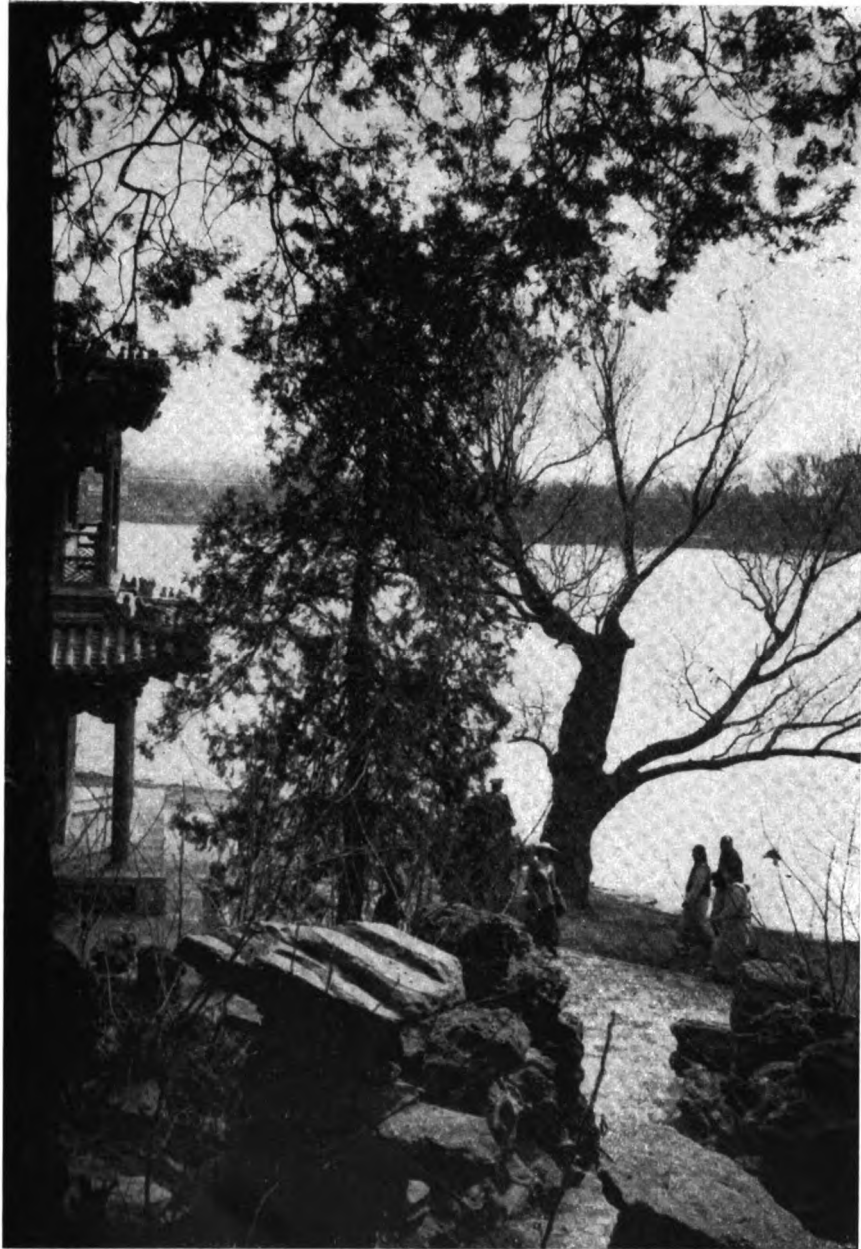
From the Chinese of Li Po (A.D. 702-762)

BY KENNETH MORRIS

BLUE Night o'er the mountain wilds — but there's company here,  
For the Cold Clear Spring is quietly chattering so:  
A ripple and twitter of tune that I ought to know  
Is caught or wrought in the rush-rimmed waters clear.  
A wild little witch of a runlet, lonely and dear,  
In the mountain wilds, and the wind in the pines to blow—  
Night broods in the sky — but there's excellent company here  
While the Cold Clear Spring is quietly chattering so.

I know — 'tis the songs I left unsung I hear —  
The songs unsung and the thoughts unspoken flow  
In its lilt and twitter and ripple and whispering low;  
And the wind in the pines is the lutanist. — Dark and drear  
Night broods o'er the mountain wilds — but there's merriment here  
While the Cold Clear Spring is quietly chattering so. . . .

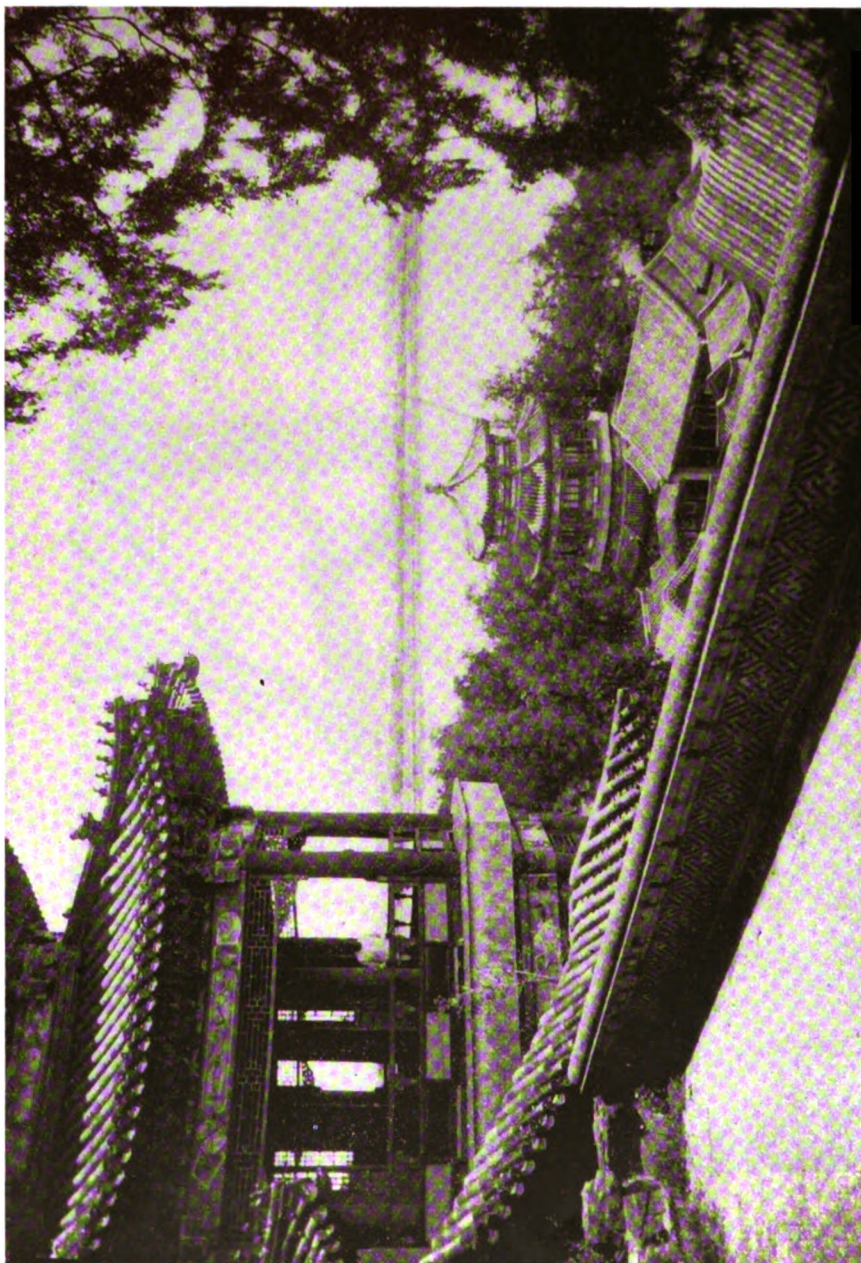
*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### THE CHINESE ARE MASTERS IN THE ART OF LANDSCAPING

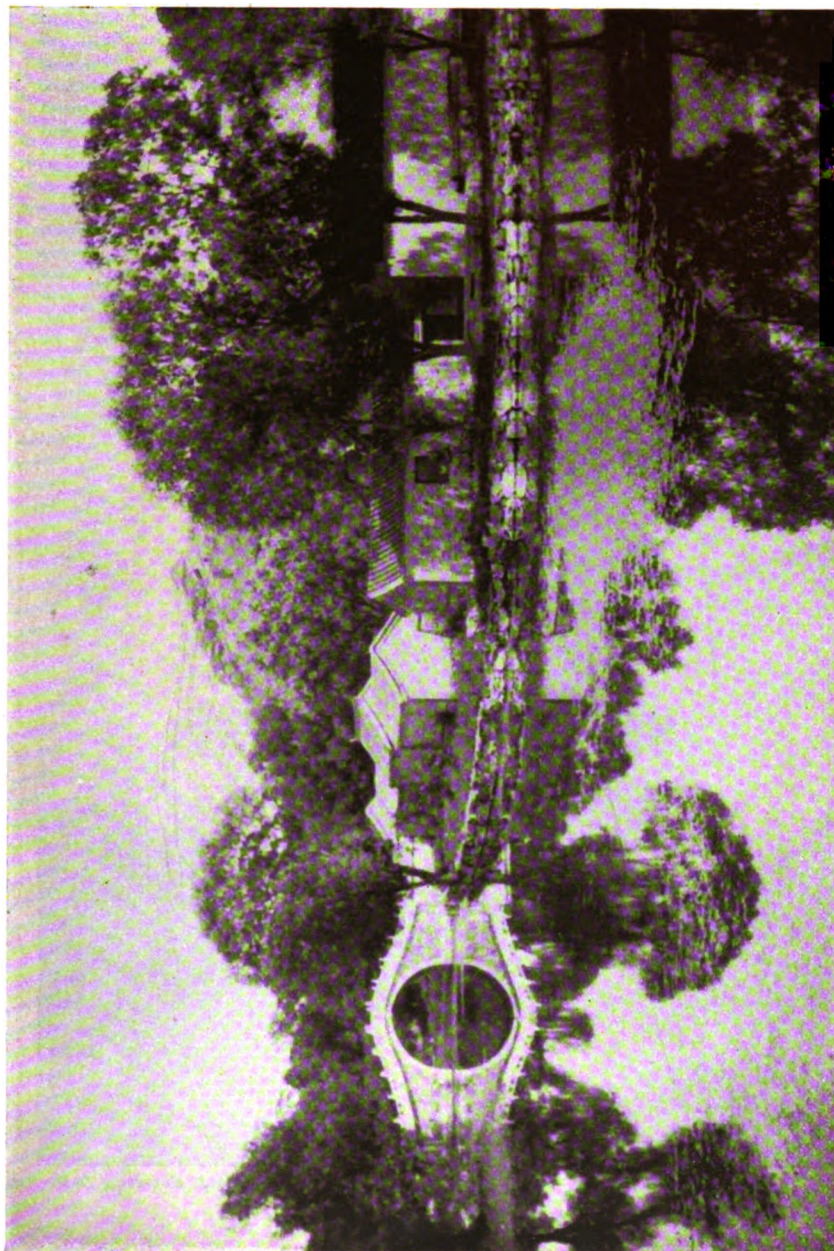
A peculiarity of their gardens is the absence of flowers; for it would be contrary to Chinese 'feeling,' for flowers or even rock plants to be seen growing on the rockeries, which abound everywhere.



*Lensland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### PAVILIONS IN THE PALACE GROUNDS

"The pavilion is a prominent feature of Chinese architecture, and its ornamentation calls out the best talent of the builder in making his edifice acceptable." (S. Wells Williams)



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**CHINESE LANDSCAPE WORTHY OF A MASTER-BRUSH**

The beautiful 'camel-back' type of bridge is typically Chinese.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### CHINESE PAGODA

This is another form of structure distinctly Chinese. "The presence of such an edifice not only secures the site the protection of heaven, if it already bears evidence of enjoying it, but represses any evil influences that may be native to the spot and imparts to it the most salutary and felicitous omens." — MILNE

## THE YELLOW-CRANE PAGODA

From the Chinese of Ts'ui Hao (A. D. 703-755)

BY KENNETH MORRIS

HERE, by the banks of Yangtse Stream,  
Of old Wang Tzu-chiao sailed away,  
A-craneback, into realms agleam  
Beyond the blue of night and day.  
Now from the Peaks of Heaven, they say,  
He sees the night-skies wandered o'er  
Far under foot, by stars at play —  
Only the Crane flies down no more.

Lest you should think the tale a dream,  
Here stands the old pagoda grey  
Watching the Yangtse flash and gleam,  
Watching the green long rushes sway;  
And there the white clouds drift away —  
Blue, silver, river, clouds and shore  
Just as in old Wang Tzu-chiao's day;  
Only the Crane flies down no more.

Eastward — the drear, dark forests seem  
Lost in the cold blue far away;  
Out of the west, o'er Yangtse Stream,  
Warm little bloom-breath'd breezes stray  
With whisperings sad and dear and gay  
From flowery fields they fluttered o'er  
This very morn, or yesterday —  
Only, the Crane flies down no more. . . .

### *L'Envoi:*

Wang Tzu-chiao's heart was fain, they say,  
For Laotse's Heaven. — Oh, longing sore,  
Westward *my* heart turns, night and day —  
Only, the Crane flies down no more. . . .

*International Theosophical Headquarters  
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## REINCARNATION, AND THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANTINOPLE HELD IN A. D. 553: by the Rev. S. J. Neill

### PART II

**I**N the former article an attempt was made to give a general outline of the state of things which existed in the early Christian Community, in order that a better idea might be formed of the causes at work during the early Christian centuries, and which led to the calling of councils, and especially the second council at Constantinople, where it is supposed by some that reincarnation was discussed and condemned.

We have seen that at first the followers of Jesus were regarded as simply Jews of a peculiar type or sect. For a considerable time they continued to be so regarded by the governors of Roman Provinces and by people at Rome. Gradually, as Gentiles were received into the new body, and its scope became more and more extended, a juster estimate was made by some of the nature and purpose of Christianity. Greek thinkers took interest in it and mingled Greek ideas and Greek philosophy with Judaism. What the United States of America presents today with elements of various kinds streaming into it from Europe and other places, that the Christian religion was in the early centuries of our era in regard to the various elements of the world of thought. We know something of what a power the Greek world had for spreading its influence in many lands. Not only in Asia Minor, but also eastward towards India, and westward to Italy and Spain did the Greek language and Greek thought find congenial homes. Rome conquered Greece, but the language and thought of Greece ruled the conquerors, so that the Greek tongue and not the Latin was for a time the chief language at the capital of the Roman Empire. One illustration of this is to be found in the fact that the New Testament was given to the world in Greek, not in Latin, and when a Latin version was made, it was produced not in Rome but in North Africa, where the Latin tongue had long been spoken. Another illustration may be found in the fact that Greek writings swamped the early Latin literature, so that we find the Greek model, and the Greek thought, permeating most of the Latin authors for hundreds of years.

But it was in Egypt, and in Alexandria, the capital of Egypt, that Greek influence was especially dominant. Whatever influence of old Egypt survived was given to the world in large measure through Greek channels; and the influence of India, and of the East generally, found in Alexandria its best channel of connexion with the western world. It is well to think of this because it helps us to understand how Christianity, a form of religion springing out of Judaism, very soon, through the in-

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fluence of St. Paul and of many others, soon transcended the limits of its origin. Jesus said he was not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And on one occasion he even charged his disciples not to mingle with the people of Samaria, a stock of people hated by the Jews because of their foreign origin. No doubt towards the end of his ministry Jesus spoke with a universal outlook, charging his followers to make disciples of all nations, but for a time the Christian Church was a 'liberal departure' in Judaism — a sect, like the Essenes and others. The Epistle of James affords us perhaps the best insight into the thought of the new Community at its start. Along with this we may read the first three Gospels, and the letters of St. Paul who did much to mix the spirit of the Jewish Rabbi with that of the Greek philosopher. But about the same time another powerful influence was springing up in Egypt. Egypt had long been the home of a powerful Jewish colony or settlement. In the course of time the Jews in Egypt while retaining their old religion became better acquainted with Greek than with Hebrew so that the Old Testament had to be translated for their use out of Hebrew into Greek. This was nearly 300 years B. C., and it gives us, perhaps, the first translation of any extent existing in the world. Now there arose out of this Jewish colony, if we may so call it, in Egypt, a man named Philo. This man wrote about the Old Testament, and in doing so he read into the Jewish Scriptures many ideas derived from Greek thought, and also from Eastern thought, through Greece. We mention him because of the far-reaching influence which he had on many writers after his own day. One of these was also a remarkable man called Origen, also from Egypt. Origen's influence spread far and wide, in Palestine, in Asia Minor, and elsewhere, and exists to this day, and will always exist. Now it was in large measure on account of ideas springing out of *Greek thought*, and also out of the teaching of Philo, Origen, and others, that a great many of the disputes in the early Christian Church took place. Humanly speaking they never would have taken place had Christianity not been permeated with the Greek thought and the Greek cast of mind. The tendency of the Greek mind was to '*philosophize*'; hence it is that nearly all historians maintain that Greece and not Egypt or India, or any other place, is the home of '*philosophic thinking*.' Other peoples, say these historians, may have had lofty teachings, but they were given as *teachings*, and not, strictly speaking, as the results of '*philosophizings*.' Now this spirit of philosophizing was always to express in human language the infinite, the inexpressible, the absolute; and the thing cannot be done. Hence all the trouble, hence the Councils, and disputes, and all the strife that took place afterwards, and which still exists in much of the world of thought today. The Hebrew mind was very different from the Greek.

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On the one hand it spoke of God in terms of human experience; and it also largely ignored secondary causes, except in the case of prophets and angels. On the other hand it was conscious that God could not be comprehended by the human intelligence: "Canst thou by searching find out God, canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" "As heaven was high above the earth, so was God above man, and his ways above man's ways." It is the fashion with some to profess to believe that the Jewish God was only a tribal deity, and to neglect all those passages which show the Hebrew thought of God as the Creator and upholder of all things, the Self-Existent and Eternal One. No doubt among the Hebrews as among peoples of today there were many who had very imperfect, very limited conceptions of God. Men in all ages and lands make God in their own image and likeness.

With the Greek it was very different. It is true he also made Gods and Goddesses after a very human fashion, but the philosophers among the Greeks were ever trying to think more and more accurately, more clearly, more logically, about things divine.

Of course the Greeks, like all men, in trying to express the Divine had to use negatives, such as Infinite, incomprehensible, immortal, and the like. This way may seem learned but it is really a cloaking of our ignorance. There is more truth, more wisdom expressed when we think of God as Light or Love, than in half the philosophies. Now as Christianity became less and less Jewish, and more and more Greek, attempts were continually being made to say what was the nature of God, and what the nature of Christ. Different minds saw the question at different angles; and the words used to express these different points of view were not universally satisfactory. Even to the same mind words had not always quite the same meaning. The attempt at nicety, at correctness of the use of words, led to disputes, and divisions, and strife.

As is well known, the matter which was deemed important above all others, and which was the most difficult to put satisfactorily in words, was the nature and person of Jesus Christ. To get some idea of this one has only to take a survey of such a voluminous work as Dorner's *History of the Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ*; or Harnack's many volumes of the *History of Dogma*. And these are but two works out of many. It would be impossible in a short article to go into any details of the various elements of thought which year by year and century by century gradually were mixed up with primitive Christianity. In Harnack's *History of Dogma*, in the third and fourth volumes, one gets some conception of how the Greek ideas of the Logos became incorporated into the philosophy of the Christian religion. And in Hatch's *Essays on Biblical Greek* one gets some notion of how the Greek language

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was strained to give expression to changing ideas, from the time of classical Greek, and the age of the Septuagint to that of Philo and the early Christian centuries.

One or two cases may be taken at random, such as the use of the words for 'body' and 'soul,' or 'body' and 'flesh'; or the higher and lower uses of the word soul; or *nous* and *pneuma*, mind or spirit. And perhaps the one of the most importance of all was the word *hypostasis*, substance, essence, or reality. This word includes a veritable history in itself. When we remember that it was translated into the west by the very different word *persona*, and that this word person has been used in a philosophic, as well as in a vulgar sense, we need not marvel at the troubles that arise from the 'confusion of tongues.' These remarks may serve to show that the questions which arose, and which were discussed at Councils in the early Christian centuries, are not so simple as those who have not studied these matters imagine. It should never be lost sight of that the forms of belief called creeds were not made on the spot by any man or body of men, but were declared to be the accepted teachings or belief of the majority of Christians at that time. It also should be noticed that the attempt was always made to found the teachings on the New Testament, and that in doing so Greek words had to be used. We have to ask: "How or in what sense were they used?" Were they used as by Plato or Aristotle, or by the Septuagint, or as by Philo, or by later writers? This is important, for Dr. Hatch concludes that "the endeavor to interpret Pauline by Philonean psychology falls to the ground."

These were some of the elements at work, some of the difficulties to be met during the first three centuries and afterwards. And the first general or oecumenical council, that held at Nicaea in 325, had to discuss, and if possible, settle some of these problems which arose because Greek thought had been interwoven with the New Testament writings.

The Council of Nicaea was convoked by the Emperor Constantine, and the chief matter of debate was the terms to be used in expressing the Godhead, the nature and person of Christ, and of the Holy Ghost. A man called Arius, a presbyter of Alexandria, held that there had been a time when Christ was not; and that he was a *creature*. He held, however, that Christ had a pre-existence, and that by him the worlds were made.

Arius was represented, twelve centuries later, by Socinus, and to this day by Unitarians. The Council of Nicaea condemned Arius, and the form of words which it drew up has been accepted in all lands and all centuries till today as the orthodox Creed, by Roman Catholic, Greek Church, and Protestant. Of course the Nicene creed was enlarged with time, until we reach the modern developments such as the 'Westminster Confession of Faith,' — probably the high-water mark at creed formulation. -

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In all this mingling of thoughts from East and West many of the ideas familiar to Theosophists were discussed. And it would be interesting to try and find both points of similarity and points of contrast between the orthodox wording of statements about the Eternal, and about manifestation; and statements, say by Gnostics, Arians, and the Theosophical text-books of today.

Of course the fundamental thought of all ages is, "What *is* Being, and how does it manifest?" Is the universe Spirit only, and is what we call the material universe only Mâyâ, only illusion? According to the modern Theosophical teaching as given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* and other books, manifestation is periodic — Days and Nights of Brahmâ. All the manifested universe returns to the unmanifest at Universal Pralaya. Then the Dawn of a new period is produced by the Unmanifested Logos which having produced the Manifested Logos returns into the bosom of the Eternal. From the Manifested Logos all the Universe is produced stage by stage downward; and man himself is a microcosm of the Great Macrocosm. Man is now on seven planes of the universe. The Âtman, the God in man, is the inmost or highest, and is essentially One. This is the real basis of all real unity — the Brotherhood of Man, and the Unity at last of all things in the Eternal. "Trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our home" says Wordsworth. Now the early Christians starting on a Judaistic basis of thought, and then becoming interpenetrated with Greek thought, tried to combine the two. The terms used in the New Testament were taken by Greek thinkers and made to correspond with Greek philosophy from Plato to Philo and Origen.

In all this arduous struggle to define and express the Infinite and Inexpressible there was *strangely lacking any clear conception of man himself*. Therefore when the disputants in the early centuries spoke of the human nature, or of Christ's taking on him the 'flesh,' or of 'body and soul,' there was a lack of definition. Various views were held. One of the earliest was that as the Logos, or Christ, could not become defiled with matter, therefore the physical body of Christ was only an appearance — only seemed to be, hence these believers were called 'Docetae,' thought by some to be derived from the Greek word *dokein*.

Then there were different views as to Christ having a human soul in conjunction with the Divine soul or Logos; or only a Divine soul in a human body. Along with this was the problem of the *Hypostasis*, the most difficult of all, and made more so, unfortunately for after ages, by the rendering of this term by the word *person*, meaning a mask. According to the orthodox party there were three persons in the God-head, all equally infinite in every way. Also in Christ there were two

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natures united in the one person. The word person is to be read hypostasis. Some have tried to find analogies to illustrate this union of persons, and of natures: such as the three sides of a triangle; or light, heat, and energy in a ray of light; but all confess that no material thing will illustrate quite correctly the Infinite.

Perhaps the word 'Aspect' as used by H. P. Blavatsky will come the nearest to represent the ancient use of *hypostasis*. But he would be a rash philosopher who would attempt to lay down accurate terms, or to state anything as a finality.

It was this attempt for a finality that made other Councils follow that of Nicaea. Some one point or other had to be added, or made clearer. Or some one had taught things heretical, and he must be tried. So there were synods, professedly oecumenical Councils, held at Constantinople in 381; at Ephesus in 431; at Chalcedon in 451; then there was the celebrated second Council at Constantinople in 553, at which some have thought the doctrine of reincarnation was condemned.

### PART III

Now we have attempted to give an idea, however imperfect, of the current of thought which had moved through the early Christian centuries; and to explain why it was exceedingly improbable that reincarnation was ever so much as mentioned.

It is true pre-existence was often taught, but that is not the same as reincarnation.

If Origen was mentioned, and if some of his teachings were condemned at this Council, it was not so much the doctrine itself, as the man who was aimed at because of other than dogmatic grounds.

We say, 'On other than dogmatic grounds,' and this is the truth. For if Origen had been a little man and his bishop of Alexandria a great man, instead of the reverse, then, most probably, there would have been no case of heresy, no persecution of Origen and none of the long years of trouble afterwards. But Origen was a very great man, one of the greatest in history. He was the pupil of Pantaenus, after that teacher returned from India. He was also a pupil of Ammonius Saccas, and probably knew much of what was to be known then of Theosophy. This was the real cause of that opposition started by his bishop, and kept up by other small vain men. Only, in this case, as in so many similar cases, the real cause of the opposition was hidden from sight, and other causes put forward. One of these was that Origen had taken a too literal meaning out of a passage of Scripture — *Mat. 19, 12*. Other objections were because he gave a too fanciful interpretation to Scripture and was not literal enough! Others were that he taught the pre-existence of souls,

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and the restitution of all things, and that the planets were inhabited worlds. In fact, as we might say, Origen was much nearer the truth than his adversaries. But as an illustration of how difficult it is to be wholly in advance of one's surroundings, Origen taught the resurrection of the body. However, we have here one of the great lessons of all history — a man so far in advance of his time in many respects, who was a disciple of the ancient wisdom; who left many illustrious followers; and who also powerfully influenced all theological thinkers since — this man is set on by his bishop, and some other nobodies, as the result of wounded vanity, and was banished. And afterwards he is denounced by certain bigoted and narrow-minded monks. This led to dispute and bloodshed; and the famous 'Three Chapters'; and to the 5th Council at Constantinople, held under the Emperor Justinian.

When we think of Justinian and the Council of Constantinople there rises before the mind a great variety of pictures. We see the old Roman world slowly changing and passing away, and new States in Europe rising in its place — the forerunners of the nations of modern Europe. We see Rome enervated as the result of riches gathered from all the conquered provinces. We see the Papacy on the banks of the Tiber gradually rising as old Rome slackens its grip on power. The transference of the Seat of Government to Constantinople no doubt sensibly aided the growing power of the Bishop of Rome. Then there were the varied fortunes of northern Africa, of Spain, and of Gaul, and of the East: while all the time the tribes of northern Europe, and of Russia, that pressed into Europe, were slowly hemming in and crushing the frontier of the Roman Empire; encircling it with a strip of barren land which no man dared to cultivate; and consequently making the Roman taxation all the heavier on other portions. We see the Christian Church after nearly 300 years of persecution rising to be the dominant religion of the Roman world; and coming very near at one time being officially recognised (as Nestorian) in China. Then we see the rise of differences of opinion in regard to the way of stating articles of faith, and the consequent weakening of the Spirit of Christianity, and the weakening to that extent of the Roman Empire. This afterwards made the progress of Mohammedanism easier. These facts help us to understand many things. The Roman emperors had on their hands a political task complicated by hot religious controversies. Naturally their aim was to produce peace, to bring the contending factions together, and if possible to harmonize them. Or, if this could not be done, to get the decision of the majority and endeavor to make that the law of the State. This was the position of Justinian, this was why the Council of Constantinople was called together in 553. But the Emperors were not always successful. And the wisest men were

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not always the leaders of a majority, too often the reverse. In the great field of the world the tares oftentimes choked the wheat. Majorities are not always right. And the Christian Councils, in too many cases, were not much in advance of a noisy political meeting where all want to speak at once, and none cares to listen.

Speaking of Justinian and of his reign, the historian Milman remarks on the contrast between the man and the empire during his reign. As a man he united in himself the most opposite qualities, "insatiable rapacity and lavish prodigality, intense pride and contemptible weakness, unmeasured ambition and dastardly cowardice." And yet during his reign the Roman Empire seemed to put on something of its ancient strength. The great generals Belisarius and Narses lead the Roman legions to victory from the confines of Persia to Italy and northern Africa. The Vandal and Gothic kingdoms give way before the generals of Justinian. Not satisfied with martial undertakings the Emperor embarks on at least two other important enterprises; that of legislator and of theologian. "He aspires," says Milman "to be the legislator of mankind; a vast system of jurisprudence embodies the wisdom of ancient and imperial statutes, mingled with some of the benign influences of Christianity, of which the author might almost have been warranted in the presumptuous vaticination, that it would exercise an unrepealed authority to the latest ages." Speaking of the legal work known as the *Pandects* of Justinian, the writer in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* says: "It is by far the most precious monument of the legal gains of the Romans, and indeed, whether one regards the intrinsic merits of its substance, or the prodigious influence it has exerted and still exerts, it is the most remarkable lawbook the world has seen." It should be noted here, however, that we possess very little information as to the legal knowledge possessed by Justinian. Just as the generals Belisarius and Narses were the cause of the Roman victories, so Tribonian and other lawyers did the work of reading and marking extracts of 2000 treatises for the *Pandects*.

In regard to Theology, the other field in which Justinian aspired to fame, he was not so fortunate. Theology is not always a safe ground for amateurs to dabble in — the dabbler may suffer, and the theology may suffer still more. Like the "most high and mighty Prince James" whose name adorns the preface to the 'authorised version' of the Bible, Justinian wished to combine the spiritual with the political. It was not enough to codify or to formulate laws for mundane affairs; he must legislate for the kingdom of heaven also. The result was lamentable.

The peculiar character of Justinian must be continually kept in mind if one is to get any sort of correct clue to several things in his reign. He was something of an ascetic in regard to food, drink, and sleep, but

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at the same time very dissolute, if Procopius is to be believed. He was fond of building churches and hospitals, but was not so careful in the means used to raise the money for such purposes. To this man belongs the lasting stigma of having in 529 closed the schools of Greek learning at Athens. He also enacted that all pagans and heretics should be excluded from civil or military office. The banished teachers of the Greek schools at Athens went to Persia hoping to find a congenial home there, but were soon glad to return to Greece, where they were allowed to live unmolested, owing to the Persian king having obtained an agreement to that effect with Justinian. We now come to one of the strangest and most pivotal points in the history of the time. Justinian had raised his wife Theodora to be partner with him in the empire. And from all accounts she was the power behind the throne, as were the generals Narses and Belisarius, in a military sense. Now Theodora and Justinian held two opposing views as to the Council of Chalcedon, the last general Council; and some writers have supposed that this outward opposition of views was a thing agreed on by the Emperor and Empress, as a matter of State policy! Anyhow, Justinian upheld the Council of Chalcedon, but Theodora did not. She was a Monophysite, or a believer that Christ had only one nature, a position held to be heretical by the Council — the orthodox position being that in Christ there are two natures in one person. The Empress had a strong following and managed to have Anthimus, an enemy of the Council of Chalcedon, appointed Patriarch of Constantinople. About this time Agapetus the Bishop of Rome came to Constantinople on a political mission on behalf of the Gothic King Theodahat. Agapetus failed in his mission, but he, with the help of the Catholic party at the Capital, brought a charge against Anthimus whom the Empress had made Patriarch. Anthimus was deposed, but Agapetus died at Constantinople soon after. The Bishop of Rome had an archdeacon named Virgilius. Theodora secretly approached him, offering him money and support to make him bishop of Rome, on the secret understanding that he would take her side in opposing the Council of Chalcedon. However, before Virgilius reached Rome another person named Sylverius had been chosen as bishop. Within a year the Roman General Belisarius deposed Sylverius on the ground of having held treasonable correspondence with the enemy. Virgilius was then elected bishop of Rome, having paid Belisarius two hundred pounds in gold. The bishop, or pope, was now in the very unenviable position of being secretly bound to the Empress to oppose the Council of Chalcedon, while as bishop of Rome he was obliged to uphold that Council! All this it is necessary to know in order to follow the strange course of events at the General Council of Constantinople some years afterwards. The im-

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mediate cause, or course of events, which led to the calling of the Council of Constantinople was a dispute in Palestine between opposing sets of monks there. There was a *new Society* which favored the teachings of Origen. Against this there were some other schools of monks that were bitterly opposed. There was much fighting resulting in bloodshed. The Patriarchs at Antioch and Jerusalem could not put down the fighting, and the emperor Justinian was called upon to settle the disputes. Such a theological position was after the desire of his heart. He at once entered, not as a judge but as a disputant, and published a letter in which he took the side against Origen. In this letter he referred to certain teachings which he claimed to be either extracted from the writings of Origen, *or inferred from them!* And then he declared that these doctrines of Origen were borrowed from Plato and Mani, the founder of the Manichaeans. Now, most people of sense will consider that borrowing an idea from Plato is very far from being derogatory. But what shall we say of the ignorance of Justinian that could permit him to speak of Origen borrowing from Mani, seeing that Origen was born about 185 A. D. and Mani not till about 215 A. D.! However, Justinian was emperor, and no doubt the orthodox party, whose cause he espoused, was strong. The emperor not only launched ten anathemas on his own account against Origen, but called upon Mennas the Patriarch of Constantinople to assemble a special synod to judge the case — which, of course, under these circumstances, simply meant agreement with what the emperor had already written. Probably in 543, Mennas called the Synod, which was known as a *home (endemousa)* synod, and had no claim to be of much authority. Indeed, few of the so-called ‘General Councils’ were anything more than a gathering of those clergy in that province or part of the world. The ‘Home Synod’ of 543 under Mennas passed fifteen anathemas against Origen or anyone who believed as he did. Neither in these nor in the previous ten anathemas fulminated by Justinian is there any reference to reincarnation. Some of the other points in these anathemas which are now most likely to provoke a smile are the ones that apparently were the things most deserving of condemnation; such as: “If any one says or thinks that at the resurrection human bodies will rise in a spherical form, and unlike our present form, let him be anathema.” And, “If anyone says that the heaven, the sun, the moon and the stars, and the waters that are above the earth have souls, and are reasonable beings let him be anathema.” And, “If anyone thinks or says that the punishment of demons and of impious men is only temporary, and will one day have an end, and that restoration will take place, let him be anathema.” These are extracted from the ten anathemas pronounced by the emperor. The fifteen anathemas pronounced by the synod after-

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wards, are on much the same lines, but are too wordy to give here, except the first one which reads: "If anyone maintains the legendary pre-existence of souls, and the fanciful apocatastasis [restitution of all things] let him be anathema."

This is the nearest reference to anything like reincarnation; but it is not that, it is simply pre-existence. It may be safely said that neither in this nor in any of the early Councils, as far as we have records, was reincarnation condemned, or even discussed. The main current of thought during the early centuries, had to do with very different problems.

These anathemas of the *Home Synod of 543* got mixed up with the records of the *General Constantinople Council of 553*; and by some have been regarded as part of the minutes of that Council. This seems to have been an evident mistake. The Council of Constantinople was called for an altogether different purpose, *viz.*: to discuss the 'Three Chapters.' Its finding has relation to those 'Three Chapters,' as we should naturally expect. To suppose that this General Council, called for this avowed purpose, should go back to a 'Home Synod' held in 543, which met for a quite different purpose, seems absurd, and incredible.

The supposition becomes all the more incredible when we know that the secret mover to call this Constantinople Council was Theodore Ascidas the Archbishop of Caesarea in Cappadocia; and that his object was to divert the attention of Justinian from launching anathemas against Origen, whom he venerated, to quite different subjects, *viz.*, what is known as the 'Three Chapters.' He knew that the Emperor was anxious to bring a body of people, the Acephali, into conformity with orthodoxy. So he persuaded the Emperor that their opposition was not so much to the Council of Chalcedon as to certain Nestorians such as Theodoret and Ibas. If these were condemned, along with the reputed father of Nestorianism, Theodore of Mopsuestia, the Acephali might be won over. The device was successful. The Emperor was called off from his attack on Origenists to attack Nestorians.

The Emperor at once issued an edict in which he condemned Theodore of Mopsuestia and his writings, Theodoret's writings in favor of Nestorius, and a letter from Ibas to a Persian named Maris. This letter had severely condemned the famous or infamous Cyril of Alexandria, but the orthodoxy of the matter of the letter had not been questioned by the Council of Chalcedon.

This action of Justinian, which he supposed might bring harmony, produced quite the opposite result. To condemn persons who had died in the full communion of the Catholic Church was held by many to be beyond the power of the Emperor or any body of men. Hence, while some of the Eastern bishops agreed to the edict (those who did not were

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banished), the African bishops, less under the influence of the Emperor, protested. The Roman, or Western Church, also refused to sign. The bishop of Rome, Pope Virgilius, was summoned by the Emperor to Constantinople where he was detained for over seven years. The Pope refused to attend the Constantinople Council, and wrote again and again defining his position. But he had entered into a secret agreement with the Emperor to uphold the Emperor in condemning those mentioned in the 'Three Chapters.' This agreement Justinian made public! The arrest of the Pope was ordered. He took refuge in a Church under the altar, and when the soldiers tried to pull him out by the feet and by the hair he clung so firmly that the altar was like to fall. This caused such an outcry to be raised that even the Praetor thought it wise to desist. Much else of a lamentable nature took place in regard to Virgilius, but that is foreign to the subject in hand.

The Council of Constantinople, 553, discussed the 'Three Chapters,' and of course came to a finding in agreement with the wishes of Justinian. In the eleventh chapter the name of Origen is mentioned along with a number of others whom the Council repudiates, but no charge is made against him. Some maintain the name to be the insertion of a later age.

A word of explanation may be given as to the sense in which the term 'tria capitula,' or three chapters, is to be understood. It usually means articles or propositions, but in this case it means:

1. The *person* and *writings* of Theodore of Mopsuestia.
2. The *writings* of Theodoret against Cyril of Alexandria.
3. The *letter* of Ibas to Maris.

Dr. Philip Schaff, the historian, remarks that much confusion has been caused by this unusual sense in which the term is here used. He also says, and very truly: "Thus was kindled the violent controversy of the *Three Chapters*, of which it has been said that it has filled more volumes than it was worth lines."

A study of these early centuries leaves the strong conviction that the so-called guides of the Church were in not a few cases the chief cause of most of the trouble into which the Church fell. There were no doubt many upright and self-sacrificing bishops, and the mass of the common members seems to have been, on the whole, animated by a right spirit; but too many of the clergy were moved by a love of victory over some one whose views differed slightly from their own. And it goes without saying, that where there is an over-ruling ambition, trouble for the ambitious one, and for others, is certain. The course of evolution seems to move slowly but it is sure.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

## FIESOLE AND ITS INTERESTING ASSOCIATIONS: by Carolus



VARCHI, an Italian historian of medieval times, wrote:

"Not more than two miles distant from Florence shines Fiesole, once a city, now a fruitful hill. Of a truth the position on this charming hill is so pleasant and delightful, that the fable about its being built by Atlantis under a constellation which bestows peace of mind, repose of body, and piety of heart, seems to be true."

For centuries Fiesole was a serious rival to Florence; the former was by far the older, being an Etruscan city of importance long before the Roman conquest. Florence was at first only a small trading village belonging to Etruscan Fiesole, but it gradually became a municipium, or Roman city. Fiesole took the part of Catiline in his struggle against Antony; after being defeated by the Romans it had to yield in importance to the newly established Roman city of Florence. It stood a long siege by the Goths and is said to have been rebuilt by Attila, who destroyed Florence.

The Roman remains are very interesting and fairly well preserved.

Much more would have been left if they had not been used as a convenient quarry from which materials were taken for the building of various medieval churches in the city of Fiesole. The Theater, which is in good condition, was discovered in 1809 and fully excavated in 1872-73. An interesting museum of antiquities found in the Roman excavations stands nearby.

The town of Fiesole is famous for its splendid views over the Valley of the Arno and Florence and the surrounding towns and hills. Ruskin says:

"Few travelers can forget the peculiar landscape of this district of the Apennines, as they ascend the hill which rises from Florence. They pass continually beneath the walls of villas bright in perfect luxury, and beside cypress hedges, inclosing fair terraced gardens, where the masses of oleander and magnolia, motionless as leaves in a picture, inlay alternately upon the blue sky their branching lightness of pale rose-color and deep green breadth of shade, studded with balls of budding silver, and showing at intervals through their frame-work of rich leaf and rubied flower the far-away bends of the Arno beneath its slopes of olive, and the purple peaks of the Carrara mountains, tossing themselves against the western distance, where the streaks of motionless cloud burn above the Pisan Sea. The traveler passes the Fiesolan ridge, and all is changed. The country is on a sudden lonely."

On the hills of Fiesole Cimabue, the first distinguished painter of medieval art, found Giotto, as a shepherd boy, sketching his sheep on a stone, and took him home to Florence, where he soon excelled his beloved teacher.

The people of Fiesole are said to be still very different from their near neighbors, the Florentines, and it is even hinted that the ancient hostility between the Etruscan and purely Roman cities has not entirely

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died away. Fiesole suffered greatly from Florentine conquests in the Middle Ages. The Fiesolans have little of the urbanity and polish of the Florentines, but are people of the hills, a reserved and rather irritable race.

Fiesole is famous for the many notable persons who have been attracted by its beauty and commanding views and its seclusion from the bustle of Florence. Nearly every one of the white, picturesque villas, embowered with roses and surrounded by tall, solemn and stately cypresses, so characteristic of the Tuscan landscape, has its history. Lilian Whiting, in her delightful 'The Florence of Landor,' says:

"On one of the picturesque hillsides between Florence and Fiesole is the Villa Landor which is said to have been built by Michael Angelo. The lawn before the villa is a large oval plot, guarded by rows of motionless cypress trees that stand like a double row of sentinels, spectral and solemn. A great gate with high, stone pillars opens into the grounds. From the west and the south side of the villa there are enchanting views of the Val d'Arno, with gem-like glimpses of Florence gleaming in the heart of the valley. The location is one of the choicest in the environs of Florence. The sunset panorama over the Arno, with the heights of Bellosguardo and San Miniato in the distance; the purple mountains, changing through all the hues of rose and violet shades, crowned with the ancient town of Fiesole from which an Etruscan town looks down; the luminous air, shimmering in a thousand opalescent lights — contribute to form a poetic atmosphere in which Landor could dwell as in a majestic harmony. Noble thought and lofty vision might well be the daily companions of one thus fittingly enshrined. 'Milton and Galileo give a glory to Fiesole even beyond its starry antiquity,' wrote Leigh Hunt; 'nor is there, perhaps, a name eminent in the annals of Florence with which some connexion cannot be traced with the ancient town.'"

There is hardly a spot within easy walking distance of Fiesole which does not preserve the memory of some illustrious name or some romantic deed. Michael Angelo was born close by, in the village of Settignano; Machiavelli had a house in Fiesole; Boccaccio laid the scenes of his *Decameron* on the sides of the Maiano stream; Dante lived on the river Mugnone. Lorenzo the Magnificent lived and died in a villa embosomed in gardens on the slope of the hill of Fiesole. Among the radiant band of scholars, poets, artists and philosophers surrounding that illustrious tyrant, and associated with Fiesole in that way was the noble humanist, philosopher and poet, Pico de Mirandola. Lorenzo de' Medici wrote, "There are few men for whom I entertain such an affection and respect as for Pico." Dr. Sirén says:

"His intelligence was not satisfied even by the addition of the regular Platonic studies to those of Christendom. He penetrated into the esoteric systems of the Oriental religions, and was among the first Western students who, in recent times, tried to interpret the symbolic writings of the *Kabala*. In his indefatigable strivings to reach the foundations of the various forms of religion, to find the unity in widely separated philosophic systems, his conception of the worth and possibilities of the human soul was greatly enlarged."

—*The Theosophical Path*. Vol. III p. 374

"Pico afterwards resided in Florence, where he had a true friend and protector in Lorenzo de' Medici. The influential Medicean prince even tried to prevail upon the Pope to rescind his

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condemnation, but in this he did not succeed. Not until later, after his death, were Pico's writings declared harmless.—p. 379

"His whole efforts were now devoted to becoming a helper on both spiritual and material lines, through the application of his science and unusual knowledge of human nature to the welfare of others, and of his material wealth to the relief of want and suffering. When he himself was unable to seek out the needy ones, he commissioned a friend to take food and money to those who lacked the most. He spent a peaceful and retiring life. The following significant lines of Lorenzo de' Medici show this:

'The Prince of Mirandola lives here, in our neighborhood; he passes an unostentatious, holy existence; he avails himself only of the absolute necessities of life. In my eyes he is a truly ideal character.'

"Pico writes:

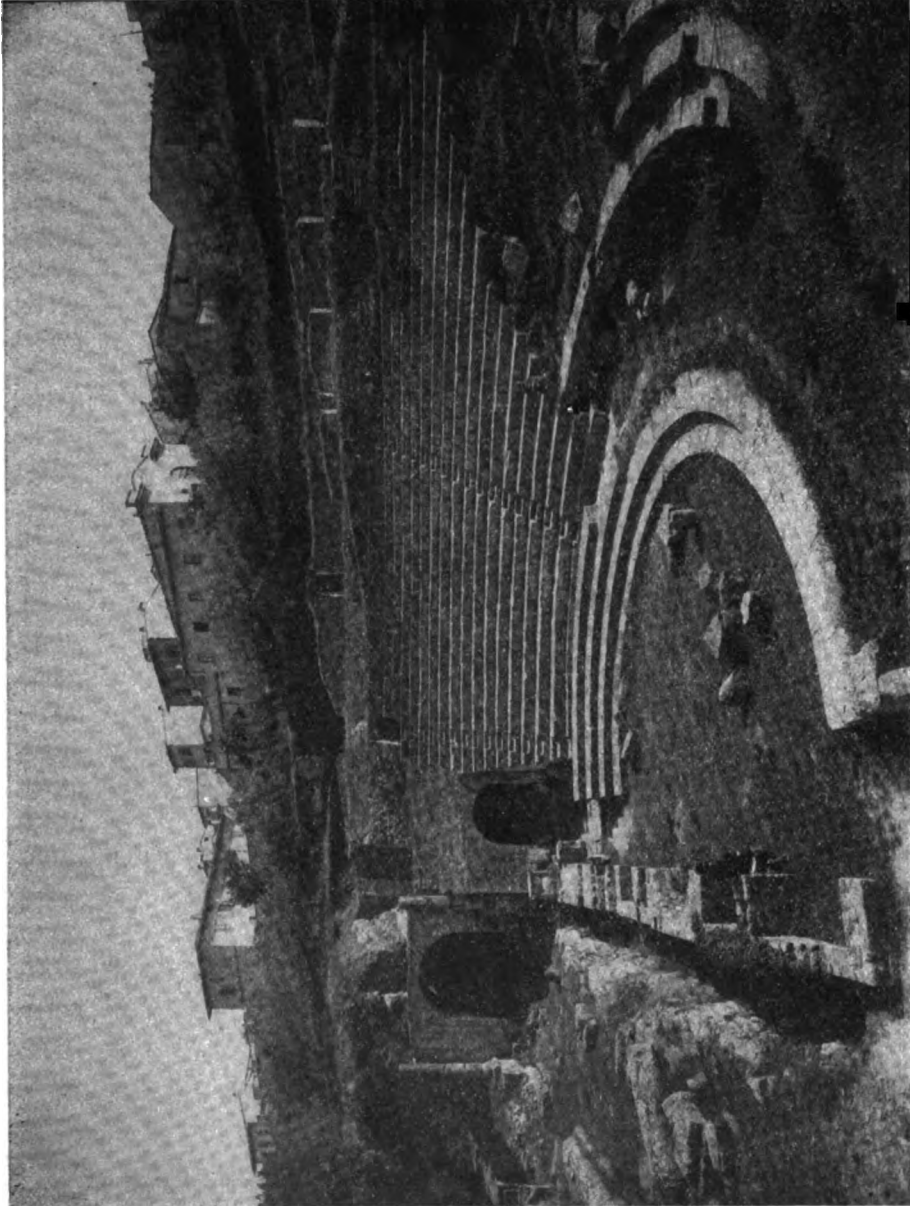
'Pain and sorrow seize me when I see those who call themselves philosophers hunting after reward and payment. He who is striving for gain, he who is not able to bridle his ambition, can never get knowledge of the Truth. Frankly and freely I can say that I never turned to philosophy with any other motive than to serve it. The hope of recognition or reward did not attract me to it. The evolution of the soul and the knowledge of the truth I desired to have been my sole aims. My desires were concerned with the acquirement of the Truth, and I put my whole soul into my efforts to find it. I relinquished the common cares of the day, and devotion to private and public matters I considered unimportant in comparison with that. . . . Deep knowledge endowed me with philosophy to make my own conscience and not the opinion of the multitude the judge of my actions.'—p. 379

"Pico, like many other of the most enlightened minds of the age, was convinced that an original, common, basic religion can be found, whose truths are obscured by creeds and dogmas. He tried to extract the original living meaning in the teachings of the Christian Church, and to show the correspondences with other religious forms. He believed that the Trinity and the Incarnation of the divine in man were plainly expressed in the *Kabala*. According to Pico, spiritual knowledge was revealed to mankind by great Personages, who arose from time to time, and proclaimed the truths in various forms in consonance with the development of their age. Among such Teachers, he said, were Moses, Plato, and Christ. Each of those Teachers have often employed forms and allegories which are not very easy to understand. According to what Plato writes to Dionysius they did so intentionally: that one should only utter his thoughts about the highest and ultimate things in obscure terms, so that what one wishes to impart to initiated friends may not be understood by the uninitiated also.

"Nor can Moses' writings be understood except in the light of older and more primitive religions. The words and images in *Genesis* are like beautiful vessels which conceal precious wines within them."—p. 380



"SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS belongs alone to man and proceeds from the SELF, the higher Manas. Only, whereas the psychic element (or *Kâma Manas*) is common to both the animal and the human being — the far higher degree of its development in the latter resting merely on the greater perfection and sensitiveness of his cerebral cells — no physiologist, not even the cleverest, will ever be able to solve the mystery of the human mind, in its highest spiritual manifestation, or in its dual aspect of the *psychic* and *noetic* (or the *mânasic*), or even to comprehend the intricacies of the former on the purely material plane — unless he knows something of, and is prepared to admit the presence of, this dual element."— H. P. BLAVATSKY



*Lemeland Photo & Engraving Dept*

**ROMAN THEATER, FIESOLE, NEAR FLORENCE, ITALY**



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**ROMAN BATHS, FIESOLE**

## THE SCREEN OF TIME MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY MORNING MEETINGS IN ISIS THEATER

**Recognition of  
Brotherhood as a  
Fact in Nature** The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society announces a change of time for its Sunday services in Isis Theater. Until further notice the hour will be 10:30 Sunday mornings, a cordial welcome being extended to all. On Sunday morning, May 19th, general singing was introduced, the songs being 'Cleansing Fires' and 'Lead, Kindly Light.'

Mme Katherine Tingley conducted the service, and outlined the devotional features with a touch of some of the ancient ceremonies. In the course of her address Mme Tingley said:

"We are as a people face to face with problems of an unusual nature. We are being tried by fire, not having hitherto been able to enter into the thought-life that explains the soul. All over the world there is a universal agony growing out of past mistakes, yet through the chastening processes of our trials and sufferings something new is entering into the life of the world, revealing to man the mysteries of his own nature. 'Man know thyself' — the key to every problem — is found by self-study and effort for the true.

"So we find that the great onward rush of human progress is towards the recognition that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature. We need to find in ourselves the living principles upon which this larger life depends."

**Mysteries of  
Rebirth and of  
Law of Justice** Memorial Day services were held at Isis Theater, Sunday morning, May 26th, by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. The auditorium was tastefully decorated with a profusion of flowers, and special music was rendered by the Râja-Yoga International Chorus — Longfellow's 'Into the Silent Land,' to Eaton Fanning's setting, being sung to accompaniment of organ and strings. Additionally the entire audience joined in singing, 'Praise to the Heroes' and 'O Earth, thy Past is Crowned and Consecrated.'

Madame Katherine Tingley gave an inspiring address on the subject of the day, paying eloquent tribute to the great men and women of the past to whom we owe all that is noble and uplifting in modern life. The speaker referred especially to the inspirers of Liberty and Hope at times when all seemed dark. Of such were Mme H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, who raised the torch of religious and moral freedom in an age of crude materialism and restricting dogmas.

Madame Tingley declared that as a nation we are a collective body paying tribute to the past in a new way because of the demands and duties being urged upon us. In the past we have not had the solution that opened the way, and cleared the vision, as to the grandeur of death.

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But today, since Mme Blavatsky came to the western world and taught the mysteries of rebirth and the law of justice, the world-wide work done by her followers has brought about a change in religious thought. We need the bloom of truth (the speaker continued), not partial presentations. Through our efforts and aspirations there shall come a benediction into our lives, and that is what is manifesting today. The soul must have life after life, experience after experience, that will bring it to its own — the one symphony of life. Then, instead of sitting in sorrow, we shall rejoice in the victory of death. We must do something more than before, to try and grasp the meaning of something new, that each one is divine, with infinite possibilities. The Christos-spirit is in every heart and becomes one with the soul as it is passing to higher life. This is peace beyond all speech and understanding, a victory that no language can describe. It will come home to the soul when it finds itself in a new life, with opportunity to love and serve.

**The Need for  
Regaining  
Spiritual Freedom**

The Sunday morning services, being held regularly by the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society in Isis Theater, are attracting an increasing attendance of those interested in Mme Tingley's humanitarian and educational work.

These services provide unique expression for the devotional feelings, coupled with a sincere study of comparative religious thought, the many creeds of humanity being considered as various expressions of one original Wisdom-Religion, called Theosophy.

On June 2nd the Râja-Yoga International Chorus rendered Verdi's beautiful setting to 'O Thou that Givest Light and Life,' and the entire audience joined in singing 'Cleansing Fires' and "Lead, Kindly Light."

Mme Katherine Tingley spoke earnestly of the need for more comprehension of the things upon which we base our beliefs and creeds.

"Theosophy," she said, "is the only hope for storm-tossed and bewildered humanity. We know that a great compelling force is in the world today that acknowledges the inadequacies of modern thought, and is making a demand for a philosophy worthy of our intellectual and moral capacities. Men are seeking their moorings, and in a large measure have lost faith in themselves. We are thus in need of the keys of knowledge that will open the way to our divine inheritance.

"Through suffering we have been led step by step to this demand of the human heart for truer means of outer expression. The false teachings which have retarded the expression of man's inner life, will have to be set aside as relics of a less enlightened age. Freedom of thought, of research, and of study, will lead us to regain our faith in self-directed evolution, along which line alone truth and power can be found. Why, therefore, should we not make efforts to gain this higher standard of manhood and womanhood? — for upon it alone can true knowledge be based and realized."

## GETTING RID OF 'DAMNATION'

**The Devotional Side of Human Nature** The services held at Isis Theater Sunday morning, June 9th, by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society were thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The Râja-Yoga International Chorus sang Mendelssohn's Duet and Chorus 'O Hearken to the Law,' and the entire audience took part in singing 'Praise to the Heroes' and 'O Earth, thy Past is Crowned and Consecrated.'

Mme Katherine Tingley gave an inspiring talk on the great and urgent need for each one to sound the moorings of his own personal life, to so develop the guiding principles of sincere thought and moral conduct, that they will re-enforce precept and theory with the realization that comes from actual practice.

In speaking of the devotional side of human nature, Mme Tingley declared that the material interests of life have too strong a hold, and that it is the mission of Theosophy to redirect attention to the spiritual qualities that have been allowed to become latent. Some of the secrets of thought-life will, by such means, be brought out and learning will acquire entirely new aspects and meanings. If we are to find our freedom, our own thought must take us out of our bondage.

If we are to know the truth and know ourselves, we must stimulate our thought along entirely new lines than those usually followed. After paying tribute to ancient Egyptian knowledge, Madame Tingley said, "We find a lesson in these ideas; there is an incentive outside of the ordinary desires, when we know that we go on through this life and take up another life and live out our ideals just as far as we have nobly carried out the ideals of this life, and have accentuated the spiritual inner part of our natures in thought and action."

F. J. DICK, Editor

## GETTING RID OF 'DAMNATION'

THE English bishops are agitating the question of removing the word 'damnation' from *The New Testament* and *The Book of Common Prayer*. It has long been recognised that the word is far too energetic as a translation of the Greek of *The New Testament*, which signifies merely a judgment or trial. When therefore Paul tells the Corinthians "that he that eateth and drinketh unworthily (in the Lord's Supper) eateth and drinketh damnation to himself," he only asserts that he makes himself liable to censure, not that he dooms himself to everlasting punishment.

At the period at which King James' version was made, the word 'damn' had a much milder significance than it bears now. When Rosalind in *As You Like It* speaks of "a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable," she simply means, not blameworthy or culpable.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

And so Pope, though nearer to our own time, still uses the word in the same sense in his well-known lines:

“Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer  
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.”

A substitute for a word so objectionable should certainly be used in *The New Testament* and *Prayer Book*, thus removing a cause of offense to sensitive natures, and eliminating a harsh, discordant note in the Christian records quite foreign to the temper of the gentle Nazarene and the movement he inaugurated.— H. P.

## THE MYSTERY OF MIGRATION

**T**HE *Travels of Birds* by Frank M. Chapman is a book to be avoided by those who delight in the ready explanation of natural phenomena on ‘rational’ lines and are impatient of mystery. The author finds mystery everywhere and is candid enough to confess it.

In treating of the sense of direction in birds, he shows that the five physical senses are utterly inadequate to account for a bird’s finding its way over thousands of miles of sea, and postulates a sixth sense although he admits that its seat is unknown, and its mode of operation is inconceivable. When a fisherman is suddenly overwhelmed by a dense fog and is unprovided with a compass, the problem of finding his way home becomes a serious one. If the sound of the breaking surf is out of earshot, he has no sense available to guide him; but if only he can catch a glimpse of the seagulls on their unhesitating homeward flight, he knows that by following their route he cannot fail to strike the coast.

The author relates that a curlew migrating from America to Europe alighted on board the ship in which he was approaching Ireland. The bird resented an attempt to take his photograph and without the slightest misgiving took wing and headed his flight towards Fastnet Lighthouse, a hundred and forty miles away. He clearly did not depend on sight, for at the height at which he was flying the horizon was only six miles distant. He rapidly outdistanced the ship and doubtless reached land hours in advance of it.

Is it not conceivable that an actual trail unrecognisable by any instrument or sense at our disposal may be impressed upon the ether by the bird, and that like Goldsmith’s traveler he “drags at each remove a lengthening chain”? Under this view ‘an attachment to one’s home’ may represent an objective reality on a grade of matter a trifle more subtle than that of the atmosphere. The homeward bird would then simply need to follow the ethereal path, which though superphysical, may be an objective reality to the sense of direction.

This would be no more supernatural than the unerring certitude with which some sensitively constituted people can detect the presence of a cat independently of any of the ordinary organs of sense.— P. L.

## THE SIKHS OF HINDUSTAN

IN these times of changing conditions and keener questioning of life, it is encouraging to find a good deal of space allotted, in two recent issues of the *Scientific American Supplement*, to an article on the Sikhs by one who evidently belongs to their number, and who is a Member of Council of the Secretary of State for India. "The word Sikh," he writes, "means 'disciple,' and is a symbol of self-surrender, giving at once an idea that religion is not of the outside but of the heart, and not of form but of soul." The Sikhs took their rise in 1469 under the teaching of Guru Nanak, who saw the need for reform of much then prevalent, and it is a remarkable fact that at the time of his death he had gained the respect of Hindûs and Mohammedans alike. The cultivation of music played a conspicuous part in his life, his devotions and meditations, and it is essential in the Sikh worship.

A few quotations will serve to convey some idea of the practical outlook on life prevalent among the Sikhs for upwards of four hundred years.

"Where we find a purely spiritual religion, it must always be difficult to distinguish it from others, and to discriminate between them, for after all, the truth is universal, and that which is not essential everywhere is not true. Nanak taught that there is nothing higher than to love God and to surrender oneself to Him by devotion. He taught that good men were not to withdraw themselves from the world.

"He prohibited all worship except that of the Absolute [the Supreme Spirit], the Dweller in All Beings. He abolished the caste system. He taught that true self-surrender lies in service done for others, and that the key to all such service is a pure and high morality."

Notwithstanding the warlike elements which were later, to a degree, forced upon them — the warriors being then designated Singhs, and the agriculturists Sikhs — it must be said that they have built up for themselves a notable record, the inner life of which is doubtless largely based upon ancient Buddhistic and pre-Vedic teachings.

The following anecdote regarding Nanak, reveals a strongly-marked keynote. When only seven years old, his father wished him invested with the 'sacred thread.' "In the presence of the great Brâhman priests he caused astonishment by refusing to wear the knotted thread, and his protest is thus chronicled:

" 'Let the staple of your life be mercy, spun into a thread by contentment, strengthened by truthfulness, knotted by self-control.

" 'Such a thread is needed for the soul, O priest: if you have such a one, invest me with that.' "

The Sikhs abolished the frightful *suttee* custom, instituted beautiful morning and evening devotional services, made the Panjab a place where Hindûs and Mohammedans could live in amity, and possess one of the most exquisite sacred edifices in all the world — the Golden Temple at Amritsar.

Some of the most valued associates of H. P. Blavatsky, during the years when she resided in Hindûstân, were to be found among the Sikhs. D.

# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**T**HIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

## THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

## August, 1918

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

The August issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH is a splendid example of the universality of Theosophy, and its applicability to all departments of life, solving its perplexing problems and answering its questions. Of special interest are the following:

### THEOSOPHY A POWER IN LIFE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

The writer opens with three quotations:

"The principal work we are doing is to make Theosophy a living power in our lives." — *Katherine Tingley*

"We must practise what we preach." — *W. Q. Judge*

"Theosophy is the quintessence of duty." — *H. P. Blavatsky*

"What humanity really needs is a philosophy which will actually help it to live the life in which it is placed and which will throw a beam of light on the encompassing darkness. And it was this that the Founders of the Theosophical Society came to do."

"The result of trying to make Theosophy anything else but a living power in one's life is shown by the vagaries of those who have created sects under the borrowed name of Theosophy, and who are achieving nothing of value to themselves or to humanity, and adding to the already hopeless confusion of theories and speculations; while in some cases actual harm is being done by the perversion of Theosophical teachings and by encouragement of the detrimental practices of psychism."

### THE ART OF GIVING: by R. Machell

The writer uses the word art in its highest sense. He says:

"Art is not artificiality. It is a spontaneous utterance of the soul."

"When a man realizes that he can only give what is his . . . he may come to see that all that he can call his own in any permanent sense is that which he has built into his own character . . . that his only real possession is that which he is."

"All true courtesy is giving; that which is given is sympathy."

"To give pleasure is something, to give comfort is something, but to give light in the darkness is real giving."

### IMMORTALITY AND PSYCHIC SURVIVAL: by T. Henry, M.A.,

is a most valuable and timely article. Discussing an article appearing

in *The Hibbert Journal* by Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, London, Professor Henry agrees with Dr. Inge that

"the evidence for immortality adduced by spookism however 'scientific' is no evidence of immortality at all, but rather is in favor of materialism."

"Psychic research is materialistic. . . . Thus again we reach the conclusion that, whatever is immortal, it cannot be the mere outer presence as we know it. This would seem to show that psychic research can only lead to evidence adverse to the belief in immortality — evidence tending to show that the departed are deadlier than they were before they died."

#### **BLIND MAN'S BUFF: by Lydia Ross, M. D.**

According to the writer we are all more or less blindfolded in this life, that is, as to the spiritual things of life.

"When the soul takes on a garment-body at birth this veil of flesh makes its earth-life a cosmic game of blind man's buff."

"Each one plays the game — both the cosmic and the childish one according to his make-up. . . ."

"The Real Player takes his bumps and bruises and falls and failures calmly, patiently, and as clues to the safe and sure course to follow. . . . He intuitively perseveres to work out the game and regain his larger vision, plus an added power of a test experiment."

#### **CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL: by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.**

The keynote of the article is in the following:

"You and I do not commit crime we think. But let us be honest. The criminal is only a man who carries on into act the tendency which in you and me exists in lesser degree."

"To prevent the criminal lies with us — by cultivating sense of justice, which is regard for the rights of others; and by cultivating brotherhood, which is love of the welfare and best interests of others, the recognition of human relationship."

Shorter articles, but valuable and interesting are; **ASTRAEA REDUX: by H. T. Edge, M. A.; HOW BIRDS REWARD THEIR FRIENDS: by H. Percy Leonard; THOUGHT AND ACTION: by Montague Machell; and ODD EXPERIENCE OF AN ATOM: by Electron**, which is to be commended to the earnest consideration of physicists. Kenneth Morris contributes one of his gems of verse, **THROUGH A LOMALAND GARDEN.**

There are also verses by M. G. G. entitled: **THE LOST LAKE:** and two articles crowded out of the July issue and previously reviewed, **HISTORY IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY: by H. Travers, M. A.** and **PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS: by Kenneth Morris.**

Under **THE SCREEN OF TIME** are to be found reports of the morning services at Isis Theater with extracts of addresses given by Katherine Tingley, also an account with clippings from Eastern newspapers of the splendid success of an exhibit recently in New York of paintings by Maurice Braun, a student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

# The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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VOL. XV NO. 2

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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AUGUST 1918

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## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



# The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian  
Monthly



Nonpolitical  
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

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Edited by Katherine Tingley  
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

THE Holy One said:

"Now further, O thou of mighty arms! listen to my most excellent discourse, which I shall, from desire for thy good, declare unto thee who art rejoicing. (1)

"The multitude of divinities know not my origin, nor the great rishis (*maharshayah*). For I am the beginning of gods and of the great rishis in every way. (2)

"He who knows me as unborn and as without beginning, the great lord of the world, is of clear sight among mortals. He is freed from all evils. (3)

"Understanding, knowledge, clear-mindedness, patience, truth, self-control, calmness, pleasure, pain, existence, non-existence, fear, and also lack of fear; (4)

"Inoffensiveness, equanimity, contentment, penance, gifts, renown, disgrace, (these) several states of beings are verily from me. (5)

"In former ages the seven great rishis, also the four manus, were born of my nature and of my mind. Of them is the world, (which is) these (my) offspring. (6)

"He who knows correctly this my power and my yoga (union), is united with unwavering union (*yojana*). Of this there is no doubt. (7)

"I am the production (*prabhavo*: origin) of all. From me all proceeds. Thinking thus, the wise who search (the mysteries of) being (*bhâvasamanvitâh*), choose me. (8)

"With minds on me, with vital energies directed to me, instructing each other and declaring me constantly, they are content and at ease. "

— *The Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, Address X.



# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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*Painted by Edith White*

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### FOXGLOVES IN THE INTERNATIONAL GARDEN, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

I will go up through the garden; I know that there

There'll be delicate bloom-flames lit from the flame of God,  
And gem-green reeds, and gold in the sun-soaked air,

And a herb-sweet silence rare,

And a drowsy glow where the bee-loved dreamers nod.

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XV, NO. 2


AUGUST 1918

"THEOSOPHY is the quintessence of duty."—H. P. BLAVATSKY

"WE must practise what we preach."—W. Q. JUDGE

"THE principal work we are doing is to make Theosophy a living power in our lives."—KATHERINE TINGLEY

## THEOSOPHY A POWER IN LIFE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

HESE three quotations have been selected, almost at random, from a great many to the same effect, to illustrate the view which sincere Theosophists take of their faith. A study of the writings of the three Leaders of the Theosophical Society will leave no doubt on this point. The purpose of those Leaders and their followers has not been to add one more to the overwhelming number of theoretical systems in the world, but to do something that shall help forward humanity in its continual search after truth and enlightenment. The lives of those Leaders prove that they can have had no other motive; for ambition and self-aggrandisement in any form will not account for their conduct. And not only is the mere pursuit of learning a dereliction of those duties which our better nature entails upon us, but it is fraught with failure in its own proposed object; because the pursuit of knowledge without a definite ethical purpose leads into profitless bypaths of learning and the accumulation of a mass of undigested material. The idea of pursuing knowledge "for its own sake" is a fallacy, because man is driven by some motive or other; and that motive, even though unknown to himself at the start, will ultimately reveal itself. Man, being a compound being, an incarnate god, is moved both by the urge of his divine nature and by the selfish will of his animal part; and from one or the other of these two sources spring all his motives, and he cannot pursue knowledge except at the behest of some desire, which must be either that of the impersonal Self or that of his personal ego.

The result of trying to make Theosophy anything else but a living power in one's life is shown by the vagaries of those who have created sects under the borrowed name of Theosophy, and who are achieving nothing of value to themselves or to humanity, and adding to the already hopeless confusion of theories and speculations; while in some cases actual harm is being done by the perversion of Theosophical teachings and by encouragement of the detrimental practices of psychism.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Finally, great is the responsibility incurred by those who have turned anxious truth-seekers away from the light by interposing before their eyes a distorted form of the truth, which causes them to shrink in disgust from what they believe to be merely one more superstition.

What humanity really needs is a philosophy which will actually help it to live the life in which it is placed and which will throw a beam of light on the encompassing darkness. And it was this that the Founders of the Theosophical Society came to do. But the world has so long been put off with false and fruitless teachings that men have lost their faith; and so strong has become the spirit of materialism and selfishness that every teaching stands in danger of being perverted or destroyed. Hence the task before the Founders of the Theosophical Society was fraught with great difficulty. It was necessary first to convince a few people that a great body of knowledge really existed, and that there are in human nature a vast store of latent powers yet undeveloped. And, having done this, it then became all-important to emphasize the ethical motive in Theosophy, in order to counteract the tendency to turn the philosophy into a merely theoretical faith that would do no good to anybody.

Those who took up with Theosophy from the desire for knowledge soon learnt that there is no knowledge worth attaining except that which comes from the performance of duty; and that, without this guiding power, they would lose their way in profitless learning or stumble into some path of self-undoing. In other words, they found that the path of knowledge and the path of duty are one and the same.

To follow duty means that we shall be true to our own divine nature and obey the spiritual law of the divine breath with which man is inspired; instead of yielding to the weaknesses of our mortal frame and permitting the forces of animalism to make laws for our conduct. It means that each man shall be a Man, and each woman a Woman.

Therefore it is that our work is to make Theosophy a power in our lives; for otherwise Theosophy would be a dead thing as far as influence is concerned. And how could Theosophists face the world if they were not, each to the best of his ability, sincerely endeavoring to make their belief real and effective? A body of hypocrites, whether consciously or unconsciously so, or of lukewarm and time-serving preachers, could not stand forth and declare to the world that they have a message.

Thus it will be seen that Theosophy, as understood by its true representatives — the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society — is eminently practical; and, as 'practical' is a very favorite word nowadays, this can be taken as a recommendation. If the case were otherwise, then Theosophy would be unpractical, and its representatives mere dreamers. But the practical work does not consist

## THEOSOPHY A POWER IN LIFE

in the effort to reform other people without attempting to reform oneself. Such an effort is doomed to failure, for it only produces an aggressive busybody. Theosophists have to take their faith seriously, and realize that it is incumbent upon them to exemplify their beliefs, to the best of their ability, by their conduct. If the growth of a man is to be harmonious, he must observe the due proportion between theory and practice, between intellectual conviction and its realization in conduct.

It is this realization in conduct that gives to reform work its vitality; for people take little heed of doctrines whose efficacy cannot be practically demonstrated. They expect a teacher to have the courage of his convictions, and to show that those convictions are real and not merely professed. So it must be the aim of Theosophists to demonstrate that Theosophy is really a guide and an inspiration, and that it can solve the problems of life where other resources have failed.

It is fortunate for the world that Theosophy was not suffered to go the way which so many other teachings have gone — that of becoming a mere intellectual philosophy, divorced from conduct. There is a deep-seated hypocrisy or duplicity which makes people keep their religion and their daily life in separate compartments; so that, though they perhaps do not realize the fact, they really have two religions, one professed, the other practised. However devout in their religious life, they are at bottom worldly, and will evince this fact when put under the stress of trial. How easy it would have been to make Theosophy into a professed belief of this kind, for Sunday use only! How liable people are at any time to drift into such an attitude! There must always be a certain number of people who are attracted to Theosophy, and afterwards find that their convictions were not strong enough, their motives not sufficiently sincere; and who therefore fall away when they find that they are expected to take their faith seriously and to forego some of their former ways of thought and conduct. But, as just said, fortunately the nucleus established by H. P. Blavatsky and kept up by her successors has been strong enough to retain a body of earnest Theosophists who do take their faith seriously; and thus the world has the example of Theosophy as a living power in life.

Perhaps we do not sufficiently realize to what an extent modern life is built up on the idea of personal self-seeking; to such an extent indeed that, as H. P. Blavatsky says, it has even been exalted into a virtue.\* This spirit makes us regard everything from the viewpoint of

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\*"The fact that mankind was never more selfish and vicious than it is now, civilized nations having succeeded in making of the first an ethical characteristic, of the second an art. . . ."  
— *The Secret Doctrine*, II: 110.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

personal advantage, even religion itself being made a question of personal salvation. So people will be prone to ask of Theosophy, "What is there in it for *me*?" Owing to this failing, it ensues that the most highly intellectual and cultured individual may be further behind than an unlearned and uncultured person; because all his learning may be grafted upon a stock of personalism, while the unlearned person may be a far more unselfish character. And what is true of individuals is true of society; so that our society may be top-heavy, and burdened with an amount of vague knowledge far ahead of its moral status. If so, the kind of knowledge most needed will be that which tends to eradicate this redundant personalism and to supplant it by more impersonal ideas, and it would be a mistake to try to cumber people with a further accumulation of undigested philosophy or with instructions which they would only pervert to selfish uses. So, vast and unfathomable as is the philosophy of Theosophy, the ethical side must be kept well to the fore. Students have to learn that personal ambition is not the true motive of life, and that there is a something better in prospect.

Those who are not interested in practical ethics, but ask for instructions in occultism, have mistaken the object of Theosophy. They want knowledge on their own conditions; but if help is expected from a teacher or school, the conditions of that teacher or school must be accepted; otherwise the pupil will have to do without the help and rely on his own resources. In ordinary schools we find boys who at one and the same time demand the aid of a teacher and try to dictate to him. They will have their own way, but will utilize the teacher as far as they think they can. To avoid this inconsistency, the pupil should at least know his own mind; he should have the quality of decision — be able to reflect fully on a course of conduct, and then, having made his decision, stick to it. He needs faith — the power that inspires him to do things of which he does not immediately see the use. And such faith is soon rewarded; for the practice of the simple duties awakens the intuition, and the student finds himself in a new broad world of opportunities both for knowledge and action.

The possession of knowledge is a great responsibility, and sincere students are but too aware of the difficulty of using aright the powers they have; additional powers, prematurely acquired, would greatly increase that difficulty. The message of Theosophy is not so much to reveal new powers as to direct men's attention to certain powers which they already have but neglect, and to assure them that, if they will but use those powers, they will find their abilities begin to expand in an unexpected way.

Some people have perhaps regarded Theosophy as something to be

## THE ART OF GIVING

*tacked on* to life, much in the same way as people have regarded religion as a sort of extra. But Theosophy is rather an interpretation of life, just as religion ought to be an essential part of life and not an attic built on the top of it. So our attitude should not be one of reaching up, so much as one of looking within. We need to be more fully alive, more keenly observant, more wide-awake, to the life we are actually in; not seek to escape it and get into a new world beyond. The world means much more for a man than for an animal; and similarly the same world can mean more and more for the man in proportion as his faculties become keener. And the way to render the faculties keener is to rise to a higher ideal of manhood, which will remove the obstructions from our faculties and enable us to accomplish a step in our evolution.

When we act from a personal motive, we exercise the lesser faculties of our nature; but a pure unselfish motive calls into action the higher part of our nature. Hence real self-development implies obedience to the call of duty and conscience; and in this way only can we avoid the illusions which attend the attempt to gain knowledge for selfish uses.

### THE ART OF GIVING: by R. Machell



GIFT is an act so naturally gracious that it may seem derogatory to speak of the art of giving: yet surely it is an art and a very high art. I do not like the term *high art*, for it seems to imply the existence of low art, which would be a self-contradiction, for Art is the soul's expression and should be so understood. But in this very materialistic age, when soul itself is but a doubtful hypothesis, how can we limit the use of such a term as Art to a state of things generally considered as imaginary or ideal?

And for the same reason one almost hesitates to differentiate between the art of giving and the act of distribution, yet we must do so. The art of giving is a high art indeed and rare.

When Gilbert wanted to get a laugh for Bunthorne, in *Patience*, he made that ridiculous personage utter simple truth, with a result that was invariably successful. Gilbert was a satirist, who made fun of his audience for his own enjoyment, by making them laugh at wisdom which they could not understand; while at the same time he was clever enough to throw the ridicule back on to his intellectual clown the impostor Bunthorne, who remarks: "High art is for the few; the higher the art, the fewer the few; the highest art is for the One."

Which One? Of course Bunthorne appropriates the honor to his own absurd personality, and the audience accepts his interpretation,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and laughs; while the author smiles sardonically at both, and perhaps a little bitterly at himself, for it is bitter to be self-condemned to the role of a buffoon when one feels that one is endowed with superior intelligence.

The satirist knows nothing of the art of giving. He flings his wit at his audience, sometimes as a man may fling a bone to a dog and sometimes even less graciously. One has seen ragged urchins plunging into the river mud for coppers thrown to them by passers on a bridge, who enjoyed the dirty sport provided by the need of the beggar children. In some such mood the satirist at times flings his wit out to a hungry crowd, that is willing to plunge into the mud of degraded intellectuality for the diversion of the cynic, and for their own distraction.

But such gentle genial humorists as Oliver Goldsmith, when they write humorously, give flowers from the beautiful garden of their own heart, that carry a benediction with them and the rejuvenation of true merriment. They give spontaneously and their giving is high art.

Art is not artificiality. It is the spontaneous utterance of the Soul.

But the soul can find no utterance, until the mind and the heart and body can be brought into harmonious subjection to the soul, by discipline and practice and long training. When this harmony is attained, the expression, that is art, is spontaneous. The substitute is artifice; and into this category go nearly all the forms of artificiality that are generally called Art.

When a man flings a bone to a dog he may do so with a more gracious attitude of mind than he can attain to when drawing a check for a donation to a charity. Most men hate charity, and none more bitterly than the recipients: for it is the seal set upon their degradation, and it seems to sink them a little lower than before, and to make their failure irremediable. For charity, like art, is a term that has an esoteric significance, as well as an exoteric acceptance. The esotericism of charity would be utterly unintelligible to the average person who makes a practice of giving to the poor.

Unconsciously, perhaps, men, who give most unwillingly, may be internally protesting against a state of society in which there can be any place for such a perversion of justice as that which we call charity. There is no art in it, there is frequently no pretense of good-will even connected with it: there is but the unwilling payment of an irregular tribute, which at best can be regarded as an investment in moralities that will pay a dividend of respectability; and at its worst must be looked on as a form of blackmail paid, under fear of violence, to pacify the sufferers from some social injustice.

I have heard benevolent persons solemnly protest against the ideals of certain reformers, who draw pictures of a social state in which want

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would be unknown; and that which shocks these good people is, that there would be no poor, and consequently there could no longer be any charity. The satirist would revel in such an exhibition of the perversion possible to a human heart, for such perversion goes deeper than the mind; but to the Theosophist the picture is a sad one.

When one tries to see where the *art* of giving comes in, one is forced to admit that most of the distribution of funds, disbursed in charity, is simply investment. The money is given with a distinct expectation of a return of some sort. This return may be recognition and the admiration of the world, or it may be the pacification of an uneasy conscience; it may take the form of social advancement or political influence; or the more subtle tribute of self-satisfaction may be all that is demanded. Some expect gratitude from the victims of their benevolence; others look higher up for their dividends, which are to be paid at an usurious rate in the after-life by God: others again, while looking for their return from God, expect it in the form of pardon for past sins and permission to repeat the offenses at the same price.

How many are there who give?

A gift is not an investment: it carries no interest: it is a renunciation of all interest in that which is given: it is a sacrifice: it is restitution.

When a man realizes that he can only give what is his, and when he has diligently examined his possessions to see what right he has in them, he may very well come to the conclusion that his right in what he calls his own may be legal, but also it may be no more than that. He may come to see that all that he can call his own, in any permanent sense, is that which he has built into his own character.

Then he may conclude that his only real possession is that which he is.

The old idea was that all things belong to the Gods and that man recognised their rights by the sacrifices he offered to them.

That was the higher aspect of religious ceremony; the lower was based on the idea that man was at least temporarily the owner of all that he could lay hands on, and that if he made sacrifice to the Gods he was only paying for services demanded and expected from them. This is shown by the commercial form in which prayers were cast. There was a distinct idea of exchange of goods and services. Sometimes the price paid for services demanded was no better than mere words, flattery, and rhetoric, which was supposed to be much appreciated by a certain class of deities. But of course when men have lost touch with their own spiritual nature they can only think commercially, and their religion sinks to that level.

That all giving brings its natural return, or its reaction, is an obvious truth. But the farmer, who gives seed to the ground and looks for a

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plentiful harvest in due course, does not pose as a charitable giver.

There is an old Scandinavian version of what in later times was known as the parable of the sower. In William Morris's version it runs thus:

". . . Be wise!

And scatter the seed from thine hand in the field of the people's praise  
Then fair shall it fall in the furrow, and some the earth shall speed,  
And the sons of men shall marvel at the blossom of the deed;  
And some the earth shall speed not, nay rather the winds of heaven  
Shall bear it away from thy longing; then a gift to the gods thou hast given,  
And a tree for the roof and the wall in the house of the hope that shall be;  
Though it seemeth our very sorrow, and the grief of me and of thee."

Here we have a suggestion that no seed is wasted, no gift is fruitless, but that the seed that is sown shall bear fruit for who shall harvest it, and the seed that is blown away is planted by nature in the spiritual world, from which the future shall be born: and that the gods direct even the unconscious acts of men who are wise, and who do their duty without anxiety as to all its consequences.

This seems to me to resemble the teaching of Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, in which Arjuna is urged to do all that is right and proper for a man in his position, but to renounce all personal interest in the fruits of his actions. The Gods will take care of that, said the ancients, who did not count sacrifices as waste nor as investments.

There is a subtle but very real difference between the love of men for the Gods, who were their kin, and the worship offered by men who considered themselves as worms, yet tried to drive bargains with the Gods, and to cheat them at that.

In a commercially organized world, gratitude is a high virtue. But in a pure society, where love and justice rule, there is no place for charity (in its ordinary sense), nor for gratitude (as usually understood). This is illustrated by a story told by Robert Louis Stevenson, who was much beloved by the natives on the island where he lived and died. He had won their love in many ways, and had tried to help them whenever it was possible. They came to him, and said they wanted to do something for him, to show how they loved him, and suggested that they should build a road to connect his bungalow with the main road. Stevenson agreed, and said: "It shall be called the road of the grateful hearts." But they were rather shocked at the idea, and answered, "No! It shall be called the road of the loving heart." And Stevenson was abashed at his own indelicacy in attributing their gift to such a vulgar motive as gratitude. But those natives were not educated as our people are, and love was a reality in their lives, also the loving heart was one and indivisible.

When love is no longer a living power in social life then gratitude becomes a high virtue. So too when people have lost the sense of courtesy

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then it is well that they should acquire politeness as a substitute. Politeness is artificial, whereas courtesy is spontaneous.

Where there is love of humanity in the heart, courtesy springs up spontaneously, and politeness results naturally. But where the social life is based on self-advancement, self-defense, self-aggrandizement, self-justification, self-glorification and so on, then it is certainly desirable that the ugliness of these ideals should be concealed as far as possible by politeness, and charity, and recognition of obligations. When realities are lacking the substitutes are not to be despised. But it is well for those who aspire to the Theosophic life to face the realities and to take stock of their own moral equipment from time to time.

All true courtesy is giving; that which is given is sympathy. Politeness is an attempt to disguise antipathy, and to hold selfishness in check, to avoid giving pain or offense, or causing annoyance or discomfort to others. It is negative. True courtesy is positive. It is concerned with giving pleasure, and expressing sympathy, with cheering and comforting, helping and encouraging others. It is a spontaneous expression of Love. It is no artifice, but it is high Art. Alas for the degradation of that term: High Art! One can not use it without feeling a responsive, if repressed, sneer of mockery run through an audience. Still one must not hesitate to speak, even if the time does not seem yet ripe for such ideas.

The times are moving to a crisis if not to a cataclysm, in which many false ideals will go down; and unless there be true ideas within mental reach to build with, how can we hope to reconstruct civilization on a better basis than before?

When love of humanity is a reality among men, there is a sense of unity that owes its origin to a direct perception of truth: for the human family is actually united by its common origin, and purpose, and destiny. It is not a mere agglomeration of fortuitous atoms. It is not composed by the chance meeting of a number of individuals, each with separate and independent interests. It is a unity, even more truly than it is a family; but not on the lowest plane of life, where the law of "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," is the rule of life. That axiom expresses man at his lowest point of ignorance and degradation, with his back turned to his own divine inner nature, to his real self; looking outward on the shadows that are cast on the screen of time, and counting them real. To man at this stage all truth is inverted; he believes himself separate from all other men, and living only by virtue of his own strength exerted in self-defense; so he calls the Brotherhood of Man a dream, and acts accordingly.

But the dream is a reality; the loving heart was a true emblem to the ignorant islanders, and Stevenson was wise enough to recognise the

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truth, that his education had hidden from his intellect, the true unity of the human family, which is unintelligible to the materialist, because it is based on the unity of the Soul of Humanity, and the materialist is looking the other way; in his blindness he sees only separation and the struggle for existence.

It would be a hopeless task to make men realize this if it were not true. But, as it is, there must come moments to all men, sooner or later, in this life or in some succeeding earth-life, when the soul will be able to assert itself, and the man will know what seemed impossible for his mind to grasp. But until some change takes place, some shock, or some failure of his working theories of life, that shall make him doubt if after all the world is just a battlefield, in which brute strength is the highest virtue and selfishness the only wisdom, until that happens it is not much use appealing to him. But it is *some* good and therefore it is worth trying; because the truth is so near us all the time, and we never know just when we ourselves or others will turn and recognise the facts. It will be easier to do so if others are looking in that direction.

Such moments of possible illumination come more often perhaps than most of us imagine; but we miss them, and they pass; when possibly if some one else had been just then turned in the right direction, it would have been easy to follow suit, and see the light.

Those therefore who have found the light even momentarily have something to give that is worth giving.

What is more worth giving than an opportunity? What is more worth having than knowledge of the truth? And the knowledge of truth is what has been for long called Theosophy.

To be a student of Theosophy one must have seen a little ray of light, and it is worth all the rest to have that little ray, for it tells where the path lies. What more do we want?

To give pleasure is something, to give comfort is something, but to give light in the darkness is real giving.

The real giving is so esoteric that I think it is like the aroma of a flower: one sees the leaves, the stalk, the petals, etc.: one can touch and feel them, but the perfume is invisible.

So too, in giving, the visible gift may be like the visible flower, and the best part of it may be the desire to give, to let go one's hold on some personal possession. The sacrifice of self, when it is inspired by Love, is an act of pure joy: just as its opposite the selfish indulgence in charity for the benefit of one's own soul is an act of unalloyed egotism; *that* is moral robbery camouflaged to look like benevolence. Wherever Truth is, there close by will be found its shadow. But we should not despise

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the shadows, for we know that "coming events cast their shadows before them"; and the false ideals of life, that pass for virtues in these dark days, are but the shadows of great truths, that will be revealed in a little while. In the meanwhile let us give as the sun gives, spontaneously, the truth that is in the heart of things: and if our hearts can be made free from egotism, the light will shine through spontaneously, whatever our gifts may be; and so the wonder of true giving will be accomplished unwittingly.

### BLIND MAN'S BUFF: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

**L**IFE is consciousness; and everything in the universe, in some degree, is alive. 'Dead matter' is a misnomer. Even mineral particles, uniting acid and alkali to produce a salt and again dissolving, or combining in plant life and again separating through decay, are conscious of attraction and repulsion. The plant consciously seeks nourishing earth and refreshing moisture, turns its face toward the sun's gracious light and warmth, and, seeming to die, is reborn in its seedlings. The acorn, without remembering its parent tree, is conscious enough of its oakhood, as it were, to express the hereditary family traits.

Nor does man ever really die. The cosmic chemistry which unites positive spirit and negative matter at his birth, and anon separates them at his death, is dealing with indestructibles, to work out striking dramatic changes in a continued performance of conscious existence. Human life is the consciousness the individual soul experiences through a brain-mind and an animal body. It is a three-fold experience, — physical, mental, and spiritual. The real man is conscious, through his body, of heat and cold, of pleasure and pain, of hunger and satisfaction, etc., as are the animals. Then, mentally conscious, he not only knows things, as do the animals, but he knows that he knows, and has the light of reason. Moreover, he is spiritually conscious, to some degree, at least, if he is 'all there.' Perhaps he is spiritually conscious only during deep sleep, when he is not alive to his body senses and even his restless brain is at rest. Though he awakes with no memory of this higher experience, he has been as certainly conscious during deep sleep as he has been alive.

This higher sense of selfhood is little realized or believed in or understood, as a rule, because it is not cultivated in relation to ordinary life of body and brain activities. Life is sacred, as well here as hereafter. It would seem sacred at all times if the best in human nature was exercised one-half as much as are thoughts and feelings of brain and body. Even

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the meanest of men who sought the best in himself by putting a high motive into every act and thought, soon would *know* that nobility was native to him. Harmony and unity prevail where the soul comes from; but ignored and treated as an exile here, it becomes numbed with the prevailing discord and separateness, through which it vainly tries to make itself known. How can we be conscious of the best self when our selfish neglect and cynical doubt of its existence keep it chilled and starved and unconscious in its relation to the everyday level of personal experiences?

When the soul takes on a garment-body at birth, this veil of flesh makes its earth-life a cosmic game of blind man's buff. Fresh from a life of conscious reality of truth and light, of joy and liberation, where it knows itself to be, "for it is knowledge," it is fearlessly confident of finding itself, even when blinded by the flesh. The reality of the soul-life is the larger, freer, happier consciousness, whose vague memory ever haunts our higher moments. The real self brings something of this with it into the old, old game of blind man's buff, which the children of men are ever playing here. This it is which gives helpless, unthinking, unknown little babes their strange power to inspire the tenderest, deepest feelings, and to refresh the weary, wounded players with renewed interest in the baffling game.

Certainly it is something other than the babe's weak, unskilled body and unawakened mind that makes it so lovable, and that radiates a subtle atmosphere of purity and peace and trust. Before its consciousness becomes largely located in its senses, sensations, and opinions, it is more conscious than are those around it of the larger life that precedes birth and follows death.

All scientific ideas about the new-born being a mere bundle of fresh human material, blank inside, and with everything to learn, — all fall short of the facts, and fail to satisfy that innate sense of the truth which knows more than it can prove in words. These ideas fail to account for that self-centered, vital germ of consciousness which, from the first, begins, like a flower, to force its way through a dense body of earth and a strange atmosphere of brain-mind. The poet says truly that "heaven lies about us in our infancy." The divine nativity of the new-born makes it feel so 'at home' in an atmosphere of love, that it knows its devoted mother long before it knows how consciously to use its body or its mind. This intuitive response to unselfish love, argues for a like high quality of feeling, and for that rare wisdom of unity which finds itself in others. Even the wiseacres often are self-deceived in their loving, and uncertain of their lovers. The young not only sleep more, but sleep more peacefully than their elders, as if this indifference to surroundings left

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them freer to live in the receding memory of their foregone happiness.

These tiny new-comers begin the earth-life of blind man's buff with a happy trust, just as older children merrily accept blindfolding to enter into the little game of thus trying to find their playmates. The eyes, fitly called the "windows of the soul," take in, at a glance, a world of things that all the other senses together report far more slowly and less certainly. Open-eyed, one is so strongly impressed by the form, color, sound, texture, odor, etc., of what he sees, and also by the relations of different things and persons, that he is sure he can identify them with eyes shut. But when blindfolded in the game, the position and relation of everything seems to be changed and distorted. His comrade's voices take on strange tones. The typical turn of a chum's head, or the familiar glance that speaks from another's eye, or the composite of personal details, or the more intangible ensemble of individuality — all these left out of his mental pictures, leave them meaningless or mutilated. As he stumbles over unexpected obstacles, and eagerly grasps at empty air, finds his fellows suddenly grown taller or shorter or distorted, or estranged, he begins to think that everything has gone wrong, and everyone is at fault, and all are conspiring to baffle and defeat him. He does not distrust his own senses or his stock of opinions, — certainly not; that would be so unscientific.

Each one plays the game — both the cosmic and the childish one — according to his make-up. Few keep up the confident, merry zest with which they begin. The personality plays with cunning, irritation, resentment, ambition, deceit, revenge, with indifference and sloth, or with all the sordid passion of activity. Then, with increasing confusion, it tries to hide its defeat by a reckless or cynical pretense that the game has no meaning anyway, and is not worth while. The Real Player takes his bumps and bruises and falls and failures calmly, patiently, and as clues to the safe and sure course to follow. He is not deceived by his mind and his senses; but remembering himself and his fellow-selves as seen in reality, he intuitively perseveres to work out the game and regain his larger vision, plus an added power from the experiment he is making.

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

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

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

# THROUGH A LOMALAND GARDEN

BY KENNETH MORRIS

*I WILL go up through the garden; I know that there  
There'll be delicate bloom-flames lit from the flame of God,  
And gem-green reeds, and gold in the sun-soaked air,  
And a herb-sweet silence rare,  
And a drowsy glow where the bee-loved dreamers nod.*

I

He finds  
himself  
transported  
into Eden.

Scented hedge and little gate;  
Now I'm in Gan Eden straight:  
Green things, blue sky,  
Mountains far and dim, and I;  
Little isles among the trees,  
Hy Brasil, Hesperides —  
Sunny-sweet, secluded places  
Peopled with unfallen races,  
Flowers and fairies, that could tell  
What Eden knew ere Adam fell. . . .

*Winds the path about the trees,  
Bee-bemurmured terraces  
In a golden morning mood,  
Golden-green, and quietude. . . .*

II

He comes  
upon the  
Gladiolus.

Hark! a sudden trumpet blare  
Beyond the acacia —  
All the pomp and gemmy flare  
Of gorgeous Asia;  
A sudden cry and coming on  
Of crimson, cream, vermillion,  
Battalion by battalion,  
Beyond the acacia!

Nay, but these are fairer far  
Than Asia in her weeds of war!  
Why was it I could not tell  
The trumpet-blast of Gabriel  
Here by some magician's power  
Frozen to a garden flower,

## THROUGH A LOMALAND GARDEN

When my eyes first lighted on  
Your scarlet, your vermillion?  
You bloomed forth so peerless proud,  
Vigorous, and multifold;  
You cried out so clear and loud  
In crimson, ivory and gold,  
In citron, purple, rose and white —  
Sure the far blue mountains heard,  
And a strange and deep delight  
Deep within their dreamings stirred.  
Sun-carred Michael gave the word,  
And your trumpets' sudden might  
Scattered startled hell in flight;  
And that moment I knew well  
You were blown by Gabriel!

*Winds the path about the trees;  
Monotone of bumble-bees; —  
Dies afar the bugle beauty blown  
From by God's throne. . . .*

### III

He meets  
the Chinese  
Calceolaria

Hush! here's the Golden Age of Han,  
And the tilted eaves of old Cathay;  
Toppling peaks of Tien Shan,  
Yangtse waters 'lantern gay —  
Here's a wizard weaving spells  
Amidst his Taoist temple-bells!  
  
Thrice a thousand years of dream  
On all the secret springs of life:  
Eyes that have seen a goblin gleam,  
Ears that have heard strange laughter rife,  
Where Meipei's magic waters flow,  
Or down the waves of Hoangho.  
  
'Tis he hath seen at the fall of dew,  
O'er the silver blue of Kouen Ming,  
Where the wild geese straggling flew,  
The Li-long Dragon rise a-wing.  
Azure-plumaged fairy birds  
Of Heaven have taught him wonder-words.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

'Tis he hath watched the mountain pines,  
'Neath the Tartar snow-storm's van  
Bend and strain — and sought for signs  
Of races more august than man.  
*He* saw the bamboo branches sway  
In Li Po's day . . . in Laotse's day. . . .  
Silent? No; he's muttering spells  
From Chuangtse's books and Tao-teh-King,  
And his Taoist temples bells,  
Oh so faintly, nod and ring  
Musics born of old, of old,  
On lutes of jade, and lutes of gold.

*Winds the path around the trees;  
Drowse and drone of bumble-bees;  
With the tinklings wane away  
The tilted eaves of old Cathay,  
The Taoist dreams and wizardries.*

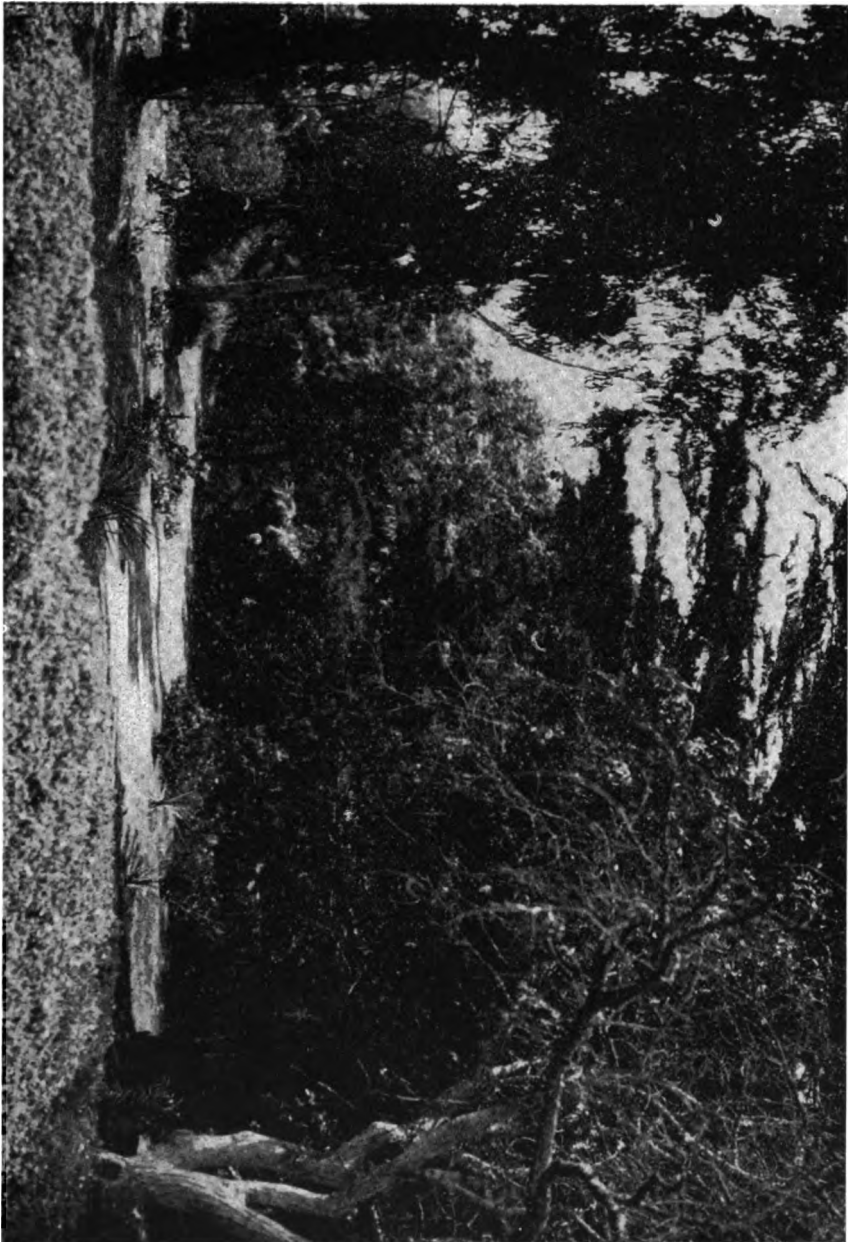
### IV

He sees  
Snapdragons,  
and must  
worship  
them.

God, my God! what wonder's here?  
What's this little elfin crowd,  
So imperiously dear,  
Eldritch, secret, quaint and proud?  
God, my God! what wonder's here?

Long ago I saw you, sweet,  
Blooming on a ruined wall,  
Where the Celtic fairies meet  
(Waving arms and wandering feet)  
In a garden mystical.  
The lone owl cried *Toowhoo, te-weet!*  
Through the gray eve by Ifor's Hall,  
And suddenly the air grew fleet  
With wonders, and I saw you, sweet,  
Mabinogion-magical,  
Crimson-bloomed on the ruined wall  
A dark light for the fairies' feet.

I must kneel and I must pray  
In deep delight this wonder day.  
Knees upon the druid sod,  
Lips against your lips and ears;



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**APPROACH TO ONE OF THE FLOWER GARDENS, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL  
HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

**Sunny-sweet, secluded places  
Peopled with unfallen races.**



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**ENTRANCE TO A LOMALAND GARDEN**

Scented hedge and little gate;  
Now I'm in Gan Eden straight.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### SCABIOSA IN A LOMALAND GARDEN

Winds the path about the trees,  
Bee-bemurdered terraces  
In a golden morning mood,  
Golden-green, and quietude.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**LOMALAND GLADIOLI**

Gladiolus, I could tell  
You were the Trumpet of Gabriel.

## THROUGH A LOMALAND GARDEN

Tell you things to say to God —  
For when you speak, I know he hears.

When he sees you, well I know  
He forgets the ages' woe,  
And his defeats and victories,  
And sorrow-strewn eternities,  
And laughs a little to behold  
Your so quaint crimson, cream and gold,  
Your lemon dyes, and oranges  
That are so merry.

Or indeed,  
Perhaps with reading old Welsh tales  
He laughed and quivered with delight,  
And his laughter fell as seed  
In that garden garth in Wales,  
And bloomed as you in the June-sweet night.

*Winds the path about the trees,  
Croon and drone of bumble-bees;  
Gurgling call of Amman Stream  
Wanes and flows away in dream;  
Old Brynhyfryd Garden's gone,  
And all the fairy lights that shone.*

V

Harlequin-  
Mockingbird  
sings to him,

Here, midst yellow poppies set  
And gilliflowers, and mignonette,  
In the pittosporum sings  
Song's own Harlequin-on-Wings.  
Some Enchanter, so he saith,  
Hath saved his love from the fear of death:  
With one draught of Hippocrene  
Hath made her an immortal queen;  
Set a star upon her head  
In some shadowy garden-bed.  
'Where is sorrow now?' he sings;  
A dark purple star to shine  
Is Columbine, his Columbine;  
And Harlequin himself hath wings. . . .  
— Now he flies: a laughter rare  
Flashing, tumbling through the air;  
Where he goes I'll follow; there  
Sure I'll come on wondrous things.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*Winds the path among the trees,  
Round about the terraces —*

### VI

and brings  
him  
to the dark  
Larkspurs.

Who are you that took your hue  
From some Bard-Archangel's eyes?  
Nothing else was e'er so blue  
'Neath or in or o'er the skies.  
Heaven itself's distilled in you.

Here I'll wait and watch awhile,  
Searching your infinities,  
Till I pass your darkling smile  
Into God's eternities,  
And loose my spirit in the lone  
Blue dazzling darkness round the Throne.

Blue, and blue, and bluest blue —  
Who made you so dark and wise  
When you stole your depths of hue  
From Israfel the Angel's eyes,  
Whose singing thrills to blue, the skies?

. . .Through the air a secret fire  
Runs; the mockingbird that sung  
But now, is lost, and made a choir  
Ever flaming, ever young,  
Of Cherubim and Seraphim  
With radiant azure plumage flung  
O'er a world grown golden dim,  
And molten in their triumph hymn.

*Fades the wonder light away  
In the light of common day,  
And the angel singing in  
The trillings of Bird-Harlequin.  
Winds the path again; alas!  
Here's the clump of pampas-grass  
Quivering in the morning wind;  
Here's the gate where I must pass,  
And leave Gan Eden all behind.*

*International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California*

## HISTORY IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY:

by H. Travers, M. A.



THEOSOPHY is such an all-embracing subject that, to gain an adequate view of any part of it, we must have some conception of it as a whole; and its proper study involves a consideration of many lines of inquiry which ordinarily are kept distinct from each other. Modern knowledge, on the other hand, presents a great lack of unity and uniformity; it deals separately with the different departments of inquiry, and often its results in one department are inconsistent with those in another. In no respect is this inconsistency more striking than in that of chronology. Our view of human history is altogether out of scale with our view of terrestrial history and zoological history; our scheme of dates and eras in the story of mankind bears no sort of proportion to the immense periods with which astronomy accustoms us to deal. And when Theosophy proposes to level up these inequalities, and to treat of human history in the same broad and just proportions as are observed in the other branches of chronology, it is but making a fair and reasonable claim, which should not disturb the reason, however much it may shock the prejudices, of conventional authorities.

Mathematics familiarizes us with the idea of multiple proportions based on the scale of ten; and practical necessities oblige us to measure quantities, not by a single unit, but by a system of units, of vastly different dimensions from each other, and each adapted to the purpose in view. We turn our axles in millimeters, and polish our ball-bearings by a still smaller unit of measurement; to use the standard mile for such a purpose would be possible but hardly wise. Possible also it would be to calculate the mileage rates on our railroads in millimeters, but who would think of actually doing so? Astronomers find they cannot do with the terrestrial mile as a unit, and have had to devise a very much larger unit which contains five or six quadrillions of miles. When we leap at one bound to the thirteenth power of ten, we ought not to hold up our hands in protest at the mild suggestion of Theosophy to speak of human history in centuries instead of years and to substitute the millennium for the decade wherever convenience may seem to warrant. For illustration, let us for a moment take a prospect of history, based on the larger unit, the century, denoting this period by the word 'Year,' but referring the printer to his upper case for the initial letter.

We find then that, some 60 Years ago, a dim shadowy figure emerges from the darkness of history upon the Egyptian stage, in the shape of one Menes, half historical, half allegorical, occupying a few lines in the beginning of chapter II in the school-books, just after the introductory remarks on Darwinism, etc. After this there is a vast gap of about

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13 Years till we come to the alleged date of the Pyramids, 47 B. C. The Shepherd Kings ruled 21 Years before Christ, Rameses I in 14 B. C., and so on till Egypt was conquered by the Romans 109 Days before Christ. Since the Christian era, a little over 19 Years have elapsed; the Norman Conquest was eight and a half Years ago; the Spanish Armada, three and a third. A man lives for about nine Months if he is lucky, and the present war has lasted about two Weeks.

Using the same scale, we find that the 18 million years given by H. P. Blavatsky as the period during which man has existed as a physical being on earth, is represented by 180,000 Years; while the million years of the present Root-Race becomes reduced to 10,000. Thus the truth is preserved, with less violence to our nerves; though it might be thought desirable to choose an even larger unit and to clip off the corresponding number of noughts from the figures. Physical man appeared 18,000 millenniums ago, let us say, if we prefer; or even 18 million-years ago. But, after all, what is this to the time demanded by geologists, evolutionists, cosmic physicists, and astronomers? Everything is comparative, whether in space or time; and it is surely reasonable to suppose that, just as our view of planetary space is like a beetle's view of the world, so our view of history is like that of a butterfly that lives for one day. The beetle would doubtless stand on end with horror, and perhaps make offensive remarks, if told of the size of our world; while the butterfly could never be brought to believe that a man lives twenty or thirty thousand times as long as *he* does.

Now let us consider the chronology of Race-periods, as given in *The Secret Doctrine*:

"There are seven ROUNDS in every manvantara; this one is the Fourth, and we are in the Fifth Root-Race at present.

"Each Root-Race has seven sub-races.

"Each sub-race has in its turn seven ramifications, which may be called Branch or 'Family' races.

"The little tribes, shoots, and offshoots of the last-named are countless. . . .

"Our Fifth Root-Race has already been in existence — as a race *sui generis* and quite free from its parent stem — about 1,000,000 years; therefore it must be inferred that each of the four preceding Sub-Races has lived approximately 210,000 years; thus each Family-Race has an average existence of about 30,000 years. Thus the European 'Family-Race' has still a good many thousand years to run, although the nations or the innumerable spines\* upon it, vary with each succeeding 'season' of three or four thousand years." — Vol. II, pp. 434-5.

The figures are not intended to be accurate, as this is a subject where the exact details cannot be divulged. But there is enough for our purpose. We are now in the fifth sub-race of the Fifth Root-Race; and this fifth

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\*Referring to the diagram of a tree, in which the races are represented by branches, leaves, and spines upon the leaves.

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sub-race is not yet completed; but the four preceding sub-races lasted each about 210,000 years. Further, a family race lasts about 30,000 years, so that even this embraces a period about five times as long as that usually assigned to history. But, as said, this looks vast from the beetle's point of view only; viewed with a telescope from Sirius, it would look quite small. God's day is as our year. Count the periods in centuries or millenniums, and the shock will be lessened. Look upon races as upon individuals, and the distinction is seen to be one of numerical scale only. Think of a lifetime as we think of a daytime; regard successive incarnations as we regard successive days, and the proportions become adjusted to our comprehension.

Draw a scale-diagram of time, allowing for the geological periods the figures given by science, and adding the alleged human period at the top of the diagram. The result is absurd; you must make your diagram large if you are to get the human period into it at all, so small must the latter be drawn. It is this wholly inadequate view of history that has introduced so many incomprehensibilities into our philosophy. To us it seems as though humanity made no progress; people go on making the same mistakes over and over again "all through history," we say. "All through history!" All last week. A man may make a mistake over and over again for a week, and yet be progressing on the whole. Why expect to learn the history of humanity from a study of the annals of a fraction of one family-race? The period we call history is so small comparatively that we might justly suggest that it merely embraces a passing phase of illness or laxity on the part of humanity.

### THE RECORDS

Our ordinary knowledge of history depends on documents that have chanced to survive, and is consequently a curiously uneven patchwork. This also explains the brevity of the period comprised. How, if at all, is the history of remoter ages preserved? In the first place, writing is much older than supposed; and records have been preserved, reproduced, and carefully guarded, relating to very ancient times. H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, makes remarkable statements about such secret libraries, carefully concealed and guarded in the crypts of Oriental temples and monasteries and other places inaccessible to 'civilization.' A glance at past history will show the wisdom evinced by those who, having something they wished to keep, decided to hide it. Ravaging barbarians and ignorant religious fanatics, having furnaces to feed, would soon have made fuel of these records, had they been given the chance; as they have already done with so many. Why are these records not pro-

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duced? Let us answer the question by asking another. Why *should* they be? The world must show itself willing and able to make a better use of knowledge before the guardians of knowledge will impart it.

But apart from written records, or even from graven symbolical records, there is a Book, written by no human hand, whose records are complete, exact, and indelible. It is hinted at in the scriptures as the Book of Life whereby every man must finally be judged. It is called in Theosophy 'the Astral Light.' The hypothetical scientific ether is said to propagate throughout the unending vistas of interstellar space the visual records of events on this earth, so that a spectator on Sirius might be supposed to see Noah coming out of the Ark — so long has the light taken to reach that distant orb from here. If this be true, then that ether is a storehouse of visual events. And if there be, not one, but many ethers, each appropriate to its own specific purpose, then not only visual records, but the records of every other class of events, including all deeds and thoughts, might be similarly preserved. In short, we arrive at the doctrine that everything which happens is preserved, and nothing ever lost, by nature's cosmic photography; and this explains the phenomena of thought-reading and psychometry, and many another mystery. If the astral light is endowed with a storage capacity commensurate with what is suggested by the theory of hyperspace, we can the more readily understand how such records could be preserved. In a word, history is enshrined in the world's memory; and the art of recollection consists in the power to consult these records, as a scholar might consult a library. But man has abused his powers to such an extent that he can no longer do this. There may be those, however, who possess the power; and it may be within the power of humanity to regain the lost faculty. At all events there is no fear of the records being lost; and truly it would be a queer world, if things *could* be thus lost, especially when other matters are so carefully attended to. After all, what is time, what the past; or what is the significance of the expression 'eternal present'?

Our study of history has been like the study of family annals in a village, by people not aware of the existence of other villages, or of counties, or of whole countries. The nearer to our viewpoint is the prospect, the ampler are the details; but, as the scene fades into the distance, the details merge into mere outlines. In astronomy we are told that the milk-like clouds of space may be entire universes, composed of many suns, each with his attendant planets. We divide European history into the story of many different races; but we lump Egyptian history together in one mass, though it covers a longer period. Beyond our history there must lie concealed histories upon histories; and geology tells us that cycles were marked by cataclysms that altered the distribution of land

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and sea. We have been working in tens, when the truth is in hundreds, thousands and millions. What we call the ancients were our grandfathers.

It can readily be understood to what an extent our ideas on a great variety of subjects have been distorted by this meager view of history; and to what an extent they would be altered by a more ample view. The part of history with which we are familiar is the trough of a wave. Every Root-Race runs through a course of seven sub-races, descending from spirituality into materiality until the middle of the fourth sub-race is reached, and then rising again until the seventh. Hence, as we are only in the fifth sub-race, we have not progressed far on the ascending arc. The universal traditions of a Golden Age, followed by Ages of Silver, Bronze, and Iron, are founded on fact; and they are accompanied by anticipations of the return of the Golden Age. But how far back (as we beetles reckon time) must that Golden Age have been! The attempt to place it somewhere within the range of conventional chronology has led some theorists to identify it with a supposed condition of 'primitive man.' If we were to try honestly to measure the past by the scientific method of plotting a curve to show the gradient, we should find that the records of Egypt, not to mention other places, would point upwards as we recede into the past. In America we find that the present Indians were preceded by the highly civilized Incas, and these again by some people who built the most colossal stone constructions within the entire range of our knowledge. The whole story of archaeology, with its stupendous architecture, its incomprehensible engineering, and its incomparable nicety in the fitting of stones, points the same way. The literature of India points back to remote times of a vast and all-embracing knowledge. The ordinary historical period is but the feeble child of a mighty parentage.

### AN ANCIENT PROPHECY

The four Ages in Indian terminology were the Satya, the Tretâ, the Dvâpara, and the Kali (or Black) Age; the last embracing our times. The following is from an ancient prophecy regarding it:

"These will, all, be contemporary monarchs reigning over the earth; — kings of churlish spirit, violent temper, and ever addicted to falsehood and wickedness. They will inflict death on women, children, and cows; they will seize the property of their subjects; they will be of limited power, and will for the most part rapidly rise and fall: their lives will be short, their desires insatiable; and they will display but little piety. The people of the various countries intermingling with them will follow their example; and, the barbarians being powerful in the patronage of the princes, whilst purer tribes are neglected, the people will perish. Wealth\*

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\*We have not the original at hand; but the context shows that 'wealth' cannot mean material riches; that is expressed by the word 'property' just below. Coupled with 'piety', its loss resulting in degradation, it must mean spiritual riches, richness of character.

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and piety will decrease day by day, until the world will be wholly depraved. Then property alone will confer rank; wealth will be the only source of devotion; passion will be the sole bond of union between the sexes†; falsehood will be the only means of success in litigation; and women will be merely objects of sensual gratification. Earth will be venerated but for its mineral treasures; the Brāhmanical thread will constitute a Brāhman; external types (as the staff and red garb) will be the only distinctions of the several orders of life; dishonesty will be the (universal) means of subsistence; weakness will be the cause of dependence; menace and presumption will be substituted for learning‡; liberality will be devotion; simple ablution will be purification; mutual assent will be marriage; fine clothes will be dignity; and water afar off will be esteemed a holy spring. Amidst all castes, he who is the strongest will reign over a principality thus vitiated by many faults. The people, unable to bear the heavy burthens imposed upon them by their avaricious sovereigns, will take refuge amongst the valleys of the mountains, and will be glad to feed upon (wild) honey, herbs, roots, fruits, leaves, and flowers; their only covering will be the bark of trees; and they will be exposed to the cold, and wind, and sun, and rain. No man's life will exceed three and twenty years.¶ Thus, in the Kali age, shall decay constantly proceed, until the human race approaches its annihilation.

"When the practices taught by the *Vedas* and the institutes of law shall nearly have ceased, and the close of the Kali age shall be nigh, a portion of that divine being who exists, of his own spiritual nature, in the character of Brahmā, and who is the beginning and the end, and who comprehends all things, shall descend upon earth. . . . By his irresistible might he will destroy all the Mlechchhas and thieves, and all whose minds are devoted to iniquity. He will, then, re-establish righteousness upon earth, and the minds of those who live to the end of the Kali age shall be awakened, and shall be as pellucid as crystal." — *Vishnu-Purāna*, IV — XXIV, H. H. Wilson's Translation.

A very apt summary of human history as we know it. The gods of the black age are greed and self-assertion, but the destructive forces ultimately become regenerative; the very violence and precipitancy of the spirit of the age lead it rapidly through its throes to the verge of a reawakening. Ignorance is characteristic of the age; men know nothing of life apart from the brief and limited terrestrial span; Cicero speculates and doubts like any modern. The supernal powers denoted by the 'gods' shrink to the emblems of gross and foolish superstition, and are abandoned for the crude promises of heaven and threats of hell held out by an ignorant theology. Doubt and unbelief reign; man seeks a vent

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†Take this with the passage below — "Mutual consent will be marriage." Some theorists, with the beetle's vision of human history, try to represent marriage as an evolutionary product of animal instinct. But here we find that something other than either passion or consent is regarded as the essential link sanctifying a true marriage. Thus our thesis is borne out, that 'human nature' in the dark ages is not to be taken as a model; but that we can find higher ideals for the future by looking into the mirror of the past upon a humanity that had not fallen so far. Marriage is a sacred institution, but the forces that are allowed to intrude upon it are too often of a downward and disintegrative nature. The preservation of marital harmony is dependent upon the maintenance of high ideals and temperate living throughout.

‡ 'Learning' must be taken to mean true wisdom; it is here contrasted with presumption. Plato said that happy was the state that should be ruled by philosophers; and he has been sneered at for saying so; but he did not mean spectacled theorists.

¶ Referring to a period even worse than our own times? Or does the word translated 'years' mean some longer period than the solar year? Why twenty-three, which is not a round number?

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for his powers in exploration of material phenomena, and learns many things, but his spiritual blindness is not assuaged. Finally he brings himself to such a pass that the law of self-preservation compels him to seek anew the knowledge that saves.

In periods of disuse, faculties lie dormant but not dead, and their organs are atrophied but not extirpated. Man has latent faculties and organs that are disused or 'rudimentary.' These point back to times when the functions were active. A heritage might pass on unspent and unused through generations, to be made available by a remote scion. Heredity will transmit qualities in latency till they reappear in activity in some descendant. How long may seeds lie sleeping before they germinate? This depends on when the requisite conditions for germination are afforded. Man himself in our day is like a tree with many latent powers of fructification, which passes generation after generation without bearing fruit, because the plant is not rightly tended and the soil and climate not fit. And so he produces leaves and leaves, and perchance occasional flowers, but no fruit. But the seeds are there, and even physically he has many unrealized possibilities, as anatomy shows. Therefore man is an epitome of history, the heir of the ages.

### HUMAN REMAINS

We may pass now to a consideration of the evidence for human antiquity afforded by human remains, including those of man himself and those of the things he made. Theosophists welcome truth, certain that facts must bear out its teachings. The theories of modern scientists, however, are continually changing; and the progress of these theories is marked by continual reluctant surrenders to the evidence of facts. The proclaimed scientific method, of framing provisional hypotheses and then modifying them as occasion demands, is thus carried out; though, in the contest between conservatism and enterprise, we may seem to detect an undue and too prolonged assertion of the claims of the former. The result is a slow but sure veering of accepted scientific opinion towards the Theosophical teachings. An illustration comes suitably to our hands, that will serve as a text for these remarks.

In *Science* (April 19, 1918), Prof. N. C. Nelson, of the American Museum of Natural History, reviews a Report of the Florida State Geological Survey, which contains articles by specialists on the human remains and artifacts found in the Pleistocene at Vero, Florida. One writer, Dr. E. H. Sellards, state geologist of Florida, is quoted as affirming that the exposed Vero section shows "distinct uninterrupted lines of stratification beneath which human materials are found," and concluding that—

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"The human remains and artifacts are contemporaneous with extinct species of mammals, birds, reptiles, and at least one extinct species of plants, as well as with other animal and plant species that do not at the present time extend their range into Florida. The age of the deposits containing these fossils according to the accepted interpretation of faunas and floras is Pleistocene."

The reviewer considers this very important especially as four competent authorities in geology and palaeobiology contribute to the report. He remarks that anthropological literature records a score or more of isolated archaeological discoveries which lend support to the appearances at Vero, but are not confirmed by general results, so that "no archaeologist can be expected to relinquish at once his scepticism concerning the Vero discovery." Also, anthropological investigations go to show that, among the fundamental primitive arts, pottery is of relatively late date; so that the finding of pottery at Vero would dispose the archaeologist to assign a later date to the strata.

"To accept the Vero date at its present face value would compel him not only to relegate the development of pottery to an unheard-of date, but also it would oblige him to assume that this early culture of Pleistocene times was snuffed out; and that after some millenniums, marked by the arrival of the modern fauna, a new and lower type of culture became established which only after a very considerable period reached the level of the original culture. Such a happening is conceivable, but it is not plausible."

In conclusion he says that either the anthropologist must change his views as to the order of cultural traits, or the palaeontologist must concede a much smaller period since the close of the Pleistocene.

This writer candidly admits his predilections, and pleads justification for his reluctance to surrender them. In justice, we must add that considerations of space have not permitted us to quote his arguments *in extenso*. Now what is the Theosophical position? It has no such predilections to surrender. What predilections it has are all in favor of any evidence tending to establish a great antiquity for man and a great antiquity for man's arts. The writer's reluctance to admit the principle of fluctuation into his history of cultural development finds no echo in the Theosophical heart; for the principle of cyclic ebb and flow in all evolution is a cardinal one in Theosophy. Moreover Theosophy, besides regarding development as subject to these fluctuations, recognises that the earth has always been tenanted by different races at the same time, each of these races being at a different stage of its own evolution; and that migrations and changes of habitat took place. Hence it is not only possible but very plausible that a race making good pottery should be followed in a given locality by one ignorant of that art. In general, it may be said that the attempt to place human artifacts in a single continuous series, rigorously denoting a succession of 'ages,' is doomed to disappointment. This attempt is indeed constantly being frustrated by

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fresh discoveries which compel reluctant readjustments. The Indians of today are manufacturing their crude pottery on sites which preserve the works of far more cultivated people. The differences in the kinds of relics which we unearth indicate merely corresponding differences in the habits and abilities of the people that happened to be living there at different times; and it would be just as easy to construct from the relics a scale of evolution pointing backwards as forwards; for people are today making and leaving all kinds of artifacts, from the crudest to the most elaborate. In short, 'ages' are simply stages in human life, often repeated by innumerable races, succeeding one another in various orders, and establishing no such theory of evolution as is sought to be established by the conventional theorists.

With regard to the antiquity of man, we must distinguish the two separate questions of the antiquity of man and the antiquity of civilization. Science might be willing to concede a great antiquity to man without allowing a great age to civilization. Theories of evolution seem to require that a great antiquity should be allowed for man, in order to give scope for the supposed changes. Our discoveries of primitive types of human remains are continually offset by discoveries of less primitive types of older date, so that we cannot establish the required gradient, and must, if we are to maintain the theory, postpone the date of the first appearance of man to a greater and greater remoteness. Hence anthropologists should not be surprised at discovering very ancient human remains; their theories should have led them to expect it.

A fossil is a comparatively rare thing, bearing but a small proportion to the quantity of organisms that lived. A human fossil is a still rarer accident. Lyell says:

"If we consider the absence or extreme scarcity of human bones and works of art in all strata, whether marine or fresh water, even in those formed in the immediate vicinity of land inhabited by millions of human beings, we shall be prepared for the general dearth of human memorials in glacial formations, whether recent, pleistocene, or of more ancient date. If there were a few wanderers over lands covered with glaciers, or over seas infested with icebergs, and if a few of them left their bones or weapons in moraines or in marine drifts, the chances, after the lapse of thousands of years, of a geologist meeting with one of them must be infinitesimally small." — *Antiquity of Man*, p. 246.


But we may expect much of the future. Fossils of any sort were ignored until Hugh Miller; gravitation is not considered by pre-Newtonian science. Nature remains hidden through the centuries for those who do not pry into her mysteries; and it is only recently that we have begun to think of human remains. And even now we do not seem over-anxious to find them. We may anticipate startling discoveries, both as to the antiquity of man and that of civilization.

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In conclusion let us remember that, whatever may be man's biological history and derivation, his peculiar mental powers, and that mysterious spiritual power which endows him with the capacity of indefinite self-development, are not from below but from above. Hence we must not confine our investigations to the crust of the earth, but must seek within the depth of our own natures for that which their surface conceals.

### CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL:

by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

 HE god Thor took a long and mighty drink at the horn of mead. But when he looked therein he found to his astonishment and chagrin that he had but lowered the contents by an inch.

But his challenger was terrified, for *he* knew that the horn was secretly connected with the ocean and that it was the whole ocean the god had lowered at his draught.

Every latent or subordinate element in my character exists in some other man in an extreme and manifest degree. Every extreme and manifest trait in any man's character exists in *some* degree — perhaps down to invisibility — in mine.

And men are so connected together inwardly that in letting any trait of my character develop, or in diminishing the power of any trait, I am at the same time in some degree affecting in the same direction the same trait in all other men. Some time this will seem quite axiomatic.

The poet — we take off our hats to him. Not because he has something we have none of, for in that case he would be speaking another language, not understood by us; but because he has in extremer degree something we have in less degree. Our little gift flowers vicariously there and is the better for it. He is the poet tendency of his people come to flower. He does our poetizing for us and some of his inspiration is constituted by our call — sent out unconsciously — to be poetized for. He manifests a tendency we have not enough of to manifest for ourselves. If one of us could kill that in himself a certain chill would come upon the poet's power.

Most of us cannot create music. Our music center pulsates with less intensity, with intensity enough only to make us enjoy music. But because enough of us had that much intensity the music creators appeared among us to answer our need.

You and I, we think, do not commit crime. But let us be honest.

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The criminal is only a man who carries on into act the tendency which in you and me exists in lesser degree. If the 99 You's and I's had no such tendency, the 100th, who has, would never be born amongst us as a black sheep in our families. He cannot be said, of course, to answer like the poet our conscious need! But yet a something from our unmanifest crime tendency, a conducting wire of energy, runs along towards and into a center where this energy may manifest in act, a center that attracts it, and that center is the criminal.

This relieves him perhaps of some responsibility, by no means of all; for he drew the wires his way or let them fasten on him, let them stir his imagination into pictures of deed that become either impulse or set intent. It is not we that can say of how much it relieves him. We can only say that some of it rests with us.

The criminal is the crime tendency of his people come to flower in deed. What then is the crime tendency? It is merely disregard for others, for their rights, their welfare. When that comes out into act there is a crime; though it is only to *some* of such acts that we give that name. Some are quite consistent with respectability and social position. It comes out also in *neglect* to act (for others), but it is to still fewer of these negligences that we give the name crime.

From all of which it follows that until we as a people get this disregard for others out of our natures, or get regard for others into our natures as a prime motor, so long will one and another of us here and there carry this general disregard out into specific acts called criminal.

Shall we not say the criminal does our criming for us?

Well, anyhow, he manifests a tendency we have not (quite) enough of to carry *us* into overt acts called crime.

How to treat the criminal is one question.

But to *prevent* him lies with us — by cultivating sense of justice, which is regard for the rights of others; and by cultivating brotherhood, which is love of the welfare and best interests of others, the recognition of human relationship.


The criminal *was* one of *us* and mostly will be again. These remarks are therefore addressed to him also. He became temporarily a criminal because he allowed in himself a weakness of the sense of justice and of wide-reaching brotherliness. Let him then contribute to our discussion, thinking, What ought to be done with me for my lack of these qualities?

We can solve the difficult question of the treatment of criminals only if we will let some of the best and thoughtfulest from our prisons tell us out of their experience what they think is the proper treatment of the various grades and kinds of offence. We shall never solve it in our present disregard of what our prisoners themselves can contribute.

## THOUGHT AND ACTION: by Montague Machell

"A PURE, strong, unselfish thought, beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of Light. From this point can be discerned, to a degree, the sacredness of the Moment and the Day." — *Katherine Tingley*

"FOR mind is like a mirror; it gathers dust while it reflects." — *H. P. Blavatsky*

OR mind is like a mirror; it gathers dust while it reflects." — "While it reflects" — reflects what? Various and sundry things. Now a strain of perfect music, now a snarl at something that disagreed with us at breakfast; now a generous enthusiasm, now a bitter jealousy; now a profound philosophic thought, now a petty criticism. And all these from the same mind!

What is the mind? Is it the most precious and marvelous gift to man, or is it a trivial accessory, more hindrance than help? Moreover, if its function is to 'reflect,' wherefore speak of the 'creations' of the mind of man? Whence, then, comes that which is reflected?

Completing the quotation, we have: "It needs the gentle breezes of Soul-Wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions." "Soul-Wisdom" to "brush away the dust of our illusions," — by which the writer of the words implies the existence of wisdom beyond the mind, which is generally supposed to be alone responsible for its attainment, the chief characteristic of that organ being chiefly susceptibility to 'dust,' apparently.

A little familiarity with the Theosophical teachings enlightens one as to the meaning of these 'illusions,' the term being applied to the wants, desires, appetites, etc., of the personality, and to all the errors arising therefrom. Here we have found the source of one set of reflexions — the Personality, those associated with breakfast, jealousy, criticism. What then of the other reflexions — that divine melody, that generous thought, that philosophic truth? If the first reflexions were real, the second are equally so, and, as experience shows, still more potent. What or who is responsible for them? Not, evidently, what we are accustomed to call the 'mind,' since we see that to be a mere reflecting medium. And what of that "Pure, strong, unselfish thought *beaming in the mind*"? Who or what set it beaming?

Assuredly something as pure and radiant as the thought itself, indeed, the source of all things flaming and radiant — The Knower, the true or Higher Mind, whose *Knowings* the brain mind, as far as gathering dust will permit, reflects for the guidance and inspiration of the Pilgrim Soul. Here we have the key to the significance of those two words — Thought and Action. Real 'thought' is not *reflexion*, it is *creation*, it is the putting forth of a positive energy originating anterior to the intellect, allowing

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the intellect to be a vehicle, if it wills to do so, of that which is greater and more potent than anything the intellect itself could originate. Whether the person in whom this Knower is carrying on its creative work acts in consonance with these creations or not, the creations themselves, *real thoughts*, are exercising a definite and appreciable effect on the thoughts and actions of his fellows. They are, in fact, in their potency a form of action as far as others are concerned. For with the Knower, *thinking is being*, a fuller and larger be-ness, the fuller and more sincere as are greater the acceptance and recognition by the man himself of these thoughts.

But what is required of every human being is *that he shall know his Knower*, listen to Its behests, meditate on them and *act them out*. What is meditation but the compelling of the outer mind to fix its attention and to reflect upon the thoughts of the inner mind — the Knower?

From that Knower come promptings to deeds that are deathless, deeds whose wisdom and beneficence are so certain and strong that besides bringing blessings on mankind during the life of the doer, they linger on after his death, the "aroma of fair deeds" that make him who has passed through the Change an abiding presence among his fellows on earth. There are such natures, and their memory is a benediction on the earth; of such it is truly said: "Though dead, they speak."

Silence and obeisance before the Great Dead! They have never left us and they never will! Do not violate the awful sanctity of the Presence that is they with talk of spirits, ghosts, and astral forms. The spirit of such as these has ever been and ever will be "about its Father's business." It is building and growing elsewhere, but the aroma of its doings here amongst us belongs to humanity and shall never be taken from us; it is, as it were, one of the golden strands linking us with the bliss of that larger life it is now living. It is for us to see to it that that link be not broken, and that we too by strong thought and right action may make the earth yet more beautiful by our presence, and the path of our fellows easier by our efforts. This we can only do by finding the Knower within us, turning the mind towards Its light till the mind becomes a perfectly clear surface, mirroring nothing but the inner splendor. Of that splendor it is man's privilege to fashion deeds that shall bring about a new order of ages and "a peace that passeth all understanding."

## THE FOAM-WHITE STREAM

From the Chinese of Li Po (A. D. 702-762)

### "The Banished Angel"

BY KENNETH MORRIS

I CAME at dawn to the source of the Foam-White Stream,  
And there on the breast of the lonely mountain lay  
Watching a thousand beautiful islands gleam  
In their green and gold, and the blue of eternal dream  
On the world-wide waters sparkling far away.

I watched the seaward white clouds drifting sail,  
Cloud by shining cloud through the sunlit blue,  
Each swiftly aglint, as a huge and silvery whale,  
Or dragon, flashing in silvern glitter of mail  
The blue and foam of his native waters through.

My song, that was loud at noon, at dusk fell low,  
And died when the stars shone white o'er the wane of day;  
And I came from the moonlit mountain, hushed and slow,  
Hungry at heart for the homely lights aglow  
Under the eaves of the cottagers, far away.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

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"SOMETIMES an unnecessary or injurious thing is actually believed to be beneficial or necessary. This condition exists to a marked degree in matters of food and clothing. Indeed many persons are so thoroughly convinced that certain food or clothing is necessary that the mental disturbance caused by their absence is *dangerously great*, and the articles are in this way needed, though in themselves actually harmful. Such bands can only be broken a little at a time, and gradually worn away by persistence. It may be worth while to call attention to the fact that, if the mind can be assured that the deprivation of an accustomed indulgence is 'accidental' or 'only temporary,' or 'to help someone,' it will reconcile itself to conditions which it would not otherwise endure, and by this submission of a short time give the precedent and basis for future intentional abstinence." *R. Wylhebourne*



N. J. Caire, Photographer

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

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**FERN STUDY. NEW ZEALAND**

## PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

**F**HOSE of us who may have visited the Panama-California Exposition at Balboa Park, San Diego, California, in 1915 or 1916, may well remember a certain rogues' gallery of portrait-models in the Science of Man Building: certain old fellows from Cro-Magnon, Neanderthal, Piltdown, and the like favored spots; in particular one Pithecanthropus Erectus, the fabulous *Erect Monkey-man*, the mythic missing link. Hairy unhandsome barbarians were these, every one of them; you would admit not the most prepossessing on your premises; but there they were, posing presumptuous; set up to reap fictitious fame on the claim to be 'primitive man,' the far-off progenitors of our twentieth-century selves. "These be your gods, Oh Israel!" pseudo-science shouted to us; and we, being little better, if the truth should be told, than the gullible, dutifully fell down and worshiped.

You will note that it is we who fathered this fatherhood on Pithecanthropus: he, good creature, never dreamt of Utopian or American Republics to be founded by scions of his line. He didn't care a snap for posterity; he never does. His mind ran on things much more tangible. In wild poetic moments he may have had some faint muddled notion of a glorious past: of an ancestry, for example, that did its killing gloriously with stones that burst, when you flung them, with a gorgeous bang and flare; — but as for what should come, he was all the Bourbon: *après lui le déluge*. No one supposes that the Australian Blackfellow, the South African Bushman, or the Andaman Islander, is to evolve a great civilization. They do not suppose so themselves; they cannot be made to imagine it. They are the dying remnants of races; we watch their deterioration yearly; racial hope never enters their thought. Contact with white men is hurrying them down to extinction; but it was extinction they were headed for in any case. Nature had garnered of them all the harvests she might. They are the nearest thing we have today to those gentlemen up at the Science of Man Building; not quite so far fallen, perhaps; but getting there. If such peoples have any inner racial life at all, it consists of vague traditions of a past that was greater and better than the present; never of expectations of a great future. This is true even of races of a much higher grade than Pithecanthropus, such as some of the South Sea Islanders. They die very easily, often taking no pains to avoid death when it is quite avoidable; they can grasp life in no vigorous way; they look back, never forward. But in races on the upward trend there is always a keen will to live and grow.

Darwin started the bugaboo idea that men are descended from an

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apish ancestor; and since then there has been a growing rage to find ourselves nothing better than little brothers to the chimpanzee. We turn up the skull of some antediluvian Hottentot who happened to live in Gaul, and straightway hail in him a forebear of Anatole France or M. Poincaré; imagining a continuous upward trend from his savagery to our culture. If we could show Nature working in that way once — just once — it would be something; but in truth we cannot. All this loud cock-a-doodle-doing has never an egg laid, or sun dawned, or sham pearl scratched up on the dunghill, to justify it. Our conclusions are drawn from nothing; they are flat in the face of every fact in known history. We jump at them over dizzy gulfs wherein lies every single thing we know. There is plenty to show that the savage is a degenerated civilized man; but nothing to show that civilized man has evolved up from the savage.

Indeed, we are so set on our theories, as not to be above a little cookery of facts. — Just as well, you may say; when they are indigestible raw. Some of those old fellows' portraits were — not just exactly drawn from life, it is rumored. Imagination has lent its artful aid to the modelers; and it was an imagination too devout in the cult of Pithecanthropolatry. There were but skulls to go upon; and these in some instances would have done very well for the best of us. By no means below the modern average, they say. Give old Neanderthal a nice clean-shaven face; comb and part his hair reasonably; give him a monocle, a silk hat, and a good tailor; and there would be nothing to tell he had not come straight from august bodies at Washington or Westminster. It is your modern artist, and your modern scientist, that dressed him to represent primeval backwoods. What! — they found him in a cave, along with bones of mammoths and cave-bears and such? Well, and suppose he was an antediluvian professor bent on scientific exploration, when that cave-bear unfortunately happened along?

But to be serious: have we not seen the champions of science fighting over the bones of Piltdown, like Greeks and Trojans over Patroclus? One would have him quite a nice gentleman; another, a hairy horrible unhuman sort of head-hunter. The fact is that good skulls and bad have been found; and science has done the rest. It has wrought great Pithecanthropus of such stuff as dreams are made of — or very nearly. All that is proved is, that there were then, as there are now, low types of humanity on earth; if all the skulls found had been what popular imagination credits them with being, still that one fact is all they would prove. That — and that these low types inhabited certain parts of Europe. Always, during the last five thousand years — the time we know about — races have existed in every stage of civilization and barbarism: races

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as civilized as we are, and races as savage as the Blackfellow; and all analogy, all common sense is for the supposition, that when the Pithecanthropi prowled in France, the Poincarés were presiding — elsewhere. There is never a record to show the former evolving into the latter. True, there are fine races, like the Maoris and perhaps the Zulus, living now or recently in a state of comparative savagery, whom new conditions, and contact with a higher civilization may send upwards upon the path of progress. But these are no nearer to the ape than we are; and they have in all cases a well-defined culture of their own. The Maori and the Redskin can take education, and hold their own in modern society. But not so Pithecanthropus Erectus; not so the Andamanese, the Blackfellow, or the Bushman.

We find a man in Central Australia, in A. D. 1918, who is, obviously, a decaying remnant, addressed to extinction; a posterity on its last legs; with behind it unguessable ages, and before it, a few decades or centuries at most. Why, when we find the same kind of man in France, some fifty thousand or so B. C., should we think of him as the progenitor of vigorous humanities? He too was a decaying remnant; a posterity on its last legs. When we know him *now* for a mere relic half-way between senility and the grave; why guess him *then* a gay young spark looking forward to the foundation of the Third Republic? If his descendants in Europe have made all this progress, why in Australia have they remained stationary ever since? Do people ever remain stationary? Do you know of anyone who has remained a baby, literally speaking, to lie in his cradle and suck milk from a bottle, through the eighty years of his life?

But you do know that we go from infancy to childhood, youth, manhood, old age and death; you do know that such cycles are natural to every living thing. How then, should the races of mankind escape them?

We speak of the 'childhood of the race,' but have vague ideas of what it means. Yet we ought to know. We saw the childhood of a race in California some sixty years ago and later; in New England in the days of the Puritans. In neither was there any likeness to the conditions of Neanderthal. You would not confound the Forty-niners with the Andaman Islandmen; John Alden and Priscilla were no near relations to the Blackfellow. But they had, allowing for the difference of the age, much in common with the Greeks that fought at Troy, and with the Goths that poured down on Rome to found new nations on its ruins. Was there not a large Homeric simplicity in Joaquin Miller and in Bret Harte's people? A race in its childhood is a race of pioneers; they have thrown off the encampment of old and settled conditions; and respond in their mentality to their new neighbors the elements: are childlike, rough in the outer life, strong of will and purpose, spacious and ruthless; as were

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the first Americans, the Goths and Vandals, and Homer's brazen-coated Achaeans. But they were civilized men, and the inheritors of civilized traditions from their forefathers. On the side of religion, they tended towards a great solemn confidence in the right-ruling of things: in the righteousness of God, or Gods, or Destiny. But the religion of the savage has no conception of righteousness or an all-governing justice; he believes in witchcraft, but senses no stability in the unseen. It is the opposite pole of thought.

Why, if the Gospel of Pithecanthropus is true, is not this a Republic of Red Men? The Indian (who was far above the level of the true savage — far above the Bushman or Blackfellow) had, and has, noble ideals; he is often capable of receiving civilization, and has provided us with some fine types of citizens: even with men, such as Dr. Charles Eastman, mentally on a level with the very highest and best of our thinkers. A great civilization was to arise in America: why on earth did Almighty Providence go to the expense of bringing the Pilgrim Fathers across the Atlantic, if it might just as well have 'evolved' the Indian into Washingtons and Jeffersons and the rest? The reason is simply this: you cannot take an old man of eighty and 'evolve' him into a youth of eighteen. A child has to be born and grow up, to make a man; you cannot undo the work of the years. Either for the time being or forever, Nature had done all that can be called her active work with the Indians: all that implied making great civilizations of them, or reaping splendid literatures of their mental and spiritual working. But they had had their day; long beyond the memory of history. Everything about them betokens extreme antiquity, an immeasurable old age.

Let me try to substantiate that last statement. Consider the Young Race, whether here, in the British Colonies, or in those South American countries which, like the Argentine, Chile, and Brazil, are inhabited mainly by people of European, not of mixed or mainly Indian descent. How hopeful it is, and how crude; how tremendous are its energies and vitality; how ugly many of its manifestations; how lacking it is in that spiritual something we call style; and yet, how magnificent! We deface the beautiful world with corrugated shacks; wherever we go, we make smudges and sore spots and disharmonies; and yet, wherever we go we do shout aloud to the winds of heaven the unconquerableness, the irrepressibility of Man. One does not speak as blaming or boasting; not to aggrandize nor to belittle; it is all a part of the Great Nature; these are the peculiarities of youth, and time is bound to change them. The young race grows towards its prime, and every decade sees a modification of its spirit. Culture increases as the land becomes settled; we beautify our cities; poets and artists of all sorts incarnate, and wage war

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for sweetness and light. The large simplicity of childhood gives place to the tumultuous energy of youth; that happened in America, probably, at the time of the Civil War. In turn the crudeness of youth gives place to order; the order takes on some hue of dignity; presently a measure of style is attained. The civilization as a whole, and the individuals composing it, acquire a certain ease and polish; the language, harsh and careless in its first vigor, takes on more careful music; speech and manners come to reflect the solemnity of long experience, the suavity of refined life. Italy and France began this present cycle of culture rather earlier than the rest of Europe; in Italy, too, some memory of Roman times survived the darkness of the Middle Ages. Can we not hear it in the languages? Is not Italian the most melodious, French the most stylish, of the European tongues?

But pass to an older culture than that of Europe, the Moslem culture, which has ceased to be an active force: and we find this aroma of refinement still more strongly present. The Persian turns you finer and more elaborate phrases of courtesy than the Italian; no European can vie, in personal dignity, with the better class Moor or Turk. Persian poetry, quite decadent these many centuries, retains a more intricate paraphernalia of rhymes and rhythms than our own; the remnants of a more intensive culture. And among the Chinese, whose civilization is older still, and has been longer quiescent, the feeling for what is correct, stylish, cultural, in contra-distinction to what is barbaric, is probably stronger than among any people westward of them. The currents of progress have not, until quite recently, been moving in China for some six or seven centuries; civilization has been distinctly on the wane; and yet, when the old-fashioned Chinaman spoke of the European or American as a foreign barbarian, he was not simply talking through his hat, as the saying is. His attitude was perfectly intelligible. He did retain a feeling for the things of the spirit, or the shadow of them, which we have not arrived at. Style, in manners and in literature, was for him infinitely real and important; although he had long ceased to concern himself with systems of sanitation and the like. It was the aroma of an old, passed, and highly perfected culture that clung to him, and made his manners stately and urbane, his speech subtle, flowing, polished and ornate. He was not like that in the days of Confucius, before the great age of Chinese culture began; and perhaps he will not retain it under vigorous successors of Li Yuan Hung, in the new order of his ages. It was a habit acquired during the last life- or culture-period of his race, while great poets and artists, many generations of them, were at work on his language and perceptions.

And now look at our North American Indians again. Material

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civilization there was none among them; written literature they had not; but the high aroma of culture — who can deny them that? Who can deny them manners, dignity, lofty and grave demeanor, a feeling for the spiritual? Who can deny a supreme sense of style to their public utterances? These things they had; and these things were never found yet in a race in its childhood. They were the aroma of forgotten civilization. The least material things are the most enduring things: a sense of style, in speech and manners, lasts long after even a literature has passed into oblivion.

Here is a strange instance. The complexity of forms in the Greek verb is rightly held to be a sign of the intensive mental culture of the old Hellenes. There were forms to express some hundreds of shades of meaning which we manage without expressing, or express by roundabout means. There is another group of languages whose speakers, when they emerged into the clear light of history, were little above the Redskins in material culture. When the Turks — not to be confounded with the Ottomans, though these have inherited their language — first fell upon Moslem civilization in the tenth century or so, they were hordes of nomad horsemen, possessors of vast herds, but without learning or arts of any sort. Yet for the few hundred forms of the Greek verb, the Turkish verb has twenty-nine thousand possible forms: there are twenty-nine thousand different words, to express that number of different shades of meaning, derivable from any Turkish verbal root. When did the culture exist, so intricate, so intensive and highly evolved, that it demanded all those subtleties? Perhaps in the days of the first Babylonian Empire, at about 4000 B. C., from whose peoples, or some cognate race, the Turks were probably descended; perhaps in ages more remote still. The sun of culture shines on every race in turn. But how had the mighty fallen before the builders of Sumer and Akkad had become wandering horsemen in Central Asia! And what a blow to our Pithecanthropoids of science, to find these despised barbarians with such a lofty lineage!

What would have become of the Redskins, had they remained untouched by any growing civilization for another hundred thousand years? — Their tribal fighting would have gone on and done its work. There were many grades of civilization among them; time would have reduced the highest to the level of the lowest. Oh, after long ages! They would have become at last as the Blackfellow and the Bushman; as our good Pithecanthropus himself. And sterility would have set in at the close, as it did with the Tasmanians; and children would have ceased to be born.

There you have the whole story of the family of Pithecanthropus Erectus. For ages his ancestors had been traveling down from the stage where, like the Redskin, they retained the spiritual aroma of past culture,

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but no material sign of it. For ages before that, they had been forgetting that their forebears had once been civilized. Still earlier, they had been an effete civilization; and before that, a civilization in its prime; for aught we know, with aeroplanes, submarines, saloons and all the blessings we ourselves enjoy. And they looked back then to a time when Nature, desiring a new race and culture, had called forth their ancestors, heroic pioneers, from a thousand already civilized races; led them into a new land; swept away by their means the decaying remnants of races that lingered on there, and founded great and vigorous republics of them, or empires on which the sun never set. They grew rich and cultured; they waged wars and nourished vices; they produced mighty literatures; they rose, and fell, and rose and fell again; they grew from racial youth to manhood and old age; they decayed more and more, sank lower and lower; and at last, when all the tide of life and progress had gone from them to newer races, they became Pithecanthropi more or less Erecti, lost soulless relics of what had once been a human race. It is a story, not of thousands, but of millions of years.

Millions of years? Oh yes; man is more ancient than the mountains. A question you might well postpone for the present, is that of the date of his origin; for so far as any knowledge that we have warrants us in saying, there has always been man, and always been civilized man. The Usher-Biblical trenches, at six thousand years back, have long been battered to nothing by the guns of archaeological research; and though the defense is stubborn, and recedes but a meagre millennium or so at a time, nothing will hold; the lines are absolutely broken, and it is open country beyond. Theosophy says: eighteen million years; to which no honest scientist can say worse than *Non-proven*; he knows he has no vestige of evidence to show that it was not so. And eighteen millions of years, for all practical purposes, is as good as eternity; since we cannot imagine one million years; from the paltry five thousand we know about, we can get no historical sense of a hundred thousand. In any case the beginnings are infinitely remote; and we might come at an understanding of the past, present and future: we might fashion ourselves a tolerable science of human history, without ever troubling ourselves about the date of them at all. Civilization has been rising and falling for so long, that Egypt and Babylon are but things of yesterday.

Misconception as to Prechristian Europe is a main cause of our faulty notions: to imagine our Celtic or Saxon ancestors half way in culture between us and the Redskin, is to help us to the mirage vision of Pithecanthropus looming a few ages behind, the source from which all flow. But an understanding even of British history would go far to abolish the fiction. There has been no gradual ascent from savagery. From the

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thirteenth century until now, culture has been growing in England; at times, as during the thirteenth, sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, the growth was much quickened; between whiles it lagged, or there were reactions. But before the year 1200 there were centuries of no growth. The Normans brought in a seed of culture, which did not spring for about two hundred years. The Anglo-Saxon period lasted from the fifth till the eleventh century; there was a certain growth: a political consolidation, an evolution of culture under Celtic influences, during the first half of that time; then came the Danish incursions and put a stop to it. But those Saxon tribes that began to come in about 450 were no nearer Pithecanthropus than we are. Crude and ruthless they were; but if anyone troubles to read their literature, he will find they had much in common with the Pilgrim Fathers: in a certain grim earnestness; a sad faith in the unseen; a conscientiousness. The Puritans came to America when the tides of progress, affecting their race, were running high; and they and their descendants were borne forward immediately on those tides. The Saxons came to Britain at a time when such tides were not flowing at all in Europe, nor due to flow for some eight centuries; so their culture remained fairly stationary for that length of time. Our Puritans and pioneers were of the race of Shakespeare and Milton; they had left behind them in the old country a far higher civilization than they were able immediately to set up in the new. And those Saxon pioneers had left behind them on the continent a civilization far higher than they were able to establish in Britain; behind them, in this instance, in time as well as in space; for it was a civilization that had been on the downward trend for some centuries. It had by that time lapsed far into anarchy; now, the memory of it has mainly passed away; but enough has been found in Scandinavia to prove that culture flourished and declined there centuries before Christ. The Saxons brought a rich literature into Britain, and traditions of ancient glory.

And what they found in the island was not barbarism, but the decadence of a civilization higher than their own: the Roman, which by that time had lost all power to uplift those whom it contacted. Yet at the time of its flourishing, some three centuries before, that Roman-British culture was far more refined and better ordered than anything that has obtained there since until quite recently. There were probably more people, certainly more education, less crime, better government and better manners, in Marcus Aurelius's England than in George III's.

But at least, you say, when Caesar went to Britain, it was a kinsman of Pithecanthropus he found there? Was it? His account, with all its seeming precision, is misleading and inadequate; not altogether intentionally, — though truly he was a man without moral sense writing of

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his enemies — but because we cannot read him with Roman eyes. He wrote from the mental background of his age; we read him from the mental background of our own. An invisible Pithecanthropus grins up at us from his pages; but no such haunting bogey troubled him. Who, reading two thousand years hence some official narrative of the present war, would guess that there were centuries of culture behind the belligerent to which the annalist's country was opposed? But if such a reader turned to the criticism, the *belles lettres*, the better fiction of our time he would get a different picture altogether; the true light would be thrown on facts and events, and they would appear in perspective, with the right proportions. Here are a few respects in which the Roman background differed from ours:

There was no such division between Roman and barbarian, as there is between Christian and heathen now. It was the common belief among the cultured that all the Pantheons were essentially the same: that when the Roman spoke of Mercury, the Greek of Hermes, the Gaul of Ogma, or the Egyptian of Thoth, each was using his own national symbol for the same basic principle in Nature. The whole Roman polity in church and state was founded on this idea. Just as the guiding principle in British India is that all religions, Christian or pagan, are equal before the law; so in Rome the principle was that all religions were equally true and fundamentally the same. Christianity was persecuted because it introduced a new and subversive doctrine: namely, that all religions except itself were equally false: an idea incompatible with the enlightened Roman policy, and which did, in fact, operate to overthrow the empire. Again, all Romans of culture knew of an esotericism, a real wisdom handed down, behind all outward religions; they were as familiar with the story of Numa Pompilius and his secret books and doctrine, as we are with that of Washington and the Declaration of Independence. Caesar wrote with all this in mind.

He records indifferently that the Druids possessed the secret and sacred teachings of science and philosophy — the esoteric wisdom; that they underwent a training, a discipline, sometimes of twenty years, before graduating in the order; that they used the Greek script; and made human sacrifices; that the Briton warriors went bare-breasted into battle, and stained their bodies blue. These last smack to us of Pithecanthropism; to the Roman, as we find from many references in their poets, it probably connoted merely a degree of valor that scorned defensive armour. We pay no heed to what he says of the severe literary and cultural discipline; but are hugely impressed by the human sacrifices. From his cold account we get a picture of naked barbarians given over to the rule of a cruel and superstitious priesthood; but that was not the

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picture they knew in Rome. I said that the educated Roman knew of an esoteric wisdom behind the pantheons: a wisdom that concerned itself with things deeper than those of the outer life, and whose vision penetrated beyond birth and death. They knew of it; but knew that within the ringfence of the empire it had been lost. But — as Lucan tells us, it was held that the Druids had not lost it: the cultured Roman world, short of those who scoffed at everything, credited the Druids with a deeper wisdom than it possessed itself. As to the human sacrifices: we look on them as a retention of Pithecanthropism; the Roman, with all the facts in their true light before him, would more likely have seen in them a partial fall into savagery, a degeneration. And when one thinks of the evidence they rest on, one cannot be sure they ever took place. They do not harmonize at all with the rest of the picture; and Caesar, our main authority for them, was such a notorious blackguard; and he was writing of a people that he wantonly attacked, and of whom he slew, in Gaul, on his own showing, millions. Can you believe the man who butchered the heroic Vercingetorix in cold blood after the latter's surrender? Could you believe what was said in fifteenth century England about Joan of Arc?

But whether they had degenerated into these practices or not, we cannot reconcile what we know of the long and severe training of the Druids, their intensive cultural discipline; their fame, among men, such as Lucan, who knew the whole learning of Greece and Rome, for a deeper learning than their neighbors' — we cannot reconcile all this with 'primitive' savagery. Such things are only evolved in long ages of high civilization. And if we study the ancient Celtic literature itself, we find this view absolutely confirmed. It is the oldest literature in Western Europe; it is very copious indeed; and tells of a state of things whose antiquity we have no means of measuring. It reveals to us a highly civilized people; one, however, whose civilization was being undermined and disrupted constantly by warfare. It reveals a literary art exceedingly complex and artificial: with intricate and difficult rhyme schemes, subtle meters, a magnificent sense of style. Vigor of expression is natural to the literature of youth; style and a refined subtle art come with old age and long experience and effort. The most difficult verse forms that we have in English, are child's play and formlessness compared to those of the Welsh and Irish. And no tradition is more persistent among the Celts, than this of a prehistoric grandeur.

So then, standing on the further brink of history, and looking backward, we see, in Northern and Western Europe, vistas not of rising savagery, but of declining civilization: a pathway to heroes and demigods, not to dear Pithecanthropus. And it is just what we ought to expect.

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Look where you will, you find nowhere a steady rise from barbarism to culture, but everywhere this eternal ebb and flow. Do ex-King Constantine and his people represent an upward growth of twenty-five centuries from Pericles and his? They do not; but according to the Gospel according to Saint Pithecanthropus, they should. Modern Greece may be on the ascending arc of a cycle; but she has a long way to go before reaching a point comparable with that she fell from of old. Egypt promises in a few hundred years to be a leading nation again; but before the British went there, and began to set things straight, there was anarchy sinking into barbarism on Nile banks. Yet go back to the tenth century, and we find her, under the great Ismailian Sultans, easily the most enlightened nation in the west. In architecture, art, literature, science, and philosophy, in methods of life and government, in sanitation and the common amenities of decent living, she had need to fear comparison with no one before or since. Her hospitals were as well-appointed, and as scientific in spirit, as the best of ours. The doors of her great university were open to all, of whatever land or religion; and not only were no fees exacted of the students, but the state paid all their expenses; thus education was something more than free. Her armies beat back the barbaric hordes of the Crusaders on the one hand, and the world-destroying Mongols on the other. We think this earth has never seen so vast a cataclysm of war as this present one; but when the Mongols of Genghis and Hulagu went on the war-path, their battle-front reached from Poland to the Sea of Japan; they were opposed to almost every civilized people in the old world; they laid desolate, not a few provinces, but whole vast empires; they took many cities of the size of Paris, and massacred their millions of inhabitants to the last man, woman, and child. All the civilization of Asia fell before them; except India, and island Japan, that they could not reach, and Egypt, that beat them back and saved the Mediterranean littoral. And only a few centuries before that strength and splendor, Egypt was in a slough of barbarism again: in the hands of howling mobs of fanatics, the murderers of Hypatia, the unwashed saints of the desert. Going backward from that point we find her successively, fictitiously cultured under Rome; decadent under the Ptolemies; incapable of resistance, under her own last dynasties, to the Assyrian and Persian; until we come to the glories of her Second Empire, magnificently strong under the Setis and Thothmeses; and before that again, and beyond an age of decline, to the still mightier First Empire and the builders of the Pyramids; and so on into the night of time with declines and rises, declines and rises; and when, in heaven's name, traveling along this path, are we come to Pithecanthropus? Egypt was much nearer to him a century ago than she was a thousand years ago; you might find some smack

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of him in the minions of the holy Cyril and the holy Anthony, but none whatever in the proud subjects of Amenemhat or Rameses the Great.

Where shall we look, that we do not find the same story? To Peru? Today the descendant of the Incas' people, sodden with cocaine and suffering into a sullen stupidity, is brother to his beast of burden; five centuries ago his fathers were building dazzling cities, were dwelling in great splendor and security; conquering vast territories more humanely (read Garcilaso de la Vega or Sir Clements Markham), and ruling them more beneficently, than ever did any other people of whom we know. And go back into remote and unguessable antiquity, and you will find the prehistoric Peruvian capable of even mightier works than those of the mightiest Incas. Pithecanthropus, where art thou?

But now imagine — what we have seen a hundred times — a civilization fallen into anarchy, and left to stew in its own juices, so to say, for several hundred thousand years — without any saving impulse from without. Presently there would be no cities left standing; no government, no industry, no agriculture, no education. The making of books would cease, and the art of writing would be forgotten: the only business would be raidings and murder. A few thousand years after such a debacle of law and order, and the people would be as the Redskins were; a few hundred thousand, and they would be as the Blackfellows are; if you waited long enough, 'tis an odd chance but you should have Pithecanthropus stalking in his glory over the graves of their forgotten cities. It is in that way the low types of humanity are produced. Africa, isolated for ages, untouched by cultural influences from elsewhere, sank into barbarism; but the ancestors of the negro, somewhere back in the eighteen million years, were the rulers of great and cultured empires. Isolation, aloofness, self-containment — there you have the great peril. Periods of decline, of sleep, come to every race as surely as winters to the year: and it is always the saving Brotherhood of Man: it is always contact with some other, some active or waking race, that ends them. There would be no civilization in America, had it not been brought here from Europe. The Middle Ages and their darkness there, would never have passed, had there been no Moslem culture eastward and southward to light up Christendom; the Moslems would never have become civilized, had not the armies of the successors of Mohammed, impelled by his teaching to seek the Road of Learning, found the remnants of old culture from which they might learn, in Persia, India, and Greece. There never was a great age of civilization that did not owe its inception, the seeds of its splendor, to some other race, some older civilization. We recently have touched somnolescent Japan and China, and wakened them to a new age of vigor; some day America, exhausted with the energies that now

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are playing through her, will fall into a natural and cyclic sleep; and in due season she will owe her reawaking to some impetus passed on to her from China perhaps, or from Venezuela, or from Turkey — or God knows where. There is no superior race; there is only the Brotherhood of Man.

Where, then, is Pithecanthropus? We have searched all the Edens, and found him Adam in none; where is he? — “I am here,” he saith. “I am with you always; your child, not your ancestor; you have made me, and do make me; I have never made you.” He is the creation of the drug fiend, of the vice fiend; his name is Degeneracy. We sow the seed of him when we send our children to work long hours in factories; when we make of our prisons nurseries of crime. When we hang a murderer, we evoke him; when we take hate, lust, or greed for our guide: when we indulge in national or personal selfishness: we call upon him to come. Everything that coarsens or deteriorates the race, brings him nearer to us. He is the price we pay for playing the fool.

## IMMORTALITY AND PSYCHIC SURVIVAL:

by T. Henry, M. A.

**W**E often find ourselves constrained to hold up the mirror to current thought, and to note the changes that current thought is undergoing in obedience to the laws of progress. But we are not among those who believe that matter can evolve itself (unless indeed the word ‘matter’ is to include both agent and material); and so we seek for the cause that promotes this evolution. Unless the general level of human thought were disturbed by pressure from a higher source, that level would tend continually to lower itself; and the law of the conservation of energy forbids us to suppose that a machine can manufacture its own motive power and yet continue running indefinitely. Hence, if human ideas are evolving, they must be doing so under some dynamic influence. This influence, in the present cycle, we hold to be that of H. P. Blavatsky, a genius, a human being of creative power, able to rise out of the prevailing atmosphere of ideas and impulses into higher regions, and to inspire new energy into the atmosphere of current thought. Since she did this, her followers have been laboring to keep this energy alive and to spread the ideas; and a constant progress of current thought in the directions indicated by H. P. Blavatsky has ensued.

The question of immortality is to the fore in the July quarterly number

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of *The Hibbert Journal* (Boston and London), in more than one article, particularly in that by Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London; who, however, does not seem to us to speak *ex cathedra*, as an expounder of Christian doctrine, but simply as a philosopher and a scholar. The views he expresses are such as we have often advocated in these pages; and the fact that such views can now be promulgated, and under such influential backing, is most significant of the changes in public opinion.

The Dean notes a recrudescence of superstition, evidently having in mind (among other things) the recent advocacy of psychic survival by an eminent man of science, who has a special article devoted to him in the same number of this journal. The recrudescence he attributes largely to the secularizing and materializing of the Christian gospel; the preachers, no longer able to satisfy their congregations with the hope of a future heaven, have turned their attention to this world and are holding out hopes of an earthly paradise the day after morrow.

"And so, instead of 'the blessed hope of everlasting life,' the bereaved have been driven to this pathetic and miserable substitute, the barbaric belief in ghosts and demons, which was old before Christianity was young. And what a starveling hope it is that necromancy offers us! An existence as poor and unsubstantial as that of Homer's Hades, which the shade of Achilles would have been glad to exchange for serfdom to the poorest farmer, and with no guarantee of permanence, even if the power of comforting or terrifying surviving relations is supposed to persist for a few years. Such a prospect would add a new terror to death; and none would desire it for himself."

This is a theme on which we have often descanted. The evidence for immortality adduced by spookism, however 'scientific,' is no evidence of immortality at all, but rather is in favor of materialism, thinks the Dean, who adds that it tends to make spirit into an "ultra-gaseous condition of matter," and to represent eternal values as temporal facts (which they can never be). When a good man dies, he does not desire to pray, "Grant that I may flit a while over my former home." "We may leave it to our misguided necromancers to describe the adventures of the disembodied ghost," concludes Dr. Inge.

In short, psychical research tends to prove the existence of a protracted mortality, not of immortality; and the prospect is one that "adds a new terror to death, and would not be desired by anyone for himself." The real world is the world of eternal values, and in this "we find our own immortality." He points out that the soul is not in time, and that:

"In so far as we can identify ourselves in thought and mind with the absolute values, we are sure of our immortality."

This and other articles in *The Hibbert Journal* show that people are realizing more fully that speculations on immortality have been vitiated

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by unwarranted preconceptions. If time (as we know it) is an attribute of our mortal life, how can it be thought of in connexion with immortality? And if what we regard as our personal identity is a creation of mortal life, how can it survive amid the conditions which we must assign to immortal life? If we are immortal at all, we are immortal now; and immortality is not a period of time tacked on to the end of the present life, but a condition that is ever present. This condition is realizable in progressive degrees by those who can extricate themselves from the mental hallucinations caused by living in a world of sensory perceptions and conceptions. And this possibility of self-liberation and the attainment of immortality is the gospel of the ages, whether preached by Plotinus, Christ, or Krishna.

That the path of self-liberation involves the sacrifice of much that binds our affections, is a truth universally recognised and taught; and its validity from a philosophical viewpoint is equally clear, as is recognised by this lucid and erudite writer. "Give up thy life, if thou wouldst live," is a precept familiar to students of Theosophy; while Christians can quote: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." This simply means that, to enter immortality, we must put off mortality, or, to quote Dean Inge:

"We must be willing to lose our soul on this level of experience, before we can find it unto life eternal."

It is also ably shown in this article that, since we have a false idea of selfhood, death seems to many people to be an extinction of selfhood. If (they say) so much is lost, what remains? And immortality shrinks to the dimensions of an "absorption in the universal soul." But, according to the Dean, the achievement of immortality is the *perfecting* of selfhood; and that self which is now so imperfect and shadowy will then for the first time achieve its fulness. He uses the word 'personality,' which Theosophists (as a stipulated convention) use to denote the mortal self, while they use 'individuality' to denote the perfected Self. The same distinction is also marked by spelling 'self' with or without a capital initial.

The question of reincarnation also comes in for consideration; and the Dean of St. Paul's avers that so widely sanctioned a belief "cannot be dismissed as obsolete or impossible." We feel inclined to ask whether heresy trials are obsolete or impossible. In America, divines of much less weight have suffered martyrdom for much less than this. But he feels that, before the question can be satisfactorily answered, it must be satisfactorily stated; and that, until we decide the value of the terms used in the question, a vagueness must attend our attempts to answer it.

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"It is not easy to say what part of such an organism could be said to maintain its identity, if it were housed in another body and set down in another time and place, when all recollection of a previous state has been (as we must admit) cut off." The only continuity, as it seems to him, would be either the racial self, if there is such a thing, or the "directing intelligence and will of the higher Power which sends human beings into the world." The latter alternative coincides with Theosophical teaching, wherein the Higher Self is something more than a philosophical possibility; but it is understood that the "higher Power" is not a personal deity but the real Self of the human being.

That which is immortal survives, and that which is mortal perishes. This sounds like a truism, yet is worth pondering over. As a Theosophist, I cannot preach reincarnation as a dogma — for Theosophy has no dogmas; but, in common with most Theosophists, I have a profound conviction that it is true, and that my present faith is destined one day to become knowledge on the subject.

The writer thinks that the idea of psychic survival is cherished, not from a desire to achieve it oneself, but from a longing for consolation in bereavement. Yet is not this short-sighted? If we desire for our loved ones a fate which we would shun for ourselves, then is it not our own welfare, rather than theirs, which we are consulting? Time disposes surely, even when slowly, of the throes of bereavement; until nothing but memory, or not even memory, remains; and a reunion of former personal affinities would unite each one of us, in some future heaven, with a multitudinous throng of people stretching back through the faded pages of history. It is as incumbent upon us to recognise the immortal in others as in ourselves — to find in them that of which we *cannot* be bereaved. The fact of psychic survival (if established) would prove a poor consolation and a short-lived.

Among beliefs which "were old when Christianity was young," is the belief that, when the body — the central holding principle of the man — dissolves, the remaining principles no longer cohere together as one whole, and the immortal Soul passes on to its appropriate sphere, to rest until the hour for rebirth; while there sinks to the nether regions a devitalized shell which, in a 'second death,' is resolved into its primal elements. Necromancy, it was believed, could avail, by pernicious means, to evoke this dying shade. Such practices were contemned, and it is curious that in our day we should have moved so far away from that viewpoint as to be regarding certain practices, quite similar in many respects to the ancient necromancy, as not only harmless but even edifying. Theosophists need have no hesitation in pointing out the evil of psychic dabbling, because the upshot is bound to justify their warnings;

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already we find the dangers being realized and pointed out by doctors and others.

Perhaps the central thought of the article under review might be expressed as follows: that 'heaven' is largely a name we have invented for an ideal place to compensate for the shortcomings of the place we find ourselves in now; but that the place in which we find ourselves now is a prison-house of our own frailties and blindness. And we will conclude with these quotations:

"The world which we ordinarily think of as real is an arbitrary selection from experience, corresponding roughly to the average reaction of life upon the average man. . . ."

"May it not be that some touch of heroic self-abnegation is necessary before we can have a soul which death cannot touch? . . ."

"We must accustom ourselves to breathe the air of the eternal values, if we desire to live for ever."

The editor of *The Hibbert Journal*, Mr. L. P. Jacks, writing in the same number, on 'The Theory of Survival,' points to the preconceptions which hamper our investigations in psychism. One of these is the common and crude distinction between 'body' and 'spirit'; a distinction which, as he says, belongs to a metaphysical theory which has filtered down into popular thought and become fixed in popular phraseology. This leads us to assume that the beings with whom we are brought into touch are disembodied spirits, whereas the true scientific attitude requires that we should try to find out what they are, without preconception. Another preconception is the idea of two worlds — 'this' and 'the next.' And, having assumed that the dead have departed from this world, but finding what we take for evidence that they are still in existence, we infer that they have arrived in the next world. Perhaps we are wrong in assuming that they have ever left this world; and here the writer echoes a thought which we noticed in Dr. Inge's paper:

"We may find . . . that the upshot of psychical research is not to give us another world, supplementary or successive to this one, or of another nature than this, but to extend the boundaries and deepen the significance of the one world in which we and the so-called 'departed' are all living together under a unitary system of law."

In fact, we impose our materialistic notions upon our speculations about the immaterial; and when a companion, throwing off mortality, passes to immortality, and therefore beyond the range of our mortal vision, we try to locate him in a *material* world, albeit composed of a finer grade of matter, where he is surrounded by people and objects and circumstances *like those in this life*. Psychic research is materialistic.


Next the writer draws attention to the facts that the supposed 'survivors' retain the distinction of sex; speak the same English or French;

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live in time, looking regretfully behind or anxiously before them, and speaking of yesterday and tomorrow; have the same senses as we have. This means that they have carried with them into the next world all the familiar belongings of this; and psychic research will have proved the survival, not merely of the personality, but of that world out of which the personality is made. Remove that world, and what remains of the personality? Thus again we reach the conclusion that, whatever is immortal, it cannot be the personality — the mere outer presence — as we know it. This would seem to show that psychic research can only lead to evidence adverse to the belief in immortality — evidence tending to show that the departed are deader than they were before they died.

### HOW BIRDS REWARD THEIR FRIENDS:

by Percy Leonard

T is becoming quite the fashion nowadays to look after the birds. Suitable boxes are set up for them to nest in; crumbs and suet are served in winter-time; bird-baths and drinking fountains are provided in the hot weather; and their nests are protected from cats and nest-robbers.

It has been objected that this is an interference with Nature's plan and tends to make paupers of the birds. If food is provided, the birds will become too lazy to hunt for themselves and so the destructive insects will multiply and our crops will be ruined. However reasonable this may appear on the surface, it has been proved in two instances at least that man's care for the birds has resulted in nothing but good.

Mr. E. H. Forbush, the State Ornithologist of Massachusetts who had attracted a large feathered population to his orchard, was well rewarded for his trouble. While an army of tent-caterpillars and canker-worms were busy among his neighbors' trees, his orchard was quite untouched and he gathered a bountiful crop of fruit.

Baron Berlepsch at Witzenhausen, in Thuringia, Germany, had persuaded five hundred pairs of birds of various species to make their home in his thirteen-acre park, when one summer a host of caterpillars invaded the district, stripping the leaves from the trees for miles in every direction; but although his estate lay in the midst of the devastated tract, the baron's trees were covered with leaves, and so active were the feathered policemen that the hungry worms never managed to get within a quarter of a mile of his boundaries.

In the four hundred acres of forest owned by this lover of birds, two

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thousand boxes have been erected for the use of birds which nest in holes. They are modeled exactly to resemble the cavities such birds hollow out for themselves in decayed timber. In the breeding season they are all occupied by happy families; a clear proof that the birds appreciate the friendly assistance of man, especially when he brings his intelligence to co-operate with his kindly intentions.

Few people seem to realize the enormous appetites of birds. What with their ceaseless movement, the exertion of flight, the energy expended in song, and the high temperature of their blood, they require an immense amount of nourishment. It is common to remark of a person in delicate health, that he has the appetite of a canary. As a matter of fact, in proportion to their weight, the birds consume very much more food than we do. If a man were to feed on the same scale as some of the birds do, he would eat twenty-four hens for his breakfast, a whole sheep for his dinner, and would still be able to find room for half-a-dozen roast turkeys for his supper.

In Lomaland, house-wrens build their nests in hats that hang in the bungalows of students and in the pockets of rain-coats. The hooded Arizona oriole suspends her woven cradle under the arches of the Temple of Peace; and valley quail lead forth their active, fluffy broods from clumps of pampas grass within the boundaries of the Lotus Home. With the exception of the red-breasted linnet who resembles humanity in the interest that he takes in ripe figs, our feathered population on the whole render a great assistance in keeping down the insect plagues.

We need not fear the ravages of insects although they lay thousands of eggs, as long as we protect the birds. There seems to be a kind of balance in Nature, and if we protect the birds from foes and famine, they will take our part in our ceaseless struggle against the insects.



AMONG the noblest in the land —  
Though he may count himself the least —  
That man I honor and revere,  
Who, without favor, without fear,  
In the great city dares to stand,  
The friend of every friendless beast.— *Longfellow*

## THE LOST LAKE

By M. G. G.

DOWN in a trough of seas  
Of emerald green it lay,  
And near the marge huge trees  
Festooned with mosses gray.

No human being's trace  
Of blaze or trail was there;  
Pure magic ruled the place  
And held one unaware.

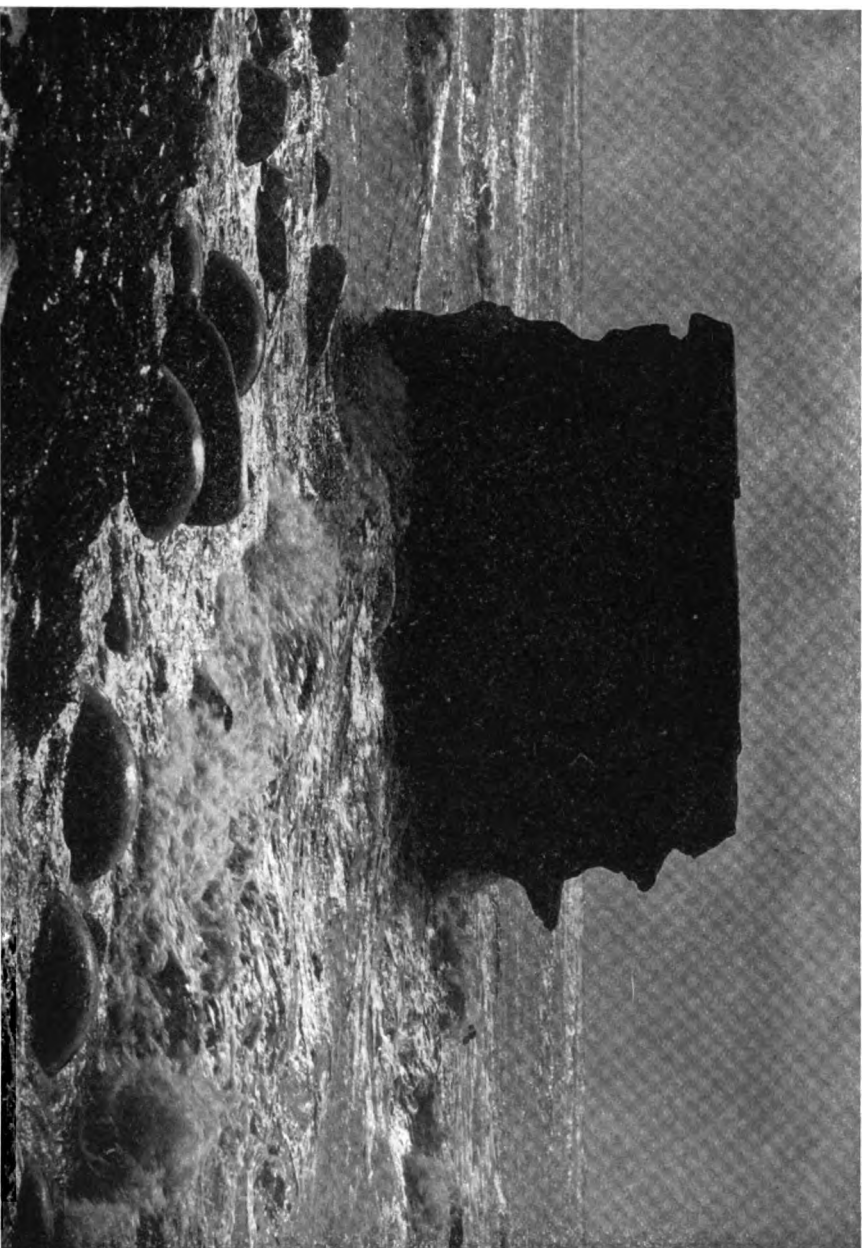
Deep slept and dreamed the mere,  
Glassing yon summit high,  
Shielded from winds austere  
By fir trees standing nigh.

On the reflected blue  
Recalling fancies light,  
The fleecy clouds o'er drew  
Their wondrous patterns white.

A little brook, snow-fed,  
Sent from the sombrous deep  
A lilting note that sped  
Over the lake asleep.

A stone's throw from the dell,  
'Neath green and blue and gray,  
No sound disturbed the spell  
There brooding night and day.

Oh mirror of the soul,  
So ravishingly free!  
Long may'st thou bide heartwhole  
Enwrapped in phantasy.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**ON THE WESTERN SHORE OF LOMALAND**

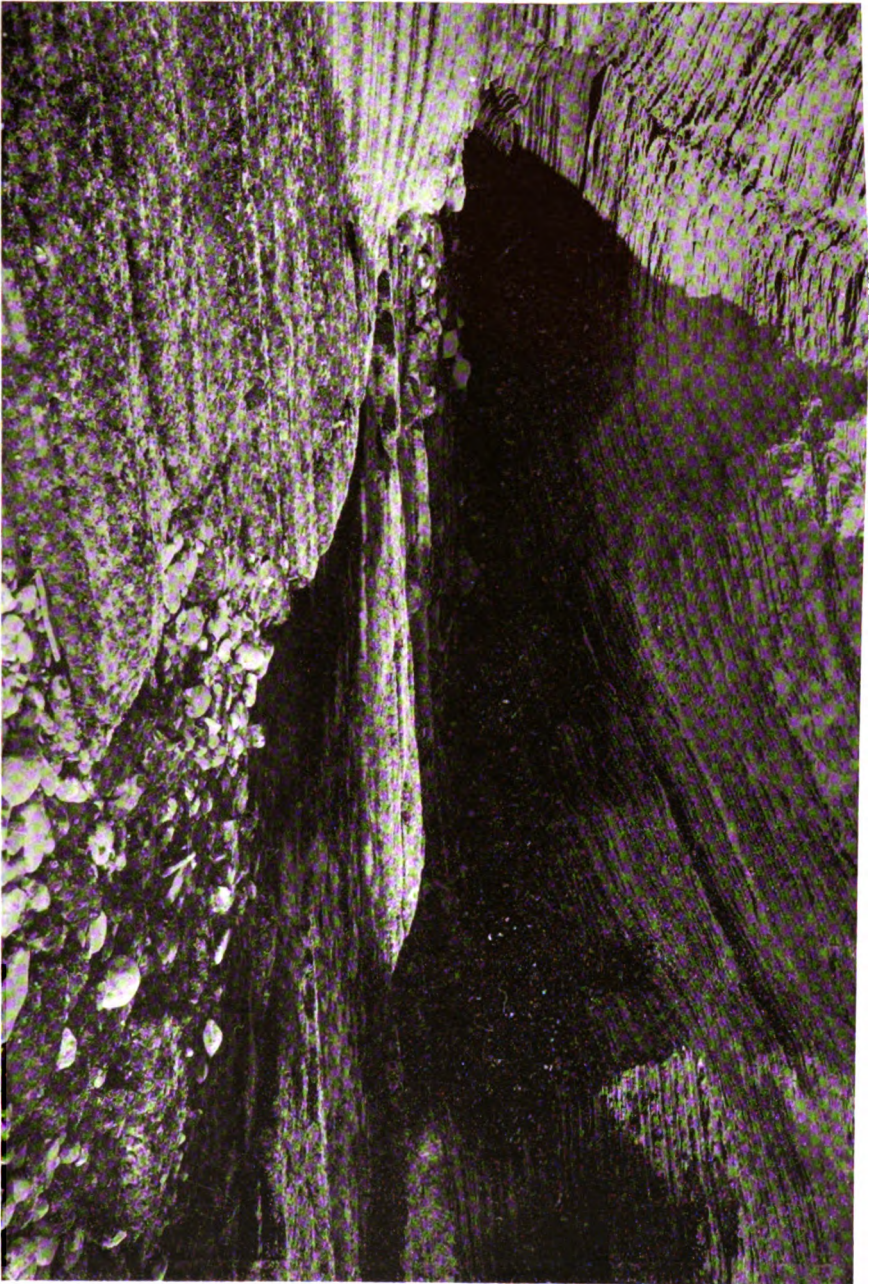
The large rock is a result of circumdenudation. The boulders in the foreground are blocks of sandstone that have been torn from the shore cliffs and rounded by the waves.



*Lomalend Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**A RUGGED PORTION OF POINT LOMA'S WESTERN SHORE CLIFF**

Showing the diversified effects of wave attrition.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dr. M.*

**ANOTHER SECTION OF WESTERN SHORE CLIFF**  
Showing that the marine strata of Lomaland is composed of a great variety of thinly-bedded layers. The pebbles in the foreground are stragglers from the 'pebbly layer.'



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**LOWER PART OF ONE OF THE NUMEROUS 'FAULTS' TO BE SEEN ON THE WESTERN  
SHORE CLIFF**

The 'throw' is on the left, or north side. The lower part on the right is the continuation of the upper part on the left.

## THE GEOLOGIC HISTORY OF POINT LOMA:

by William Scott



MALL as is Point Loma, the home of the International Theosophical Headquarters, it would require a volume to do justice to its geologic history.

Its geographic position is  $117^{\circ} 10' 30''$  W. longitude,  $32^{\circ} 42' 30''$  N. latitude, nearly. The greatest length of Point Loma, proper, which is in the north and south direction, is about eight miles; and its greatest width, which is at the north end, is about four miles, but as it is little more than half a mile broad at the south end, its mean width is perhaps barely two miles.

Until very recent times Point Loma was an island, and indeed, strictly speaking, it still is. It is practically united to the mainland by low flats, roughly four miles square, formed by sediment brought down by the San Diego River. These flats are so low that they are partly covered by the high tides. On their northern side is False or Mission Bay, and San Diego Bay is on the southern side; but between these two bays, and close to Point Loma proper, there is a small creek, crossing the flats, which flows at every tide, completely surrounding Point Loma with water, excepting the bridges which span the creek. It has been confidently asserted that Point Loma is rising at the present time, and it may be that a graduated water-gage would indicate a slight upward movement; but without the aid of any such instrument no appreciable change, in the last twenty years, has been observable.

When a geologist starts to explore a locality, the first thing that he endeavors to determine is its geologic age, not in years, for that appears to him to be quite hopeless, but its stratigraphic position in the long series of sedimentary layers which have been deposited on the ocean floors since sedimentation began; for every known square foot of the earth's surface is, or has been, an ocean floor, although there are a few small areas, where all the marine sediment has been eroded away. Moderately estimated, the whole series of these sedimentary beds, if placed one above the other in the order of their deposition, would have a mean thickness of about thirty miles, which has been divided into five major geologic systems, named, beginning at the oldest — Primordial, Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, and Quaternary. These correspond to five major biologic ages, named respectively — Eozoic, Palaeozoic, Mesozoic, Cainozoic, and Neozoic; or they correspond respectively to the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Root Races. These major divisions are each subdivided into three minor systems, and these in turn are still further subdivided into numerous smaller groups and systems, usually bearing local names. The place in this series assigned to

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Point Loma, by some geologists, is late Secondary, or the Cretaceous period; and in support of their contention they tell us that more than sixty fossil species, of the Cretaceous period, have been found in the marine sediment of Point Loma, which, they maintain, was first raised from the ocean floor about the end of the Cretaceous period, some 8,000,000 years ago, when the Coast Range was elevated.

It is here to be contended, however, that Point Loma is very much older than this, and that it is more likely that it was first raised from its watery bed at the time when the Sierra Nevada and the Wahsatch mountains were upheaved, some 16,000,000 years ago, at the end of the Jurassic period, which preceded the Cretaceous. But before going further, it will be necessary to explain how the time values, here given, have been determined.

Although geologists differ widely in regard to the mean total depth of the whole series of sedimentary deposits when superimposed in consecutive order, their estimates varying from 132,500 feet or about 25 miles (Lefèvre), to 265,000 feet or about 50 miles (Sollas), yet there is approximate agreement among them in regard to the relative depths of the major stratigraphic systems. So, if they could agree upon the number of years that have passed since the first sedimentary beds, the Laurentian, were deposited, the time values of the various systems could be apportioned in accordance with their relative strata depths. But they are hopelessly at variance in regard to the length of the whole of sedimentary time. Their estimates range all the way from 10,000,000 years (Tait), to 1,000,000,000 years (Huxley); Tait's calculation being just one-hundredth of Huxley's! Scientific estimates, in this respect, are therefore worthless; so we have adopted the moderate time values of the *Archaic Records*, as given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, where it is said (Vol. II, 709):

"It is certain, on Occult data, that the time which has elapsed since the first sedimentary deposits is 320,000,000 years."

It is upon this basis, together with their strata depths, that the time values of the various stratigraphic systems, here given, have been established.

In regard to the statement that Point Loma was first upheaved at the end of the Cretaceous period, when the Coast Range was elevated, there are two things to be considered: (1) the geologic history of the Coast Range; and (2) the *peculiar* character of the 'Cretaceous' system of California.

According to *Professional Paper 71*, of the U. S. Geologic Survey, (554, 816) the Coast Range has had a very eventful career. In the

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vicinity of the Bay of San Francisco it has been no less than seven times elevated and six times depressed since towards the close of the *Jurassic* period; its latest dip having been in Pliocene time, which corresponds, in time, to Point Loma's period of depression; and its first elevation having been precisely at the same epoch when both the Sierra Nevada and the Wahsatch mountains were upheaved (*Prof. Paper 71*, 555 *et seq.*); and as the region of Point Loma was right in the path of this tremendous lateral compressive force, which squeezed western North America into this series of high mountain ranges, it could hardly have escaped being crumpled up at that time.

This epoch was probably the commencement of one of the greatest geologic revolutions in the whole history of the earth. In *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 332, it is said that the great continent of Lemuria, or the 'Mesozoic Continent,' as it is called by geologists, began to sink "nearly at the Arctic Circle (Norway)," and further:

"The great English fresh-water deposit called the Wealden . . . is the bed of the main stream which drained Northern Lemuria in the Secondary age." (p. 333.)

Now geologists are all agreed that the Wealden region was submerged at the end of the Jurassic period, because, says Geikie:

"The Wealden is surmounted conformably by a group of marine beds (Lower Greensands) in which the upper Neocomian fossils occur." *Text Book of Geology*, p. 823.

Now these 'Neocomian' deposits mark the beginning of the Cretaceous period, and there can be no doubt that the Wealden was a Mesozoic river, because it is full of Mesozoic fossils, and as the Greensands lie *conformably* on these deposits, it proves that the greensand deposition began directly after the Wealden ceased to flow. It may also safely be presumed that the movement of depression in the region of "Norway" was the same as that which submerged the Wealden.

The birth of Point Loma was therefore, very likely, at the opening of the transitional stage from the Lemurian to the Atlantean Continental system; or from the Third to the Fourth Race; or, geologically, from the Secondary to the Tertiary period; or, palaeontologically, from the Mesozoic to the Cainozoic Age — these being different names for the same great World transformation, Continentally, Biologically, and Racially, which continued intermittently for about 7,000,000 years; or till within 700,000 years of the opening of the Tertiary period (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 313); or till about 8,700,000 years ago.

The 'Cretaceous' system of California possesses some very peculiar features, which make the position, in the stratigraphic series, of its lower beds very doubtful, and competent geologists disagree as to their deter-

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mination. In *Professional Paper 71*, of the U. S. Geologic Survey, 615, it is stated that:

"The Cretaceous of California is divided into the Shasta (Lower Cretaceous, comprising the Knoxville and the Horsetown formations) and the Chico (Upper Cretaceous). . . ."

The type section of the 'Shasta — Chico series' was measured on Elder Creek, Tehama Co., and originally stated by Diller. His statement condensed is:

	FEET
"Chico: Massive and thin bedded sandstones, with conglomerates . . . . .	3,897
Horsetown: Sandstones, often thin bedded, and shales . . . . .	6,109
Knoxville: Shales, upper 10,000 ft. calcareous, interbedded with sandstone below . . . . .	19,974
Apparent total thickness of unaltered Strata . . . . .	29,980

". . . The remarkable thickness assigned to the Knoxville formation in Tehama Co., is borne out by the observations of Osmont in the region north of San Francisco Bay. . . . This series consists of an enormous thickness of rather hard tawny-yellowish sandstone, interbedded in a monotonous succession with dark-blue fissile shales, with occasional thin beds of dark-blue limestone. The sandstone strata are usually less than two feet thick, and almost never more than ten, while their regular alternation with soft shale made the bedding very distinct and characteristic."

This *distinctive characterization* applies almost bed for bed to the marine strata of Point Loma, which shows that both regions had been subjected to similar, if not the same, movements. The description continues:

"From near Knoxville, where they appear to overlie a large laccolith (volcanic intrusion) of serpentine, they extend in an unbroken succession, with steep northeasterly dip, to the head of Capay Valley, at Rumsy, where they are covered with Tertiary gravels and sandstones. The average angle of dip from Knoxville to Rumsey cannot be less than 45°, which would give the series a thickness of four miles."

And this is not all. The greatest depth of the *Upper* Cretaceous, corresponding to the 'Chico,' is in southwestern Wyoming, where it has a thickness of . . . . . 20,000 feet

Then there is the Tehama 'Horsetown' . . . . . 6,109 "

and the Knoxville — Rumsey 'Knoxville' . . . . . 21,120 "

Total thickness of the western Cretaceous . . . 47,229 feet!!

To say the least this is suspicious. No other minor stratigraphic system, in the whole series, approximates this depth, not even the Laurentian, whose greatest known depth is not more than 35,000 feet, and its relative time-period is just about *nine* times that of the Cretaceous. Elsewhere the Cretaceous rocks seldom reach a greater thickness than 5,000 feet, and 4,000 feet is regarded as a moderate estimate of their mean thickness. Whatever the total depth of the whole series of sedimentary strata, from the lowest Laurentian to the upper Quaternary, may be, geologists are in approximate agreement that the proportionate

## THE GEOLOGIC HISTORY OF POINT LOMA

depth of the Cretaceous is not more than one fortieth of the whole series. Now if the grand total is taken as 160,000 feet, (about thirty miles), which is moderate, then 47,000 feet would be more than one fourth, nearly two sevenths of the whole. This raises the suspicion that there is something more than Cretaceous in this enormous depth of strata: and this is the conclusion that more than one competent geologist has reached, not because of the excessive depth alone but on account of the fossils of both flora and fauna that are found in the strata. In *Professional Paper* 71, 619, Knowlton is quoted as follows:

"From the Paleobotanical evidence which has been presented, it follows that in this portion of the Pacific coast region (Oregon and California) the line between the Jurassic and the Cretaceous is to be drawn through the upper part of the Knoxville formation, not at the base. This line is fixed by the upper limit of the Jurassic flora."

A flora which he says,

"is everywhere of true Jurassic age, and is practically never found associated with acknowledged Cretaceous flora."

Of the fauna he says:

"The total Knoxville fauna comprises seventy-seven forms of invertebrates, only seven named species of which have been found associated with Jurassic plants. Of these seven species only a single one has been found outside the limits of the California-Oregon area, and it has further been shown that the invertebrate palaeontologists are not in accord among themselves as to the interpretation to be given to the age determination of the fauna. The conclusion therefore is reached that the plants, being thoroughly consistent, afford the better criteria, and the beds are regarded as unquestionably of Jurassic age."

Other geologists (J. Perrin Smith for one) are in substantial agreement with Knowlton.

This means that nearly the whole of the four-mile depth of 'Knoxville' strata is to be classed not as Cretaceous, but as Jurassic sediment. Now as the description of the lower Knoxville beds corresponds almost layer for layer with those of the marine sediment of Point Loma — except that to the latter should be added a few very thin beds of iron ore, in the upper, and a few coaly and graphitic pockets in the lower exposed beds, which indicate a still greater age than the Knoxville, for graphite is seldom found in any but deposits that are much older than the Jurassic, and it is most abundant in the very oldest, the Laurentian — the Point Loma strata, like the Knoxville, may be regarded as unquestionably of Jurassic age.

But Point Loma itself is the chief witness to its own great age. Its loss by erosion has been enormous, as will be seen by the aid of the accompanying diagrams.

Figure 1 is a diagrammatic representation, reconstructed from the

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

truncated strata *in situ*, of a N. E. and S. W. cross-section on the line *C D*, Figure 3, extended beyond the crest of the original Point Loma

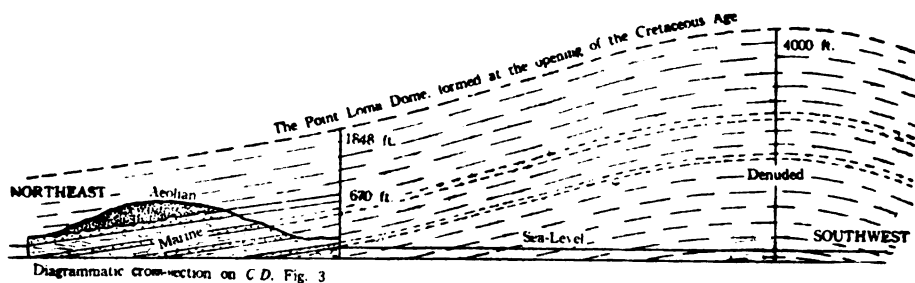


FIGURE 1 — DIAGRAM SHOWING POINT LOMA'S LOSS BY EROSION

mountain; showing that the present Point Loma is but a small fragment of the eastern side of the former dome; the broken lines representing the denuded strata.

Figure 2 is an enlarged half cross-section on the line *C D*, Fig. 3, which shows that if the line of unconformity, between the aeolian and the marine deposits, were extended to the line of the western shore cliff, a distance of about half a mile, the height above sea-level would be 670 feet. The mean angle of the dip is a full  $8^{\circ}$ , and the direction is about as shown by the broken lines on Fig. 3 — mainly N. E., but it turns eastward toward the south end, and northward towards the north end.

Now an  $8^{\circ}$  angle is equivalent to a 14.05 per cent. grade, which in half a mile gives a rise of 370 feet, and the height of the marine outcrop at the aeolian deposit *E*, Fig. 2, is 300 feet. These added, give a height of 670 ft. on a vertical line at the shore cliff. Now, an  $8^{\circ}$  dip, cut in a vertical plane, on a line at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  to the direction of the dip, gives a dip

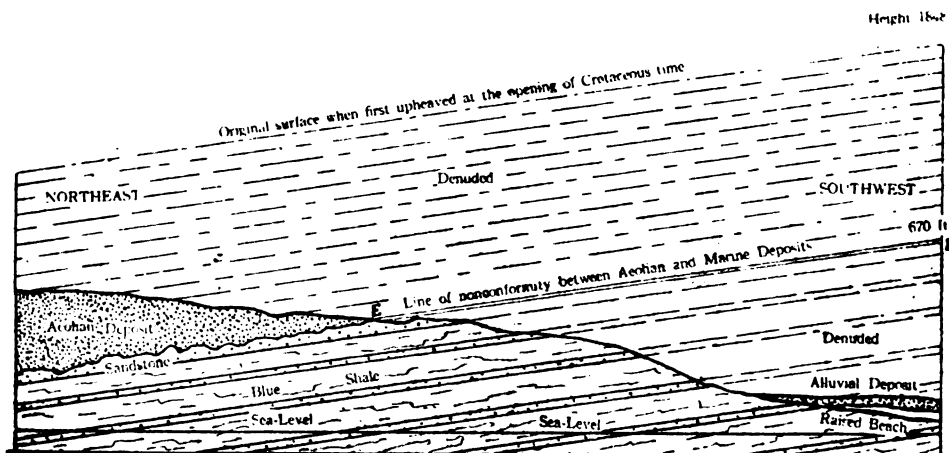


FIGURE 2 — ENLARGED CROSS-SECTION ON LINE *C D* IN FIGURE 3

## THE GEOLOGIC HISTORY OF POINT LOMA

of over  $5^\circ$  on the vertical plane; and by clinometric measurement it is found that the mean angle of the dip, on the face of the shore cliff, for a distance of four miles from the north end, is well over  $5^\circ$  northward: and a  $5^\circ$  dip is the equivalent of an 8.75 per cent. grade, which in four miles gives a rise of 1848 feet.

Figure 4 is a mathematical reconstruction of this four-mile section of the strata on the line of the shore cliff. The two lines at the bottom of the figure represent the face of the cliff, and the broken lines represent

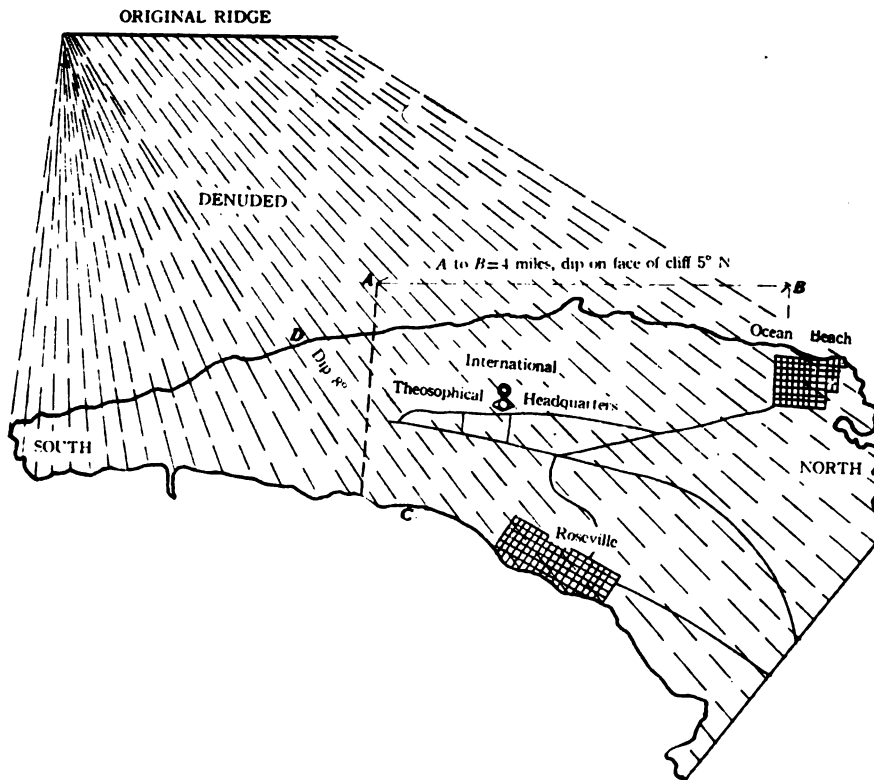


FIGURE 3—PLAN OF THE PRESENT POINT LOMA

the denuded strata.

Now, turning to Fig. 3, where this four-mile section is represented in plan; if the extent of the erosion at *B* (Ocean Beach) had been the same as at the outcrop *E*, Fig. 2, the reconstruction of the strata on the line *ED*, Fig. 2, should give the same height above sea-level at *D*, as that of the reconstruction at the point *A*, Fig. 4, but we find that between these two reconstructed points, there is a discrepancy in height of 1174 feet, which proves that above the line of unconformity *ED*, Fig. 2, the ex-

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

tent of denudation has been 1178 feet greater than at *B*, Fig. 3. This excess of denudation is represented by the broken lines above the line of unconformity.

Without referring to mathematics, it will be readily seen that if one were to commence to count the number of strata either way — towards *B* or *C* — from the point *A* or *D*, Fig. 3, he should get the same number in each case, but he will find that counting towards *B* the number is more than twice as great as those in the direction of *C*. There is, however, one thing which should be noted. If he follows the strata dip up a canyon near *C D*, Fig. 3, he will find no 'faults'; whereas, in following the strata

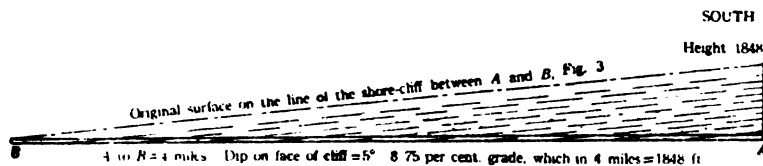


FIGURE 4 — MATHEMATICAL RECONSTRUCTION OF  
FOUR-MILE SECTION A TO B

from *A* to *B*, he will observe that the faults are numerous, and that the 'throw' is always on the north side, *i. e.*, the south side of the fault fails to rise as much as that of the north, and as the rise of the dip is towards the south, the sum of these fault 'throws' should be deducted from the 1848 feet rise at *A*, and in the aggregate they would probably be little short of 100 feet. But offsetting this there are two things to be considered: (1) Although the dip at *A*, Fig. 3, is less than  $5^{\circ}$  it still continues to rise, the former highest point on the line of the shore cliff having been farther south than *A* or *D*, and was perhaps enough higher to balance the loss of rise due to the fault throws: (2) The 'original surface,' of Figs. 1 and 2, is based upon the assumption that there has been no erosion at *B*, Fig. 3 (Ocean Beach) — which postulate is not only unwarranted, but it is almost certain that several hundred feet have been eroded from that region, so that the figures of the estimates are very moderate. It would be quite safe to say that the original highest point, on the line of the shore cliff, was not less than 2000 feet above its present surface.

One of the things which makes it certain that hundreds of feet have been eroded from the vicinity of Ocean Beach, is the evidence that when Point Loma was first upheaved, at the end of the Jurassic period, Ocean Beach was probably not less than 3000 feet above sea-level.

On Point Loma there is an aeolian deposit, which proves that for ages after it was upheaved there must have been a broad terrene to the westward, extending perhaps as far as the islands of San Clemente, Santa

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Barbara, etc., but, according to the *Bulletin of the Seismological Society of America*, Vol. VI, Nos. 2 and 3, June — September 1916, between Point Loma and these islands, much of that ancient land now rests 3000 feet beneath the waters of the ocean; and there is certain evidence that this movement of depression was widespread, and that there would be little warping of surfaces, or altering of relative levels between Point Loma and the islands, *i. e.*, the whole region went down as one piece. Even the location of the crest of the original Point Loma mountain is submerged beneath 600 feet of the briny deep, and accretion, not erosion takes place on such an ocean floor, so that if the sinkage had been no more than 600 feet, the bottoms of both Mission and San Diego Bays had been several hundred feet above sea-level during the long period, perhaps 14,000,000 years, of elevation, during which, not only Ocean Beach, but the very bottoms of these bays, were exposed to subaerial denudation.

Neither the height nor the location of the crest of the former Point Loma mountain can be determined with a high degree of certainty, owing to the smallness of the remaining fragment; but both can be roughly reconstructed from the strata still *in situ*, as shown by the broken lines of Figs. 1, 2, and 3. The southward turn of the dip towards the south end indicates a convergence at about four miles to the westward, which gives a clue to the location of the southern end of the former ridge, but the northward turn of the dip at the north end is so slight that the point of convergence cannot even be approximated. There is little doubt that, after the first upheaval, a vertical section through the crest of Point Loma and the bottom of Mission Bay had been in the form of two arcs of circles, joined together like an ogee, or the form of the bay was that of a basin (synclinal), while Point Loma was dome-shaped (anticlinal), but the dip of the exposed strata is everywhere so near  $8^{\circ}$ , and so close to a straight line that no curve is perceptible.

Further, the remaining fragment is right at the junction of the concave and convex curves, as shown in Fig. 1, so that the angle of the dip becomes greater, not less, as it is continued westward; but the calculation is made upon the assumption that it continued to the former crest, in a straight line at an angle of  $8^{\circ}$ , or a gradient of 14.05 per cent., which in four miles gives a rise of 3000 feet. This added to the 2000 feet at the shore cliff, gives 5000 feet, then the depth of the ocean at four miles from the shore, 600 feet, has also to be added, making a total of 5,600 feet which has been eroded from the crest of the original mountain; and this is moderate. A little over 6000 feet is probably the maximum, but the minimum is not less than 4000 feet.

Now according to Geikie, Croll, and other competent geologists,

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the mean rate of subaerial denudation generally is one foot in 6000 years; so if Point Loma's rate of denudation has been normal, it would be  $6000 \times 4000 = 24,000,000$  years since subaerial denudation first began to reduce the size of the original Point Loma mountain. This gives a margin of *eight million* years more than the time that has passed since the grand epoch of continental renovation and mountain-making, at the end of the Jurassic period, making it extremely probable that the upheaval of Point Loma was part of that universal revolution.

Just before the opening of this great revolutionary period, the region of Point Loma was part of a strip, some twenty miles wide, which extended northward and eastward far into the mountain region. This strip was covered with a layer of pebbles, ranging in size from mere gravel to boulders more than 18 inches in diameter, but by far the greater part of them are between three and four inches in diameter. They are chiefly rounded fragments of porphyry, or porphyritic rock, which are almost invulnerable to aerial attacks, and practically everlasting; but there are a few granite ones among them which are in all stages of decomposition. In the region of Point Loma this pebbly layer was of no great thickness, perhaps not averaging more than a foot, and probably, in places, there were no more than a few scattered pebbles, but as the strip extends north-eastwards it soon reaches a depth of more than twenty feet in many places. Before the upheaval this pebbly strip was doubtless nearly flat, and for the most part lay conformably on the Jurassic marine sediment, as it still does where the deeper parts have not been disturbed; but it is now crumpled, warped, and twisted into hills, valleys, and mesas of all shapes and sizes, and since this distortion occurred immense deep canyons have been scooped out of it by stream erosion. In the foothills it is plainly evident that the mountains were upheaved, and that the pebbly strip was crumpled by the same prodigious lateral compressive force; they are so intimately intermingled that it is obvious that both were involved in the same great struggle.

It is very fascinating to speculate upon how this enormous mass of pebbles came to be deposited upon this strip. When first seen they suggest glacial drift, and some geologists take this view, *i. e.*, that they have been dropped by glaciers. It can be proved conclusively, however, that it was no Pleistocene glaciation that deposited them.

At various times and places, during Tertiary time, perhaps from the end of the Eocene period, about 4,000,000 years ago, till near the end of Pliocene time, about 1,000,000 years ago, there were great lava floods ('Epochs of Volcanism') diffused over an immense area of western North America, from the Aleutian Islands and Alaska to South America, and extending as far west as Wyoming, Colorado, and Texas, having an

## THE GEOLOGIC HISTORY OF POINT LOMA

aggregate area of more than 600,000 square miles, and in places it is more than 3000 feet deep. The lava is chiefly basaltic, varying in color from black to light gray. One of these 'Massive Fissure Effusions' has formed a hill at La Mesa. Now the pebbly layer passes over La Mesa, but it passes *under* the Tertiary basaltic hill, which proves that the pebbly layer was deposited long before the opening of the Pleistocene epoch, hence could not have been the result of Pleistocene glaciation. This, however, does not prove that they are not glacial drift.

About fifty years ago Dr. James Croll almost lost his reputation among geologists because he had presented strong evidence that 'Glacial Epochs' had been intermittent since Cambrian time, some 200,000,000 years ago. But fifty years ago almost every geologist was firmly convinced that, until recent times, the Earth was so hot that no ice would form upon it, but they are not now so sure that the Earth was any hotter in Cambrian time than it is now, and in recent years it has become quite orthodox to accept Croll's views. Although no mark of pre-Pleistocene glaciation has yet been found in California, there has been recently discovered, and minutely described in *Professional Paper 95 B*, unmistakable glacial deposits of late Eocene time, about 5,000,000 years ago. These Eocene Glacial Deposits, as so far known, are within an area of twenty square miles, in Ouray Co., south-western Colorado, but it presents no evidence strong enough to show that it was during this Glacial Epoch that the pebbly layer was deposited.

But in any case the pebbly layer on Point Loma is much older than Eocene time. It passes under the aeolian deposit which began to form about mid-Cretaceous time, not less than 10,000,000 years ago. In fact the manner in which it is laid down shows that the pebbly layer is not a glacial deposit at all. It is more like the deposit of a very rapidly-flowing huge river, yet such a river is out of the question. It is more likely that the bed of an inland sea (perhaps in the region of the California Valley, or that of the Mohave desert,) was suddenly upheaved, sending its waters in a mighty torrent along the strip, scattering gravel, pebbles, cobble-stones, and boulders over its path preliminary to the upheaval of the mountains. This, however, is mere speculation.

After its first upheaval, so far as can be learned from the remaining strata, Point Loma remained in its elevated position till Pliocene time, perhaps less than 2,000,000 years ago, when there was a widespread movement of depression, affecting a vast area of western North America, and which almost submerged Point Loma, but there is no evidence that it was ever completely covered with water during this period of depression. On the contrary, there is a 'raised beach' along the western shore cliff, about 50 feet above sea-level, mainly composed of marine fossils, mostly

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Pliocene beach molluscs, which is more than six feet deep in places, proving that a considerable portion of Point Loma must have remained above water during most of the period of depression, because it furnished a beach for the production of these beach molluscs. The raised beach, however, also proves that the waters of the ocean must have been much higher than the elevation of this fossiliferous deposit, because the shells of dead molluscs do not lie in quantity upon a beach. They are carried seaward by the surf and deposited in comparatively still water. This leads to the conclusion that the depth of the fossiliferous deposit must have been much greater before the latest movement of elevation began than it now is; for it is not likely that the upward movement was rapid, and if it was slow this shelly deposit must have been exposed, perhaps for years, to the ravages of an angry surf, which would have robbed it of much of its store. Even if the movement had been comparatively rapid, it must have suffered a great reduction. Besides, it is cut away vertically by erosion on the shore cliff, and only a small portion of the eastern half remains. And as it still has a depth of more than six feet in places, the maximum accumulation must have been very considerable, representing a long period of accumulation.

Surmounting the raised beach and the truncated marine strata of the level strip between the shore cliff and the Point Loma hill, varying in width up to about five hundred yards, there is an alluvial deposit over twenty feet deep in places, shown in Fig. 2. It is a mixture of the sand from the aeolian deposit and the blue shale of the marine sediment. It has been brought down from the hillside by the rains since the latest movement of elevation took place, and represents the lapse of a long period of time, for the rate of deposition must have been exceedingly slow. At the present time both accretion and attrition are in progress, and it is difficult to determine which is the most rapid.

The shore cliff, which is seventy feet high in places, also records the passage of long ages since the latest upward movement began. The ocean floor, which was then upraised, was the land surface which was submerged in Pliocene time, upon which there had been no cliff, so that, after the late elevation, the ocean floor had merged indistinguishably with the land surface, far westward from the present cliff. The development of the cliff has been a slow process, representing perhaps hundreds of thousands of years, which is corroborated by the alluvial deposit.

There is conclusive proof that, during the late period of depression, the immersion of Point Loma was at least two hundred feet greater than at present. Almost directly west of the Râja-Yoga Academy, beside the bridge on the Esotero Road, and about two hundred feet above sea-level, there is a recent deposit of river sand, which is being used by the

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Point Loma Homestead Construction Department for building purposes. But in this river sand there are quite a number of fragments of pholas-bored rock. Now the pholas is a marine rock-boring mollusc, which proves that the river sand came *via* the ocean. It likely came down the San Diego River, thence round the north end of the island of that time, and was finally deposited by the waves, in the small pocket where it now rests.

Further, it was reported in the *San Diego Union* of January 8, 1915, that the bones of a huge whale had been found in the canyon north of the Stockton Drive, between Pine St. and Alameda Ave. The bones, according to expert opinion, were found in a Pliocene deposit, which proves two things; (1) that the depression must have been at least two hundred feet lower than it is now; and (2) that it existed in Pliocene time.

Again, very near the highest parts, in the aeolian deposit, there are perpendicular cliffs more than twenty feet high in places, which appear suspiciously like shore cliffs, and this is partly confirmed by considerable deposits of sea-sand lying, in some places, near their bases. If these are former shore cliffs, the portion of Point Loma that was not submerged must have been small indeed. But there could be no more certain evidence that it was never wholly submerged than its animal life, especially the horned-toad and the wingless beetles, which never would have crossed the smallest streamlet.

The final movement of elevation was at the opening of the Quaternary period, 869,000 years ago, when *Ruta*, an Atlantean island of continental dimensions, was submerged (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 146). Not only all along the Coast Range is a movement of elevation recorded precisely at this time (*Professional Paper 71*, 815-818), but an extensive area of western North America was also uplifted, including California, Oregon, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Mexico, and perhaps the whole of South America. There have been minor depressions and elevations, affecting these regions since that time, especially about 270,000 years ago towards the close of the Pleistocene Glacial Epoch, when *Daitya* — another large Atlantean island — went down (*Ibid.*, I, 651).

A glance at Figure 1 shows that Point Loma has been denuded in a most peculiar manner. Why should erosion have been so much more vigorous on the western than on the eastern side? Normally the two sides should have been eroded nearly equally; but not only has the crest of the mountain completely disappeared, but three or four miles eastward of the crest have also been worn down below sea-level.

The answer is that the eastern side has been protected by an aeolian deposit. The brownish-yellow, fine sandy formation lying along the ridge

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and on the eastern side of Point Loma has been transported by the winds from the western land, now resting beneath the waters of the Pacific. In ancient times the prevailing winds had been, as they now are, from the west but when the winds were high they came laden with sand, which they deposited on the *lee* side of the hill, as sand-laden winds are wont to do. But before these wind-borne sands began to arrive in sufficient quantity to compete with erosion, there had been more than a thousand feet removed from the height of the eastern side of the hill, as shown by the broken lines Fig. 2, and Point Loma had been carved and dissected into hills, valleys, and deep canyons, and the pebbly layer had been gathered into masses in the hollow places, although the pebbles are found scattered everywhere under the aeolian deposit, which is about two hundred feet deep in places.

In this aeolian deposit there are great quantities of dark-brown nodules, ranging in size all the way from that of mustard seeds to the size of walnuts. These are a great puzzle to geologists. We may be certain that they were not transported by the winds! They occur frequently in marshy places, or on the bottoms of lakes, when the waters hold in solution large quantities of oxide of iron. They are called 'Bog Iron Ore Nodules,' or more technically 'hydrated oxide of iron, mixed with clay.' They form around organic particles, which induce the precipitation of the oxide of iron from the water. For this reason the sandy formation has been called a 'Lacustrine Deposit,' but this is absurd. Lakes do not lie on hillsides, and the bed of the aeolian deposit has been a hillside ever since Point Loma was first upheaved, and the sandy deposit did not begin to form till perhaps 5,000,000 years after the upheaval. This lapse of time is represented by the 1178 feet removed from the eastern side of the hill, before the arrival of the sand. Besides, the sandy deposit is entirely unstratified, as such lacustrine deposits invariably are. But the most certain proof that it is *not* a lacustrine, and that it *is* an aeolian deposit, is the well-known fact that all small, thin, flat objects, such as mica-flakes, fragments of shells, or small flat pieces of rock, when deposited in sandstone or sandy formations by water, are invariably laid down with their flat faces in a horizontal position; whereas, when deposited by the winds, such objects are laid down with their flat faces in every possible direction, which is the manner in which they lie in the Point Loma sandy formation, proving conclusively that it is an aeolian deposit. There are also a few petrified plant roots found in it at all depths, which substantiate its aerial formation.

But we must find an origin other than the winds for the nodules. In the aeolian deposit there are great quantities of minute magnetic iron pyrites, and also a like quantity of equally small sulphate of iron pyrites.

## THE GEOLOGIC HISTORY OF POINT LOMA

These decompose and form the oxide of iron which gives the brownish-yellow color to the sandy deposit. The rains dissolve this oxide of iron, which is re-precipitated around minute organic particles. Once the nucleus is formed each succeeding rain adds a little to its size by dissolving more oxide of iron, which is again precipitated around the nucleus, and so the nodules keep on growing, year after year; perhaps millennium after millennium. If a nodule be broken, it will be seen that it has been formed by the accretion of thin layers around a nucleus. There seems, however, to be a narrow limit to their size, which raises the question, Why? According to the teachings of Theosophy, every physical form has been built into a pre-existing astral mould, and these nodules can be no exception. More than likely it is the astral forms belonging to the nuclear organic particles which attract and cause the precipitation of the oxide of iron dissolved by the rains. Consequently the growth of the nodules is arrested by the limits of these astral forms.

### CLIPPED FROM THE PRESS

**A**T a recent session of the Southern Baptist Convention, reports the Biblical Recorder, Dr. E. Y. Mullins read a letter written by an English soldier boy to the mother of a German soldier whose aeroplane he had shot down, killing the aviator. He also read the mother's reply. The English soldier wrote:

"It's your son. I know you can't forgive me, for I killed him. But I want you to know he didn't suffer. The end came very quickly. He was very brave; he must also have been very good. He had your picture in his pocket. I am sending it back, though I should like to keep it. I suppose I am his enemy though I don't feel so at all. I'd give my life to have him back. I didn't think of him or you when I shot at his machine. He was an enemy, spying out our men. I couldn't let him get back to tell the news — it meant death to our men. I know you must have loved him. My mother died when I was quite a little boy, but I know what she would have felt if I had been killed. War isn't fair to women. God! how I wish it were over. It is a nightmare. I feel if I just touched your boy he would wake and we would be friends. I know his body must be dear to you. I will take care of him, and mark his grave. After the war you may want to take him home. My own heart is heavy. I felt it was my duty."

Here is the mother's reply:

"Dear Lad: There is nothing to forgive. I see you as you are in your troubled goodness. I feel you coming to me like a little boy astounded at having done ill when you meant well. I am glad your hand cared for my boy. I had rather you than any other, touched his earthly body. He was my youngest. I think you saw his fineness.

"I know the torture of your heart since you have slain him. To women brotherhood is a reality, for all men are our sons. That makes war a monster, that brother must slay brother. Yet perhaps women, more than men, have been to blame for this world war. We did not think of the world's children as our children. The baby hands that clutched our breasts were so sweet, we forgot the hundred other baby hands that stretched out to us, and now my heart aches with repentance. When this war is over come to me. I am waiting for you."

— *From a contemporary paper.*

# THE SCREEN OF TIME

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

### SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

**Power of Individual Mme Tingley's Subject** The devotional services being held every Sunday morning in the Isis Theater by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society are arousing deep interest and appreciation. These meetings, being unsectarian in character, provide for an expression of religious aspirations in the light of Universal Brotherhood. At the service on June 16th the Râja-Yoga International Chorus sang 'Law Eternal,' by Mozart, as also 'Do Thy Duty, Tide What May,' and 'Lead, Kindly Light,' in which the entire audience joined.

Mme Katherine Tingley, in her address, touched upon the power possessed by each one not only to increase his knowledge of life, but also to correct and improve the motives which actuate his daily conduct. This power is usually so far forgotten that we tend to become creatures of habit and custom. Yet at any moment a man may originate a noble effort that will cause new knowledge and experience to germinate in mind and heart. There should be more attention given to spiritual things, and to the meaning of the ancient truths taught ages before the age of Christ. No one would attempt to express art or music without an effort to study and comprehend them. And so it is also with religion, which is the supreme art of life, that of doing and serving.

The speaker declared: "The object of Theosophy is to educate and bring home to humanity the need of superb effort to express the deep principles upon which all world religions have been based. No human being can claim not to know his obligations in this respect. There is a great call, a great urge, for all to find within themselves that which has been hidden for ages. For this reason there is need for us to come together in the spirit of devotion and of deep research, for which these Sunday morning services have been established. To know Theosophy one must study it. There must be a profound effort to get at its deeper truths and to seek to apply them. Theosophy is an open book, it is as simple as A-B-C to one who approaches it in the right spirit."

**The Common Sense of Theosophy** The services held in the Isis Theater, June 23rd by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society were well attended. The Young Ladies' Chorus rendered 'Star of Glory' (Abt) and two songs in which the audience joined. Owing to the sudden death of the Rev. S. J. Neill, a member residing at Point Loma, Mme Tingley was unable to be present. She therefore

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

asked J. H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, to speak on 'The Common Sense of Theosophy.'

The speaker referred to the great change that has come over scientific thought in reference to the Darwinian scheme of evolution. He gave excerpts from recent writers showing that evolutionary theories are undergoing complete transformation. After briefly referring to the influence of Theosophy on modern thought as a "glorified common sense," Mr. Fussell gave W. Q. Judge's definition of Theosophy: "Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope; yet shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child." The speaker discussed the teachings of Universal Brotherhood, Karma and Reincarnation, which he called the "great trinity of Theosophical teachings."

**Theosophical Leader** "The knowledge of what ought to be approved  
**Speaks at Morning** must come from your own inner states of con-  
**Services; Army and** sciousness."  
**Navy Men Attend** "Each must find his own kingdom of heaven  
within."

"There is too much discussion; there are too many books; too many conflicting teachings — if you would find the truth, you must search for it in yourselves."

These are some of the thoughts expressed by Mme Katherine Tingley in her address at the morning service of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society held June 30th in the Isis Theater. In these morning services an increasing interest is being manifested, shown by the numbers attending, among whom are a large number of army and navy men.

Mme Tingley spoke first of the history of the Society and of the different classes of minds which had been attracted to it, some out of curiosity, some to exploit their own ideas under the cover of Theosophy, but the great majority with an earnest purpose of seeking the truth.

She then spoke on the "two wisdoms"—the two kinds of knowledge, the higher and the lower. "If we find ourselves in the shadows of unrest, not yet able to control desire and passion," she said, "it is because we have permitted the lower, the mortal mind, to rule; but when the senses are resting, and the mortal mind subdued, then, like a child, we can sit at the feet of the Master and receive the guidance of the higher wisdom."

"The tempter is the mortal man, the lower self; the liberator is the soul," she declared.

Beethoven's 'Vesper Hymn' was beautifully rendered by the Young Ladies' Chorus of the Râja-Yoga Academy, and the whole audience joined in the singing of 'Cling to the Flying Hours,' and 'Let in Light.'

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

**Theosophy,** At the regular Sunday morning service, held July 7th  
**Topic at** by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society  
**Isis Theater** in Isis Theater, Mme Katherine Tingley at the last  
moment not being able to be present, arranged a special  
musical program, which was given by the Râja-Yoga students from Point  
Loma. There was a good attendance, the general singing and the special  
musical numbers being greatly appreciated. The students read quotations  
from the writings of the three Theosophical leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William  
Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, among which were the following:

"The assertion that 'Theosophy is not a religion' by no means excludes  
the fact that 'Theosophy is religion itself.' A religion in the true and only  
correct sense is a bond uniting men together — not a particular set of dogmas  
and beliefs. Now religion, *per se*, in its widest meaning, is that which binds  
not only all men, but also all beings and all things in the entire universe into  
one grand whole. This is our Theosophical definition of religion. Thus  
Theosophy is not a religion, but religion itself, the one bond of unity which  
is so universal and all-embracing that no man, as no speck — from gods and  
mortals down to animals, the blade of grass and atom — can be outside of  
its light. Therefore, any organization or body of that name must necessarily  
be a universal brotherhood." (H. P. Blavatsky)

"Theosophy is the inner life in every religion. It is no new religion,  
but is as old as truth itself. Every man has the divine right to develop  
his latent possibilities for perfection and to seek to realize his highest ideals  
because he is a member of the great family of God." (Katherine Tingley)

The music program was as follows:

Songs by the Young Ladies' Chorus, 'Lift Thine Eyes' (Mendelssohn)  
and 'Into the Silent Land' (Arthur Foote).

General song, 'Praise to the Heroes' (Old English).

Trio, piano and strings, 'Adagio for Trio in *C min.*' (Arthur Foote).

Piano solo by Mrs. Montague Machell, 'Thy Sweet Repose' (Schubert-  
Liszt.)

'Cello solo by Montague Machell, 'Meditation' from *Thaïs* (Massenet).

Songs by the Young Ladies' Chorus, 'Irish Folk Songs.'

General song, 'Do Thy Duty, Tide What May.'

## FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATED AT POINT LOMA

Fourth of July was celebrated in the usual elaborate fashion at the Inter-  
national Theosophical Headquarters. Games and athletic contests took  
up the afternoon, and at sunset a program was given in the open-air Greek  
Theater. After music and special presentations by the Râja-Yoga children,  
Madame Tingley addressed the students, all of whom were present in the

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

theater. Her subject was, 'The Deeper Meaning of Independence Day.' She dwelt particularly upon the early history of the nation and the spiritual legacy bequeathed by that heroic company of workers for freedom to whom we owe the Declaration of Independence, Franklin, Jefferson, Harrison, Roger Sherman, John and Samuel Adams, and the rest, among whom was Stuckley Westcott, "her venerated ancestor, who served the Colonies in many ways and was a close friend of Roger Williams, with whom he co-operated in the founding of the City of Providence." She spoke likewise of the nation's profound indebtedness to Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Franklin and all those to whom the struggling nation looked later for its constitution.

"Earnest lovers of the right they were, these forefathers of ours," she said. "Their trust in humanity and their hopes for a great and grand republic fired them with an enthusiasm before which every obstacle gave way. The spirit that actuated them we can never forget, nor can we forget their endeavors to make that splendid Constitution of ours express the true meaning of liberty. If there ever was a time in the history of the world when the spirit that animated these great workers for freedom is needed to be inculcated into the minds of young and old, that time is now!"

Madame Tingley closed with an earnest appeal to her students to learn the deeper lesson of the hour for the sake of the nation and the future. As the Theosophical Leader finished, the gorgeously illuminated sunset sky, seen through the columns of the Doric stoa in the open-air theater, gave the last touch of loveliness to the scene.

## FESTIVITIES ON BIRTHDAY OF MME KATHERINE TINGLEY

Members of the Men's and Women's International Theosophical Leagues joined with the young folk of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy at Lomaland on July 6th in out-of-door festivities in honor of Madame Katherine Tingley's birthday. The program began early in the morning, the grand march at 10.30, headed by the tiny tots with flowers, leading to Karnak grove, adjacent to the open-air Greek Theater, where a musical and dramatic program was given, and cables and telegrams of greeting to Madame Tingley from members and friends throughout America and Europe and from Japan were read. Unique features of the program were a 'Brownies Garden Drill,' and a musical charade originated and acted by the young women of the industrial department.

A second assembly was held in the grove in the afternoon, followed by a musicale and reception in the Academy Rotunda. Among the visiting guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Stokes and their daughter, Mrs. Beck of Shanghai, China, Mrs. L. Goodier of Paris and New York, and from San Diego

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Judge W. R. Andrews and E. H. Clough. A number of military men were present.

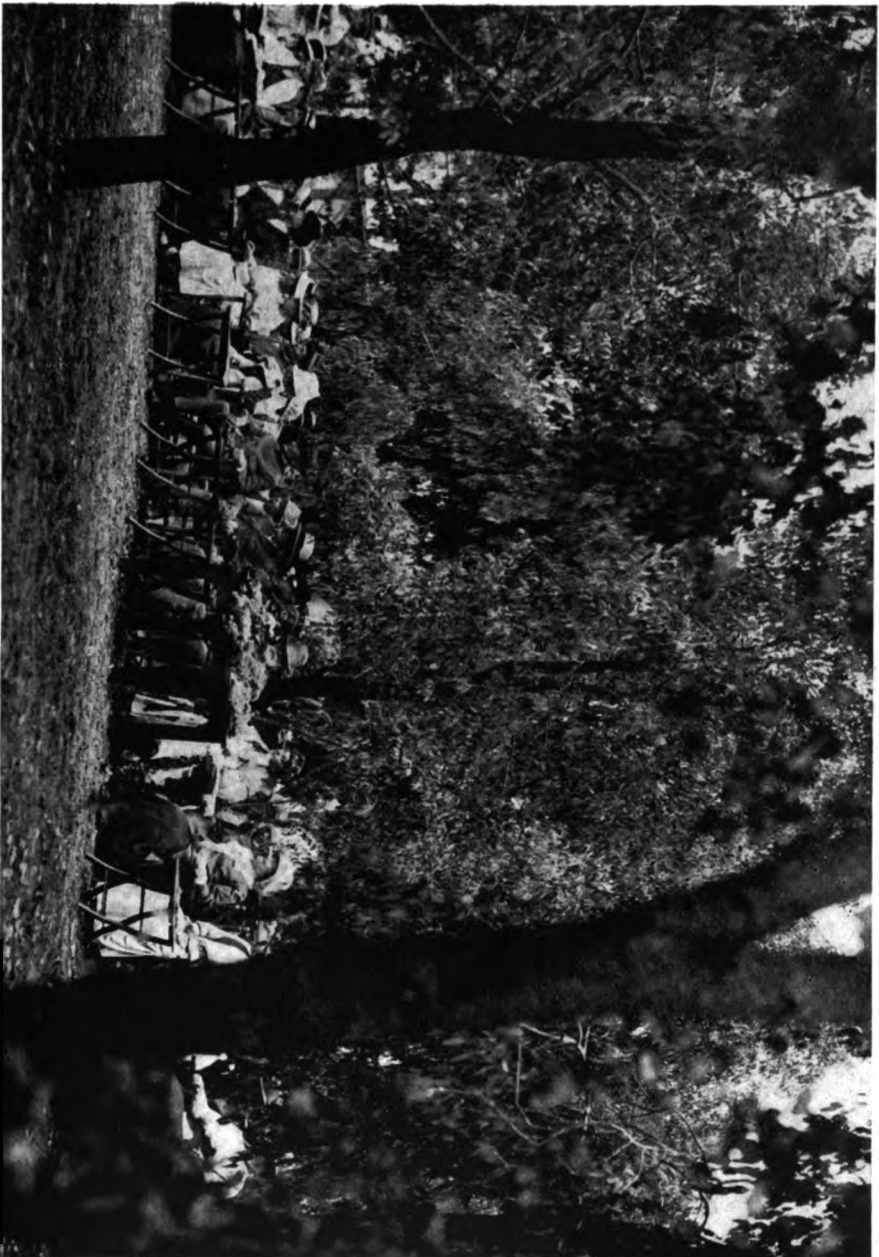
After a song by George L. Davenport and the reading of a poem dedicated to Madame Tingley by Kenneth Morris, music and charades filled up the afternoon, and at sunset the guests and assembled students were ushered into the Râja-Yoga Academy. Among the special numbers prepared for the occasion were a cantata, 'The Hours,' by the young women and tiny tots of the Academy and School, and the initial performance in Lomaland of 'Antar,' a symphonic poem by the Russian composer N. Rimsky-Korsakow. It was rendered by the Râja-Yoga International Orchestra, conducted by Rex Dunn. The evening closed with singing of 'The Laurels' by the Lomaland Family Chorus, the musical setting of which was by Prof. W. A. Dunn and the words by Whittier, who, in 1865, read this poem at 'The Laurels,' the childhood home of Madame Tingley on the banks of the Merrimac, where he often used to visit.

### DEATH OF THE REV. S. J. NEILL, PROMINENT IN WORK AT POINT LOMA; WAS FIRST STUDENT RESIDENT

A severe loss has been sustained by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in the death of the Rev. S. J. Neill, Honorary Dean, School of Antiquity at Point Loma, and a Director of the Râja-Yoga College. He passed away at 10 o'clock on the evening of June 22 from organic heart trouble of long standing. He was in his 68th year, and is survived by Mrs. Neill.

The Rev. Mr. Neill was ordained a minister by the Presbyterian Church in Ireland in 1873, at a time when that church was seeking for rising young men to fill church positions in the colonies. His heart was set upon going to India, but an urgent call came from New Zealand and he left, with Mrs. Neill, for the latter place in 1874. He was three years over a parish at Wai-kato, and later served as pastor of the large Thames Church, not far from Auckland, for seventeen years. For some years he was Moderator of Presbytery and also examiner for the whole church in theology, church history and mental and moral science. He was always an independent thinker and was known, even as a young man, for his advanced and liberal views.

When he first heard of Theosophy, which was some years after he had taken up his ministerial work in New Zealand, he found it to be simply an extension and verification of what he had previously believed, and its insistence on truth before all and on courage in defense of principle so appealed to him that he, with Mrs. Neill, applied soon for membership in the Theosophical Society. This was during the lifetime of H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Movement.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF MME KATHERINE TINGLEY**

Mme Tingley is seated behind the large table covered with floral greetings, to the right of the three gentlemen in center of picture.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**A FEW OF THE HAPPY FACES OF RĀJA-YOGA STUDENTS FROM MANY COUNTRIES  
WHO GREETED MME TINGLEY ON HER BIRTHDAY**

**Baby Esther, in her carriage, is the youngest, but one, of the Rāja-Yoga students.**



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

SCENE ONE, 'THE GYPSY BAND,' IN THE MUSICAL CHARADE BY YOUNG  
LADIES OF THE LOMALAND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

"We are merry, merry Zingaras,  
Hurrah, hurrah, for Gypsy-land is free!"



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### SCENES THREE AND FOUR OF THE SAME CHARADE

(Above) Burlesque Discourse on Science

"Girls, molecules are just too sweet to live and I am absolutely enraptured with protoplasm; and as for ascidians, . . . they are *just heavenly*."

(Below) Way Down South on a Cotton Plantation

"Hear dem bells! Oh hear dem bells!  
Dey are ringin' out de glory ob de lamb!"



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE LATE REVEREND S. J. NEILL, HONORARY DEAN OF THE  
SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL  
HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Rev. Mr. Neill continued in his pastorate as before, finding the study of Theosophy broadened his view and in no way conflicted with the truth as he conceived it and which he had always preached, regardless of creed or dogma, the great devotion of the people among whom he labored acting for

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

many years to prevent any objection on the part of the Presbytery to his liberal religious views.

However, a heresy hunt was finally started, although no actual charge was ever made, but in spite of the continued loyalty of his parish he fought for several years a hard, even though successful, battle for what he considered truth. His pastoral work continued without a day's break until in 1898 he realized a long cherished dream and came to the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma to become an active worker in the Theosophical cause.

He will be remembered by many San Diegans for the prominent and rather unique part he took in the debate which was held in the Isis Theater (then the Fisher Opera House) in 1901. The ministers of the city, with one exception, having committed themselves to a statement that "the teachings of Theosophy are diametrically opposed to the Gospel of Christ," were challenged to a debate upon this subject by one of the prominent members of the Theosophical Society. The challenge not being accepted, the Rev. Mr. Neill consented to take their place, and in a series of addresses, in which the subject was presented from the clerical point of view, he showed that the teachings of Theosophy were in complete accord with the Gospel of Christ and that both were based upon the same great ethical truths.

During his residence in New Zealand, while not in missionary work among the Maoris, the Rev. Mr. Neill knew these people well and became an authority on their history and tribal customs. During the International Theosophical Congress convened by Mme Katherine Tingley at Point Loma in April, 1899, he was prominent among the speakers, and also acted as the official representative of the Maori people, who had sent to Madame Tingley an elaborate greeting and tribute for efforts made by her in their behalf during her visit to Maoriland in 1897, when on her first crusade around the world.

The Rev. and Mrs. Neill were the first students to take up permanent residence in Lomaland, Pioneer Cottage, where they lived for many years, being the first building erected on the Theosophical grounds.

The Rev. Mr. Neill has been continuously active in literary work and THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH has published from time to time interesting and learned articles from his pen upon religio-historical subjects. Although a man of unusual ability and a ripe scholar, he was wholly unpretentious and unassuming, caring nothing for titles or worldly honors, and his kindly presence and remarkable scholastic gifts will be greatly missed not only by the workers at Point Loma, but by thousands of Theosophists throughout the world.

F. J. DICK, EDITOR

# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**T**HIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

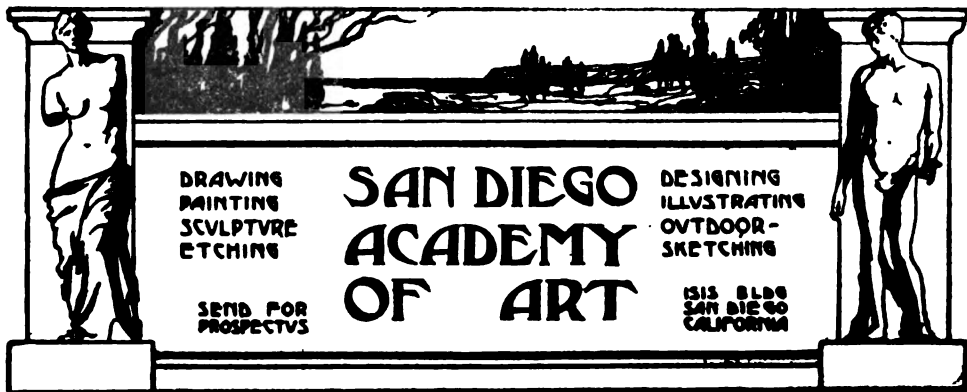
The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

## THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California



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of the  
*Universal Brotherhood & Theosophical Society*

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*Please mention The Theosophical Path*

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# The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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SEPTEMBER 1918

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## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



# The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian  
Monthly



Nonpolitical  
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

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Edited by Katherine Tingley  
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

## DEATH AND LIFE

"HOW can a man, O son of Prithâ (Arjuna), kill or cause to be slain that which he knows to be indestructible, constant, unborn, and not subject to decay? (21)

"As a man, having abandoned old garments, taketh others that are new, so the embodied one (*dehî*), having abandoned old bodies, entereth others that are new. (22)

"Weapons divide it not, fire burns it not, waters moisten it not, the wind drieth it not away. (23)

"It is indivisible, unconsumable, it cannot be moistened, nor can it be dried away. It is constant, it is everywhere, it is stable and permanent; it is everlasting. (24)

"It is called unmanifest, inconceivable, changeless; hence, knowing it as such, thou shouldst not mourn!" (25)

— *The Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, Address II.

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*  
Point Loma, California

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*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**"BACCHANTE"**

**BY JULIUS KRONBERG, ROYAL SWEDISH ARTIST**

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XV, NO. 3

SEPTEMBER 1918

"THE Theosophical Society asserts and maintains the truth common to all religions."—H. P. BLAVATSKY

## THE UNIFICATION OF RELIGIONS:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



THE above quotation is one of a great many to the same effect, and comes as near as may be to giving a concise definition of Theosophy.

All intelligent people feel that the truth must be one, and that the variety of religious faiths is due to man's imperfect attempts to arrive at the truth.

We feel too, now as never before, that there is need for the recognition of a wider religious unity. Progress has blended nations so intimately that separateness of religious beliefs is becoming impracticable. We have great empires and commonwealths, founded on the principle of local independence; and, as a consequence, the central representative body or government must either recognise officially no religion at all, or else it must adopt a religion broad enough to include those of all its constituents, however diverse. We are therefore impelled by social and political necessities, as well as by our intelligence, to seek for the essential unity in religions.

Attempts to bring together different sects are not very successful, for they resemble rather the attempt to cement together the broken fragments of a vase, and remind us more of a mere mixture than of a chemical compound. We should rather try to find the original unity whereof the different religions are fragments, so as to produce the unbroken whole and not a mere patchwork.

Again, when we strive to bring about unity by simply dropping points of dispute, we narrow our common basis to a very small area, and find ourselves united on grounds of denial rather than affirmation. A religion should above all things be vigorous and definite, and not vague

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and neutral; the common religion should contain more, and not less, than the separate religions.

Theosophy brings new aid to the problem of religious unity, because its profound and exhaustless teachings afford a broad base upon which the edifice of a world-religion can be erected.

The Spiritual unity of mankind is probably the most fundamental tenet of religions. They all recognise that man is blended of the animal and the Divine. This idea, of God as the great Father, and of all men as brothers, has often been made the basis of efforts to formulate a religious unity. But the idea has usually been vague and lacking in force, for the reason that there has been no great body of teachings behind it, as is the case with Theosophy.

Owing to the unfortunate separation of religion and science, we find two distinct groups of thinkers, each pursuing a different path, and neither arriving at useful results. Science is too fond of representing religion as a superstition devised by man to relieve his fears, and used by some men as a means of asserting their dominion over others. On this theory, hypotheses as to the evolution of religion have been devised, whereby the attempt is made to show that all our present religions have originated in the superstitious beliefs of savages. The purely ecclesiastical thinkers, on the other hand, eschew speculation, as being of the nature of schism, and thus find themselves confined by dogma and tradition.

Theosophy is at once religion, science, and philosophy; and the truth must include all these.

The idea that man is a Spiritual being, entombed in a fleshly tenement; that he has fallen for awhile from spirituality into materiality; and that he is destined to rise again and achieve his salvation by the power of his Spiritual gifts; — this is a basis upon which all truly religious, and at the same time broad-minded, people can unite.

All religions, in their beginnings, have been simply attempts made by some great Teacher to enforce upon mankind this great truth, and to bring back humanity from a state of decline to renewed faith in its own divinity. These Teachers have always taught the road to salvation and the perfectibility of man. But all religions have, in course of time, suffered deterioration; for the light once kindled has gradually faded, and the truth has become obscured under a multitude of dogmas. The Christian religion, as an instance, was torn asunder by fierce sectarian controversies; its pure ideals were forgotten amid the lust for power; and ultimately emperors converted it into a machine of state. The same kind of thing has happened to other religions. When, therefore, we seek for the common basis of truth in any one of these religions, we have many obstacles to encounter and much chaff to winnow from the grain.

## THE UNIFICATION OF RELIGIONS

It becomes necessary to undertake a minute and comprehensive study of the world's religions, philosophies, and sciences, and, by comparing them, to eliminate what is non-essential and reserve what is essential, so that we may arrive at the common basis. Such an attempt results in the conviction that all these religions and philosophies had one original source. It was H. P. Blavatsky who, disgusted with the universal sham and pretense, went boldly forth in the determination to discover truth and reality, if anywhere it was to be found; and who came into contact with Teachers (of whom she speaks) who could set her footsteps on the right path. The results of her tireless efforts in the pursuit of truth are embodied in her writings and work.

While there have been many sporadic efforts to achieve this same result — of discovering the common source of religions — never before within our memory has so comprehensive an effort been made to bring together the scattered fragments of human knowledge and to weave together the disheveled threads into an entire fabric.

The common source of all the world's faiths is the Wisdom-Religion, which is like a common root-language, from which all the others are derived. H. P. Blavatsky came to remind the world of the existence of this Wisdom-Religion (also called the Secret Doctrine); and in her greatest works (*Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*) she enunciates no dogmas or speculations, but invites our attention to a demonstration of her thesis. Thus these teachings are rendered available for anyone willing and able to profit by them.

It is the existence of this great body of teachings that forms the basis for a unity of religion; and the recognition of this fact places Theosophy in quite a different position from other attempts at the unification of religion.

It is a fundamental tenet of religions that enlightenment and Spiritual knowledge can be attained by man while on earth, through self-study and self-mastery; but this teaching has usually fallen into desuetude and been replaced by dogmas which inculcate the helplessness of man. Nevertheless we find it in the recorded sayings of Jesus and Paul, which have been so often quoted that it is not necessary to do so here. In calling attention to this, therefore, Theosophy stands forth as the champion of religion; and, as has been said, it seeks to resurrect the buried Christos from the tomb and make the Christos a living power in humanity.

All true religion teaches that the immortal Soul is in man at all times, and is indeed the very man himself; but that it is buried under the delusions created in the mind and heart by the senses. The attainment of wisdom and emancipation, therefore, means the conquest of the lower self by the Higher Self; and this is a tenet on which people of all creeds

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can unite, provided they will adhere to the cardinal principle and eschew its dogmatic and sectarian covers. It will be found that the Theosophical teachings as to the seven principles of man throw much light on this question of the duality of human nature — divine and animal; and these teachings are not new inventions but the garnered wisdom of the ages.

The immortality of the Soul, and its periodic incarnations in human form, is an essential teaching of the Wisdom-Religion; and without it the problem of life is insoluble. It is the only condition whereon our innate sense of law and justice can be harmonized with the facts of life. It is the only condition on which the efforts of man are worth while; for, whether he perishes utterly at death, or departs for ever from the scenes of life to an endless heaven, he equally loses all further opportunity, and the span of a single terrestrial life is infinitesimal in the ocean of eternity.

Therefore Reincarnation and Karma, forgotten truths of Religion, must be reinstated.

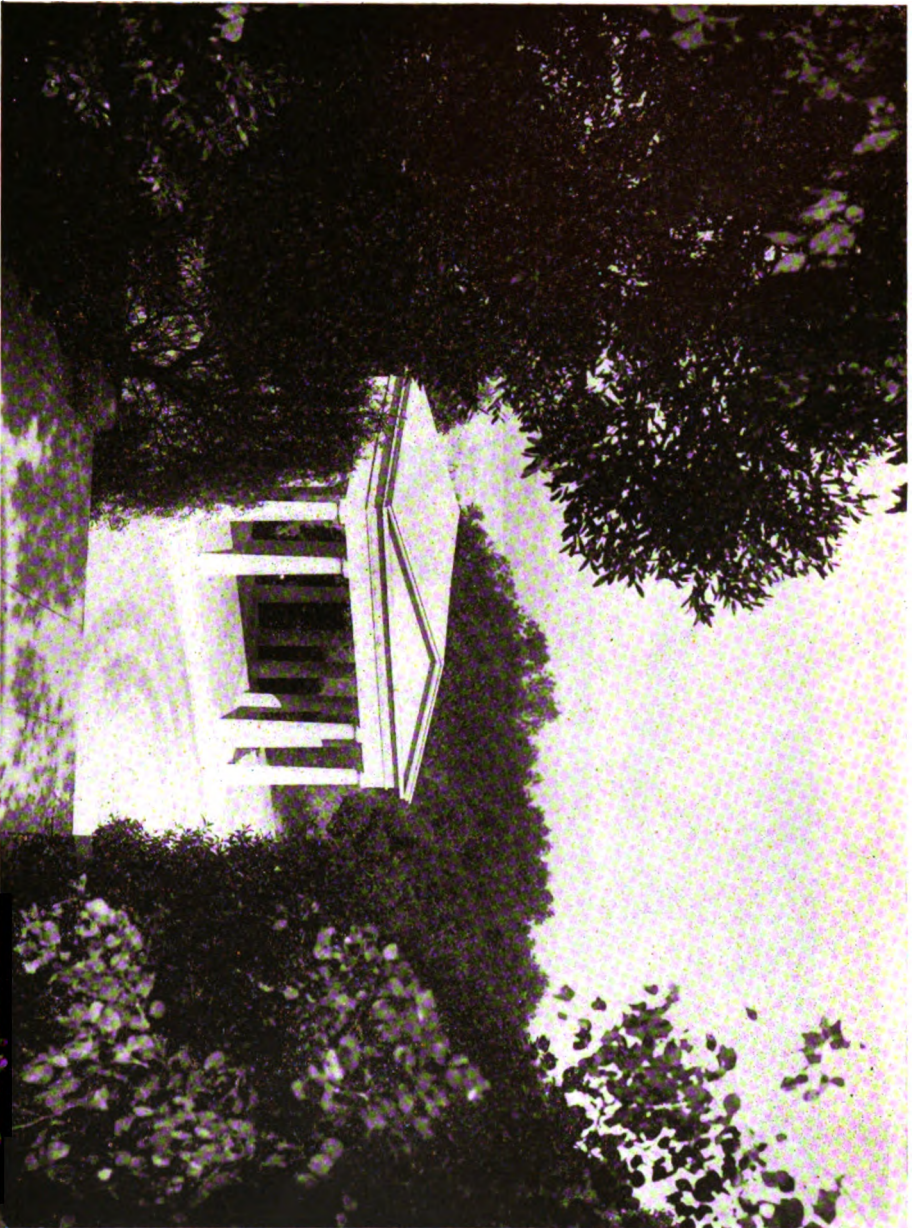
The increasing prevalence of these broader ideas of the possibilities of human life, and of the scope of religion, will gradually affect humanity, which is ruled by ideas; and thus the way will be prepared for a unification of religions.

Finally, it must be insisted that Theosophy inculcates the highest morality, making conscience the ruler of conduct; and that it bases this on the fact that man's essential nature is Divine and not animal.



"HISTORY teems with the example of the foundation of sects, churches, and parties by persons who, like ourselves, have launched new ideas. Let those who would be apostles and write infallible revelations do so; we have no new church but only an old truth to commend to the world. Ours is no such ambition. On the contrary we set our faces like flint against any such misuse of our Society. If we can only set a good example and stimulate to a better way of living, it is enough. Man's best guide, religious, moral, philosophical, is his own inner divine sense. Instead of clinging to the skirts of any leader in passive inertia he should lean upon that better self, — his own prophet, apostle, king and savior. No matter what his religion, he will find within his own nature the holiest of temples, the divinest revelation."

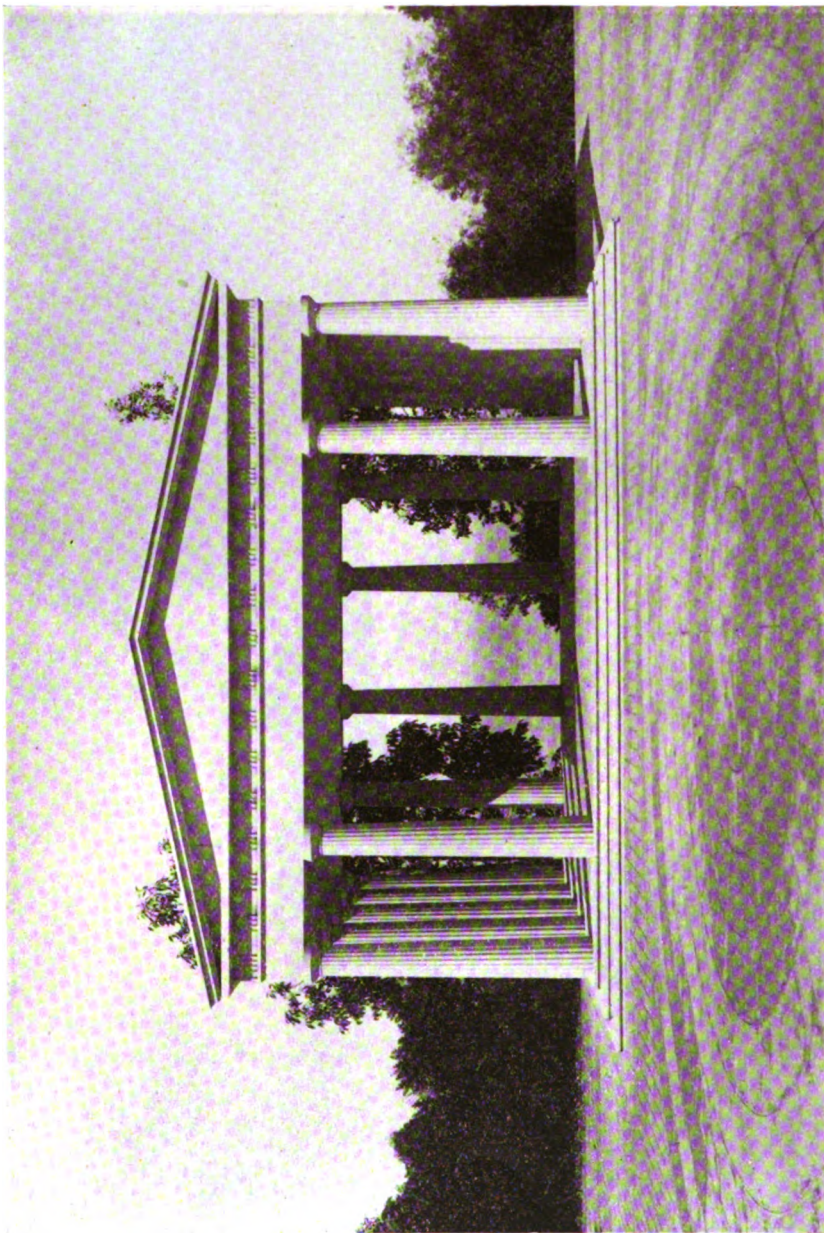
— H. P. BLAVATSKY



*Point Loma Photo & Engraving Dept.*

LOOKING DOWN INTO THE GREEK THEATER FROM ONE OF THE ENTRANCES  
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

"The Spectator saw a beautiful ceremony in the Greek Theater at Point Loma — a *real* theater it was, like the one at Taormina, where the audience sits in a great half-circle and looks through the columns of the stage at the green hillsides and the breaking waves of the sea. One only needed Mount Aetna in the distance to make the likeness to Taormina complete." — *The Outlook*, April 21, 1915



*Point Loma Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**STOA IN THE GREEK THEATER, POINT LOMA**

Looking west across the Pacific, seen through the columns.



SIDE VIEW OF THE SAME, WITH MUSIC PAVILION IN THE DISTANCE

*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

SHOWING THE IDEAL NATURE-SETTING OF THE GREEK THEATER  
AT POINT LOMA

"Greece, ancient Greece!" exclaimed Frederick Ward, America's great interpreter of Shakespeare, when for the first time this theater burst upon his view. And few indeed there are who can resist the impulse to express surprise and delight similar to that voiced by Frederick Ward upon first seeing it. Built by Madame Tingley in 1901, this theater was thrown open to the public for dramatic representations in 1911 with a Greek symposium, *The Aroma of Athens*.

## DEATH, ACCORDING TO THEOSOPHIC TEACHING: by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

**I**T is no wonder that we have no knowledge about death, since we have no knowledge of what *silence* will give us. For death is the opportunity for life and action of that part of us which is paralysed by our ceaseless mind-chatter. We know of nothing beyond the mind because the mind occupies the whole of our attention. The mind is stirred to incessant action by the body and senses, and when not so stirred it goes on reproducing the memories of such stirrings. It always faces outward to the body and senses and often makes up almost the whole panorama of its thoughts from what it gets from body and bodily doings and sensations. It throws everything into *talk*, words, outwardly uttered or inwardly thought; and thus fills up the spaces of time and attention that do not happen to be filled with immediate sensations and doings.

So it is clear that whatever center of life and consciousness may be in us that is behind the mind's back (instead of — like the body — in front of its face) gets none of its attention, cannot get a hearing. Learning the art of silence is learning the art of turning the mind's attention inwards or backwards to the presence of this unknown center of life, turning it for the time away from the touch of sensation and bodily activities and stopping its thoughts about them and blocking back its memories of them. When this is done it begins to become aware of the deeper and diviner center, reflects what is *there*, what is doing there, what is known in *that* part of consciousness; and consequently begins to understand something about immortality and reality and essences. Death is then ceasing to be a mystery. For real silence can give more to him who acquires the power to produce it than death can give to any one else. Inducing silence in the mind enables it to look somewhere else altogether than where it is accustomed to look. Because silence is not practised is why that somewhere else is either denied or doubted, or is unknown, or is held on mere faith or trust. It is out of this region of real knowledge that Theosophy has been handed out to us by those who had acquired the power to stand in there. It is from in there that all humanity's great teachers got their knowledge. We may get it too if we will practise the great art of silence. Silence is retiring in there out of reach of death. But of course practising silence does not mean never speaking any more. Practising the piano does not mean never getting up from the piano stool any more. It is even *something* if we do not practise silence at all but merely see that if we were to, something new would open up in us. At a school I know, the children begin and end their work with 'silent moments,' about a minute of silence, of hush.

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They do not quite understand what they are doing; but besides the fact that something does come upon them all in that minute, and besides that it is a little initiatory practise in mind-stilling, they become used to the idea that silence has a place in the day's life just as thinking and music and meals have. They do ultimately recognise that they receive something from it.

The study of genius might show us that a great deal of conscious activity of the highest sort goes on of which the mind knows nothing. Mozart and Beethoven carried about a note-book so that when in the midst of their ordinary occupation and talk some great musical theme dropped into their minds they could at once register it. Dropped from where? From the place in each of us also which we also can begin to become aware of by the practise of silence, the place of the soul, the place of knowledge and creation that death does not reach to. The hand of death does not reach up higher in our scale than the body and so much of the mind as is inseparable from body. The rest is the immortal. Death touches only what we turn away from in real silence moments. Then the rest stands out clear to us, to our inner sight and hearing. And this divine creative center seizes a lucky moment, as it were, in the course of the musician's stream of common thought, to drop into his mind between two thoughts, the divine phrase upon which he builds his symphony.

That is just by way of example. But each of us, if we had learned anything of the art of silence, would get ideas, flashes of insight along the course of our common thinkings and doings; and among them would come at last the great one that would give us our final key, the light that would make our life clear to us. And mere unassisted thinking, apart from that, will never do much for us. In that fact we have the secret of the utter confusion of modern thought, its denials, its limitations, its absence of light; and of the failure to solve anything of all the philosophies based on simple intellection.

We fear death only because we have not learned to live, have not learned what real life is. It is only in our moments of silence that we first get the taste of what real life is. From them, little by little, it spreads out and fills at last the whole. It is only from the silence that we learn not to fear death. For when death comes we have already been beyond it and known what is there. It is only in the deep part of consciousness, opened up by silence, that we keep divine touch with those that have preceded us through death and may know that they still live. It is only by the power of our silences that we come to be unshakable by anything that may happen.

By mere looking about us and into ourselves we might have known

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that silence contained the highest expression of life and the real clue to the only understanding of life. "Chatters like a magpie," we say of someone, thereby saying by implication almost the whole thing. Silence and chatter, death and chatter — it is the same antithesis. Animal life consists in instant reaction of some sort to everything that is perceived without. In our human life a large part of the reaction consists of *talk*. Everything that happens, your talkative person has to meet with a flood of talk. If no one is present the uttered talk is replaced with thought talk. The minds of most of us, even those that are not magpies, are occupied with what is happening, has happened, or will happen, and with the sayings of other people about all that. It is a stream which only differs from chatter by not being actually uttered. The whole of attention is occupied with this from the time we wake till we sleep again, and in dreams the stream continues. The stream differs little from what the animal has save in being more complex and fuller of matter. 'The silent man' — in saying this we are instinctively crediting him with having more in his mind, and with having a deeper mind, than the common; we are instinctively crediting silence with depth and power. And our last symbol of uttermost wisdom and eternal vision is the silent sphinx in the Egyptian desert whose eyes look out beyond time and space, whose consciousness is beyond *thinking* in *Knowledge*.

From the magpie person to the sphinx — we know the truth. We need only apply what we know. We do know that silence is realization. We do know that in listening to music we may suddenly come to ourselves and find that we have lost the realization of ten minutes' length of the symphony because we let our minds run off into self-chatter about something. And the great symphony of divine life, the consciousness of our divine souls, is always going on within us and about us, and we cannot realize any of it, the meaning of any of it, for the same reason as we lost that ten minutes of the audible symphony in the concert room. If we had learned from childhood to attend inwardly in those 'silent moments' to the divine tones, even if as imperfectly as we attend to our concert music, there would have been no darkness and confusion and despair in modern life. Man would have known his deathlessness and would have lived and died in joy and peace. For in the silence, immortality is unveiled.

All this is saying that there is something in us as much beyond the brain-mind as that is beyond animal sensation; and that as we must stop the body's movements if we want to think profoundly, so we must stop the flow of brain-thought if we would become conscious of what lies beyond it. That is silence as the first is stillness. And that is also real prayer. In that the mind flowers into knowledge as it never can

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while it is allowed to go on producing at its will the mere leafage of common brain-thought.

It is for want of knowledge of silence, and of what silence can teach, that the word soul has now so little meaning. Unless you can feel or realize music, music is only a name to you. And your realization of it has nothing to do with your thinking. It is complete or not according as you can for the time *stop* thinking. Then, if you can do that, you may enter the soul state in which music can be realized. "I should like to die to that music," says someone occasionally when deeply moved by some composition. It is no unreasonable remark, for that part of us which can enter the state produced by high music is that part which death cannot touch. It is a part or degree of the mind, bathed for the time in soul light. When it returns from that level or presence and comes again face to face with common life, it is the fitter for noble and courageous action. And just as the soul takes some sudden opportunity to drop a shaft of light or inspiration into the midst of the musician's ordinary thinking, so it can often (and in some men constantly) drop the inspiration to noble and self-sacrificing action into the current of ordinary thinking. Consciously made moments of silence are really the intentional widening and holding open wide of those rifts in the thought-stream which in most of us are so narrow, so crack-like, so momentary.

Silence, then, is a uniting of the mind, or part of it, to the soul. When the union is complete and final the united duality is a thinking light, and the man is one of humanity's teachers and guides from then on.

We say a *part* of the mind, for of course there are two parts, one wholly in and of the body, the animal part, that cannot and is not meant to get any higher — and another from above, an emanation of the soul into the body and brain, more or less blending with the animal mind, the blend beginning soon after birth. It is this higher part that gives us powers of will and judgment and imagination that no animal possesses, that makes us *human*. The blend is very close until we loosen and undo it, so close that though we are human we feel the bodily animal impulses and passions as our very own. In silence we can collect ourselves to ourselves and begin again to draw near the soul whence we emanated, begin in a sense to desert the animal. And Theosophy teaches that the consciousness we get after death, during the rest-time before the next birth, largely depends on what we have done during life with that upper part of our minds. If, against the ceaseless claims of the bodily nature, we have freed in some degree this higher part of our minds, if we have compelled ourselves to recognise that we are other than the body, to recognise ourselves and the soul — then the consciousness of the after-death time is clear and brilliant and brings us to our next birth not only

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refreshed but with much progress gained. We bring back some of the light, come truly "trailing clouds of glory." But if we have lived nowise beyond the common life, made little or no effort — by reason of having had no real teaching about human nature — then this intervening rest-time is but one of rest and dream, a re-living of the better and happier moments and scenes of the closed life, happy and cloudless; refreshment, not progress. And so at rebirth the way is taken up again about where it was left before.

So if we regard death as severance between the animal and the real human, the cleavage running between the two minds or the two parts of the mind, we can understand how much we gain by doing some of this very work for ourselves now in full brain-thinking consciousness. For then we get the strength for *action*, for deeds, of such quality as correspond with our dignity and humanity. And in noble action and in self-discipline we refine our outward and baser nature and so diminish the resistance. "A man's enemies shall be they of his own household," and we can transform them so that they are enemies no more. And that which a man conquers within himself in this life will be conquered for his next. So in the teaching of reincarnation we have every encouragement for effort now of every sort. Death is no shock and no interruption in the consciousness of the man who has fully learned to live.

Now, how shall we understand, and how and when can we get this kind of silence that is the mother of real knowledge?

There is of course the silence of lip, the mere not talking. The power of even that alone is worth something. Some people simply have not got it. If there is someone with them they have no more power to stop talking out what may happen to be in their minds than they have the power to stop breathing. They must get the power they lack, for till they do they have no chance whatever of reaching any deeper silence, even for a moment. It would be worth while to consider the extraordinary amount of mental and bodily and creative energy that even the emptiest talking requires. People go about absolutely and permanently bankrupt in mental-creative energy and constructive imagination from this cause only. Speech is a magic power in the real sense and may easily damage and paralyse its user. Have you ever noticed, for instance, that if you have determined to do something *and tell somebody of your determination*, you will probably never do that thing? Your speech took the life out of your decision or plan. But we need not stay any longer over that. It will suffice us to see that without any loss of our geniality and companionableness we can cultivate the power of preventing our mind-stream from incessantly slopping over our lips.

There are several real silences which we meet with from time to time

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as the days go by. The whole of a company round a table or in the drawing-room sometimes inexplicably falls a-silent all at once. It is said that when this happens anyone who will note the time will always find it to be twenty minutes past the hour. That may or may not be so; but it is a real silence, and if the company upon whom it falls would accept it, not find it awkward, let it last a minute or so, and not be hoping and yearning that one of them would quickly think of some remark to break it with, they might get something out of it. But it is never given its chance to harmonize and raise their minds and bring them to a unity one with the other.

The last words of the preacher, just as he dismisses the congregation: "And now may the Peace of God which passeth all understanding. . . ."

For a moment there is actual silence, the real thing, a hush of mind and thought. If the people would take notice, the 'Peace' of which the preacher speaks, spiritual peace and light, is actually in some degree upon them, at work uplifting them. How many do notice? And how much time do they give it for its work? They rise; mind-chatter begins in each; the spell is almost broken; they go out of the building and lip-chatter begins; the spell is gone. But it was the real silence as far as it went, the descent of the Holy Ghost, the pneuma, the 'breath.'

Some great musician comes to the end of his piece and the sound ceases. For a moment the real silence may be upon the rapt audience. Their minds are still; they are yet in the *state* to which the music raised them. The real silence — for that moment, till they fracture it to atoms with their applause.

Stand watching the sun go down over the horizon in the west. There is a great and, as it were, audible hush over all nature. She waits in silence till the sun is gone before drawing the first deep breath of evening. That three or four minutes will give us who watch, the real silence if we will. And there is silence an hour before dawn when the night is gone and the first birds of day have hardly begun to stir.

These are some of the examples of silence that we can all find and study and so learn from. It is easy to see that true silence is not vacancy of mind and not relaxation of mind. Rather it is fullness and tension. The tiger and the cat are quite motionless before they spring, but it is the stillness of tension, not of relaxation. Real silence is a listening inward. If we took notice we should find that now and then in the day it comes upon us of itself and brings something with it that just then we can assimilate.

It has been the subject of death that has brought us to the subject of silence. It has been pointed out by Katherine Tingley that the moment of death is peculiarly a moment for real silence among those about the

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bedside. The soul disengaging itself into freedom is more than ever in inner touch with those who were bound to it in the life just closed. It is more than ever sensitive to their feeling; it is more than ever able to give something back to their inner natures. It could rejoice if they would. It could give them from its joy and its knowledge if they would hold the sacred moments of silence. They could help and sustain it with their love and get a benediction in response. Verily, the death chamber might be full of even joy and the memory of it remain forever haloed and hallowed.

And it is not the teaching of Theosophy that death breaks the link of communion between the one who goes and them who stay. Deeper than where thought plays, deeper than the levels of mind that words can deal with, it remains unbroken, this communion between heart and heart. And if the one who goes and the one who stays were united in some great work and lofty purpose, the strength of the one to go on with that work and in that purpose is now more than ever reinforced with the strength of the other. And this same purpose and union may even draw back the one departed so quickly from rest into new birth that the two may recognisingly find each other once more side by side.

Theosophy shows, then, that death is a liberation of the soul and of the best and highest part of the mind therewith; that it gives the mind rest, where rest is needed, and healing, where life has wounded; and that because the animal nature and the incessant play of sensations have been removed with the body, there is a mental and spiritual clearness and freedom of which we can hardly form any conception. And also that the beyond of death is so conditioned by life here that if we will we can make it a state of knowledge from which we can bring back much for our succeeding birth. We can begin to lift the veil and know. The veil is our mental preoccupation with what is passing, temporary, personal. We begin to lift the veil by feeling after and recognising the touch and presence of the soul in our moments of silence and withdrawal, and by trying to hold ever in the mind a strong, shining, unselfish purpose. For in that purpose we bring the mind into union with the soul which is the very essence and radiating place of all such purposes. If we purpose as the soul purposes, we can ultimately get close enough to it to know as it knows. In such a life we slowly get beyond that preoccupation with personality which is the cause of all our pain and all our ignorance. To quote from Katherine Tingley:

"A pure, strong, unselfish thought, beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of light. From this point can be discerned, to a degree, the sacredness of the moment and the day. In this life the petty follies of everyday friction disappear. In place of lack of faith in

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oneself, there is self-respect. The higher consciousness is aroused, and the heart acts in unison with the mind, and man walks as a living power among his fellows."

And a final paragraph from H. P. Blavatsky:

"True Knowledge is of Spirit and in Spirit alone, and cannot be acquired in any other way than through the region of the higher mind."

And, after speaking of the life ordinarily lived by men, she goes on:

"How much happier that man who, while strictly performing the duties of daily life, leads in reality a spiritual and permanent existence, a life with no breaks of continuity, no gaps, no interludes. All the phenomena of the lower human mind disappear like the curtain of a proscaenium, allowing him to live in the region beyond it, the plane of reality. If man by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is behind the veil, he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond all the wear and tear of change, which is the chief originator of pain. Such a man will be physically of matter, he will move surrounded by matter, yet he will live beyond and outside it. His body will be subject to change, but he himself will be entirely without it, and will experience everlasting life even while in temporary bodies of short duration. All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or *selfishness*, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently, of all human sorrow."

## BRAINSTORMS: by H. Travers, M. A.



FINE-SOUNDING word. It was encountered in the lucubrations of a certain astrologist, who, after diligently scanning the face of his little thirty-cent astrological almanac, had predicted that during a certain time there would be liability to brainstorms. Now I am not recommending anyone to dabble in the futilities of modern astrology, nor even to waste valuable time in a study of astrology itself, but I do think we may learn a lesson from this. The astrologist at least recognised the fact that certain cosmic influences prevail at certain times; and he had also recognised that a large part of the people would yield to those influences and reflect them in their conduct. So he predicted brainstorms just as he might have predicted a grippe epidemic.

As to grippe epidemics, the advance of science has provided us with certain safeguards that prove extremely useful; but nevertheless grippe epidemics continue to rage with unabated vigor and frequency. This is proof enough that our knowledge of the subject is not so great but that it might be greater. When we have said that the influenza is abroad, and that a certain percentage of people will certainly catch it, we have stated the essential facts; while the extent of our practical ignorance and impotence is summed up in the statement that we neither know whence and why the bane comes nor how to stop it. Is it then other-

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wise in the case of those other epidemics to which has been given the name of brainstorms? We find that defendants are pleading, in excuse for their criminal actions, the influence of a brainstorm; and the plea, if allowed, removes them from the class of cold calculating malefactors to that of the morally infirm and mentally incapable. Thus a legal justification is given to our employment of this term.

Our subject may be considered under three heads: its origin, nature, and cure. Perhaps number two is the best understood; the phenomena of the brainstorm are known to all. But perhaps it ought to be said that it is not the violent homicidal kind of brainstorm that we here consider, but the milder and therefore more familiar and insidious form. It steals upon us surreptitiously from without (or within — we do not quite know which), as hard to trace as the mysterious germs of an epidemic. Whether it resemble the gusty wind that spreads confusion around, or the cold damp fog that, though but a few feet high, yet suffices to shut out the bright sunlight above, it impinges upon the sensitive and susceptible nerves of our organism and is propagated thence by a current to the brain. Here, arrived at 'the monarch Thought's dominion,' it transmutes itself into pictures and ideas; illusions arise; every dusty cobweb we have harbored in our brain is shown up in vivid light; old and worm-eaten grievances take new life. The remembered words and deeds of our friends now weave themselves into a malign drama, as fell suspicion seeks and finds materials to support the fabric it loves to erect. It is remarkable how our moods color our thoughts and shape our conclusions. Though we would fain persuade ourselves that the despondency arises from the circumstances or from the gloomy thoughts, a closer self-analysis shows that the despondent mood strikes us first, and that we *then* gather the materials which give it color. Circumstances which could never arouse suspicion in a serene mind will wear the aspect of a sinister plot to a mind diseased by suspicion.

But all this is familiar philosophy; only, in the light of Theosophy, it gains so much in significance. To say that dark or angry moods are an obsession, wherein judgment is unseated and the man is not himself, may mean little more than a metaphorical way of speaking; whereas a better understanding of the constitution of man may give it a very real meaning. This way too lies the cure; for to cure we must first understand patient and malady.

Suppose we define man as a conscious will operating amid a complex of forces and inertias and qualities and tendencies, opposing himself to them, asserting his will over their wills. (Even the static qualities of matter, such as inertia, are now defined as forms of energy.) Man is therefore striving to assert his independence. All through the scale of

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organic life we see creatures endowed with less or more of independence, able to a less or greater extent to cope with their surroundings. But man is in a class by himself, in respect of his unique power to separate himself from his environment and to bring an independent judgment and initiative to bear. Yet even man allows himself to drift in the stream. His organism is like an electric apparatus, charged to a certain potential by the electric field in which it is placed, and varying in its potential according to the variations in the charge and situation of the surrounding bodies. This apparatus is also under the influence of electricity generated by its own center; and the currents may flow either way, according to the relative potential of the center and the periphery. Thus man's mind and temper may be swayed by external influences or by his will and judgment.

It is clear from this that, in order to resist the brainstorm, we must be anchored to something that does not rock. But it is essential to discriminate between our genuine self and the false emotions and ideas engendered by the storm; and this is where so many people find difficulty. They identify themselves *with* the emotion, instead of looking upon it as an intrusive force. They say, "I am angry," when they ought to say, "Here comes a wave of anger." This process of separating oneself from the emotion may be anything from very easy to very difficult, according to circumstances. It is all a question of practice in self-study and self-command; and the power grows by practice.

Of course it may be said that what we are preaching here is the familiar stoicism of Marcus Aurelius; and so it is, in some respects, but we hope to make it more telling. A study of the Theosophical teachings concerning the sevenfold nature of man will serve to give the question its scientific aspect; besides, there was a certain noble pessimism in that stoic philosophy which is absent from Theosophy. The ideal presented is not to make man a mere patient bearer of the unescapable evils of life, with no better prospect before him; but to show him how to realize his true self by learning to understand and to control the lesser forces of his nature. Nor again are we preaching a philosophy of personal beatitude, such as might be the proposed goal of some ardent teacher (for a consideration) of a gospel or science of self-culture. The aim of Theosophy is broad, impersonal, cosmic. Instead of trying to enhance the personal life, we aim to transcend it, and to step into that wider sphere of impersonal service which is man's true home. The conquest of intrusive forces in our nature is but a means to that end; and it is with this in view that the remarks about brainstorms have been made. These things continually throw us off our balance, preoccupy us with personal worries, and so keep us from advancing in the true direction and attaining that

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poise which is the essential condition of wisdom both in thought and action.

Far more important than the idea of personal self-development, stands the idea of constituting a united body of people who can stand firm amid the storms. The forces of disintegration are abroad, shaking things to pieces. These forces will invade us unless we are careful. Theosophists aim to constitute an unshakable body which can hold firm to the rock of truth and sanity amid all the storms and delusions; but if they should allow the disruptive forces to permeate their body, what would become of their mission? Should we not then see Theosophy split into warring sects and sharing in the general disintegration? But this could only happen if professed Theosophists were each and all to let themselves be swayed by the variable influences of emotional thought and private prejudice. Let each remain loyal to his principles, and all will remain loyal to each other.

It is convincing evidence of the wisdom and strength with which Theosophy has been piloted by its Leaders, that it has resisted all the disruptive influences and has neither been split into sects nor diverted to a sidetrack. And this is because those Leaders have ever stood by the principles and refused to give way to the ambitions or idiosyncrasies of individual members or coteries.

Theosophists need to be in the world but not of it. The maxim, "Flee from the press, and dwell with soothfastness," must be taken to apply to a mental, not a physical, seclusion. The hermit's life, or that of the secluded community, avoids the battle, and thus postpones to a future date the work to be done. The rival claims of action and inaction are completely stated in the following aphorism:

"Both action and inaction may find room in thee; thy body agitated, thy mind tranquil, thy Soul as limpid as a mountain lake."— *The Voice of the Silence*

Thus we may dwell physically amid the roaring waters, but we need not let our mind become mixed up with the currents. There is peace and certainty in the depths of our being, and if we do not find it, we must search deeper, for it is surely there.



"THE members of several esoteric schools — the seat of which is beyond the Himālayas, and whose ramifications may be found in China, Japan, India, Tibet, and even in Syria, besides South America — claim to have in their possession the *sum total* of sacred and philosophical works in MSS. and type: all the works, in fact, that have ever been written, in whatever language or characters, since the art of writing began."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, I, xxiii

## CURIOSITY AND INTUITION: by R. Machell

**T**HE pursuit of knowledge, which seems at first sight to be so hopeful a sign of progress, may not always be inspired by the desire for truth: curiosity also is a powerful motive, and there is a wide difference between this common vice and the more rare virtue of search for wisdom. The one is inspired by desire for amusement or sensation and the other by an internal recognition of man's inherent divinity and consequent perfectibility.

Such high ideals have no charm for the restless seeker for novelty. Curiosity would seem to be the attempt to gratify a craving for the sensation of surprise. This is the demand that has called forth the greater part of our modern periodical publications, notably the daily papers, with their head-lines vying with each other in their appeal to the masses, who hunger for surprise and demand it at the cost of truth.

Evidently gossip is a product of this same desire for mental sensation; and there are numberless books bearing titles suggestive of a scientific purpose, which are written and published with no higher purpose than to satisfy this gossiping tendency of the mind.

To the old teachers of true Science, as well as to the true students of Esoteric Philosophy, the gossiping tendency of the mind, the merely inquiring mind, was something to be got rid of before the student could approach the outer portals of the temple of Truth. But in our day the possession of an inquiring mind would seem to be all that is necessary to qualify a student for the investigation of the deepest mysteries of life, as well as of its more superficial phenomena.

Among these latter may be classed all kinds of coincidences, a term that unthinking people look upon as some sort of explanation of the parallelism of events, which excites their surprise and affords them constant amusement.

To the scientific mind of the intuitive student these things are but the inevitable outcome of Universal Law acting on nature, which in all its phenomena manifests the reign of Law, and nowhere more clearly than in these coincidences and correspondences.

The inquiring mind is not intuitive, it is curious, inquisitive, and speculative; but is not illuminated by a ray of sympathetic perception, or by that direct recognition of truth, which by some is called intuition.

Such distinctions may appear meaningless to one who is not imbued with the Theosophic philosophy, and who recognises in man no other mode of consciousness than that of the brain-mind, which reasons and argues, makes observations, comparisons, and analyses, with theories deduced therefrom as conclusions.

To minds of this order, that is to say, to minds unilluminated by

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the light of the Soul, intuition is but another name for fancy; and its revelations are but fictions that may be interesting or amusing, but which can not be regarded as of any scientific value.

To one whose intuition is at all awake, the discovery of a coincidence is like the finding of a clue, a trace, a footprint that is in itself an evidence of the existence of some series of natural phenomena of which it is a part.

To such a mind a discovery of this kind will produce a sense of wonder that this particular series of phenomena had been so far overlooked, rather than a sensation of surprise at its presence. One who looks upon the universe as existing by virtue of its own inherent nature, will expect to find correspondences and coincidences as common as divergences.

But to the unilluminated mind these coincidences seem merely to prove by contrast the rule of chance in a world of chaos, in which irresponsible Gods disport themselves occasionally subject to the influence of the prayers of their devotees.

The thought of Universal Law must be repugnant to the merely inquiring mind that seeks sensation in surprises, while to those whose intuition is more or less alive and alert it comes as the key to all true science and as the clue to the riddle of life. It will be equally unwelcome to the uninquiring mind of the bigoted religionist, clashing, as it must do, with his professed belief that God, the ruler of the Universe, can be influenced by prayer.

But to the Theosophist there is no incongruity in the acceptance of the concept of Deity and that of Universal Law. It is evident that there must be as many manifestations of Deity as there are forces in the universe, and that man may by his own will put himself into sympathetic relation with one or more of these according to his own choice, which is the expression of his own nature. It has been said that man creates his Gods in his own image: but it would perhaps be nearer to the truth to say that man selects the objects of his worship in obedience to the needs of his own state of evolution.

Evolution implies continual change of conditions, and thus accounts for the short duration of the religions of the world. Religion itself endures, and the name of any particular religion may last a long time, but the form of religion will change continually, as the evolution of the people progresses.

The recurrence of historical events is a coincidence that seems so natural to a Theosophist as to have no element of surprise in it, and the passage of a great religion may be noted with interest as an indication of the close of some historic cycle, to be followed by a series of events that may be divined to some extent by reference to past history.

But such predictions are difficult to make without the aid of true

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intuition. Reason alone would tend to produce an anticipation of events exactly similar to those that marked preceding cycles of history: and, as evolution is continuous, it must be evident that new elements must enter into operation in a new cycle, modifying the course of events to a greater or less degree according to the nature of the curve to be traced by the evolving world.

We speak of cycles of history and are apt to think of them as circles, instead of as spirals or curves of considerable complexity. So too we may look for recurrence of events in history, which when they come about may at first be unrecognisable by reason of the new conditions in which they appear. In fact, the recurring events of nature, the return of the seasons, the leafage and fruitage of the trees, and the rest, show us how enormous the variation may be in the regular rotation of natural history from year to year.

So too in the history of nations or of individuals, there must be a constant recurrence of events and of characters that at first sight may seem to suggest repetition rather than evolution, but which on closer study may reveal the gradual appearance of some new factor in human history that is destined in time to modify completely the series of developments that go to make up what we call history.

Rigidity of mind is the disease that makes man blind to the light of his own soul, and that would make him repeat his own experiences indefinitely, like the squirrel in its revolving cage, until dissolution of the mind sets him free to try again. This disease seems to afflict a large number of students of modern science, for they appear to spend their time in formulating theories which are enunciated as laws, but which in reality are just guesses uttered dogmatically, and which die almost as soon as they are born, but whose dead bodies are enshrined in scientific text-books for the confusion of later generations.

Speculative philosophy is in the same predicament, having largely decided to ignore intuition, and to rely entirely on a narrow form of reason. It predicts events, and bases rules of life on the predictions, as if these guesses at the future were statements of ascertained facts.

This attitude of mind is, no doubt, one of the most potent factors in the retardation of evolution, as it makes man oblivious of the importance of the Unknown: the mysterious element that enters into all events, and is the power that guides the progress of humanity through the recurrent cycles of history, opening unexpected doorways of opportunity along the road. The old French proverb expresses it well: *Il n'y a de certain que l'imprévu*, "Nothing is certain but the unforeseen." But the recognition of the unforeseen demands intuition, the light of the soul, without which the mind is pessimistic and conservative, recurrent

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rather than progressive; because the mind, as generally understood, is indeed but one mode of the intelligence and the most rigid and mechanical of all its modes.

But the illuminated mind, which acts intuitively, is, to some degree, aware of its own essential identity with the Universal Mind, and feels within itself a living spring of true life welling up continually as a fountain of hope and rejuvenescence, renewing and restoring old forms of thought and out-worn beliefs, adapting them to the ever-growing needs of the evolving human soul, and preparing the way for the New Age that dawns eternally beyond the mountains of doubt and prejudice but whose realization man seems determined to postpone indefinitely, even though he cannot eventually bar the progress of his own Soul.

It has been said that Man is the only enemy of Man, and also that Man is his own redeemer. This duality is to be found in all his modes of mind, and history is made up of the recurring swing of the pendulum from one extreme to the other; but beyond the duality lies a sympathetic unity; beyond the extremes of blind faith and blind negation there is this intuition, spoken of above, which is both faith and knowledge; or, rather, which has in it the essence of them both, while being neither. This is the mystic light of the divine Wisdom, Theosophia. This is the sacred fire of true Genius. This is the lamp of the alchemist, that burns eternally. It has been recognised in all ages under different names, but it is to be found in the heart of man himself now, as in ages past, and when found it will be hailed as the light of the true Sun whose dawning is the herald of the New Golden Age and of the coming back of Wisdom.



"MORE than one great scholar has stated that there never was a religious founder, whether Aryan, Semitic, or Turanian, who had *invented* a new religion, or revealed a new truth. These founders were all *transmitters*, not original teachers. They were the authors of new forms and interpretations, while the truths upon which the latter were based were as old as mankind. Selecting one or more of those grand verities — actualities visible only to the eye of the real Sage and Seer — out of the many orally revealed to man in the beginning, preserved and perpetuated in the *adyla* of the temples through initiation, during the MYSTERIES and by personal transmission — they revealed these truths to the masses. Thus every nation received in its turn some of the said truths, under the veil of its own local and special symbolism; which, as time went on, developed into a more or less philosophical cultus, a Pantheon in mythical disguise."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, I, xxxvii

## NIGHT ON THE LAKE

From the Chinese of Chang Ch'ien (circa 730 A. D.)

BY KENNETH MORRIS

SUNSET bright in the west, and the lake agleam;  
Dark my sails their rippled reflexion throw;  
Woods and mountains one vast mystery seem  
Now that the jade-bright cloud pagodas glow,  
And as purple petals fallen on the waters low,  
The islet shadows, and faint in the distance loom  
The gates of the town, and the mists creep in tiptoe —  
The Spirit finds itself in the glow and gloom.

. . . . .

Rising now with a far and eerie scream,  
Shrill o'er the world the wings of the Night Wind go;  
He cannot call the wildfowl out of their dream:  
The cranes adream on the long sand-beaches low,  
They heed him not. In his wake the waters flow  
Heaving uneasily. . . . Far let him moan and boom  
Down through the Forests of Tsu. . . . The first stars glow;  
The Spirit finds itself in the gathering gloom.

. . . . .

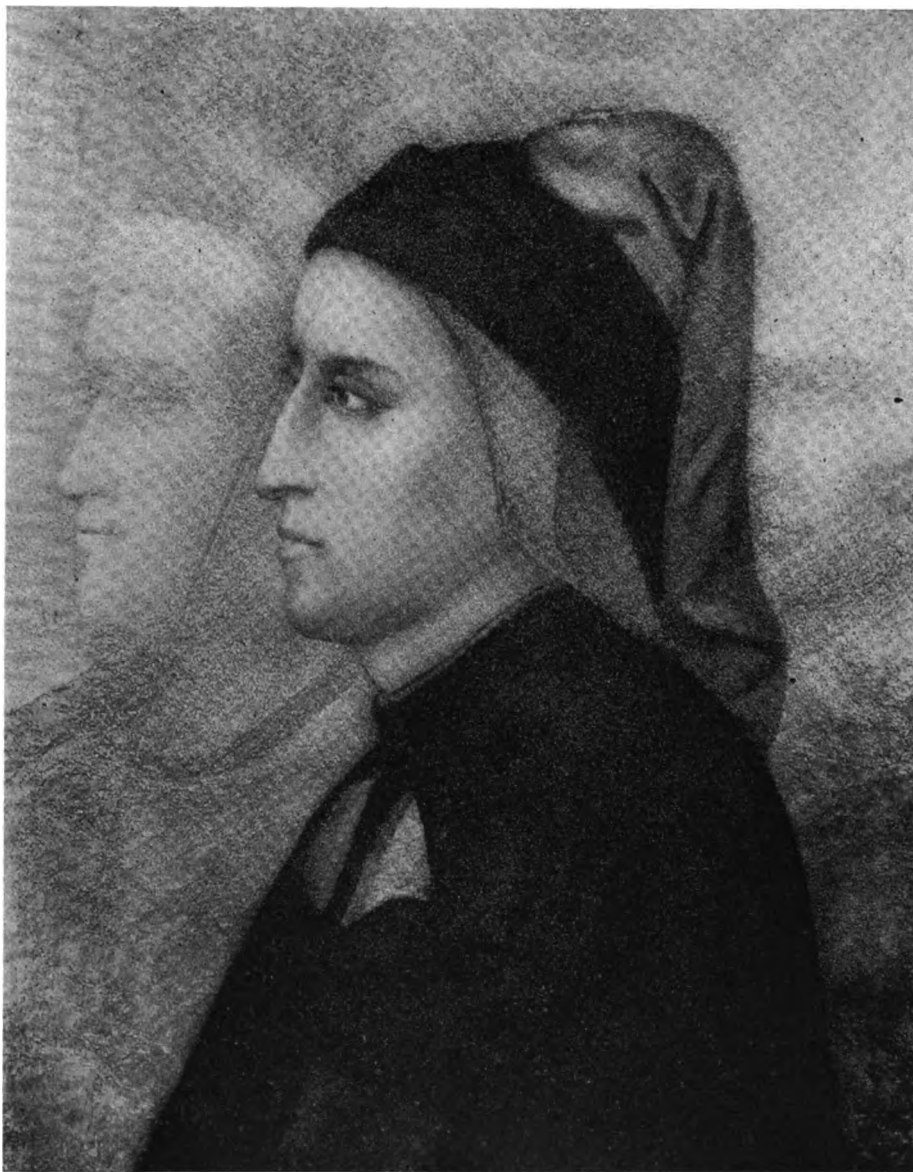
Here in the bay will I bide, where the long reeds dream,  
And the long faint wavelets wash in wandering slow. . . .  
Lo yonder, down from the hill-top, beam on beam  
Of silvery witchcraft shed from the white moon-bow,  
And a hush and a tenderness fallen on the world below —  
A glow and a tenderness forest and hills illumine! —  
Wake, my lute, with a tune out of ages ago!  
The Spirit finds itself in the glittering gloom. . . .

. . . . .

### *L'Envoi:*

Midnight cold, and a dew-drenched cloak — and lo!  
I wake to this world hedged in by the cradle and tomb,  
I am tossed once more where the life-tides ebb and flow —  
But the Spirit found itself in the lute-sweet gloom. . . .

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*



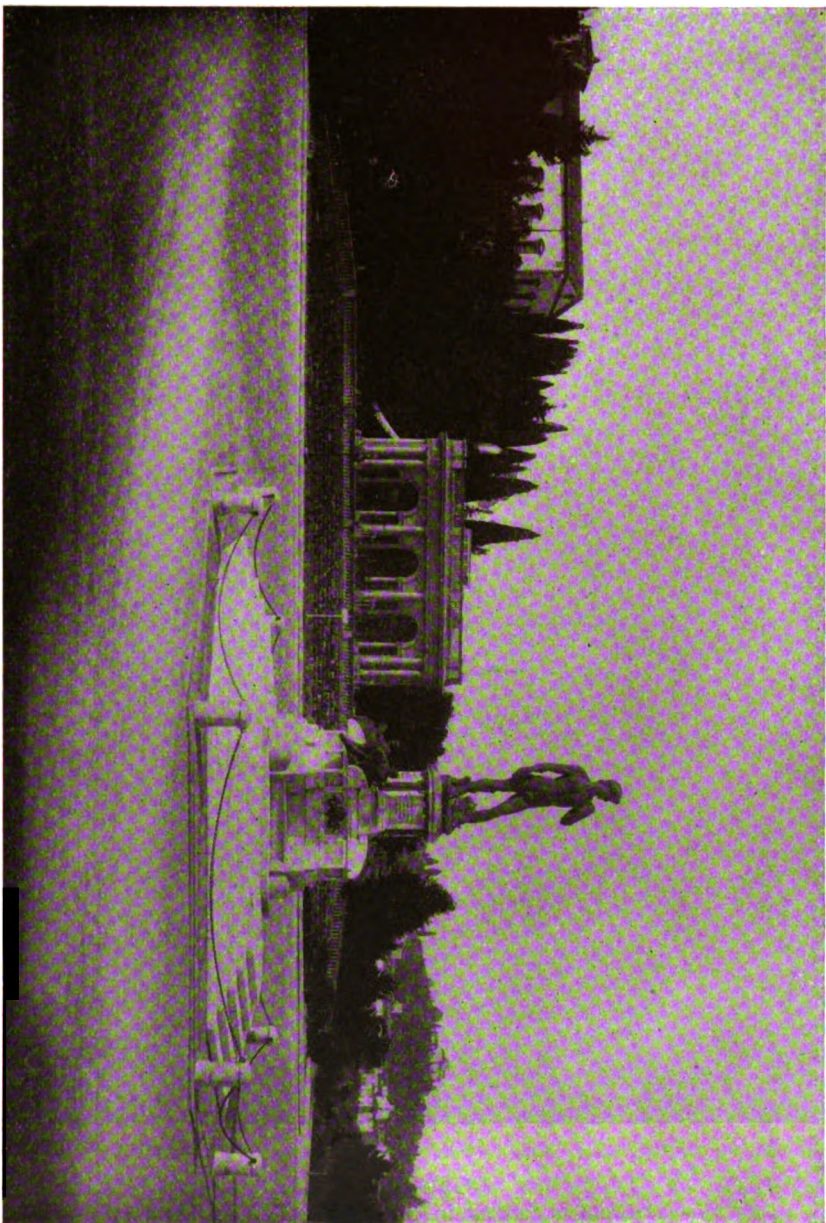
*Lemland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**PORTRAIT OF DANTE ALIGHIERI**  
Fresco by Giotto, National Museum, Florence



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

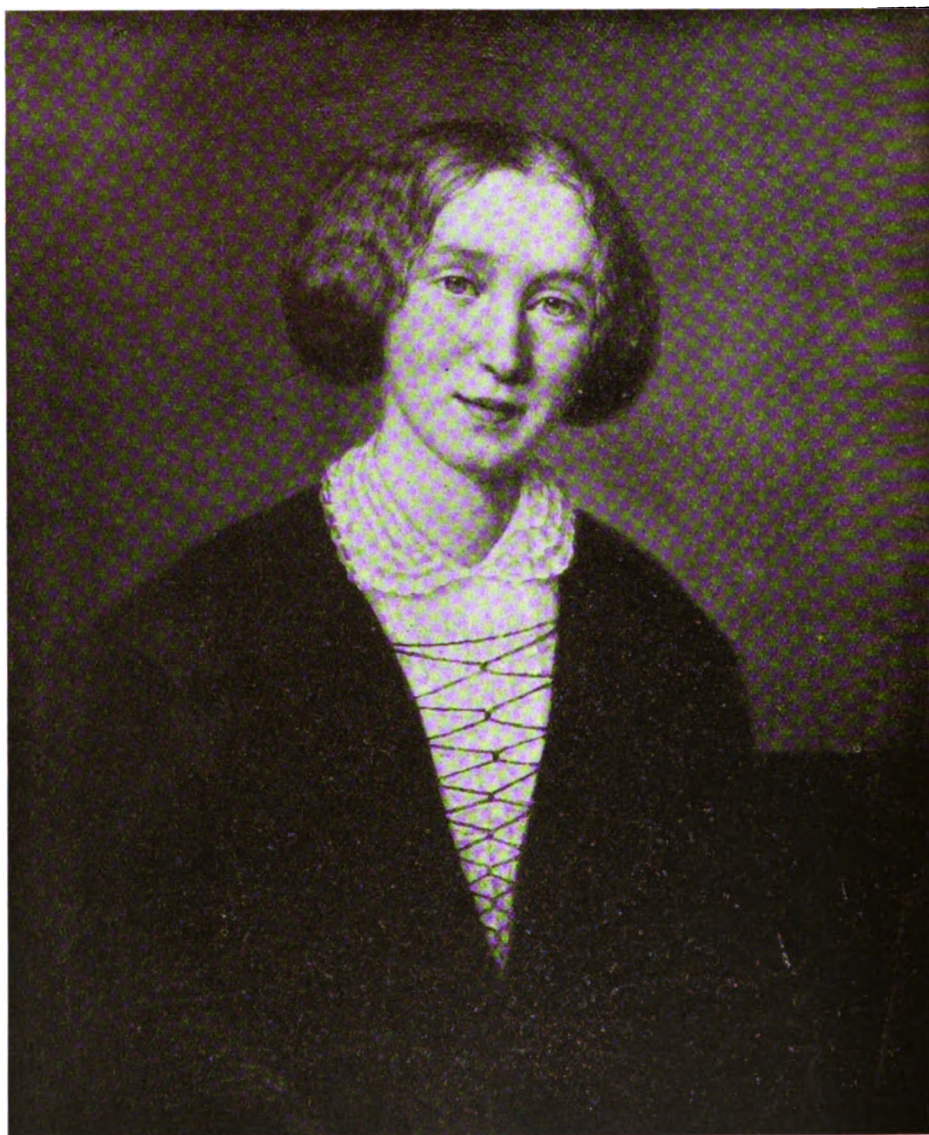
FLORENCE: VIEW OF THE ARNO, SHOWING THE OLD BRIDGE,  
S. TRINITA, AND OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**MICHELANGELO'S 'DAVID,' FLORENCE**

Begun in 1501 and placed in position May 18, 1504.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**GEORGE ELIOT**

From a portrait in oils by M. d'Albert Durade  
(By permission of the National Portrait Gallery, London)

## THE CREATIVE ROMANCE OF GEORGE ELIOT: by Lilian Whiting

"... I am an artist by my birth,  
By the same warrant that I am a woman;  
Nay, in the added rarer gift, I see  
Supreme achievement vocation; ..."

**I**N the realm of creative romance George Eliot holds an imperishable place. Her five great novels, *The Mill On The Floss*, *Adam Bede*, *Romola*, *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*, stand out as distinctively in the literature of fiction as do the poems of the great world-poets, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, in the literature of poetry. The student of these novels (for their critical reading is fairly entitled to be ranked with study) may be puzzled in the effort to surprise the secret of her power. Certainly Charlotte Brontë surpassed her in thrilling climax of intensity. The reader is not so overwrought in following the revelations of the interview between Dorothea and Rosamond in *Middlemarch*, or in the tragedy of Grandcourt's sudden death by drowning in the Mediterranean as portrayed in *Daniel Deronda*, as he is in his breathless pursuit of the cause of the interruption of the marriage ceremony between Jane Eyre and Rochester. Nor does she produce that fascination of glamor and spell of emotional intensity that so signally characterize George Sand.

With what other women novelists may she be considered? Comparisons between George Eliot and Mrs. Humphrey Ward have been made; but the grounds for any comparison are mostly objective rather than dependent on the fact of any common basis with individual divergence. Both women are scholarly, but George Eliot was a scholar. Both draw upon English life; but while Mrs. Ward portrays the panorama, with occasional character-study of admirable skill, as that of the 'little Dean' in *The Marriage Of William Ashe*, George Eliot portrays the social panorama upon a marvelously profound study of the philosophy of life. It hardly savors of exaggeration to say that she has a grasp of character unexcelled since Shakespeare. Are Macbeth, Hamlet, King Lear more vivid to us than are Herr Klessmer, Mr. Causo Casaubon, Sir Hugo? What scenes in all the literature of fiction can rival those of the Sunday morning interview between Gwendolen and Herr Klessmer when he falls into impassioned eloquence on the divine supremacy of art? He tells her it is out of the reach of any but the choicest natures; that it "cannot be donned as a livery."

Or, again, the scene between Daniel Deronda and his mother, the Princess Halm-Eberstein. It has the vividness of a scene on the stage.

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"Another life," said the Princess; "men talk of another life as if only beyond the grave. I have long since entered on another life."

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The novel as well as the drama is one of the potent influences upon humanity. The greater novelist who discusses the supreme problems of life wields an influence that fairly combines that of the poet, the preacher, and the philosopher. Now the novels of George Eliot transpose the spiritual drama into creative action. She relates this dramatization so closely to life that her pages abound in typical experiences. Take, for instance, these passages from a conversation between Dorothea and Lydgate in *Middlemarch*:

" 'Oh, it is hard!' said Dorothea. 'I understand the difficulty there is in your vindicating yourself. And that all this should have come to you who had meant to lead a higher life than the common, and to find out better ways. . . . There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that, — to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail.' "

Every reader of fiction will recall the situation. Doctor Lydgate was a young physician of learning, talent, and honorable ambitions. He was a diligent and devoted student of the more scientific side of medicine, and looked to make new discoveries in his work. To elevate and enlarge the usefulness of his profession was his chief aim. By no fault of his, except in the fatal mistake of a marriage with Rosamond Vincy, he became involved in a network of circumstantial evidence that seemed to his neighbors to prove conclusively that he had been guilty of accepting a bribe from Bulstrode, for a tacit condonation of infringement on his medical treatment, which apparently caused the death of Raffles. The belief in his guilt spread like wildfire among the people of the village. It was one of those occurrences that, by their very nature, forever remain not proven, and therefore not disproved. Dorothea Casaubon had moral divination and independence of judgment. She did not accept the verdict of appearances against Lydgate.

" 'I beseech you, tell me how everything was,' said Dorothea fearlessly; 'I am sure that the truth would clear you.' "

Describing the scene, George Eliot says:

"The presence of a noble nature, generous in its wishes, ardent in its charity, changes the lights for us; we begin to see things again in their larger, quieter masses, and to believe that we, too, can be seen and judged in the wholeness of our character."

The people who slip below their own intentions are numerous, and perhaps even make up a majority of humanity. For, at best, few of us are so invincible in our will and our high purpose as not to miss, occasional-

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ly, at least, their full realization, at times; and few of us are yet so feeble in morality as to be at all content with the lesser rather than the nobler achievement. George Eliot herself has spoken with no faltering voice, of that "perilous margin" we are on when we can contemplate our future selves led passively in- ment. For all these their ideal of their own has a message. She those determining acts She finds them to mixed result of young struggling amidst the perfect social state, in will often take on the great faith seem dis- spect of illusion. For she adds, "whose in- that it is not greatly lies outside of it."

Nor is the spell of any means absent George Eliot. In her outweigh the roman- *The Floss*, what a pas- feeling is that between as they leave the boat on the river! To

that the circumstances now justify them in being united; nay, that they even constrain them to that issue, Maggie replies:



STATUE OF GALILEO,  
FLORENCE

to shabby achieve- who fail to realize life and efforts, she clearly points out that are not beautiful. spring from "the and noble impulse conditions of an im- which great feelings aspect of error, and guised under the as- there is no creature," ward being is so strong determined by what

impassioned love by from the pages of the moralist does not cist. In *The Mill On sionate outpouring of Stephen and Maggie after that fateful day Stephen's insistence*

" 'Remember what you felt weeks ago,' she began, with beseeching earnestness; 'remember what we both felt, — that we owed ourselves to others, and must conquer every inclination which could make us false to that debt. We have failed to keep our resolutions; but the wrong remains the same.'

" 'No, it does not remain the same,' said Stephen; 'we have proved that it was impossible to keep our resolutions. We have proved that the feeling which draws us toward each other is too strong to be overcome. That natural law surmounts every other; we can't help what it clashes with.'

" 'It is not so, Stephen; I'm sure that is wrong. I have tried to think it again and again; but I see, if we judged in that way, there would be a warrant for all treachery and cruelty; we should justify breaking the most sacred ties that can ever be formed on earth. If the past is not to bind us, where can duty lie? We should have no law but the inclination of the moment.'

" 'But there are ties that can't be kept by mere resolution,' said Stephen, starting up, and walking about again. 'What is outward faithfulness? Would they have thanked us for anything so hollow as constancy without love?'

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Maggie did not answer immediately. She was undergoing an inward as well as an outward contest. At last she said, with a passionate assertion of her conviction, as much against herself as against him:

“‘That seems right — at first; but when I look further I am sure it is not right. *Faithfulness and constancy mean something else beside doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves.* They mean renouncing whatever is opposed to the reliance others have in us. . . .’” [Italics by Editor.]

Stephen continued his entreaties. He resumed, saying:

“‘. . . Who can have so great a claim on you as I have? My life is bound up in your love. There is nothing in the past that can annul our right to each other; it is the first time we have either of us loved with our whole heart and soul.’”

Maggie replies:

“‘No, not with my whole heart and soul, Stephen. . . . I have never consented to it with my whole mind. . . . I couldn't live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God.’”

“‘. . . We can't choose happiness either for ourselves or for another; we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment, or whether we will renounce that, for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us, — for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives.’”

Nothing more intense than this can be found in the pages of romance and if it seem that George Eliot in these passages depicts love as of the senses rather than as of the spirit, that objection finds its refutation in *Romola*, where the fascination and the love of the heroine for Tito completely vanish when his true nature becomes revealed to her.

Nor is there anything in all her novels that may be considered to throw more light on her own quality of moral judgment than this portrayal of the problem between Stephen and Maggie.

During many annual sojourns in Florence it fell to me to be domiciled in the Villa Trollope, the house built by Thomas Adolphus Trollope, in the Piazza Indipendenza. The villa had been the scene of famous hospitalities in the period when the Brownings, Walter Savage Landor, Mrs. Somerville, Frances Power Cobbe, Harriet Hosmer, Frederick Tennyson (a brother of the poet), Robert Lytton (later Lord Lytton, and known to literature as 'Owen Meredith'), and other distinguished people were in Florence. The Storys, although their home was in the Palazzo Barberini of Rome, were much in Florence, and they, with the Brownings, passed many a summer at Siena. Mrs. Stowe, Longfellow, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, and Margaret Fuller (afterward the Marchesa d'Ossoli) visited Florence in these days. Professor Villari, the biographer of Savonarola and Machiavelli, came as a youth from Sicily, attracting much interest from Mr. Browning. In the Villa Trollope, which of late

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years has become a private hotel, there was one *salon* in the corner overlooking the piazza that was known as the 'George Eliot room.' It was here that she had written out her notes for her great romance of *Romola* during her stay in the villa as the guest of the Trollopes in the winter of 1860. Kate Field, a young girl at this time, studying music in Florence, had been placed under the care of Miss Isa Blagden, Mrs. Browning's dearest friend, who had a villa on the heights of Bellosguardo. Miss Field was then entering upon the literary work which she afterward made so notable, and in an article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, on the noted group of English authors in Florence she wrote:

"Ah, this Villino Trollope is quaintly fascinating with its marble pillars, its grim men in armor, staring like sentinels from the walls, its majolica, its old bridal chests, and carved furniture, its beautiful terra-cotta of the Virgin and Child by Orgagna, its hundred *oggetti* of the *Cinque Cento*. . . . It is late in the spring. Soft airs kiss the budding foliage and warm it into bloom; the beautiful terrace of Villino Trollope is transformed into a reception room. Opening upon a garden, with its lofty pillars, its tessellated marble floor, its inscriptions, and bas-reliefs, with here and there a niche devoted to some antique Madonna, the terrace has all the charm of a *campo santo*, without the chill of a grave upon it; or were a few cowed monks to walk with folded arms along its space, one might fancy it a monastery. . . .

"There stands George Eliot quietly in the moonlight speaking earnestly to Mr. Trollope, while Lewes hovers near, calling her attention to the exquisite lights and shadows made by the moon. One by one the guests are presented to the author of *Adam Bede*. . . . My heart beats quickly as George Eliot takes my hand and seats herself beside me, expressing great interest in all young girls who desire to live a broader life than that carved out by society. The expression of her face is singularly gentle. 'For years,' she said, 'I wrote reviews because I knew too little of humanity, and I doubt whether I should ever have ventured on a novel if I had not been urged to it.' "

In later years Miss Field wrote:

"The next time I saw George Eliot was in her own home, The Priory, Regent's Park. . . . Sunday was their reception day. From three to seven the cleverest men and women in London felt honored in being received by the quiet woman who sat by the fire and talked earnestly. . . . Once I succeeded in luring her to see the telephone about which she was very curious. 'It is very wonderful,' she said; 'What marvelous inventions you Americans have!' . . . A noble intellect, a great heart, — this was the real George Eliot. . . ."

If George Eliot was so interested then, in the latter sixties, when Alexander Graham Bell was first experimenting with the telephone in London (where Kate Field sang through it to Queen Victoria), what would she think of the telephonic marvels of its present 'long-distance' accomplishments?

Of George Eliot's works, *Romola* has long since taken its permanent place as one of the masterpieces of English literature. It embodies the very spirit of the Italian Renaissance; it depicts Savonarola as vividly as if in a drama.

Some years ago, in one of those ineffable Florentine springtimes that

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

one can never lose out of memory, I met Professor Oscar Browning, of Cambridge, at a reception given by Lady Paget, in her unique and romantic villa (formerly an old convent) on Bellosguardo. Professor Browning was one of the most intimate friends of George Eliot, and he is also the author of a rather brief, but interesting, biography of her. Every spring, dating back for more years than one could well count, Oscar Browning always passed in Florence, at the Albergo Boncinelli, his favorite hostelry. Learning that I was domiciled in the Villa Trollope, Professor Browning asked to call and to renew his memories of the house in which he had formerly passed so many happy hours, forty years before, as the guest of Mr. Trollope. By the kindness of Mrs. McNamee, then the *padrona*, he was shown the old study of Mr. Trollope, where the author wrote his books, standing at a high, old-fashioned desk; we walked in the cloisters of the terrace; we visited the ruined statue in the garden, unchanged through all these years; and Mr. Browning talked to me for a long time of Mrs. Lewes. She was a woman of strong and loyal and unchanging affections; she had a genius for the highest order of friendship; she was marvelously free from that tendency to detraction that is the ruin of so many natures; the tendency that sees faults, but which is blind to the effort to overcome these faults. Professor Browning (who, by the way, was not related to Robert Browning) had much to say of the marvelous art of George Eliot. He accorded her supreme rank in the entire literature of fiction.

It is only when her readers view her work in its entire completeness that they perhaps quite realize the extraordinary extent of the vital panorama which by her magic she unrolls before them. In the numerical array of her characters; in the minuteness with which the most unimportant and incidental figures that flit, for a moment, across the page, are sketched; one is confronted with the unerring power of an unsurpassed art. Even 'Chad's Bess,' who darts over the open space where Dinah is preaching, and 'Jocosa,' whom Mrs. Davilow desires to sit at the window, for propriety's sake, when Gwendolen expects Herr Klessmer, — these and multitudes of other merely incidental figures are modeled with that same essential vividness that surprises us in the portrayal of Casaubon, Maggie Tulliver, or Mr. Brooke.

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Between George Eliot and Mrs. Browning there is the analogy of the mental attitude of each woman. Each revered her art. Each held it as her shrine on which to lay her divinest gifts. In each, also, a most exceptional culture ministered to her work. A great scholar, George Eliot had steeped herself in the Greek and in the Oriental philo-

## THE CREATIVE ROMANCE OF GEORGE ELIOT

sophies. She read all these in their native tongues. She was also a devoted student of the Hebrew. Above all, Positivist though she had avowed herself, she read the Bible with unfailing devotion, and the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* not less. The prelude to her daily work was the reading from these and from the *Iliad*. She habitually dwelt in the atmosphere of high thought. This was her mental habitation. Conjoined with this constantly increasing intellectual and spiritual culture, was a temperament of exquisite sensitiveness and delicacy; an unfathomed and well-nigh unfathomable tenderness of feeling, and an unlimited capacity for affection. She had an unfailing sense of justice; an immeasurable ardor to be a channel of blessing to the world.

To unite an intense emotional nature with such philosophic poise is, of itself, to give an interesting key to a new combination of human qualities.

In seeking the clue to her unsurpassed, her unrivaled powers as a novelist, may it not be found in an analogy to the art of the great musician who transposes, at will, a composition from one scale to another?

George Eliot transposed the drama of common life to the plane of the loftiest range of influences. She threw upon it the searchlight of spiritual illumination. She made the divine principle in man the basis of her estimate, the point of departure, so to speak, and the entire progress of her *comédie humaine* was transposed to that key which revealed, before the mind of the reader, the evolution of this divine principle in every human being. She had familiarized herself with the *Kabbala*; she had gone into the profound depths of the Rosicrucian philosophy; she had made her own the esoteric significance of the great Greek poets and philosophers; and these enormous forces, not as merely ornamental erudition, but as absolutely assimilated into her own consciousness as compact of her working power, gave her a leverage that hardly finds comparison outside the dramatic range of Shakespeare.

To relate this range of thought and of qualities to life, she did not seek classical impersonation. The emotions that Stephen Phillips would image by investing a Zeus, and an Idas, a Marpessa, with their working out; that Shelley would have portrayed in characters chosen from the medieval age; that Tennyson would have presented in the guise of a Lancelot, an Elaine, a Vivian, a Merlin, — George Eliot portrays in the homely characters provided for her by the provincial England of her own time. She has no Ulysses, no Lady of Shalott, no Gareth and Lynette, no Tristram and Isolde; she does not have recourse to the age and the personalities pressed into service by Browning in *The Ring And The Book*; but the poor little trivial, insignificant Hetty, with her

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

"butterfly soul"; Sister Deane, with her trophies of closet shelves covered with medicine bottles; Bob, the shrewd pedlar; Aunt Pullet; the Poysers; Tom Tulliver; and others that readily recur to the memory, — in these George Eliot finds the men and women by means of whose meeting and mingling in the community, she can re-drama of the evolution the divine principle lesser revelation than presentation of life George Eliot.

It is the immortal that they concern common lot. The goddess may be extreme — she is isolated in the We cannot cross that environment. But

Arthur Donnithorne, with Will Ladislav, are on familiar and understand Maggie's her inconsistencies ourselves. Mrs. say out"; Gwendolyn transformation takes with the vividness of

Herr Klessmer, for whom Liszt is said to have furnished the prototype; Sir Hugo, with his shrewd advice, "Be courteous, be obliging, Dan, but don't give yourself over to be melted down for the tallow trade"; Mr. Gasgoine, the cultivated, easy-going rector; Grandcourt, no longer to us merely a type in fiction, but fairly an inhabitant of the country; Dinah Morris, as real a figure in the world as that of Florence Nightingale, or Frances Willard, — two women of the same angelic type, — what a group they all are!

In *Romola* is a work apart from all these that deal with middle-class life in nineteenth century England. By what necromancy George Eliot invoked the very *dramatis personae* of the fifteenth century in Florentine history, with the tragedy of the execution of Savonarola, thus to rise before our vision like an incantation by medieval conjurors, is a problem that defies pursuit, and remains forever invested with magic. No biographer of that dominant monk of San Marco, who is so inextricably bound



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

mon daily life of unveil the spiritual tional progress of in man. For it is no this which is the real in the novels of

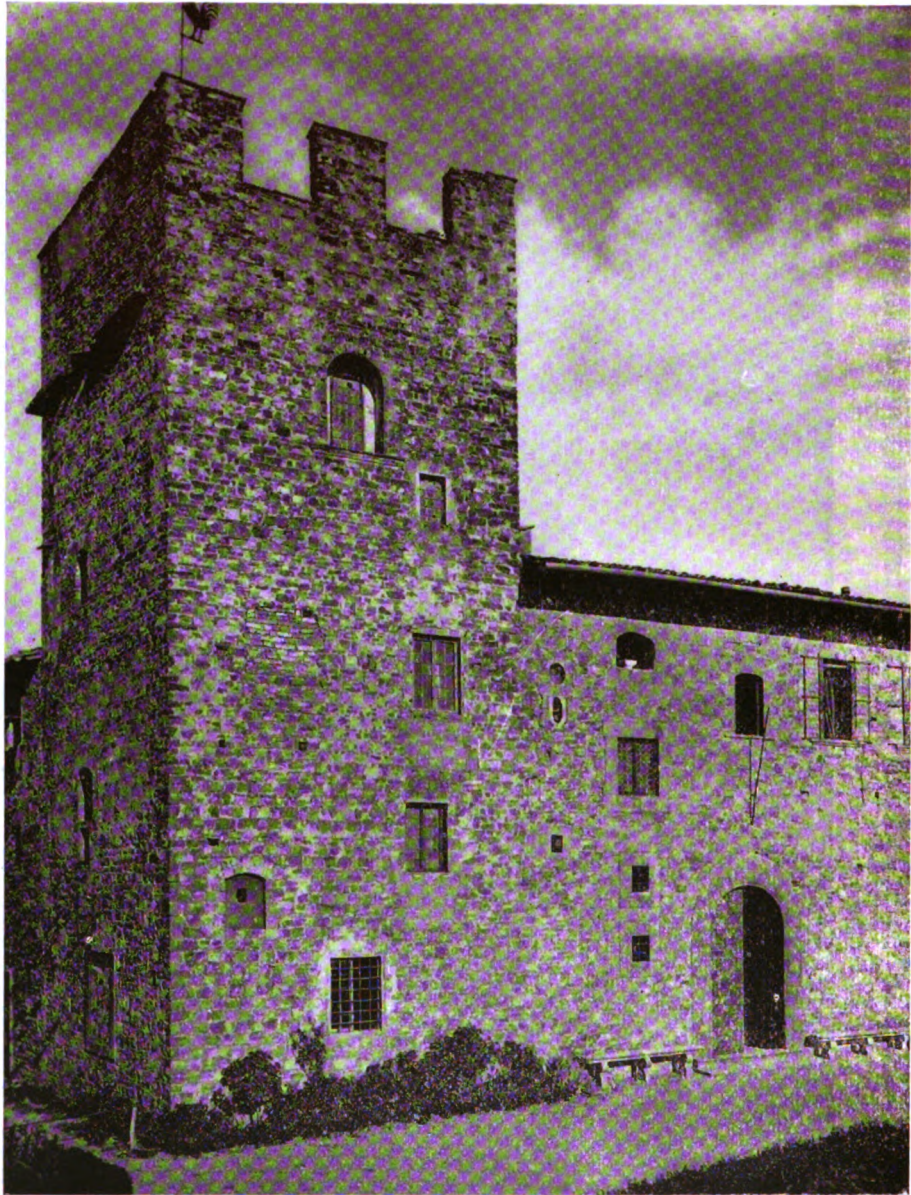
glory of these novels themselves with the emotions of a godly fascinating, but glamor of romance. invisible line of her with Lydgate, with with Uncle Deane, with Fred Vincy, we intimate terms. We temptation and all We have inconsistent-Poyser, having "her len, whose moral place before our eyes a moving picture;



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

PORTRAITS OF ANDREA DEL SARTO AND HIS WIFE, PAINTED BY HIMSELF

Pitti Gallery, Florence



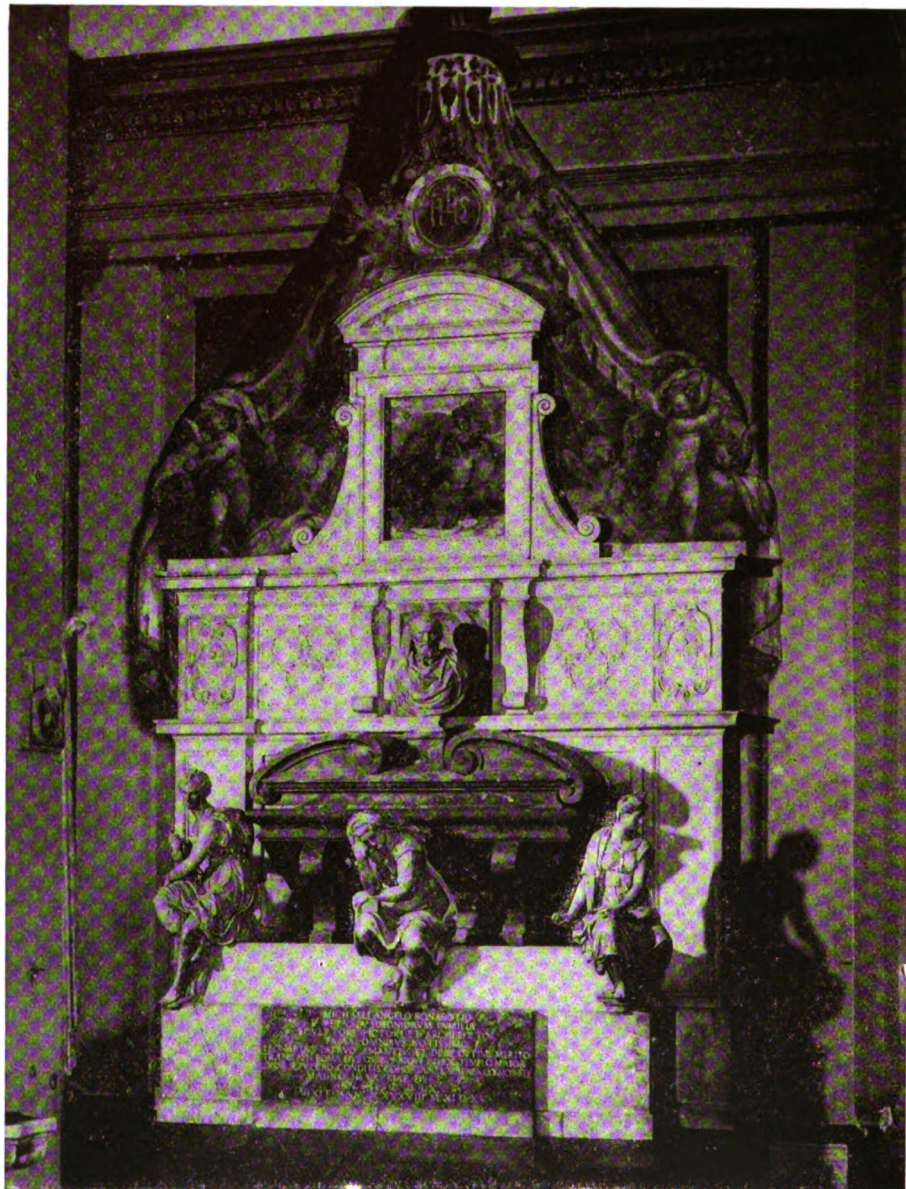
*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**TORRE DEL GALLO (THE COCK'S TOWER)  
VILLA GALLETTI, FLORENCE**



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

THE CAMPANILE BY GIOTTO, FLORENCE



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

MONUMENT TO MICHELANGELO, FLORENCE  
DESIGNED BY VASARI

## THE CREATIVE ROMANCE OF GEORGE ELIOT

up with the history of Florence, and for whose associations with the Palazzo Vecchio and the convent of San Marco the passionate pilgrim in Florence seeks ever — not even such a biographer as Professor Pasquale Villari, has ever presented the life of Savonarola with the illuminating intensity of George Eliot in the pages of *Romola*. Such romance flashes its splendor all through that rich mid-Victorian period, and leaves its indelible impress, its potent influences, as long as English literature shall endure.

As an artist her fame is as secure as it is incomparable in all the literature of prose romance. Edward Dowden, M. A., whose criticism is of standard authority, said of her:

"Among artists who with Shakespeare unite breadth of sympathy with power of interpreting the rarer and more intense experiences of men, George Eliot must be placed."

As a poet, she has written a few things that the world will not willingly let die: *The Spanish Gypsy*, *Armgarth*, and the familiar and oft-quoted *O, may I join the choir invisible*. In *Armgarth* the reader who penetrates beneath the lines may fairly read her own autobiography. In no form has she interfused such intimate expression of herself. The lines prefixed to this paper —

"I am an artist from my birth  
By the same warrant that I am a woman," —

really give the key and the clue to her entire range of choices in destiny. Compact of tenderness and truth as a woman, she was supremely and overwhelmingly the artist by nature and by grace, and the demand for the full expression of the artist dominated and gave its own coloring to her life. Surely, may we all think of George Eliot as one

"Whose music is the gladness of the world!"



"GREAT Teachers work not for the praise of men, but for men's best and highest good. . . . God-like perfection is the great goal for a human soul to strive after. . . . Remember this: that as you live your life each day with an uplifted purpose and unselfish desire, each and every event will bear for you a deep significance — an inner meaning — and as you learn their import, so do you fit yourself for higher work. . . . Rise then, from this despondency and seize the sword of knowledge. With it and with love, the universe is conquerable. . . . Give up doubt, and arise in your place with patience and fortitude. . . . Let us all be as silent as we may be, and work, work. . . . Let that be our watchword." — *William Quan Judge*

## THE JEWISH PROBLEM: by B. W. Koske

"And this is really the keynote: the recognition of the soul in men, be they black or white, despairing or hopeful."— *Katherine Tingley*

**M**UCH thought is being given today, by Jews, to the problems that concern the future welfare of the race.

For about two thousand years they have wandered in many lands, sojourned among many nations, suffering many hardships by the way; and the plight of the nation is now often referred to as the 'Jewish Question' or sometimes the 'Jewish Problem.'

The recent announcement by the British Foreign Office, favoring their return to Palestine, has given new life to their age-long hope — that they may be restored, by settlement in Palestine, to a place of dignity among the nations.

It seems, however, that there is now a division of opinion among Jews themselves, as to whether their resettlement in Palestine will really bring about happier conditions for the race, either collectively or individually. It is this division of opinion, rather than the problem of Palestine itself, that offers much food for reflexion.

Both Zionists and anti-Zionists (as the two sides are known) seem equally alive to the common suffering of the race, but are not agreed upon the means by which alleviation can be effected.

To quote Carlyle: "Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds."

To achieve liberation, vision is needed. The Path has to be seen before it can be followed; until then there is blindness.

The position of the Jewish race seems to be one which suggests that they are seeking freedom but are not sure what kind of freedom they want. It is therefore difficult to see how the Jewish people can find the happier conditions they seek until they form some clear conception of the right kind of Freedom, and how it is to be won.

"The day to come in Jerusalem" has been their age-long prayer; but is Freedom the fruit of a locality?

Perhaps before that day comes there will be a delving into the causes that make for individual and racial unhappiness, and the Jewish people along with the general trend, may find it necessary to consider their problems from a new standpoint.

The old order of things everywhere is passing away. Long-founded institutions are crumbling; traditions are being cast aside. In the pain and suffering that prevail a searchlight is being turned upon the affairs of life, and in rude nakedness things are being seen as they are; as though,

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in hunger for real peace and real happiness, there is a determination to get at the real things of life. And all this sifting is giving rise to a change in the general attitude of mind; particularly as regards international and even individual relationships. Underneath the present upheaval there is a growing tendency in each nation to reach out and know one another *au fond*, as the French say. Elements in each nation are being sought that can be mutually understood and trusted; as though people are to show their Real Selves, before a prior basis can be formed to build a better order of things upon.

Whether the Jewish people can fall into line, is probably their greatest concern.

The attitude, now so deeply ingrained, that "We are not as they" towards the nations with whom they have lived, with the recoil upon themselves that "They are not as we," has raised a barrier of separateness between them and their neighbors, preventing a wholesome association with other peoples.

In an ancient book it is written: "The wise man seeks that which is homogeneous with his own nature." Nature makes no distinction between races; indeed, is bountiful to every living thing. And the wise man seeking "that which is homogeneous with his own nature" finds himself naturally breathing in harmony and sympathy with all that lives. The Jewish people, in holding themselves as a race apart, have really been at cross purposes with the Divine Law of Brotherhood, and so have brought upon themselves throughout the long ages the manifold pains that accompany the thwarting of the Great Law that "will not be contemned." This suggests that if any attempt be made to rehabilitate the race, a new ideal of Universal Brotherhood must be recognised. "Hear, O Israel! the Lord is ONE." That sublime phrase is significant, and in the light of it the 'chosen race' theory is a damaging one.

There is an old saying that there is hope for a man who blames himself; and there is hope for the Jewish people if they seek within themselves for the causes of their suffering. This may take courage, and demand of them that they step forward to the broadest outlook upon life; and then, perhaps, to look deeply into their own religious teachings for the thin thread of pure truth that runs loosely in the garment of creed and tradition which they have woven around themselves throughout the ages. It may take fortitude to face the chill that may follow the removal of that garment, as removed it will have to be, for in it the members are bound and no Freedom is possible. But the chill will vanish as a new garment begins well a-weaving.

Then once again there may be a journeying to the mountains where the fresh morning breezes and pure sunlight can play upon mind and

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heart, and the eye perceive, in vision of true perspective, that boundless, pulsating life of love in which all Humanity lives and moves and has its being.

It might then be more easy to see that the real problems of the Jewish race are such as all mankind share in common. The meaning and purpose of life will be looked for; and the purpose of death too; and no halt will be made until some rational and thoroughly helpful explanation be found.

The mind, freed from all encumbrances, will be ready to accept the truth, *wherever it may be found*, if that truth but does indeed solve doubts and throw the light upon life that will make it intelligible. If any teachings can be found that can prove the error and utter folly of treating death as a catastrophe, and of investing it with every device of gloom, they will be accepted, because the heart is yearning for them. And if such teachings can bring into the common knowledge of daily life some perceivable path that it is meant we should tread, some definite goal to aim at; and if they can point the way how, with practical common sense, life may be made wholesome, joyous, beautiful, and peaceful, they would not be turned aside, for they would bring the balm of hope to a people that for ages have known no path save the valley of long and dismal night.

Such Teachings are to be found in Theosophy. Without money and without price, Theosophy, age-old, will help all who can read understandingly to know themselves and the world they live in; to find their right place, and to know the real part they are meant to play in life, if there be a sincere desire so to do.


"Theosophy is not *a* religion, but RELIGION itself"; it is the key that will unlock the doors to the hidden truths in all religions.

To whatever religion one may belong, by the application of Theosophic Principles his religion will become more clear to him. He will not find himself estranged from it, but will develop a clearer discrimination to perceive what is really true and helpful and what is not.

Almost at the outset, as the conviction grows that there is No Death, that there is the Great Law of Eternal Justice at work, a great faith will be born in him that all the forces of the Universe stand ready to help him to build up a noble life. Soon would he go forth with a new hope in his heart, with a new resolution unconquerable in the consciousness of real power that true knowledge brings. Henceforward would he be the "Master of his fate, the Captain of his soul."

Wheresoever his lot be placed, Palestine or anywhere, there would he shine in the light of a new understanding, seeing in the performance of the work at his hand the only source of true joy; and the path that soon will lead him inward and ever onward until at last he reaches a place of rest and peace; the Peace that passeth understanding.

## YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW, FROM A THEOSOPHICAL STANDPOINT: by Grace Knoche

WO quotations first, one from a Teacher of an elder time, the other from a Teacher of today. This, from Katherine Tingley:

“Humanity has long wandered through the Dark Valley of bitter experiences, but the mountain heights are again seen, suffused in the glow of dawn and the glory of a new Golden Age; the pathway is once more shown to those realms where the Gods still abide.”

And this from Ezekiel, in his dirge over the king who would not listen and so lost:

“Thou deftly-fashioned signet-ring, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty! Thou hast been in Eden, the Garden of God!”

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What is ‘Yesterday,’ from a Theosophical standpoint? To the average student of history it is a little period of some six or seven or perhaps ten thousand years, with a few scattering places, in a few scattering times, where mankind behaved itself fairly well and was therefore fairly happy. But a very great part of what is called history is a checkered web of hatreds, jealousies, and crimes, cross-woven with those cruelly important happenings which Talleyrand once described as “worse than crimes, for they are blunders.” To study what is usually accepted as the historic period, therefore, is almost an invitation to pessimism: mankind has done so poorly and so little, when it might have done so well.

But from the standpoint of Theosophy, one’s view is wholly changed. The corridors of Yesterday widen out and grow so beautiful, so endless and so high. No petty few millenniums of years, but a generous eighteen millions of them, says Theosophy, has man lived and loved, pottered and schemed and worked his will upon this earth as *Man* — Man the Fire of the Godhead, Man the Incarnate God, Man the Thinker, Man the Creator, *Man the Soul*. So that with man’s Divinity ever in view, Yesterday must hold more than brain-mind plannings and passional mistakes, a very great deal more — and it does. Its long road reaches back to the Golden Age of our own Fifth Race, and to other Golden Ages in time’s dawn-mist, long before. It reaches back to our own historic Eden and to other Edens, equally historic, by millenniums preceding that.

These estimates should not startle us, however, for consider how science is approaching them by leaps and bounds with every year as, thanks to the persevering work of our archaeologists and the patient spade of the digger, Yesterday gives up her records from cylinder, tablet and scroll, statue and painting, temple and initiation crypt, mound and monument, granite shaft, papyrus and palm. Then, too, there is geologic

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testimony that cannot be impeached, though it constantly adds new ciphers to the right.

As to the contention that Eden and the Golden Age are but 'traditional': only a few years ago, you recall, King Minos was a 'tradition'; Penelope, a 'mythic heroine,' and Osiris a 'legendary god.' Then, oddly enough, we found the actual palace in which King Minos lived, his checker-board, his oil-jars, even his throne; we stumbled on the actual site in Leukas where Queen Penelope maintained her siege of twenty years — and won at last, through woman's love and wit; and what did the great French archaeologist Naville conjure out of the sand-heaps of Abydos only four years ago but that wonderful subterranean construction whose paintings and inscriptions declared it to be the tomb of Osiris — surely enough to persuade one to examine with respect, at least, the Theosophic teaching that Great Souls in the past, albeit now Gods in heaven, did incarnate, in a gentler age than our own, as great Rulers and Teachers on earth.

Besides which there is much disconcerting archaeological evidence of high civilization in prehistoric days. Homeric Greece was a heaven compared with the Greece of Attic days, not to mention modern America and Europe, in some very important respects. We could go to Incan and pre-Incan Peru for models in statecraft and social life and methods that, if followed, would astonishingly improve and spiritualize some of our 'enlightened' Twentieth century ways; and Egypt, whose earlier Kings and Queens were literally Gods and Goddesses in human form; Egypt, whose art of the earliest dynasties has never been surpassed in any age and whose architecture is at once our envy and our despair; Egypt, whose philosophy reaches the very foundation of being and who had solved the problem of spiritual living in days so ancient that the human mind cannot take in the stretch of time leading to them — in the thought of Egypt the mind and heart bow in silence. So it really is time that we stripped off our insular ideas, if we have any, as to what lies cradled in the matrix of Yesterday.

The truth is: a great glory of spiritual life shines down upon us from the sunset skies of the distant past, to which no nation in the world at the present time, although some are more spiritual than others and some do aspire more truly, can afford a parallel. Back in the remote chambers of that Yesterday, upon the increasing evidences of which Theosophy throws so much light, is the record of a time when mankind lived the soul-life with a fulness of realization of which we cannot conceive today; a time when Teachers and Leaders in spiritual thought were recognised as such, when they were honored in gratitude and obeyed in love, instead of being persecuted, reviled, and murdered; their lot,

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the cup of hemlock, the fagot, the dungeon, the rack, or the viperous assaults of jealous tongues — as during the last six thousand years or so, mostly.

Yes, far antedating the so-called 'historic period' was a finer age, a holier age, an age when Brotherhood was acknowledged by all as a fact in Nature, when there was one universal science, one learning, one religion, one general and unstained conviction of the immortality of soul-life, the Divinity of Man, and the spiritual parenthood of God. It was that age when the bright Gods truly walked and talked with men: the Golden Age of 'tradition,' a word which H. P. Blavatsky so simply defines, by the way, as "oral history." What the watchman in Israel chanted more than twenty-five centuries ago might be intoned again today — indeed, should be, when hope is dying on every hand and human hearts are searching like poor things lost in space for a solution of the terrifying mystery of life and sorrow. Only that today we should intone it with some nuances of meaning which perhaps could not have been added, at least not publicly, in the earlier day:

"Thou deftly-fashioned signet-ring, O my Divinity! full of wisdom and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden, the Garden of thy Higher Self — of God!"

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"But why reach into the Yesterday of life?" is a question often asked by inquirers. "Our faces should be set ahead, not back. Is this not preaching retrogression?" Which shows the terrific weight of the lower psychology of the age that, fortified by materialistic (though never by true) science, feels that its very existence depends upon keeping intact the general delusion that man evolved from the animal and no more, and that evolution proceeds in a straight line from bestiality to the Divine.

The difficulty with the straight-line theory, however, is that the line isn't straight, nor can we make it so, however we may manipulate the evidence or try to tip over the facts. If the theory were in accord with the facts, then we should look for all the savages in the background of time and for philosophy now and here; while, as a matter of fact, it is decidedly the other way. If we want philosophy — true philosophy or spiritual wisdom, and not its counterfeit — we have to go to the Ancients for it or take it second-hand from those who have gone. There is absolutely no other way. If we want savages, while they existed in the past, it is true, for savagery and civilization have been coeval in all periods, no one can deny that there is a plentiful supply in the present, and not all of them living in the woods, either.

Progress is *cyclic*, a Theosophical teaching which there is not time to argue here, although both history and archaeology substantiate the

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theory on every point and can adduce evidence that could be submitted without argument to any unprejudiced mind. For want of time, however, let us accept it unimpeached, not only as one of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy but as a law of progress and of life. "History repeats itself" is a truism, and this is exactly why; for by the law of cyclic progression humanity is ever passing and re-passing the same point in the long pilgrimage of Universal Life: a little lower down, sometimes, and then again higher up. Mankind is constantly returning on itself, helix-fashion — or, to use the familiar illustration, like the winding thread of a screw. Again and again it passes and re-passes the same point as it rises, or dips and descends, so that periods in every present strangely parallel corresponding periods that are past.

Modern science may try to be satisfied by attributing this to chance, or, in the words of Professor Michaelis of Strassburg, to "the irrational element in all evolution." But this does not satisfy, as a matter of fact. An increasing number of thinkers, "forced by the stern logic of facts," are pushing further while demanding more, and not a few now admit that this ebb and flow in history, these recurrent rises and falls, take place in accordance with some law, periodic in its manifestation, it is true, but yet *a law*. This is the Law of Cycles, although as yet, outside of Theosophy, it is not understood as having a universal application or as applying to the inner life of man as well as to the outer. Yet it does so apply, mystically, for the Waterloos of consciousness, like those of steel and blood, are lost and won, and won and lost, throughout the ages; and as the edges of the Aisne and the Marne have been the scenes of recurrent battles since Palaeolithic days, so have the still more ancient regions of that long-forgotten field of struggle in the general human heart.

Now Theosophy declares that, since this is the mode of progress, then, in order to transcend the spiritual greatness of Yesterday — which surely no one objects to as an ideal — we must first reach a point parallel to the corresponding period in the Past. It also declares that to shorten the path to this goal, and to simplify and sweeten the journey, is the most charitable office that could be performed for a struggling world. To do just this is, therefore, one great aim of Theosophy, in fact, its first aim: to shorten the path in effect and also to place a light over it, that travelers may see the pitfalls ahead and avoid them, and pass on in security and peace. For it is a path of obstacles and dangers, truly, and it "winds up-hill all the way, yea, to its rocky top."

So that instead of its spelling retrogression — this study of Life's great Yesterday — if it is entered upon with a rational accentuation of spiritual values and therefore an undying optimism, it is the first step towards helping humanity out of the present mire of suffering and

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to firm and higher ground. For the study of Antiquity from the standpoint of Theosophy gives one faith in himself, an understanding of Life's great laws, and a hope that is based upon knowledge and therefore cannot be killed. Indeed, no one can study the past in this way without waking one day to find himself reborn, through the power of a spiritual conviction that no outer pressure can weaken nor brain-mind argument touch.

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Then what would this mean for life's Tomorrow? or rather, what will it mean? since Theosophical ideas are now so current among those who trend to spiritual thinking that he who runs may read ahead the effect of all this upon the future. For it must be borne in mind that Theosophy is not a sect, a mere denomination, or a dogma rigged for action. It has no creed, never had a creed, nor ever can have one, for it is *Religion itself*, the archaic, mystic Mother of all our human faiths, and necessarily, therefore, it is above sectarianism as the source is higher than the stream.

Nor is Theosophy new. On the contrary, it is immemorially old, for, in plain words, it is a revival, or re-presentation, of the once universal Wisdom-Religion of the spiritual Antique World. It governed man's mental life and guided his heart in the archaic days of spiritual glory which we call the Golden Age, and the memory of which, still living in a few courageous hearts, constitutes the inspiration of mankind. Its government lingered on, albeit declining, through the ages that followed Eden, and we find that just to the degree that it was a dominating influence, to that degree was the general life attuned to a high spiritual key. This is stated by the Teachers of Theosophy as a fact; it is vouched for by the spontaneous convictions of every awakened heart; and the discoveries of archaeological science establish it more firmly with every year by the unassailable *praecognita* of primary evidence.

Obviously, to try to reconstruct the splendor of life's great Yesterday without first listening to, learning, and then reviving the spiritual note which set it first in tune, would be to build a body without a soul. This has been tried by many, and in many ways, but as a method it has never been a success. So that unless we abandon definitely our Spiritual Tomorrow as an ideal, we cannot repudiate the testimony of the past as to Cyclic Law, nor can we fail to perceive that the more true Knowledge lights men's minds the further and clearer they can see. And Theosophy is true Knowledge, for it has met successfully every test of truth. It is the world's great treasury of the Wisdom of the Past, and just because of this it must hold guidance for Tomorrow. We need not be so sensitive and conceited about a little matter like going to Antiquity for help.

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It is really no more than going to one's Father and Mother for advice. We preach that as a virtue in small things: why not then in large?

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Now the spiritual status of a nation or a state is most fairly gaged by the measure of its institutions — its homes, its schools, its commercial life and methods, its social life, its religion, its government, and its law. For these support, like mighty pillars — to the degree of their weakness or their strength — the broad architrave of civic, national and international life.

To discuss present-day institutions at any length, however, is unnecessary. In the first place, we know enough about them for the present purpose. In the second place, justice is so travestied in many of them, selfishness so dominant and hypocrisy so to the fore, that the topic really is not over pleasant. The institution of social life, for instance, betrays its pitiful status in one aspect when we reflect that the most loathsome diseases known to medical science are cataloged as 'social diseases.' Religion, since the message of ancient Theosophy was repudiated, has caused more bloodshed in persecution and ruthless war than any other agency on earth (who will deny it, please read *Isis Unveiled*), and sectarianism today is an admitted factor in keeping men alienated and apart. The home and school, instead of clasping hands for the building of character in the child, have worked so long at cross-purposes that our jails and insane asylums shelter hundreds of 'educated' derelicts, while we all know homes presided over by first-class failures, who entered them in positions of trust and power as 'educated' men and women. The annals of our divorce courts and the calendar of our crimes — these tell their own part of the story. Governments all over the world are unable to meet their responsibilities in a spiritual way or to solve their most urgent problems. And what is perhaps the most majestic of all our institutions, for it seems to have retained something of its primeval dignity longest — the Law — is how rarely interpreted with the spiritual insight that its antique status demands!

Yet in spite of the present chaos, those who look at Today from the standpoint of Theosophy can go forward to meet Tomorrow in the confidence of an illumined hope. For they pin their trust to a knowledge of man's Divinity, and an understanding of Karma, Reincarnation, and Cyclic Law. They know that as Today is reaping the harvest of Yesterday's wilful sowing, so Tomorrow may be as glorious and joyful as they will to make it — *if* they will — for there are to ripen for the harvest-time all the seeds sown today. They know that no failure can be final so long as aspiration stays alive, nor can death ever spell the end of opportunity, for there is always 'another life, another chance.' For we are

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at the rounding of the bottom arc in a certain long cycle of evolution — a five-thousand-year cycle, to speak with Theosophical exactness: the limit of the downward trend has been reached for that cycle, and Life's stream must go up — or go out. But it will rise: there can be no doubt of that, for the vaster tide of Universal Life is rising and must carry lesser tides with it. Already those who have climbed a little way up the mountain-paths of thought can see signs of the dawn that will usher in a glorious New Day. And what will that Day be like: our Spiritual Tomorrow?

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Let us imagine a little at this point, taking simply our institutions as points of departure. The home of Tomorrow, for instance, in this ideal picture of ours, will be no mere lodging-place, nor focus of inefficiency, nor private discontent-shop — as is too often the case today. It will be founded, as the homes of Spiritual Antiquity were founded, by those who have true ideals of marriage and no part nor lot in the present insular conception of home as a close corporation, consisting of "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four, dear Lord, and no more." It will be founded by those who know that the miscalled 'devotion' to one's family which involves an exclusion of all idea of duty to the rest of mankind — those who wish more light on this point are referred to the humble biographies in rural obituary columns — is no virtue but a sin, a shame and a travesty on the Soul. The home of Tomorrow, to the degree that Theosophy lights its path, will be a spiritual fusion-point, a focus and center of the Higher Life. It will be something worth offering the incoming soul as a matrix of character. All that was best in the family life of the noblest periods of Egypt, India, Greece, Rome and the rest will baptize the home of Tomorrow with holy fire. And it will more than merely parallel the best in the home-life of Antiquity, spiritual and wonderful as that was: we are in another cycle, and though side by side with the older one, we shall be in our Tomorrow at a point further along the great general evolutionary trend, a point higher up. All that was noblest in Yesterday, granted, will be in the home of Tomorrow, but also there will be something that Yesterday did not have, could not have had: the aroma of subsequent experience.

Thus, too, the school and the home of Tomorrow will be spiritually one. Art, music, and the drama will take their place in the education of little children not as mere ornaments of character, but as its building-stones; and the youth will be educated to regard these not as mere amusements or fillers-up of social gaps, but as vital educational factors throughout the whole of life.

Tenderness towards dumb creatures and towards the myriad human

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unfortunates that crowd the world, will be a law in the home and school of Tomorrow, a requirement, a binding duty. No child in our Tomorrow will be guilty of unkindness to another child who is defective, or deprived, or saddened perhaps by some cloud over its birth, for those who are his examples in conduct will be beyond such guilt. No child will be guilty of neglecting or abusing his brothers of the earth and air, silently pleading for compassion as they do, clinging to his side for protection and for love, or circling above him in the blue, ever-present reminders of that freedom which is native to the Soul.

Inevitably so, for the religion of Tomorrow will have stripped off its husks of 'mine' and 'thine' as a growing soul its faults. Religion — not *a* religion but *Religion* — will be a living reality. It will permeate the whole of life. Spiritual devotion will rise like a fragrance, an aroma, from the heart-life of every man, woman, and child. Like a spiritual breath from the heights, sweet as with pine and arbutus, cool, with the coolness of the lofty places of the soul, it will sweep in upon, and will purify, every duty, every responsibility, every task.

Nor can we close our imaginings of the future in respect to religion and leave out mention of death, for it is inextricably linked with the spiritual life of man and is recognised in all ages as though it had the status of an institution. For in our ideal Tomorrow there will be none of that finality, that abject self-absorption, that materialism, gloom, and despair that are so usual today. "Thou comest not to thy sepulchre dead, thou comest living," will be graven on the memorial tablets of Tomorrow as it was upon the walls of Egyptian tombs tens of thousands of years ago. Art is ever an index of the spiritual life of a state at any given time, and so in the future, instead of such examples as Saint Gaudens' *Grief*, the tender yet unthinking finality of the well-known Shaw Memorial, and the gloom of Bartholomé's colossal *Aux Morts*, — the three most typical and technically in some ways the best achievements of modern art in respect to the theme of death — we shall have the sweetness, naturalness, and joy of the old El Amarna tomb frescoes, the loveliness, simplicity, and pure delight of those unmatched *stelae* of post-Periclean days, of which the modern world has not yet seen the like. No sinking down and backward into gloom will be the death-psychology of Tomorrow, but a radiant going forward and going up to meet Light and more Light!

So much then for religion. Now what remains to be said of law? For if the supremacy of the institutions of Today rests upon the law, and their continuity is implicated in it, how much more will this be the case in our Tomorrow, with its more awakened and hence more spiritual life!

The law of the future, we believe, will have a different keynote from

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the law of today, or rather, the keynote of its interpretation will be different. It will be harmonized not to commercial requirements, nor to intellectual subtleties, nor to the promptings of even intuition when half understood, but to the strong high note of Spiritual Knowledge, and to the rich mass-chord of Soul. Because of this, the general conception of law will necessarily differ from that of the modern world, in which rights are the first consideration, then duties. In our Tomorrow, duties will come first, then rights — a much more logical progression as students of Theosophy know by experience and observation both, for if duties are thoroughly attended to, rights will usually take care of themselves. Tomorrow we believe that students of the law will understand far better than they do or can today that very Theosophical definition framed in old Rome by Tribonian and his colleagues at Justinian's command, fifteen and more centuries ago: "Justice is the constant and perpetual wish to render to everyone his due," for what we sense in it is a concern for others rather than for oneself.

Where the laws of the world today find their sanction in the conservative tones of custom and sometimes in the harsh, metallic voice of Might, the laws of the world of Tomorrow will rest on sanctions of Primeval Tradition. And where the laws of today take cognisance of wrongs only after they have been committed, and then must set a vast legal machinery in motion by means of equity jurisprudence where the common law fails, the laws of our wonderful Tomorrow will be so framed, so interpreted, and so applied that they will act *to prevent the wrong being done in the first place*. They will constitute in themselves a great compassionate School of Prevention. How much more might be said, right here!

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"Which is a fascinating picture, and all very well as a dream," some inquirer will say: "but has it any real basis? What can you offer in the way of — well, *evidence?*" Which is just the question, just the challenge, that the student of Theosophy loves to hear, for there is evidence so abundant and so unimpeachable that it would take long to catalog it even in brief. This simple picture of what life may be in our Tomorrow is no invented dream: it is a report, in brief, of something that actually exists. Dare we say it in our age of skepticism and dying hope? And yet it is the truth: *Lomaland is our Vision of Tomorrow in terms of actual life*. This dream exists as a reality, as a fact that cannot be denied out of existence. One cannot dispose of a granite rock in one's path by merely asserting it to be a fog-bank, and however the enemies of progress may ignore the spiritual significance of Lomaland, or its place in the vanguard of our spiritual future, the obstinate *Fact* is before them;

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they may blister their palms and break their heads upon its granite impassivity — it is there and defies them still.

Lomaland was founded, and its activities are carried forward, on the basis of the Higher Law. In other words, it is a creation of the Higher Law. It is not a sporadic growth but, to quote from the Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, without which its foundation would have been impossible, it is "part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages." It is primarily an expression of the Higher Law and Laws, and every aspect of justice, divine and human, is enfolded within it as within a great unfolding Calyx of Spiritual Life.

Loyal to the government of the nation wherein it stands, glowing with a patriotism that cannot be impeached, rendering to Caesar all things that are Caesar's, Lomaland, besides all this, renders to the Soul in Man that which belongs to the Soul. Necessarily, therefore, it has its special type of institutions, its special and unique ideals of home, of school, of social life. It has its own devotional life, and this — as all know who are familiar with the work of Madame Katherine Tingley Foundress of Lomaland and Foundress-President of the School of Antiquity — while reviving the spiritual best in the great institutions of the past, has possibilities that even the loftiest bygone epoch did not possess. One evidence of this is the fact that, under the inspiration of its Foundress, who is also its Leader and Teacher in spiritual things, the very fragrance of Antiquity is in the air. Its touch is felt in every part, noted even by the casual visitor, from the clean-swept hidden corner of a garden-path to the torch-flame gleaming on a lofty dome, from the happy self-control of a little child to the happier devotion of its teacher.

And all so simply, so naturally. A single page could contain the principles of Theosophy and the rules and regulations of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Lomaland, put together. The latter are indeed the Twelve Tables of Lomaland life, and many a student will say of them what Cicero said of the work of the Roman decemvirs two thousand years ago:

"Though all the world exclaim against me, I will say what I think: that single little book, if anyone look to the fountains and sources of laws, seems to me, assuredly, to surpass the libraries of all the philosophers, both in weight of authority and plenitude of utility."

Can we wonder that Lomaland is known far and wide as a School of Prevention? Everyone admits, who thinks at all, that life must have its elements of accuracy, but Katherine Tingley declares it is all a mistake to set out after them by brain-mind paths. A Lomaland student will look you squarely in the eye and say, "Show me something more accurate, more dependable, than the Law of the Soul in Man!" If you ask him

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for evidence of that faith that is within him — faith in man's Higher Self and the higher laws of life — he will say, "Look about you!"

A volume opens out at this point, but for it there is no time. It must suffice to say merely that Lomaland is our dream come true ahead. It is our World of Tomorrow in miniature; and why should it not be so? All things must have their archetype, and so must the institutions of the future. Lomaland is their archetypal world. Augustine dreamed of a *City of God*, Bacon of a *New Atlantis*, Sir Thomas More of *Utopia*, Cicero of an ideal state. Socrates dreamed of a day when philosophy should guide the state, not politics; Plato of a future "when kings should be philosophers, and philosophers kings"; Confucius, wandering in disappointment on the slopes of ancient Lu or debating at the august court of Chau, dreamed of "government by sages." He who has time to pause and reflect, can read. To argue would be to libel the intelligence of those who are able to enter Lomaland gates or read the literature of Theosophy.

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The question of personal responsibility opens up at this point, as it does at some point in every matter considered Theosophically, for personal responsibility is the touchstone of the Theosophic life. We cannot accept new ideals for the future and then calmly fold our hands and wait for others to do the work — that is, we cannot do this with impunity. Karma will lash us into line, or try to, if our own will and conscience do not suffice. For it is not part of the Divine Plan that man, himself a Creator, himself Divine, should lazily throw on the shoulders of the few real Leaders of humanity the whole burden of better things for his Tomorrow. All history testifies to the truth of this, for spiritual as well as material co-operation is a basic law of life. To what extent, therefore, are we personally responsible for the future? There is much light, and a warning, in the following citation from the writings of William Quan Judge, the second Leader of the Theosophical Movement in this era:

"A new age is not far away. The huge unwieldy flower of the Nineteenth century civilization has almost fully bloomed, and preparation must be made for the wonderful new flower which is to rise from the old. . . . For we implicitly believe that in this curve of the cycle the final authority is the man himself. In former times the disclosed Vedas, and later, the teachings of the world's great Saviors, were the right authority, in whose authoritative teachings and enjoined practices were found the necessary steps to raise Man to an upright position. But the grand clock of the Universe points to another hour, and now Man must seize the key in his hands and himself — as a whole — open the gate."

It is we ourselves who are to shoulder this burden, then, of building a better Tomorrow. How great is our responsibility few can fail utterly to comprehend, for everywhere tired hearts are pleading for help and hope, for knowledge, for light, for something worth while being true to.

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Our good fortune is in the fact that wise Leadership for the great task is at hand. In this thought none can wonder at the devotion to duty of those who live within Lomaland gates. None can wonder that Lomaland itself attracts thinking minds and compassionate hearts from all over the world, like a magnet; for spiritually it is that. Its very existence is proof that one time we did walk in Eden, and have never lost the memory of it, quite.

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"But what do you get out of it — this Lomaland life of yours?" is a not infrequent question. "No salaries are paid, there are no worldly honors to be gained. There is no sensationalism, no excitement, no coddling of caprice or mood or whim. And yet you are happy and would not exchange this life of yours for a throne outside. Tell us: *What do you get out of it?*"

Battles! Battles for the freedom of the Soul we get out of it, with our fair chance to win or to lose. Battles for the freedom of human life from all that holds it back on the path of destiny. Battles, made glorious by clear conscience and an undying hope! What spiritual soldier asks more? For the issue is plain, so plain. It cannot be mistaken by the thinking mind, however obscured in minds that will not think, for, as H. P. Blavatsky wrote in one of her Olympian editorials in 1889:

"The battle is not fought out in men alone, but in Man; and the issue of each individual fight is inextricably bound up in that of the great battle, in which the issue cannot be doubtful, for the Divine in its nature is union, the animal discord and hate."

The issue is simply this: is mankind bestial or Divine? Is the future to be fashioned by those who know their Divinity, who are strong enough to claim their deathless heritage of Soul-power, who dare to do their duty to their fellow-man and to their God, or by the weak-willed, the indolent, the selfish, the cowardly, and those who are the puppets of materialism? Is it to be fashioned by the brutal and revengeful, or by those who challenge and dare uphold the pleading dignity of the unrecognised Soul in Man? The forces of evolution have been ripening for aeons against the consummation of Today, and you and I are in this inner battle, whether we will it or not, whether we like it or not, sometimes, indeed, whether we know it or not. Each is held responsible, to the extent that he is awake to the issue, for his part of the line. Those who are awake, however, and are thus able to look at Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow from the standpoint of Theosophy, can see that a better day is dawning. At times of hardest pressure there flames up in their hearts the greatest joy. They are sustained by the hope born of knowledge, the knowledge that as once man walked in Eden so he may walk there again; nay, better still, that he may fashion another Eden for the world.



LLYN GWYNANT AND MOEL HEBOG, IN ARFON, WALES

### CERTAIN VIEWS IN WALES: by Kenneth Morris

**O**F Llyn Gwynant, the lake, and of Moel Hebog, the mountain at the back, the present writer knows little; but there is a cave on Moel Hebog which was once the capital of Wales, for Owen Glyndwr sheltered in it; and it may be taken for granted that some fairy lady lives in the lake; or that there is a city beneath its waters, which was drowned for its sins; or that someone left a fairy well uncovered with its proper stone, whereupon it overflowed and made the lake.

Not so far away is Beddgelert (the Grave of Gelert), also among the wild mountains of Arfon; it is famous for the story of Gelert, Prince Llewelyn's hound, who saved his master's baby from a wolf, while the great prince was hunting. Llewelyn, returning in the evening, found the cradle overturned and the dog's mouth smeared with blood, and promptly killed the faithful creature; only to find, a moment after, the dead wolf and the living child.

To ensure the truth of the legend, one David Prichard, about a hundred years ago, saw to it that a greyhound's body was buried in the traditional grave; he buried it there himself; that none should have the right to doubt thereafter. But I do not know: Llewelyn the Great deserved that epithet for his cool patient statesmanship as well as for his prowess.

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And long before his time the mound was known as Bryn y Bedd, the Hill of the Grave; and very likely it was Celert, a fifth century Irish chieftain, was buried there originally. At that time northern Wales



THE RIVER GWYNEN AT BEDDGELEERT,  
IN ARFON, WALES

was Irish. But the story of Gelert the Hound lives. Says Miss Jeannette Marks: "It is not an uncommon thing to see a man, as he stands by the dog's grave, brushing away tears, or a little child crying bitterly."

The story is found in Sanskrit too; whether borrowed by the Brâhmans from the Welsh, or *vice versa*, let each judge for himself. The present writer, as a Welshman, *knows very well*; but is too modest to say.

As to Welsh rivers — and this will serve as well to introduce the little waterfall near Aberdare shown in the other picture — we will quote also from Miss Marks, an American writer *Cambrior ipsis Cambriis*. Speaking of Dr. Johnson's tour in Wales, she says: "About Welsh rivers Johnson makes a great many remarks. He is as scornful of them as an American is of the Thames. Mrs. Piozzi says that his 'ideas of anything not positively large were ever mingled with contempt.' He asked of one of the sharp currents in North Wales, 'Has this *brook* e'er a name?' 'Why, dear Sir, this is the *River* Ustrad.' 'Let us,' said Dr. Johnson, turning to his friend, 'jump over it directly, and show them how an Englishman should treat a Welsh river.'" — Mrs. Piozzi, a Welsh-woman herself, should have known better than to spell *Ystrad* "Ustrad."

## CERTAIN VIEWS IN WALES

In truth, to skip from Arfon to Glamorgan is much like skipping from Maine to California; there is a difference in degree, and the latter jump is the longer, it must be owned; but in kind 'tis the same, or even more so. For these poles—north-south-east — like in scene in dialect; like, if you inhabitants their characteristics. For the true Southerner knows that nothing good can come out of the North; the true Northerner, that a South is no more than half a Welshman, *ipso facto* with only half a chance of salvation. In the North are the wild enchanted glories of the mountains; there, too, of the dramatic and mournful scenery; there are the strongholds of old freedom; there is the chief stronghold of the Welsh language. In the South are the great coal mines, three quarters of



WATERFALL NEAR ABERDARE, IN THE  
HILLS OF GLAMORGAN, WALES

tation, industry and commerce galore. The North for Poetry, the South for Music, they say. Yet if the North was the Land of Llewelyn and Glyndwr, the South, long before, was the Land of Arthur and Caractacus. The South is beautiful too; though the tourist knows it not — once you get beyond the coal-dust and the commerce. But it is the quiet beauty of green valleys, bluebell-haunted woods, velvet sward, hill-sides magical with foxglove and ragged-robin; the fairies love both regions. There are three chief places dignified with the name of *Bro*, which is translated 'Vale': — *Bro Gwynfyd*, *Bro Gwalia*, and *Bro Morganwg*: Heaven, Wales, and Glamorgan: though none of them is a vale in the English sense. If one knows two of them, I see no need why he should bother about the other; it is hardly likely to be as good.

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Morganwg itself is twofold: the Hills and the Vale; it is the Hills that are coal-defiled; and Aberdare is right in the heart of that defilement. Yet this little waterfall is to prove that there is something you may still call Wales in the midst of it; something that will still talk an



AN OLD COTTAGE IN THE VALE OF GLAMORGAN,  
SAID TO BE OVER 800 YEARS OLD

old and haughty language when mere mankind — Ah, but may that day never come! Sometime even the Welsh coal-field will be exhausted; or men will have turned to warm themselves with other kinds of fuel. Then the hills will be green with fern again, or gold with gorse and purple with heather; and the Beautiful Family will come down from the hills northward, and from the Vale southward; and there will be aerial harping and fiddling in the night-time, where now engines scream; a glimmer of fairy feet dancing where now — *h's* are dropped, shall I say? — and that should tell the whole story. . . .

“Over 800 years old,” says the caption, of that thatched cottage in the Vale; it is an old cottage certainly; but if it was standing in the year 1100, it was something of a palace, for that time. For in those days, when intellectual life was so rich and creative in Wales — so much more so than ever since — except when they built stone castles, after the Norman fashion, or dwelt in such as they might take from the Norman builders — even the princes lived in what we should call log cabins;

## CERTAIN VIEWS IN WALES

it was only in that century they began to build even the churches of stone. Before, they were of logs, or wattles and clay. But they sheltered of Saints quite a prodigious number; Celtic Saints, unknown to the Roman calendar; very respectable people by birth; though as Gerald the Welshman was fain to admit, something vindictive at times. Respectable by birth, we say; good family seems to have been an essential; saintship went with genealogy, at least to a large extent. Thus Saint Brychan Brycheiniog had — was it twenty-nine? — sons and daughters in the sainthood, all good wonder-workers, chiefly to the confusion of their enemies. Though there were days too, if you went back to the fifth and sixth centuries, when saintship meant a professorship in one of the great Universities for which then Glamorgan was so famous: real seats of learning, attended by thousands of students, from foreign parts, as well as from Wales.


Speaking of Gerald the Welshman: if you know him not, make his early acquaintance by all means; read his *Itinerary of Wales*, that he made and wrote in the twelfth century. A quaint, vain, learned, shrewd, superstitious, naïve, ignorant, humorous, delightful old fellow; churchman by accident of his age; Welsh and Norman by race; and as true-hearted and valiant a man as ever fought a forlorn hope splendidly; one “who hath done more,” said (I think) Llewelyn the Great, “for the honour of Wales than any of us.” “Of all countries,” saith Gerald, (one quotes from memory) “Wales is the best; Dimetia is the most favored region in Wales; and Manorbier is the best place in Dimetia.” He was born there himself, and should have known, if any one did.



THE BUSY-BODY: “His estate is too narrow for his mind; and therefore he is fain to make himself room in others’ affairs, yet ever in pretense of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. . . . There can no act pass without his comment; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling.” — *Joseph Hall*

## SQUARE YOUR ACCOUNTS: by Montague Machell

"Instead of concentrating on our opinions and preconceptions, often based on no knowledge of facts, let us square up our accounts each night, for the next day may find us in quite a new condition of mind. . . . We have it to do somewhere: we may do it just before we die. At that time something steps in and forces us to take a stand, but we ought not to wait until then. . . . Let us on retiring at night square up the accounts of the day in preparation for the morrow, for we may waken in a condition in which the mistakes of the past have no power to turn us away from the light. Let us look back only in order that the mistakes we made yesterday may not be made tomorrow. And then we shall not have to pile up our brains with great and difficult resolutions."— KATHERINE TINGLEY (*in a talk to her Students*)

ERE'S a thought — we have all at one time or another made up our minds to 'get square' with some other fellow for what he said or did to us. But has it ever occurred to us to 'get square' with ourselves for what we have done to ourselves? How many of us have ever thought of a 'Self' in himself to 'get square' with, or how to get square with him? Let's stop and think a moment.

Yesterday you overheard Jones say to Brown: "You may call it 'sincerity,' if you like; I call it 'bluff,' and if you knew him as well as I do, that's what you'd call it!"

"Ah, yes," you told yourself, "that's Jones all over. Never did anything on the level himself, and now because I happen to be showing what I'm made of and a few honest-minded folks are giving me credit for it, he feels called upon to air his doubts of my sincerity. Well, just wait till my chance comes, and I'll show some folks what sort of a case *he* is!"

With these thoughts and more of an equally 'charitable' kind, you went through the day, and when night came took them to bed with you, all the stronger for several hours' pondering. They remained in your system all night, destroyed all chance of a real constructive night's rest, and started you out today with poison in your system. Now suppose that you had taken a few moments, just before turning in last night, in order to square *your* accounts with *yourself* — not your imaginary account with Jones, for remember that was only a fragment of overheard conversation of which you knew neither the context, real subject, nor foundation.

In the first place, you might have said to yourself: "Suppose that Jones was talking about me, of what consequence is it? Am I living my life for what Jones or any one else may say or think of me? Or am I seeking to make of myself something worth while, in accordance with the urge of that Big Fellow I feel inside? If the second, certainly I am not concerned with what anyone says or thinks of me; if the first, then I *am* a 'bluff' and Jones was right — if he meant me. In the second place:

## SQUARE YOUR ACCOUNTS

suppose that I *am* striving to live my life for its own sake, and with a sincere effort towards self-improvement. If Jones was talking about me, doesn't this disturbance in me mean that I've some more weeding to do yet? If his words 'got me riled,' then there must be something in me to 'get riled.' Now it's a sure thing that the Big Fellow that keeps urging me to go ahead and win out wouldn't 'get riled' at anything anybody said about Him. — Hm! — maybe Jones wasn't quite wrong, and maybe what truth there was in his words hit the *untruth*, the sham in me! In that case he did me a good turn, and in place of my getting ready to cuss him, I ought to be figuring that while 'listeners never hear good of themselves,' still what they do hear may be mighty good *for* themselves.

"In the third place: suppose that I am in the right and he is in the wrong; then clearly he needs my help. If he is carrying a grouch in his mind and I am honestly trying to make my life of use to others as well as to myself, it's evidently up to me *not* to feed that grouch with my irritation and annoyance. If I'm not strong enough to hand him out something generous and worth while, to counteract his ill will, I can at least refuse to add to his current of thought with thoughts of the same kind; I can leave him alone mentally and let him get on his feet. Besides, I don't know what tomorrow holds for me or for Jones. It's a sure thing that I don't hate Jones badly enough to want to go out of life myself, or have him go out with a good-sized deposit of ill-will to my account, and who of us knows when the call may come, and if it comes now, when the chance to settle the account?

"Any way, here it is the end of the day; when I wake up tomorrow I shall be up against an entirely new proposition. Now I don't want to carry over any unsettled accounts to that new sheet: why not square the account right now, before the day is over?

"How did I come to get this grudge against Jones? I didn't have it when I got up this morning or when I went to bed last night — didn't think of him, in fact. — Ah, yes, maybe that's where the trouble lay — I was taken by surprise, I was *unprepared*. Maybe if I had made a little preparation last night for today, had taken the time to think kindly of Jones and of everybody else I know, that remark of his would have sounded quite different. At any rate, there's no harm in trying the experiment of a little *preparation* for tomorrow.

"The real I is here for a purpose: it wants to find the strength, the joy, the worth-whileness of life, and it wants to make life strong and joyful and worth while for all its fellows. Jones is a fellow-traveler; he makes his mistakes, but I'll give him credit for trying to see just as straight and go just as straight as I do. If the road looks dim and crooked

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

sometimes to him, then all the more reason for me to keep my clouds out of his way.

"So, *here's to you, Jones!* May your night's rest be as good to you as mine is going to be to me, now I've 'squared my account'!"

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Had you taken this course and squared that account, who knows if Brown *might* not have dropped around to your place to tell a yarn which he got from Jones about the smooth fellow they had up in court who tried to bluff the jury with 'sincere disinterested patriotism' stuff!

## SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE: by William Scott

### I — PRELIMINARY

HAT is 'Folk-lore'? To some minds it is almost identical with superstition; because it consists largely of the mysterious doings of the fantastic people of Fairyland. But what is superstition? To many persons it means a belief in Beings and powers that do not exist. Let this be granted, then there are two kinds of superstitionists—a positive and a negative, *i. e.*, those who believe that things and creatures have been created, and are sustained by numerous intelligent Beings, such as Gods, Angels, Demons, *et al.*, who exist only in the imaginations of the credulous; and those who believe that all things have been created, and are sustained by numerous unintelligent Powers and Abstractions or Negations, such as Motion, Gravitation, Evolution, Struggle-for-Existence, Survival-of-the-Fittest, etc., etc. These are all names for phenomena of Nature, but the name of an appearance is the name of a pure abstraction or negation, which has no existence of its own, apart from the agency which produces the phenomenon.

No observation can become possible without at least four factors—the agent, the medium, the action, and the observer. The agent, or actor, is always unseen; the visible body which it uses is the medium; the movement of the used medium is the action; and the one who sees the action is the observer. The action is a pure abstraction or negation, which has no existence, *per se*, apart from the agent and the medium. The terms Motion, Gravitation, Evolution, Struggle-for-Existence, Survival-of-the-Fittest, etc., are all names given to various kinds of action, and are therefore pure abstractions or negations, which have no actual

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- existence, hence it is absurd to consider them as creative causes. Even Force is the energy exerted by some entity or agent.

Yet it is the negative superstitionists who think they are the most positive, and pride themselves in thinking that they believe but little which they do not know to be true. But as a matter of fact, they believe just as many things which appear to other competent minds to be quite as absurd as the things believed in by the positive superstitionists. Indeed, we ordinary people know almost nothing, and we do not know anything fully. Our knowledge, even of the things that we are most intimate with, is only very slight. Nothing is detached, separate. All, even the tiniest atom, is a part of the whole, and contains all the essential elements of the Whole. No one, therefore, can know all about the tiniest atom until he knows all about the whole Universe; for no one can comprehend a part without knowing the whole.

Superstition would be more correctly defined as an *irrational belief*. This would include both the positive and the negative varieties. The person who can believe that the human eye, for example, to say nothing of the human soul, is the fortuitous result of the action and interaction of blind and unintelligent 'Abstractions and Negations' is certainly quite as irrational, if not more so, than the person who believes that the human eye, as well as the human soul, was designed and created by an omnipotent Being, although both may be wrong.

If those persons who think themselves free from superstitious beliefs, but believe in the Omnipotence of 'Abstractions and Negations,' would meditate upon it for a moment seriously, they would see that the human mind can create *nothing*. It may assemble existing things in a manner in which they were never assembled before, but they have then created nothing but the ensemble, which is not a thing but a name for a combination of things. If there is anyone who does not believe this, let him try to create something which he has never seen or heard of before. He may imagine a monster with a million feet, a thousand eyes, and a hundred wings; but this is only an assemblage of things already known to him. Or he may imagine all sorts of invisible beings, and endow them with all kinds of powers, but he will not be able to furnish or enrich them with powers, qualities, or faculties with which he is not already acquainted. Those who think that the 'ignorant, primitive savages' have the power to create new things, certainly endow them with powers which they do not themselves possess: and one of the strongest proofs of this is that the Folk-lore of the World differs locally only as it is colored by the varying peculiarities of the folks in different places who modify or elaborate it.

The essential elements of Folk-lore are everywhere the same, from

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Japan to Scandinavia; from Russia to India or the Cape of Good Hope, or from Canada to Cape Horn. Names differ, but the characters of the denizens of the Inner World differ in no greater degrees than the characters of the peoples who describe them. Andrew Lang — a high authority says:

“However much these nations may differ about trifles they all agree in liking fairy-tales.”

And he goes on to say that:

“In Homer's *Odyssey* you will find the witch who turns men into swine, and the man who bores out the big foolish giant's eye, and the cap of darkness, and the shoes of swiftness that were worn by Jack the Giant-Killer. These fairy tales are the oldest stories in the world, and they were first made by men who were child-like for their own amusement, so they amuse children still.”

We are not quite sure about this origin for all fairy-tales found in Folk-lore. Some of the silliest stories were doubtless first told by childish people, but we greatly suspect that the better sort were written, or told, by very wise men, who knew a great deal about human nature and the constant warfare that is being fought between the God and the Demon within the breast and brain of every human being who is trying to realize the highest in his own nature. Such a one has no difficulty in recognising the witches (gluttony and greed) that turn men into swine, and many other witches who turn men into many other kinds of animals. And when the battle reaches its greatest intensity, the fiercest and most terrible ‘dragons’ imaginable could not exceed the ferocity of the demons that have to be encountered. Nor could enchanted swords, nor caps of invisibility, nor shoes of swiftness, nor any other imaginable god-like powers, surpass the fighting qualities of the unconquerable Warrior within, who has to slay them. In this light the greatest feats of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* are perfectly true; exaggeration is impossible.

The principle factors in all Folk-lore are Fairies, Magicians, Witches, Goblins, Ghosts, etc. ‘Fairy’ usually is a generic term, which covers a multitude of fairyland species, of varied character and habits. In Scottish Folk-lore the principle characters are called Fairies, Littlefolk, or Goodpeople, who are not always good. These are general terms which include Brownies, Nymphs, Kelpies, Sirens, Mermen and Mermaids, *Doane Shee*, *Dracae*, Elves, Gnomes, Bogles, Goblins or Hobgoblins; and Bogies. Then there are the denizens of the graveyards and their environs, called Phantoms, Specters, Wraiths, Ghosts, etc. Besides these there are the Magicians, Witches, and the Men of the Second Sight, who are in a class by themselves; and not the least familiar, or interesting, are the Devil and his Imps.

It is to be regretted, however, that these interesting little people of Scottish Fairyland, as well as all the other characters, even including

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his Satanic Majesty himself, have to be spoken of in the past tense. They have all left the 'Land o' Cakes,' or, at least, they no longer frequent the haunts of men, or make their presence visible to the present generation of matter-of-fact materialists. But once upon a time, and that not so very long ago, they were a very populous brood, and were to be seen almost anywhere during their hours of mundane activity, which were generally between the hours of sunset and sunrise.

To do it justice, Scottish Folk-lore should be told in the tongue which gave it birth — the Scottish dialect, or the Highland Gaelic: but the latter is now understood by only a very few living persons, while the former in its purity, is scarcely intelligible to English-speaking people. The jargon that is usually given to the public, and called 'Scotch,' is but a mongrel lingo, which is neither Scotch nor English, but a discredit to both. Pure Scotch is now spoken by only a very few people in Scotland. The Scottish Text Society decided at their annual meeting, in 1908, that pure Scotch is spoken only in the district of Buchan, East Aberdeenshire, which has an area of less than five hundred square miles (see *The Weekly Scotsman*, July 18, 1908). And even in this small area it is only spoken by the lower classes, and there, as well as elsewhere, it is fast becoming anglicized; and, indeed, it is not strange. For several centuries there have been few illiterates in Scotland, and all educational instruction is imparted in pure English, and not only the aristocracy, but doctors, lawyers, preachers, school teachers, wealthy farmers, bank clerks, and even many of the store clerks in the cities, all talk English; and no Scotsman of any class would ever think of writing a letter in Scotch; and practically all printing is done in English. Both Scotch and Gaelic publications are quite rare. Even the poems of Burns are far from being pure Scotch. He never hesitated to use English words when such were more convenient for rime, rhythm, meter, or melody; and, to save explanatory notes, his editors of later editions have anglicized his poems still further.

Language is the most common and convenient medium for the conveyance of the aspirations, ideas, thoughts, and feelings of the soul; and for the transmission of these, by different peoples, one language is not as good as another. Every language derives its peculiarities of sound, color, and phrasal form from the angle of vision of the souls of the people who produced it. Therefore, not only the sounds of the words, but the construction of the phrases, and the accents of a language, give a deep insight into the character of the people who gave it birth and being. Indeed, there are few better means of acquiring a knowledge of universal human nature than a study of universal language. For these reasons all literature suffers deterioration by translation, but perhaps

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poetry and folk-lore suffer most of all; and, of course, Scottish Folk-lore is no exception; indeed, it is far other than an exception. In the Scottish phraseology there is couched a vast fund of subtle humor, which cannot be translated, and which is sometimes called 'unconscious'; but there is nothing unconscious about it. None appreciate it more than the Scots themselves. Although the Scots enjoy hilarious mirth, they prefer the quiet subtle humor which makes them grin inwardly. Their southern neighbors have said that the Scots cannot see a joke without a cranial operation, but Max O'Rell, who had a wide experience, said that it was just the other way around. He maintained that the Scots, especially in the North, seized the point of a joke more quickly than any people he had ever addressed. They never permitted him, he said, to finish his jokes. They always saw the point before he reached it, and overwhelmed him with applause. But in the southern half of the Island, he said, the applause came tardily after the last word of the joke had been uttered.

The principle secret of Carlyle's peculiar literary style is, that his English is couched in Scotch phraseologic form, and his phrases are surcharged with the same subtle humor, rhythm, and melody which characterize those of the Scottish dialect. One of his critics has said that "Carlyle wrote neither poetry nor history." To those who appreciate and understand him, he wrote both poetry and history of the highest order. The whole of his writings are prose-poems, full of rhythm and melody, and bubbling over with humor in every sentence. Those who cannot see these things in his writings, miss by far the better half of Carlyle. Some have thought that his style was an affectation; but it was perfectly natural. He merely put the words of his vast English vocabulary into the phraseologic forms of his mother tongue. One who knew them both, said that he had only known two literary men who spoke precisely as they wrote; and these were Carlyle and Goldwin Smith — the two greatest then living masters of the English language. Carlyle, in conversation, according to Froude, even in his stern denunciations of cant, sham, and hypocrisy, was always tenderly disposed, and there was a constant effervescence of subtle humor bubbling up from the kindly heart of the man; not the kind of humor that makes you laugh outwardly, but the kind that makes you grin with satisfaction inwardly.

Without his vocabulary and skill in phrase-craft, Scottish Folk-lore cannot be rendered in English without loss of pathos, poetry, and humor.

*(To be continued)*

## A CASCADE MOUNTAIN FOREST

By M. G. G.

THE silence there was like a power;  
No bird nor beast, no zephyr stirred:  
Through all the magic of the hour  
No faintest whisper might be heard.

The air was dank, and leaves were drenched  
With recent rains from western strands;  
Each drop was as a diamond clenched  
In dainty virgin-forest hands.

Huge fallen cedars, once the pride  
Of older forests' days and nights,  
Wrapt round with moss, but hale inside,  
Lay slumbering midst their dream delights.

And while they slept in stillness blest,  
Along their trunks in mosses bright,  
The mother hemlocks found a nest  
Wherefrom their babes might seek the light.

There lowland firs by limpid light,  
In grandeur, and in lofty grace,  
In calm, and measured peace, and might,  
And silent beauty, blessed the place.

Ranged midway 'twixt the white-barked pines  
And where the sombre cedars grow,  
Stood noble firs in pillared lines  
To rampart back the mountain snow.

All silent dreamed the lovely firs,  
Shielded by woods of white-barked pine,  
Taking the first free breath that stirs  
From snow-clad peaks beyond the line.

Oh! heirlooms of a Golden Time,  
By what enchantment were ye planned  
To rim your crystal lakes sublime,  
The sentinels of fairyland?

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## SOME COMMON ERRORS IN NATURAL HISTORY: by Percy Leonard

"Regard earnestly all the life that surrounds you."— *Light On The Path*

"If thou wilt know the invisible, open thine eye wide on the visible."— *The Talmud*

**T**HE slimy serpent that leaves its trail wherever it goes, is one of those fictions of the orator and the novelist which still persists in face of the fact that a snake's skin is just as clean to handle as a glass rod. The track of a snake across a dusty road is simply a sinuous line where the dust has been pressed smooth and level. People are very reluctant to give up their belief that snakes climb trees by winding themselves spirally around the trunks; but this they never do. They ascend trees precisely as they crawl on level ground, using their belly scales to take advantage of the roughnesses in the bark. When the tree has no low branches and is perpendicular, they cannot climb it at all. They are often found intertwined among the branches of shrubs and vines, the very situations most favorable for birds nesting, which forms their main inducement for climbing.

There are many otherwise well-informed people who imagine that a slug is a snail which has left its shell at home; but a snail can no more walk abroad without his shell than an oyster or a tortoise. A slug is not a snail without a shell, but a near relation of the snail, and its shell is so small and so well concealed within the body that it is quite useless as a protection.

Eels are supposed by some to be water-snakes; but they are true fish and breathe by gills. They also possess scales invisible to the naked eye. There are genuine sea-serpents; but they are chiefly found in the Indian Ocean and the island region of the Tropical Pacific. They are brilliantly colored, 'blue, glossy green, and velvet black' and often ringed with strikingly contrasted hues. Their bodies are adapted for aquatic life by being laterally compressed and their tails are flattened like paddles. The description by Coleridge of their grace and beauty in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is said to be of remarkable fidelity to nature.

The popular belief as to birds living in nests still flourishes as strongly as ever. Birds do not live in nests: they just 'potter around' at large during the day and roost among the branches at night. Their nests are simply temporary cradles and are only used for rearing their young, being abandoned as soon as the fledglings are able to fly. This sweeping statement needs to be qualified, however, by the admission that the jenny-wren of England builds several nests in the spring and in cold winters uses them as shelters.

'Dewfall' is another expression which implies a very mistaken no-

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tion as to the origin of dew. Dew does not fall: it is deposited from the surrounding air on any object cool enough to condense its water-vapor into the liquid form. When a glass of iced water is seen to be beaded over with water-drops, it is simply an instance of artificially produced dew. The moisture certainly does not 'sweat' through the glass as many people seem to imagine.

Small flies are often believed to be *young* flies just as small pigs are undoubtedly young pigs. This is a gross popular error, widely spread. We must not suppose that a mosquito is a baby fly, a house-fly a budding youth, and the burly blue-bottle the perfect insect. As soon as the fly emerges from his chrysalis with wings and three pairs of legs, he never adds a millimeter to his stature. Some kinds of flies are large and others exceedingly minute; but once the perfect state is reached no further growth is possible.


Fish are often thought to be great drinkers from their observed habits; but though a fish does certainly draw great quantities of water into its mouth, it does it merely with the intention of passing it out again under its gill covers after extracting its contained oxygen. River fish habitually lie with their heads upstream for this reason. It is really no disparagement to be accused of 'drinking like a fish' because it implies no more than that you are a strict teetotaler and drink small quantities of cold water with your meals according to your needs.

Then, again, everything that comes out of the sea is supposed to be fish; whales, lobsters, oysters, and medusae or jellyfish included. Of course the fish proper has a bony skeleton, breathes by gills, and is covered with scales: whereas the whale is a warm-blooded mammal which feeds its young with milk; the oyster is a mollusc like the garden snail; the lobster is a crustacean with neither scales nor bones; and the medusa is one of the lowly group of boneless *Coelentera* whose whole body cavity consists of stomach.

It is refreshing to note, however, that 'the many-headed multitude' is sometimes right. Snakes *do* fascinate their victims in spite of the learned herpetologists who set down this belief as a vulgar superstition. The writer has interviewed many intelligent observers who have witnessed this weird phenomenon at Point Loma, and their independent accounts agree with a remarkable consistency.

A short examination paper would probably reveal that many well educated people never use their powers of observation upon their surroundings, and are perfectly contented to accept the current statements about Natural History without any question as to their authenticity.

## FUNCTION OF INTUITION IN DISCOVERY: by T.

HE following is surely a most remarkable fact. If we take some simple folk-melody, of unquestioned beauty, deathless, full of unfathomable meaning, and analyse its structure, we find it to be a very simple arrangement of a few notes, an octave or only half an octave, in a very simple rhythm. Yet no man on earth can sit down and make another arrangement of notes that shall begin to compare with it — let him try till Doomsday. But at any time some obscure person may get an inspiration and write down another such melody, and this will be found to be as simple an arrangement of notes as the other.

A principle underlies this mystery, a principle applicable to other cases than the one we have chosen for illustration — applicable to discoveries in science, mathematics, what not? It must mean that the perfectly obvious lies ever just beyond our reach, all unsuspected and unattained, awaiting the arrival of some moment when it can be revealed. It means that intuition is the first faculty in discovery and creation, the other faculties being a long way behind. If a man who cannot draw should sit down with a pencil and draw faces on paper until he *chanced* to make a madonna, how long would he have to try? The same with the would-be composer of an undying melody; the possible combinations being virtually infinite, the process of hitting on the right one by chance is hopeless. And as to any *method*, that is even more futile.

It has often been alleged that science learns by observing a large number of facts and arriving at the truth from them by a machine known as the inductive method. De Morgan, the mathematician, asks whether the purpose of collected facts is not rather to be used as means for verifying theories previously formed in the mind. The history of scientific discovery, he says, indicates this. Certainly a stink-bug could make no use of a large collection of scientific facts; and the fact that he is able to use the very few he does collect is due to his having in his stupid horny head a pre-formed notion as to what he intends to do with them — that is, digest them. So every explorer must have an idea of some kind in his mind. And truly explorers and inventors are people with a keen scent who are after something. They pay little attention to other matters, which they do not want, which may come in their way; they brush them aside as irrelevant and seize only those they need.

## ASTRAEA REDUX: by T. Henry, M. A.

**I**T is said that, during the Golden Age, Astraea, the Goddess of Justice, lived upon earth; but that, during the Brazen and Iron Ages, the wickedness of mankind drove her to heaven. All the Gods had deserted the earth, and she was the last to go; and with her also went her sister Chastity. Astraea was placed among the constellations of the zodiac under the name of Virgo; she is represented as a Goddess of stern but majestic mien, holding in one hand a sword, and in the other a balance. But it was prophesied that the Golden Age should eventually return, and with it Astraea and the other Deities.

If we try to interpret this allegory with reference only to the Greeks, we shall miss its importance. The Greeks did not invent it; they adopted it and adapted it to their own theogony. Doubtless there is some truth in the theories of those who say that it refers to the origin of the Hellenes; but, if so, this is but a fragment of the truth. Wherever we find the Zodiac — in Egypt and India, for example — we find the same allegory in reference to the sign Virgo (*Kanyâ* in the Hindû zodiac). And the Romans had it in their Venus-Lucifer, the star that brings light to earth. In the Hebrew-Christian Bible we may recognise the same allegory in the story of the Fall of man, the Garden corresponding to the Golden Age, and the Fall being accompanied by the same prophecy of a return to Paradise. And it would be only a matter of searching the books to be able to parallel the story from a multitude of sources.

Myths have seven keys, and cannot be fully interpreted unless all the keys are turned, as H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*. She also points out that myths are at once allegorical and historical; and this is rendered possible by the fact that history itself is but one among many manifestations of the same universal laws of evolution. History unfolds itself therefore in accordance with principles which are manifested in other realms. A myth can not only be applied to history, but it may be interpreted as an allegory of human life. It may be applied to the elucidation of astronomical mysteries connected with those cyclic motions that herald the beginnings and endings of great periods of time. And there are still other applications which the student will discover for himself.

H. P. Blavatsky says that the return of the Golden Age signifies the dawn of a new Root-Race. Hence the bygone Golden Age must refer to the beginning of the existing Root-Race. This epoch is often considered as the beginning of terrestrial time — the creation of the world — and correspondingly the end of the Root-Race is regarded as the end of the world. But the ancient teachings held by Theosophy look further than

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this. They take a view of human history commensurate with geological history; and, just as the latter is divided into vast periods, marked off from each other by great breaks in the continuity of the sedimentary strata, so is human history divided into vast periods, marked off from each other by cataclysms whose records have been handed down in the stories of floods and conflagrations. The death of one cycle is the birth of another.

What is important for us to consider is that humanity has lost a great deal which it once had and will have again; for this gives us a more encouraging idea of the possibilities of human nature. The man of today is but a dwarfed image of what he might be. He has descended more intimately into matter, and has thereby gained material powers and lost spiritual ones. How does man come to fall thus? It is a consequence of his gift of free-will, which he abuses; but when, through painful experience, he has learned how to use it, it becomes his savior.

As to our individual duty — let us bear in mind that we need not, as individuals, wait for the whole race to run its course. The great mass of the race will naturally lag far behind the smaller body of more thoughtful individuals; and by furthering our own evolution we shall be furthering that of our race. Each individual is a little world; and from that little world also have the gods retired, but bearing with them the hope of return. To worship a god or goddess may mean for the superstitious and uninstructed simply the performance of rites before a shrine; but he who understands knows that it means cultivating those eternal virtues and verities for which the gods and goddesses stand. Thus he who resolves to be just in all his thoughts and dealings, invokes and worships the goddess of justice; and the latent powers of his Soul spring to renewed life within him. Thus is his worship recompensed with a blessing. Have we not banished the gods from our individual worlds and placed them afar in the firmament of our pious fancy, whence their enfeebled rays avail not to light our nocturnal way? Let us bring them down to dwell with us, that so we may brighten, not alone our own lives, but the lives of those who may look to us for help.

We know that what is said about the Golden Age and its return is true, because we feel that we have lost something. This means that we have not utterly lost it; for in that case we should not be aware of the loss, should not regret it nor aspire to repair it. What mean our aspirations after the beautiful, which we try to realize through various forms of art and in poetry and music? What mean our yearnings for peace and harmony, if not that we are capable of feeling inwardly things that we cannot express outwardly? We feel the rudiments of lost faculties, which we must once have had, and aspire to have again. And so apt is

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the ancient symbolism that poets are obliged to use it still and to speak of the gods as though they were still pagans.

But it is vain to invite the deities back to desecrated shrines or to expect them to forsake their heavenly abode for a sordid earth that respects them not and would probably sacrifice them as victims on their own altars. We must prepare for them, make them welcome, rededicate the shrines and rebuild the temples. We must banish the infernal gods that we now worship — the gods of gain and material domination — whose reign is a reign of injustice, and whose realm is a realm of ugliness.

By cultivating harmony in our own lives we can bring back from our own inner nature the divine powers which have been banished and the same can be done on the large scale if men will dwell together in harmony. It will not be so difficult, once let people regard it as a possibility; the difficulty arises from men having been taught to underestimate the possibilities of human nature. The dissatisfaction and often disgust which we feel with life proves that we are dimly conscious of a better state with which we contrast our present life. We often use the expression, "In *this* world," as though there were another world. We could not feel this contrast if this life were the only one. We are living two lives at once — the inner life of the Soul, and the outer life of the senses and thoughts; but the former is a dim vision and the latter solid and tangible. Yet it lies in our power to bring more and more of the inner life into evidence to illumine and charm the outer. But we must be loyal to duty, honor, truth, justice, mercy, and the other attributes of divinity.

Theosophy is a synthesis of scattered fragments of truth. There have been philosophers who taught virtue for virtue's sake (the Stoics), and others who, like the New Platonists, taught the possibility of attaining to divine vision or ecstasy. In Theosophy the various streams of thought unite into a single river, and it appeals to all sides of man's nature. Its moral and ethical teachings, which are of the broadest and most lofty, are based on a profound philosophy; and its interpretation of the facts of life does not contradict, but confirms, the innate sense of right. There is thus no opposition between the religious and the intellectual aspect of Theosophy, as is so often the case elsewhere; but, on the contrary, these two aspects support each other. It is characteristic of the Iron Age that there should be conflict between religion and science, between interest and duty; therefore a return of the ideals of the Golden Age will be marked by the cessation of this conflict between false antitheses.

## ODD EXPERIENCE OF AN ATOM: by Electron

**P**ROBABLY it was a dream. Yet somehow it seemed like a real experience. Doubtless one had been reading a recent address at Philadelphia, which may have "set the currents," so to say. The electric lamp shone steadily, the hour was late, and no sound fell but a distant murmur from the rocky coast-line. All at once the room began to expand, the walls melted away, sky and clouds grew nearer, disappeared, and finally nothing remained but boundless space and limitless time. By some swift change it then seemed I had become identified with a particular atom in the brain of a certain modern composer — only that I seemed simultaneously to be looking on subconsciously at myself.

At first it was bewildering, because I had so many different things to attend to in one instant — or to put it in another way, so many different vibratory movements to do in that instant — that nothing but a supernatural time-gift could have enabled one to analyse them. Some polarized light from the Moon had to be passed on, as well as several assortments of invisible rays from the Sun and Venus. Then the attractive and repulsive forces of the Earth had to be attended to, along with those of seven planets, a host of satellites, and about a hundred million different stars — all in one instant. By an instant, of course one means a time-interval of about the  $10^{-30}$ th part of a second, or about the nonillionth part of a second.

These responsibilities, immense though they were, made but the tiniest part of the work in hand during that instant. A magnetic storm was occurring, and that had to be attended to. Then my owner had a slight indigestion which further complicated the instantaneous movement. At the same instant an original theme for a four-part fugue was impressed, causing curious tremors; and yet it was simultaneous with the recollection of a particular passage in *Tristan and Isolde*. I happened to be in the direct line at that same instant with a wireless message regarding the movements of some warships, and of another cross one from a coasting steamer, and these vibrations had to be passed on — all at the same instant, along with the effects produced by a distant phonograph and a fire-engine rushing down an adjacent street. With all these on hand, there was the growing consciousness of my temporary owner that it was time to retire, the impressions due to a bunch of flowers on the table and the failure of the oil supply in the heater. In the same instant the transcription of the thematic idea had to be thought of, and a distinct impression from a dying relative three thousand miles off recorded.

But these were but a small part of my worries in that crowded instant. I had to try to persuade myself that I was not really conscious of anything,

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that there were no such things as operatic dramas, or literary-musical themes, or psychic impressions, or conscious transcriptions of ideas. Yet had that been all, I might have felt comparatively peaceful, even though my instantaneous movements had already reached centillions per second, owing of course to the incommensurable cross-motion-curve-periods of my various duties.

The real trouble, I realized, was the frantic effort made not only to eliminate the idea that I was conscious of anything (or even alive, in any officially-recognised scientific sense), but to frame things up so that some at least of the centillions of my movements would present a colorable imitation of the latest electro-magnetic theories. But it was too much. I raised my exponent to the myrillionth, exploded — and awoke.

## THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE: by R. Machell

(AN ALLEGORY)

### CHAPTER I

 HE village was quiet, not to say dull. Life seemed to be a very long and tiresome imprisonment to the boy, whose soul was stirred with vast ambitions, vague longings, and vain aspirations. His father was moderately wealthy for a villager, one of an ancient race of cultivators and owners of the land. His heart was bound up in his farm and his homestead; while his highest ambition apparently was to be chief magistrate in the valley, where all the occupiers of farms were, like himself, owners and cultivators by heredity. But the boy seemed to have an heredity of his own, if one might say so. The land did not interest him in the way it appealed to the other young men of the village: it was to him a fact, just as the air and the sky were; but his heart was hungry for something else. Facts seemed to him like raw potatoes, for which he had no relish. He wanted Life, writ large. The world itself seemed to his wild fancy but a small matter in comparison with the vastness of his longing; while the valley, and the village, and the farm were scarcely as much as a door-mat at the side door of the porter's lodge, who keeps the gate of the prison-house of earthly existence. He would be free; not with the poor freedom of the birds, that to his observant mind seemed no freedom at all, for he saw how regularly they repeat their annual migrations, and he guessed they were bound by the laws of their tribe as tightly as were the neighbors, who called themselves freemen.

These neighbors were proud of their freedom, and in their own eyes were

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lords of the soil: but to Cantric they seemed no better than slaves of the land, servants of nature, ministering to the needs of the beasts they pretended to own, and blind to the glory of heaven and the joy of Life. He would be a Lord of Life, writ very large. But as yet he was but a boy, and his father was a man of stern and unbending will, who had a great faith in the virtue of severity, and whose masterful nature weighed heavily on the boy with the soul of an artist and the imagination of a young god.

His contempt for the life of the village and the valley was shared by some of his companions, and was affected by others, who did not share it, but thought it manly to take up the attitude of superiority, which seemed to them in their ignorance to be conferred on those who spoke contemptuously of their elders. The elders smiled and let it pass. But Cantric knew no affectation, he was intensely earnest in all that he thought or said, and he was absolutely convinced of the greatness of his destiny.

This enthusiasm was of course infectious: his comrades caught the malady of unrest from him, and though they had no internal fire of real enthusiasm to light their path, they sat in the glow of his divine flame, and fed the fire of his ambition with the fuel of their adulation, taking their share of warmth from the blaze, as the price of their contribution to the mental vortex thus created.

Gradually the boy became known as a malcontent; and, as he grew up, his father found little help or comfort from the presence of his son upon the farm; so that, when at last the youth declared his intention of going out to see Life and to make a name for himself, the old man took comfort for the loss of his natural heir in the thought of the peace he would gain in his home when this discontented boy was gone to learn the bitter lessons he so much needed.

Cantric did not go alone, nor empty-handed. His father gave him what he could spare of money; and spared him the infliction of any words of warning or advice. He was wise enough to know that his warnings would not be heeded now, and would return to the boy as reproaches, when their lesson was borne in upon him by experience in after years.

His companions were three of the most ardent worshipers at the shrine of their friend's enthusiasm. Each one had a special mission in life, which he had chosen as most suitable to his particular genius. Cantric chose nothing. He was driven by a force that left him no choice. He felt the urge of his passion, and obeyed its impulse as if it were all divine. Some of it might be; or it might have been the reaction from a flash of the true divine fire that smolders deep down in the human heart unknown, and mostly unsuspected.

Singing songs of triumph composed by Cantric, reveling in their free-

## THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE

dom, and exulting in their youth, they passed the mountains, leaving without regret behind them the home of their forefathers. The journey was long to the Imperial City, which was their destination; no lesser town or city would satisfy the demands of their imagination: not that Cantric regarded even the Imperial City as the goal of his ambition. Magic realms of glory unimaginable called him on. Cities were to him but stepping-stones, by which to cross the tide of life, that lay between the earth he trod and the celestial regions of his dreams.

They all dreamed wondrous dreams of future greatness as they journeyed toward the vortex that attracted them, borne by a current that they could not comprehend, like leaves upon a stream. Yet each one gloried in the freedom of his choice, and thought the force that swept them on was his own strength of will. How could they dream the power of that current was the measure of their weakness?

So they came to the city in which the viceroy held his court, and, though they affected scorn for anything less than the Imperial City, they yet decided to take lodging here and rest awhile before crossing the great desert that lay beyond the city walls.

This city was indeed no mean substitute for the one they had set out to reach. It was famous for its wealth and luxury, and some said the magnificence of the viceregal court was considered little less than a menace to the reputation of the Imperial Court itself.

The City appealed to each of the youths in a different way, and it was not long before they parted company. Cantric's companions found friends who flattered them and were ready to show them the mysteries of city life, as soon as they discovered that the newcomers were well provided with funds. But the poet repelled all advances of this kind, and went his way, fascinated, perplexed, astonished, repelled, and attracted, by turns.

The Soul of the City held him against his will. He made no friends, nor did he plunge into the follies that attracted his former companions. He wandered about the streets, the bazaars, the gardens, breathing the strange atmosphere of a crowded city, which has a potency of its own. He felt it, and did not understand it. In the mountains the air was alive with visions and dreams, with song and mystery; it was wildly exhilarating. The atmosphere of the city throbbed with an energy of quite another kind, no less intense, nor less intoxicating; but more human, more passionately strenuous. It seemed to hold potentialities of infinite pathos and emotion, of utter soulless cruelty, indifference, and selfishness, together with a binding force of nearness, of community, of human solidarity. It seemed as if his mind was saturated in an ocean of humanity, that teemed with thoughts and fancies, passions, tragedies, and all the endless range of man's unsatisfied imaginings, and aspirations.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

In the mountains song rose in his soul and rushed spontaneously to his lips; but in the streets the song surged in the caverns of his heart, like the sea on a rocky coast, roaring and moaning as it boils among the boulders, and echoes in the caves mysteriously.

Calmly he stood and watched the passing throng, but in his heart there reigned the wildest tumult, and no song rose to his lips to ease the chaos of his mind.

He suffered intensely, and in his effort to find some foothold for his mind, dizzy with the turmoil of his feelings, he became acutely conscious of his solitude.

This terrible sense of loneliness seemed to force from his aching heart a cry, a call for sympathy or companionship, for light in the darkness, for a voice in the deep silence of the tomb in which he lay, even as he stood there in the crowded public garden by the brink of a fountain. No sound escaped his lips, but the cry was heard in the silence. A litter halted by the fountain, the curtains parted, a servant approached and bowed to the occupant.

Cantric looked up and met the eyes of one who seemed to have come from some other world, and who was yet so intimately familiar to his heart, that he almost felt as if he had suddenly encountered his own image reflected in a celestial mirror, etherealized, spiritualized, beatified, but a part of himself, even as a man thinks of his own soul, when he imagines it as other than his very self. So gazed Cantric at that radiant vision of superhuman beauty, and recognised in this unknown princess the one from whom he was entitled to claim recognition and sympathy, by right of ancient bonds, as old as life itself. He felt in a flash as if she had been his good angel in other worlds, his companion in former lives; more than this, she was a part of himself. He was no longer alone.

The litter was gone, and the crowd closed in upon the space where it had stood. Other litters passed, and by the time Cantric had disengaged himself from the press of people he was in doubt which was the one he was trying to follow.

His eagerness was something too obvious and attracted the notice of the servants that followed or accompanied the litters of great ladies. He was unconscious of rudeness, for he felt that he was but seeking his own companion, from whom he had been parted by chance. But his dress and the lute he carried betrayed him, while it also made his search quite intelligible to the servants, who were generally rather pleased to see their ladies admired and followed by young poets or gallants of any kind; for such admiration meant fees for them. One of these seemed to Cantric to recognise him and give him a sign. He took note of the litter, but alas, nothing remained in his memory but the glory of that transcendent beauty.

## THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE

Too dazed by the suddenness of recognition to notice externals, ever more keenly conscious of his own emotions than of the objects that stirred them, he was utterly unable to recall any distinctive color or form by which to recognise the litter; and even the features of his princess were entirely undefined in his mind, which whirled in the ecstasy of new emotions.

He followed discreetly, and saw the litter pass under an arched gateway, whose portals closed promptly upon the escort. The windows of the house were high up, and were closed against the heat of the sun. This part of the city was not altogether unknown to the young poet. The houses bordered the lake, separated from the water by gardens of various sizes and kinds, which generally ended in walls rising sheer from the water, with either a flight of stone steps and a small landing-stage, or else a water-gate giving access to the garden or to a boat-house inside the garden.

Cantric took careful note of the position of the house as he followed the street leading to a public landing-stage, where he hired a boat and explored the water-front. But it was no easy matter to be sure which garden belonged to any particular house, as some houses had no gardens, while others had extensive grounds, bordered by terraces and summer-houses, small towers for giving a better point of view, or groves of trees that might or might not define a boundary. The young man was in despair, and went home to dream, and to write down the songs that sprang to his mind as spontaneously as they had done in the mountains.

But when evening came he took his lute and again sought the same old boatman, who was well pleased to find a fare who was not in a hurry to get anywhere, but who was content to drift lazily with the light breeze along the garden front, which at certain times of the evening was a favorite resort for boats of every conceivable size, shape, color, and capacity, from the skiff, such as he occupied, to the luxurious barge with its awnings and boatmen in gorgeous liveries, and musicians still more brilliantly attired. Some had awnings discreetly veiled, or curtained with rich draperies, others were open; there was song and laughter everywhere at such times. But it was still early when Cantric appeared on the scene and directed his old boatman to cruise along the garden front. This suited the old man to perfection; to be paid for sitting still and listening to the songs of a love-inspired poet was about as much as he knew how to ask for from Fate.

The singer searched the boats that passed, but saw no sign, nor did he know what sign to expect. Yet he was confident. His whole being was in suspense calling for his heart's companion, and he knew he would not call in vain.

Yet no answer came. His serenade passed unheeded. There were

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other singers and more pretentious, but he knew that his song would be heard, and known when heard by her, for whose heart alone it was intended.

The daylight died, and the gardens were full of lamps; every boat was lit by one or more lanterns, and figures appeared upon the terraces. Cantric searched in vain for a sign. At last he told the boatman to return to the public landing-stage, and the old man slowly complied. Boats of all kinds passed; sometimes greetings were exchanged, a flower was thrown or a handkerchief waved, songs rose and died or broke off in laughter, but Cantric sat silent gazing at the lanterns in the gardens overhead, for the boat was passing close to the wall. Once more he touched the lute. The old man rested on his oars, and a 'Good Night' was breathed melodiously on the air to a strange wild rhythm more suited to the turmoil in his heart than to the calm of the evening. A red rose fell at his feet, and he watched it as it lay; something shone beside the flower, and he stooped to pick it up. The stalk of the rose was encircled with a tiny gold band twisted round, as if it had been torn from the fringe of a dress and hastily fastened there to show the rose was no mere wind-fall. His song was answered.

He looked up at the terrace above him, but no hand waved or beckoned to him, only a great rose-bush overhung the parapet, and the light of the passing lanterns shone on a mass of deep crimson blossoms like the one in his hand. The old man smiled and waited. There was no landing-stage but a water-gate yawned expectantly near by.

At that moment a darkly-draped boat passed the skiff and a perfume of roses recalled the incident of the morning. Strange it seemed that at the time he had not noticed it, but now this delicate perfume seemed interwoven with his emotion and closely associated with the fountain and the sunlight. He put the red rose to his lips, but its scent was different, or his imagination made it so.

The dark boat entered the open archway and the water-gate closed behind it as Cantric stood up with the red rose pressed to his lips.

Was it fancy? or did he really hear a soft laugh like the cooing of a dove?

There was laughter enough around, and roses and music; and none but a poet or a lover could pretend to distinguish so faint an echo of a voice: but Cantric was both, and all his nerves were tense with emotion. How could he be deceived?

The boatman knew his business and rowed to the landing-stage, receiving his fee as the first instalment of a series that experience had taught him to anticipate: lovers were generally profitable customers.

## THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE

### CHAPTER II

That night the perfume of roses haunted the poet's sleep, and he dreamed that he stood by a marvelous rose-bush covered with creamy white roses; but when he plucked one it changed to deep crimson; a little golden snake uncoiled itself from the stem of the rose, and wrapped its folds so tightly round his finger that the pain shot up his arm to his breast, so that it seemed as if the snake had fastened its fangs in his heart, causing such an ache that it awoke him. In a porcelain cup the red rose stood beside the bed, and the little gold band was still around the stem.

Impatient for the day, he rose and lit an oil lamp. By this light he worked at a song with which he intended to salute his princess at dawn.

He had ascertained that the house with the big arched entrance was the family mansion of the viceroy: not the official residence, but his own domestic establishment. Cantric had learned also that the princess Mirarh was visiting the viceroy, who was a relative. She was reputed to be learned in the secret sciences and a person of austere life, though still young. It was said that the viceroy was very much afraid of her, for she had no sympathy with his weaknesses, which were numerous. Moreover it was whispered that she had great influence with her uncle the Emperor, who was a great warrior and a despotic ruler.

When Cantric heard all this he smiled triumphantly, not a whit abashed at his own presumption. He lived in such a state of poetic intoxication that the greatest dignities of earth seemed poor in comparison with the majesty of his own soul in its glory.

He thought of the awe with which his informant had given the story of the viceroy's visitor; he looked at the red rose, and smiled. Then he took his lute and sauntered down the deserted street to the wharf where the boats lay. His boatman was on the watch, knowing the habits of lovers and poets, and took it for granted that he was already engaged for a morning's sail along the garden front. He would have felt easier if the young poet had chosen any other house than the one in question for his serenades and morning salutations; for the viceroy's guards were beyond the authority of the law, and if they took offense at the poet's attentions, it would fare badly with the poor old boatman. But the morality of the city under the authority of its pleasure-loving ruler was extremely lax, and courtship of the most open kind was quite fashionable in good society. So Bendorah pocketed his fees and hoped for the best.

Soon the song arose as herald of the dawn. It was a passionate invocation to the source of life; there was in the melody something of authority and command, which made it different from the popular style

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of such compositions: indeed there was more of inspiration than of composition in it. It came from a heart burning with the fire the poets call divine, and was free from conventional forms and scholastic formulae. It breathed the rich fragrance of the crimson rose. It caught the golden glory of the morn, and wove the sunbeam like a thread of gold into the fabric of the song. The light breeze fell when the sun rose over the mountains, and the sail hung helpless, flapping against the mast as the boat rocked to the ripples that still stirred the surface of the lake, as a smile lingers on the lips of a dreamer when the dream is past.

Nor was the song unheard: a white arm rose above the parapet beside the rose-bush, plucked a blossom and held it for a moment visible to the singer on the lake, then vanished. The sun soared swiftly to the heights he loves, and the wind rose again, calling the sail to life, and shaking petals from the crimson rose-bush on the blue surface of the lake.

Prince Fuchuli, the viceroy, heard the song. He was a man of taste as well as culture. Song was a passion with him, and singers found a right royal welcome at his court, if they could please the fastidious potentate. His taste was tropical; though his intellectual culture made him an appreciator of the classical in song as well as in literature. He was indeed respected as a critic of nice discrimination in questions of style; though his true sympathies were with the passionate poets, who could defy all laws and override all rules in the exuberance of their enthusiasm. But woe to the pretender, who in his pride or ignorance should mistake his vanity for genius of this order, and who should venture to violate traditional forms, without the power to carry the critic into a realm where tradition cannot enter. The Prince heard and was interested. He struck his gong, and bade the servant find out the name of the singer: for he was a great entertainer, and loved to present some newly-discovered poet to his guests, who in their turn were delighted to be told by so great an authority what it was safe for them to admire.

Cantric had seen the gathering of the rose, and his heart stood still. The boat had passed the garden, which was now sacred in his eyes, and the boatman thought his trip ended; but the poet signed to him to make for the open lake, where islands rich with trees and flowers, with temples and pleasure-houses, abounded. The lute was silent, and the singer sat gazing back at the red rose-bush and the dark water-gate. Suddenly his eye lighted as he saw the gates open and a richly-decorated and draped galley sweep out.

Bendorah saw the boat and needed no hint from the young poet as to the course he should steer. The four-oared galley soon passed the skiff; the helmsman in the livery of the viceroy hailed the old boatman and took a good look at his passenger, whose eyes sought to penetrate

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the purple hangings that so impenetrably veiled the tented cabin.

As he gazed, and as the skiff fell behind, a small white hand passed the curtains and rested on the rail: a red rose glowed there for a moment and was again withdrawn. Cantric saw and was content; his heart was like the risen sun in the pure heaven; the passionate glory of the dawn was past, but the fire of life burned more intensely in the cloudless light of day. He was content. Bendorah saw and smiled beneath his beard. He too was satisfied.

The galley swept beneath the overhanging branches of a great oak and made fast to a landing-stage, where other boats already lay moored. The skiff followed; but when the poet sprang ashore the galley was already deserted of all but the helmsman.

Cantric went swiftly forward following the path that led up to a pavilion set in a garden with many shady paths and half-hidden summer-houses; there were fountains and terraces with more paths and pavilions beyond. Attendants were running here and there bearing trays with covers, and guests were arriving from various directions. Evidently this was a fashionable resort.

Bewildered, he paused at the head of a flight of marble steps, uncertain which way to turn. There were pavilions at either end of the terrace. The right-hand path was bordered with white lilies, and the columns of the pavilion were wreathed with climbing white roses, but there was no sign of life within. To the left was a gorgeous display of color, and a deep red rose blossomed abundantly as it hung from the low porch of the quaint building, from which a servant issued bearing an empty tray. Cantric could feel the fragrance of the roses; the blood surged to his temples as he turned and followed the luxuriantly bordered path. The entrance was veiled by a gauze-like curtain of fine bamboo and beads, that rustled and glittered in the light filtering through the overhanging branches of a great cedar-tree. No guard stood at the doorway, and the light screen of shimmering threads invited rather than repelled intrusion. Brusquely he thrust aside the flimsy hanging, and stood within. The light was soft and the air full of perfume; a soft musical laugh came from the cushioned divan, where a white hand sparkling with jewels held a red rose to the lips of a half-veiled vision of beauty.

Cantric saw the rose and the eyes that gleamed above it, while the soft cooing laughter seemed to caress him like the delicate touch of a hand upon his flowing hair. He threw himself on his knees before the divan and kissed the hem of her robe.

She drew herself up upon the cushions and warned him back with a gesture that was no reproof.

"So you have found your way here?" she murmured contentedly.

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"As the eagle seeks the sun," he answered, proudly exultant.

"Soar you so high?"

"Higher," he murmured. "I seek a star in heaven."

"And where is heaven?"

"Here! at your feet, my Queen. Heaven has no stars as powerful to lure my soul from earth as those that shine upon me now."

"Nay, but I am no queen."

"No queen of earth could kindle such a fire in my heart; my tongue betrayed my mind; not Queen, but Goddess, veiled in human form, in pity for the feebleness of mortal eyes that cannot gaze upon divinity."

The soft laugh answered almost scornfully. "Nay, I am mortal. Sing to me while I satisfy the needs of my mortality."

So saying, she signed him to a low seat at a little distance from the couch, and took fruit from the delicate dishes on the stool that served for table; eating more eagerly than was becoming to a celestial being. This was no doubt a mere disguise assumed to hide the indifference that should characterize a goddess: but it must be confessed the disguise was well assumed.

The poet sang a rhapsody that soared to the empyrean, and which if the truth must be told, left the goddess quite untouched. Her breakfast interested her, and the figure of the poet pleased her eyes as his voice charmed her ear, but the song wearied her.

Gradually the fire of his inspiration sunk and the song ceased. He felt that he had failed.

The goddess struck a little gong and told the attendant to pour out wine for the singer.

Cantric drank and took his lute again. The wine awoke a fire that was more earthly, and he sang of love.

The goddess listened, clasped her hands between her knees and beamed towards the singer fixing her luminous eyes upon him, till he felt as if he was absorbed into a vortex of poetic ecstasy, from which unconsciously the song poured forth impetuous as a fountain in the sunlight.

"That is well," she said. "I like your song. Tell me your name."

"Cantric," he answered.

"Tonight the viceroy entertains a noble company, and there will be music in the garden. Now if you wish to please me you will come to the door that opens on the lake in the small tower east of the water-gate, by the red rose-bush that overhangs the parapet. Be there an hour after the sun has set. Here is a key that will admit you; if questioned by the guard, show them the key and say Surati gave it you. You shall sing tonight before the noblest in the land. Go now, and, if you wish to please me, do as I have said. Your star is rising; follow it!"

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She held the rose out to him. He took it reverently and kissed it: whereat she laughed contentedly.

He found Bendorah waiting, as if he had not stirred from his boat, though in fact he too had tasted wine, at the charge of the helmsman on the viceroy's galley. This man seemed interested in the young poet, and tried to get some information from the old man. But Bendorah had learned two things: one was to hear as much as possible, and the other was to tell as little as necessary. He knew that a man's head would have a chance to stay longer on his shoulders if his tongue did not wag too freely, and he had learned that men pay more for information they desire, than for that which they actually receive. So he cultivated an appearance of indifference, and a convenient deafness, together with a certain reticence that served to veil any real ignorance of facts which the inquirer might wish to discover. In this way he got the reputation of knowing all the gossip of the city and of being most discreet in his silence. In this instance he had been particularly reticent, for the excellent reason that he had nothing to tell: but he thought it would be well to supply this deficiency and so made conversation on the return trip. But his fishing was barren of results: Cantric was in no mood to talk, and Bendorah feared to lose a promising patron by any indiscretion. He agreed to be in waiting at the hour the poet named; and decided to follow the young man to his lodging in order to learn what might be gathered of his condition and antecedents.

But Cantric did not go to his lodging: he had purchases to make, for he decided that he must present himself before the viceroy in some suitable guise. Nor was his anxiety to make a good appearance due to his respect for the noble Prince Fuchuli alone. Was he not in some sort under the special protection of the Princess Surati, the daughter of the viceroy, and more? How much more only his boldest flight of fancy could dare to measure: for this inspired dreamer worshiped at the shrine of his own emotions, and made the intensity of his feelings the test of the sublimity of the object on which his imagination was focused. Even now, though he had spent some time in the presence of his princess, he would have been puzzled to describe her appearance. He noticed the difference in the eyes of her he had seen by the fountain, and in those of the laughing Surati, but not as an artist would have done. What he felt was a difference he experienced when they rested on him; this he attributed to his own change of mood, as well as to the condescension of his goddess, who had come down to the level of his humanity, but only to raise him eventually to greater heights of inspiration.

So, at least, he tried to make himself believe his dream was forgotten.

*(To be concluded)*

## THE SCREEN OF TIME

### MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

**F**OR the next few weeks, owing to pressure of new and unexpected duties, Mme Katherine Tingley will be unable to speak at the Sunday morning services held at the Isis Theater by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. She has therefore arranged for different students from Point Loma to speak on various subjects. The address on July 21st was given by Mrs. Frank Knoche, her subject being 'Theosophical Precepts and Their Relation to Daily Life.' She said in part:

<b>Theosophical Precepts, Their Relation to Daily Life</b>	"No one will deny that if we have to follow the rules of our trade, or the ethics of our profession, in order to make a success of our outward work in life, we have to follow rules and ethics in respect to the spiritual, inner life. But in general we are held by an inertia that we do not care to disturb; we are, in a word, spiritually lazy.
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"Theosophical precepts are rules of action for the soul. To follow them means character-building and soul-growth. This is universal experience and it needs no argument, because it is written all over the pages of history and can be verified in our own lives and in the lives of those about us if we will simply look. So that daily life has nothing vague or unsatisfactory about it — it is the testing-house of conduct.

"Katherine Tingley has proved in the Râja-Yoga Schools that the tiniest child can understand the Theosophical precepts. They are founded on the innate sense of equity and of law that resides in the soul of man. The Theosophical Leader has beautifully expressed this idea. She says: 'We all know that the inner man is true, eternal, strong, pure, compassionate, just,' adding, to emphasize the relation of precept to practice, 'Do every act as an intent and loving service of the divine self of the world, putting your best into it in that way.'"

ON July 28th a well-attended house was addressed by Dr. Herbert Coryn, a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, who studied Theosophy under Mme H. P. Blavatsky, and who is a member of the literary staff at the International Theosophical Headquarters under the

<b>Address on The Duality of Human Nature</b>	leadership of Mme Katherine Tingley. The subject of Dr. Coryn's address was 'The Duality of Human Nature According to Theosophical Teaching.' He said in part:
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"We live between two natures and can choose with which we will gradually, more and more, ally ourselves. We stand on the rungs of a ladder, of which one end is up among the highest heights of eternal light and the other

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

down in the abysses of matter. Of which of them shall we finally say, as evolution draws to its climax, 'I am this'? Divine nature, animal-material nature, and between the two the mind-self nature, what we mean when we say 'I'.

"It is this middle one that passes up and down the ladder, now nearing the divine, now coming down into the power of the animal. We raise the mind little by little by finding and creating thoughts that glow and radiate.

"Katherine Tingley has been teaching us of this possibility throughout the twenty-two years of her leadership of the Theosophical Movement. It was taught by her predecessor in that leadership, William Q. Judge, and it was taught by his teacher, H. P. Blavatsky."

The musical program included Schubert's 'Omnipotence,' sung by the Young Ladies' Chorus of the Râja-Yoga Academy, and two songs, 'Praise to the Heroes' and 'Let in Light,' in which the audience took part.

'Theosophical Signposts on the Pathway of Life' was the subject chosen by Mme Katherine Tingley for the address at the Isis Theater on August 4th, the speaker being Mrs. Walter T. Hanson. These Sunday morning services of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society seek to express the

**Theosophical**      devotional side of the Theosophic life as well as its  
**Signposts on the**      philosophical doctrines, being entirely unsectarian.  
**Pathway of Life**      Mrs. Hanson said in part:

"Not every one has discovered as yet that life is a pathway. Just where it came from, and where it is going, is a mystery which dogmatic religion has not cleared up for them. The restlessness of the age may seem for the moment to be drowned in imperative duties, but it is there — growing to fever heat. And then will come a clearer consciousness that there must be a path, a way out of all these difficulties, and with it an overwhelming, insistent urge to find it. This urge is the demand of the soul; answers come to such demands; the answer is Theosophy.

"Of course Theosophy is not new. It has always been and has had to erect its signposts anew for every race. The signposts grow dim, and the people would lose their way if the teachers did not come again and again.

"Every religion has proclaimed the path and taught the way to find it. But it is wrong to speak of 'every religion' as if they were separate, one from the other. For in the beginning they have all been the same. There can be but one religion, but one truth.

"Justice to ourselves and to others is another keynote. Mme Blavatsky said, 'Duty is that which is due to humanity' and 'Theosophy is the quintessence of duty'; and, on being asked the question what she considered as due to humanity, she answered, 'Full recognition of equal rights and privileges for all, and without distinction of race, color, social position or birth.'"

The Young Ladies' Chorus of the Râja-Yoga Academy sang 'The Lost Chord' (Sullivan), and the audience joined in two other choral numbers.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

THOSE who have attended the services of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, held at the Isis Theater every Sunday morning and have heard Mme Katherine Tingley speak, are familiar with the constant emphasis she lays upon self-directed evolution. At the meeting on August

<b>Address on</b>	11th, Mme Tingley had arranged with the Welsh poet,
<b>Theosophy given</b>	Kenneth Morris, to speak along the lines of this
<b>by Welsh poet</b>	question, his subject being 'Voyages of Discovery in the Kingdom of Oneself.'

Professor Morris said in part:

"With all that man has accomplished, in deed and art and literature, we have never sounded the depths or soared to the heights of human nature; we cannot tell what we may become. And yet, what astonishing summits have been climbed.

"Our world and all that we possess are within us. One may have visited the capitals of the earth and remain an uninstructed boor and provincial; one may never have left his native hamlet, and yet be a more daring voyager than any in Hakluyt. One's true possessions are the things no one and no circumstance can take away.

"We must have stable truth, or we can do nothing. We are divine in our origin; we are immersed in the material world, forgetful of our divinity; the purpose of all life is to reinstate ourselves divine, with the added wisdom gained through these many lives of exile. Learn the lessons of today; tomorrow you shall have a new chance; you need not repeat the failures. Is not the mercy of the law evident?" — Some choral numbers were sung.

### LECTURER SHOWS VIEWS OF ORIENT

A LARGE audience was present at the illustrated lecture given by Dr. Osvald Sirén at the Isis Theater on August 5th.

The lantern slides which illustrated the lecture were made from original photographs which Dr. Sirén himself had made during his recent visit to the Orient, when he had an opportunity of visiting many places off the beaten track of travelers, including several of the old temples that are inaccessible to the ordinary traveler, and are practically unknown to the West. Each one of the pictures was accompanied by an exposition, showing that the speaker had not been merely a sight-seer, but had used his opportunities to learn something of the life and customs of the Oriental places.

In one of these temples, that of Ken-cho-jo of the Zen sect, at Kamukara, Dr. Sirén gave a lecture while in Japan, at the invitation of the abbot, on 'Point Loma and the Râja-Yoga School,' and was permitted to take many photographs showing the life of the disciples in the temple school at Ken-cho-jo, in which not only those devoted to a religious life are trained and educated, but many others. "Practically all of the army and navy officers in Japan," said Dr. Sirén, "have received a course of training in Zen."



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE FIVE DIVINITY STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOL OF  
ANTIQUITY ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR CAMP LEWIS, WASHINGTON

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Several views were shown of the great walls of China, which the lecturer declared to be one of the most impressive features of the landscape. A trip was also taken to the famous Ming tombs, and to the almost unknown cave-temples in the far inland province of Ho-nan, with their wonderful history and impressive, beautiful sculptures.

The lecture was notable in the amount of new material it contained.

## CLIPPINGS FROM THE PRESS

### JAPANESE RELIGIOUS LAWS TO BE REVISED

TOKIO, *August 11*.—The Government is undertaking the work of revising the Japanese law for religious administration.

According to R. Okada, Minister of Education, the codes now actually in force were promulgated by the Japanese Government more than thirty years ago. He said:

"I think the time has at last come for law, as the religious situation of the country is becoming more and more deplorable on account of the influence of many dangerous thoughts which have recently been imported from foreign countries." — *San Diego Union*, August 12, 1918

### CAPTIVE GERMAN SOLDIER OBEYS OFFICER'S ORDERS, REGARDLESS OF CHANCE TO REGAIN FREEDOM

THE *Stars and Stripes*, a publication issued by American soldiers in France, contains a number of interesting stories. A copy of the paper received in San Diego from Capt. Robert R. Jones has the following:

The other day a typical German soldier, rather more than less intelligent in manner and appearance than the average, jumped into an American trench near Cantigny.

He had been part of a German patrol, and he had lost his way in the midnight darkness. He fell square into the welcoming arms of an American lieutenant who, as battalion scout, was waiting there for his own raiding party to return.

A little later the Yank was on his way to the rear, with his prisoner trotting silently in tow, when a German shell burst close beside them, seriously wounding the American and sending the Boche scampering to cover. From this cover the latter emerged cautiously after a few moments and, as the lieutenant called him, came trotting over.

The lieutenant spoke German.

"I am wounded here in both legs," he said, "and there is also a nasty wound in my arm. Will you get out your tourniquet and stop this bleeding, and then get out mine and see what you can manage to do with it?"

## ARCHAEOLOGY IN CENTRAL AMERICA

### GERMAN WORKS QUICKLY

The German worked quickly and effectively at his task. Growing bolder, the lieutenant told him where he would find the P. C., explained that he could get litter-bearers there, and asked him to take the call for help.

Off the prisoner went in the darkness, and the lieutenant, knowing that it would be only too possible for him to escape through the lines to his own territory, wondered what would become of the mission. He knew when, before the wait had become intolerably long, the litter-boys appeared, explaining that the German had come back with them far enough to point out the place where the lieutenant lay. Then he had been shipped off to the rear.

The lieutenant was so grateful that he insisted feverishly on word being sent along the line that that prisoner should be treated with special consideration, and a message to this effect kept the wires busy for the next few moments between regimental, brigade and divisional headquarters.

### WHY HE DID IT

Back at divisional headquarters the next day the prisoner was examined in the room they devote to that work — a shabby morsel of a room, furnished with little besides a mattress on the floor and no end of maps on the wall.

After they had drained him dry of all the information he possessed about the disposition of troops behind the German front line, the officer conducting the inquiry brought up the story of the man's capture and the humane work he had done. It did not seem to be one of those cases of a spiritless Boche passionately anxious to be captured.

"Why did you do it?" was the question.

The German soldier opened his eyes in mild surprise.

"Why," he replied, "I was ordered to." — *San Diego Union*, Aug. 12, 1918

## ARCHAEOLOGY IN CENTRAL AMERICA

PROFESSOR W. H. HOLMES has recently made a report to the Smithsonian Institute of a monument in Guatemala of such stupendous magnitude that the man of today stands before it overwhelmed with wonder and awe. Its mystery is spoken of as even greater than that of the pyramids. It consists of a huge dragon made of a single block of stone (weighing about 130 lbs. to the cubic foot) elaborately sculptured, seated in whose mouth is a human figure seven feet high.

Out of what hoary past was this born? Where could a stone of such dimensions have been found; how transported over a country now almost impassable to it? If not by land, then was a canal dug to convey it? Who were the people of such high culture as to have conceived and executed it with such vigor, skill, and sureness?

These questions and many more rush into the mind of the explorer.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

But the great memorial stands as a silent record of a mighty past.

It is said the mass of prehistoric monuments being brought to light there is so great that "when the excavations are completed, the world will have the most sensational archaeological findings in human annals. Savants of judgment have said that Central America was the seat of a civilization more advanced than that of Incas, and of an art comparable with that of the Chinese in their great days." The date in hieroglyphics seems to agree with 525 A. D., but it must be of far greater antiquity.

Madame Blavatsky's monumental work *The Secret Doctrine*, published in 1888, illuminates all archaic records. She calls attention to the relation between the Pyramids of Egypt, Karnak, Nagkon-Wat of Cambodia, the Obelisks of the deserted Indian Village, and the ruins of Palenque and Uxmal in Central America. She gives evidence to show that the extreme east and west were connected by the now buried continent of Atlantis, which was sunk 850,000 years ago! And in connexion with the cyclic rise and fall of races, she states that "Greek and Roman and even Egyptian civilizations are nothing compared to the civilizations that began with the Third Race" (that preceding the Atlantean). But all this must be read with its foundation and supporting facts to be appreciated. — G. P.

## THE OLD OBSERVATORY OF UJJAIN, MĀLWĀ, HINDŪSTĀN

**T**HE town of Ujjain, Mālhwā, Hindūstān, with a population of about thirty thousand, is on the site of Avanti (destroyed by earthquakes and floods), a place associated with King Vikramāditya, the date of whose accession began an era known as the 'Samvat.' Ujjain was the old 'Greenwich' of India, and is at about 23° north latitude. The ruins of the observatory built in the days of the Rajah Jai Singh, who was an astronomer, are still standing, although the Sipra river now threatens its foundations.

*The Times of India* says that correct astronomical calculations are made to this day by the Hindūs from observations taken there. The east wall of the observatory has a staircase on its west side leading to the summit where two iron spikes once stood, marking the point of intersection of two arcs of ninety degrees each, which were used for observing the altitudes of celestial objects on the north and south, the arc on the south being extended for the determination of the sun's altitude at all times.

There is also a quadrant fixed in the plane of the meridian, and a 'Nariwila Yantra,' or equinoctial dial, consisting of a small stone cylinder with its horizontal axis north and south, the ends being cut obliquely so as to be parallel with the equator. A circle on each of these oblique faces marked each hour of the sun's path, whether in north or south declination.

"When we consider," says the paper referred to, "the marvelously correct calculations made by Hindū astronomers" (due to long ages of observation) "we may well regret that this unique building is crumbling away." — D.

# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

---

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**THIS BROTHERHOOD** is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

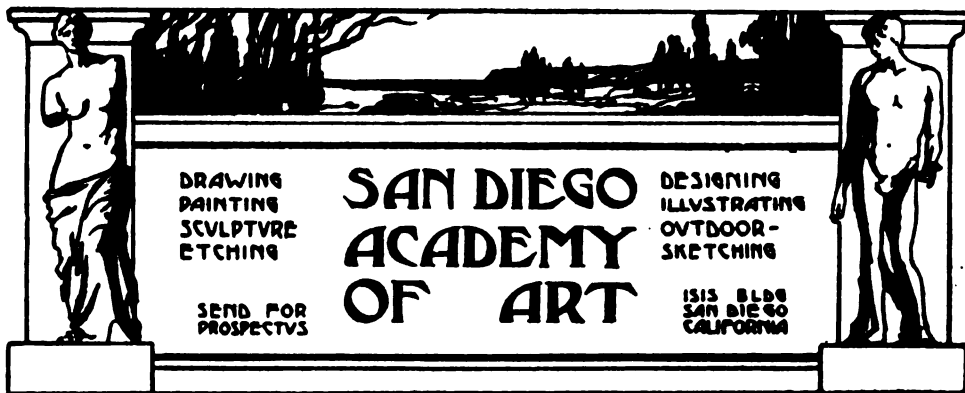
The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California



## The New England Center

of the

### *Universal Brotherhood & Theosophical Society*

246 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts

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*Please mention The Theosophical Path*

# The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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L. XV NO. 4

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OCTOBER 1918

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## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



# The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian  
Monthly



Nonpolitical  
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

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Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

" . . . THE [Higher] Self, [is] free from sin, free from old age, from death and grief, from hunger and thirst, which desires nothing but what it ought to desire, and imagines nothing but what it ought to imagine. Now as here on earth people follow as they are commanded, and depend on the object which they are attached to, be it a country or a piece of land.

"And as here on earth, whatever has been acquired by exertion, perishes, so perishes whatever is acquired for the next world by sacrifices and other good actions performed on earth. Those who depart from hence without having discovered the Self and those true desires, for them there is no freedom in all the worlds. But those who depart from hence, after having discovered the Self and those true desires, for them there is freedom in all the worlds."

— *Chhandogya-Upanishad*, viii, 1, 5-6. Translation by Max Müller

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

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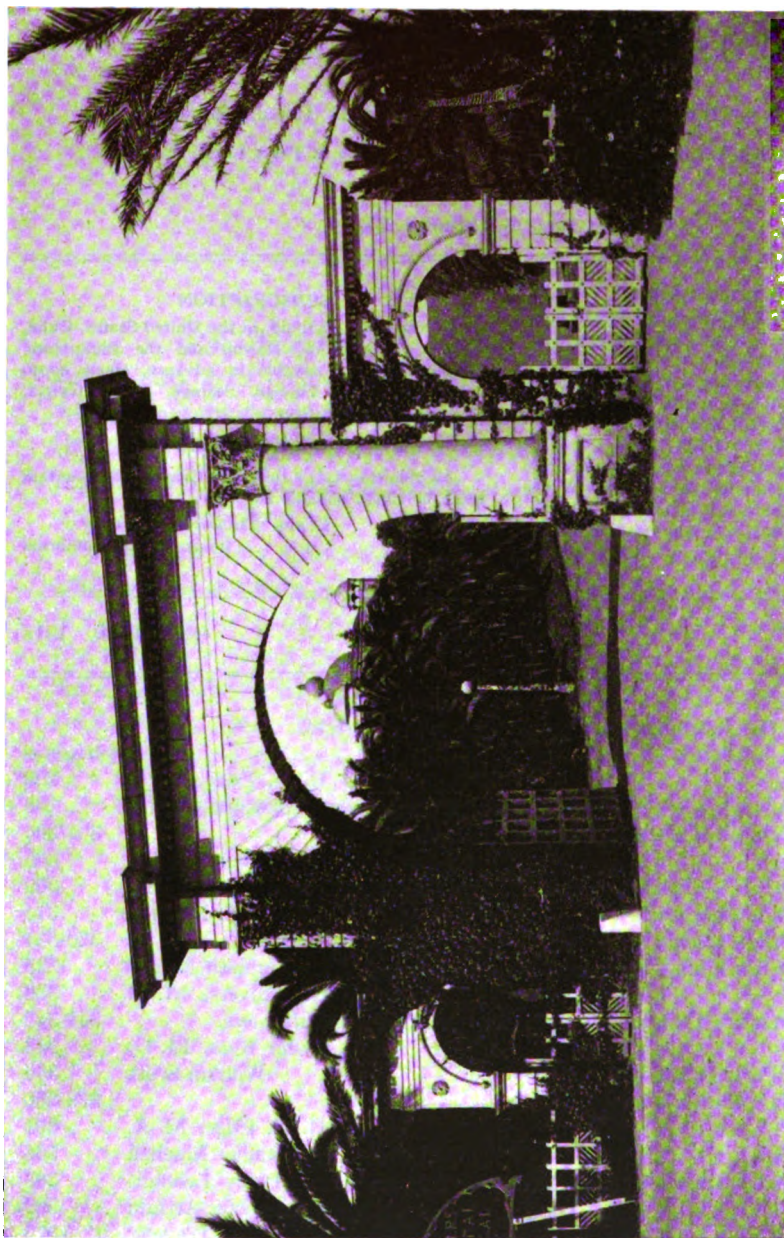
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*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

The slip from which the vine on this gateway grew, was brought by Mme Tingley from the British Theosophical Headquarters, 19 Avenue Road, London. It covered a little temple that Mme Blavatsky often occupied.

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XV, NO. 4

OCTOBER 1918

"THE evil-doer suffers in this world, and he suffers in the next; he suffers in both. He suffers when he thinks of the evil he has done; he suffers more when going on the evil path. (17)

"The virtuous man is happy in this world, and he is happy in the next; he is happy in both. He is happy when he thinks of the good he has done; he is still more happy when going on the good path. " (18)

—*Dhammapada*, i. Translated by Max Müller

## I WILL BE JUST: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

**J**USTICE is a word very often in our mouths, but we are apt to take a one-sided view of it. It is common for people to say that they love justice; it is common for them to demand justice; it is common for them to inveigh against what they deem the injustice of fate or providence. But in the great majority of these cases they are thinking only of recompense for merit; whereas justice includes also recompense for demerit. People do not often complain because they are getting more than they deserve; they do not clamor for retribution for their sins; and, if ever they are ready to see the retributive side of justice exacted, it is usually against others rather than against themselves. Yet justice, in its true sense, includes retribution as well as reward.

This is one reason for rebellion against the powers that rule the universe: we over-estimate our merits, and are too blind to our demerits, and so we misjudge the great assessors accordingly. Shakespeare, in *The Merchant of Venice*, expresses this finely in Portia's speech, where she says that if Divine justice were not tempered with mercy, we should all fare very badly.

Another reason for our failure to see the justice of Providence is that we take too short and narrow a view of the vast and intricate skein of causes and effects which Providence has to administer. Bulwer Lytton, in a passage in *The Last of the Barons*, says that, as his story is from actual history, he cannot treat his characters on the principles of 'poetical

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

justice'; a kind of justice which, he says, does not exist, either in history or in the ancient Greek drama; for

"Millions upon millions, ages upon ages, are entered but as items in the vast account in which the recording angel sums up the unerring justice of God to man."

And a knowledge of the great truth of Reincarnation is necessary to complete the thought.

If we invoke the law of justice, we ought to be willing to accept both sides of the balance — the debit as well as the credit. It is unjust to reward a person who does not deserve it. If we suppose the existence of a Being who administers perfect justice, we should have to expect that that Being would take due account of all our shortcomings. And such a Being would be likely to win more ingratitude than thanks for his services to shortsighted humanity, ever alive to their merits (real or imaginary), but strangely forgetful of their faults. A cynic might say that it is impossible to benefit people and win their gratitude at one and the same time; but that is taking too hard a view of human nature. The lower nature of man might answer this description, but men are compact of the Higher and the lower, and the wisdom of the Heart may oftentimes rebuke the sophisms of the emotion-ruled mind. Yet it is true that one who obeys the Higher Law must often offend the lower laws — the laws of our unruly lower nature; and a real Teacher will incur ingratitude; but, though he has a heart and can feel it, he will not be swerved from his purpose of serving the great Law of Justice, Mercy, and Divine Harmony.

Theosophists recognise the existence of a universal Law of justice, called Karma, which requites every man according to his deserts. An intellectual acceptance of this Law is good, if it be considered as preliminary to a more serious acceptance. It is to be hoped that those who take this first step will proceed to the second, but let us pause and think what it entails.

We invoke the great Law of justice, throwing ourselves upon it, and declaring ourselves willing to stand by its unerring decisions. But have we remembered that this Law is not like any human judge or tribunal, judging by appearances and frail testimony, but an all-seeing and infallible Law, that cannot be deceived by any hypocrisy, however deep, but will judge us by what we *are*, not by what we seem to others or to ourselves? Are we really ready to be weighed in the balances, judged according to our record in the Book of Life, taken at our true valuation instead of at our face-value?

Even when arraigned before the tribunal of exact and impartial science, an apparently strong and healthy man may be convicted of radical

## I WILL BE JUST

weaknesses sufficient to disqualify him for an enterprise of strength and endurance. The machines test his real strength and ignore any forced and temporary development; the doctors probe his vital organs, regardless of his roseate bloom. A man who subjects himself to the searchlight of Justice incurs just such a drastic test; the tinsel is peeled off and he stands bare; moral stamina alone counts, and moral fatness is reckoned as deadweight. His own valuation will not be accepted on faith but tested; his exact worth and weight will be found.\*

Yet it is the man himself who is the judge; he it was, and none other, who arraigned him before the tribunal of Justice; so he cannot assume a complaining or critical attitude towards any assessor, unless he wants to criticize himself. He has asked to have his account squared with the great Assessor, and is unwilling to sail any longer under false colors. He has constituted himself the arbiter of his destiny.

A man who refuses stimulants and artificial aids brings out his constitutional strength; and, though at first he will find himself weaker, he will soon acquire real strength. This is often seen when people submit to a hygienic discipline, such as change of climate or drill or new rules of health. Patience is required to avoid impatience and despondency due to the temporary loss of vigor. And so with the corresponding moral treatment. A man who has been swimming by the aid of an instructor who walks along the edge of the tank and supports him with a kind of fishing-rod, begins to have trouble when the instructor lets go. He is thrown on his own resources.

The events of life test us, in response to our own behest — the behest of that real Self within, whose aid we invoke when we have a heartfelt aspiration for what is just and right. It is very helpful to think that the power which rules our destiny is our own Higher Self, acting under the universal Law of Justice; for by such a thought we at once rise from the level of an unwilling recipient of the dispensations of an inscrutable providence or fate, to the level of a responsible being, acquiescent in a destiny which he feels intuitively to be just and beneficent.

Rightly viewed, retribution becomes opportunity; for the obstacles which we have created in our own path are the very means best calculated to develop our strength by overcoming them. The notion of reward and punishment belongs to a state of affairs where the personal feelings of people are played upon; it relates to the policy pursued by those who influence people through their hopes and fears. But need we allow this notion to color our ideas of universal justice and the law of Karma?

\*"When veracity is complete, he is the receptacle of the fruit of works."—Patañjali, *Yoga Aphorisms*, II, 36

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

What should we think of an explorer who should kneel down and thank heaven every time he found good camping-ground, and curse the stars whenever he encountered an obstacle? We should consider him a very pious and emotional explorer. We might attribute such conduct to an explorer who had forgotten all about the object with which he set out on the expedition and who was therefore living entirely in the sensations of the moment. But, if he kept before his mind the object of his expedition, he would realize that the difficulties and the blessings that beset his path were equally incidents that he had brought upon himself by his own choice, and he would not import any needless emotion into the business but would take a practical view of it. And so with life. We do not have to destroy our emotions — they have their uses; but we can at least decline to be blinded by them.

Justice in the moral world corresponds to equilibrium in the physical: we speak of a 'just balance,' referring equally to the literal and the figurative sense of the words. But when justice is administered by an individual, then we are prone to allow personal feelings to intervene, and to suspect that individual of partiality or error. An honest self-examination will suffice to show us whether it is ourself or the individual who is wrong. This shows that it is our own honesty that is the final test after all; in other words, it is within our own heart that we must seek justice. A lover of justice will not tolerate duplicity in his own heart, and he will therefore set to work to rectify matters there; and perhaps he may find that, after doing that, there is not much else left to do.

This personal examination requires sincerity and candor, and the man who makes it must be prepared to sacrifice pride, should he find that sentiment standing in his way. But how frequently do we find that he is unable to do this! Impressed perhaps with an inveterate conviction that he cannot by any possibility be in the wrong, yet under the necessity of finding some explanation for his experiences, he finds no alternative but to fix the blame elsewhere and to attribute injustice to somebody else. An instance that will be familiar to all who have been members of a society is the case of the individual who, finding himself unwilling or unable to continue his affiliation, and aware that his desertion is really due to his own shortcomings, is nevertheless unable to face this fact, and therefore tries to fix the blame elsewhere. He has determined to accomplish his object, and yet to save his face; and he begins a process, that will perhaps take him a long time, of searching for a peg whereon to hang a grievance. The real reason for his defalcation is known to his secret heart; in some cases he may even admit it to himself; and then he is a full-blown hypocrite. But more often he refuses to admit, even to himself, what he knows in his heart; and he begins a work of self-

## I WILL BE JUST

hypnotization. He keeps telling himself that he is not to blame, but is an injured party, and at last he believes it. An ostensible reason, creditable to himself, discreditable to someone else, is found for his defalcation; and, fully persuaded by this time that he is a victim, he goes off with his grievance and sinks deeper into the mire of delusion. For want of courage or sincerity to face a candid self-examination, he has violated the principles of justice; he has put pride before truth, and has therefore achieved delusion instead of wisdom.

People are cynical and pessimistic about the value of logic as a means of eliciting truth; but how often do they give logic a fair chance? Listen to two people arguing, and how often (*if ever*) do you find either of them arguing for the purpose of eliciting the truth? Is not each man trying to force his own opinion, and will not even the most worthy and respectable people shift their ground, if they can, and resort to any possible trick to win a fictitious victory and save their face? Then how can we expect that the goddess Truth will, or could if she would, respond to such tactics? People who resort to those tactics are not likely to discover anything but error, and they do not mend the case for justice by blaming logic instead of themselves. But the corollary to this proposition is that the sincere man will find the truth — as surely as a clear eye will see what is before it. Hence *justice is the key to knowledge*; the reason I do not know what I would like to know, may be merely because I am not sufficiently loyal to the truth.


Justice can be considered as a pious or religious obligation, or as a social duty; here we have considered it as a state of harmony and rectitude in the soul. Thus it may be pursued as we pursue health and happiness — in obedience to an urge and a hunger. It is one aspect of that undefinable Good to which we all aspire. Its worship will bring knowledge and wisdom. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."



### INQUISITION INTO MAGIC UNDER VALENTINIAN AND VALENS

"THIS infamous inquisition into sorcery and witchcraft has been of greater influence on human affairs than is commonly supposed. The persecution against philosophers and their libraries was carried on with so much fury that from this time (A. D. 374) the names of the Gentile philosophers became almost extinct; and the Christian philosophy and religion, particularly in the East, established their ascendancy. . . . Besides vast heaps of manuscripts publicly destroyed throughout the East, men of letters burned their whole libraries lest some fatal volume should expose them to the malice of the informers and the extreme penalty of the law. Ammianus Marcellinus, xxix, 2," — *Milman's note on Gibbon*, xxv.

**ZEN IN JAPAN:** by **E. S. Stephenson**, Professor in the Imperial Naval Engineering College, Yokosuka, Japan.

 HE method of meditation known as *dhyâna* was introduced into China by Bodhidharma from India at the invitation of the enlightened Emperor Wu. In China it became *Zenna* (according to the Japanese reading of the Chinese characters) and in Japan it has been contracted to *Zen*, as it is now commonly called, and is written with one expressive Chinese ideograph. In its application to daily life and conduct it is called *Zen-do*, which is also the title of the principal magazine dealing with the subject. 'Do' is the same as the Chinese 'Tau,' meaning 'Path' — hence *Zen-do* means literally 'The Path of Zen.'

It is necessary, however, to distinguish between *Zen* itself and the *Zen* sect or school of Mahâyânâ Buddhism. Neither has any dogmas or fixed teachings of any kind, as such would be contrary to the essential principles of *Zen*; but many books have been written on the subject by Japanese, especially in recent years. These, however, deal mainly with the accumulated traditions of many centuries, anecdotes about famous *Zen* priests and their methods, and the things by which *Zen* in Japan has become enriched — or encumbered, as the case may be regarded.

To Western people, accustomed to religious dogmas and authoritative teachings, it may seem strange that such a school as *Zen* should exist and thrive; but it is just the absence of these things together with the innate vitality and naturalness of *Zen* that constitute its strength.

The object of *Zen* teachers is not to instruct by verbal teachings but to arouse the internal perception and power of concentration of the student. Like Râja-Yoga the aim is to give a balance of the faculties and to enable one to find Truth within. As an objective example of *Zen* methods the story is told that once when a great crowd assembled to hear the teachings of Buddha, the Master simply held up a lotus blossom before them without speaking a word. Amidst the puzzled faces one was lit up with a smile of recognition which showed that the silent lesson of the lotus was understood. This interior perception without verbal explanations was what the Master desired; and the story has always been used as a model by teachers of *Zen*. In Chinese and Japanese the whole story is graphically summed up in four expressive ideographs; *nen* (present, or hold up) *ge* (lotus) *bi* (small) *sho* (smile), four insignificant syllables when written in this way; but striking and impressive when written in the Chinese ideographs. This is taken as the title of a book on *Zen* by Shaku Soen, a well-known authority and writer on the subject. He points out that *Zen* is not limited to Buddhism by any means. "*Zen*

## ZEN IN JAPAN

is heart," he says; for "in the heart the answer to all the great problems must be found."

One of the first injunctions given to the pupil by *Zen* teachers is: "Away with your idle thoughts!" As an aid to concentration certain *koan* (questions or seeds of meditation) are given to the pupil, and he is expected to find the answer in himself. He is given ample time for this, but when he comes back with a carefully reasoned answer and proceeds to explain it to the teacher, he finds that "brain-mind" stuff of that kind is not what is wanted at all.

The pupil must learn to free himself from *shujaku* (attachment to objects of sense), and get back to *hon shin* (literally the 'real heart'). For with Confucius and the Taoists, *Zen* teachers hold that the 'real' heart is good. The objects to be attained are expressed in Japanese as *gedatsu* (freedom from attachment) and *satori* (enlightenment). This is of course relative, and it is not merely for priests and saints but for farmers, workmen, and people of every class, that they may come to understand the right relations of things, and their true position in the great world life.

Steadiness and poise result from this training and great has been its influence here in every walk of life. It is said that a Japanese officer trained in *Zen* can be as calm and collected on the battlefield as if he were in his own home.

In art also this influence has been great: as a very discerning and well-informed writer on this subject says:

"To the *Zen* votaries the contemplation of the life of nature was, above all, an effort towards the realization of one's self. They too, contemning book-lore, held, like Wordsworth, that 'one impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of *man* than all the sages.' By passing out into the non-human world, the life of trees and flowers and animals, man could get rid of his devouring egotism, his belittling self-aggrandizement, realize his true place in the universe and be braced thereby and fortified. For the *Zen* sages . . . the contemplation of nature was no sentimental indulgence but an invigorating discipline."

For people living so near to nature and free from dogmatic theology, it needed but a touch sometimes to adjust them to the right relation with the soul of things — the divine everywhere present for those whose eyes are open to its beauties:

"This is its touch upon the blossomed rose:  
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves  
In dark soil, and the silence of the seeds,  
The robe of spring it weaves.

"This is its painting on the glorious clouds,  
And these its emeralds on the peacock's train.  
It hath its stations in the stars; its slaves  
In lightning, wind, and rain.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

"It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;  
What it hath wrought is better than what had been.  
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans  
Its wistful hands between."

"Countless numbers of the common people have entered the Path by these gates," says another Japanese writer on *Zen*. The sight of plum blossoms in the early spring; the maple leaves in autumn; or the sound of the temple bell — that deep, throbbing tone that murmurs through the silent hills like a mystic word — a tone that "stirs the ghost in a man" as Lafcadio Hearn says — these simple things have served to give an awakening touch. It is this loving contact with nature and a life in harmony with it that earns the benediction of those "Wistful hands." This the *Zen* teachers insist upon: right performance of duty and a life in harmony with the Law, if the peace and happiness of this interior life are to endure. And this peace and happiness are open to all.

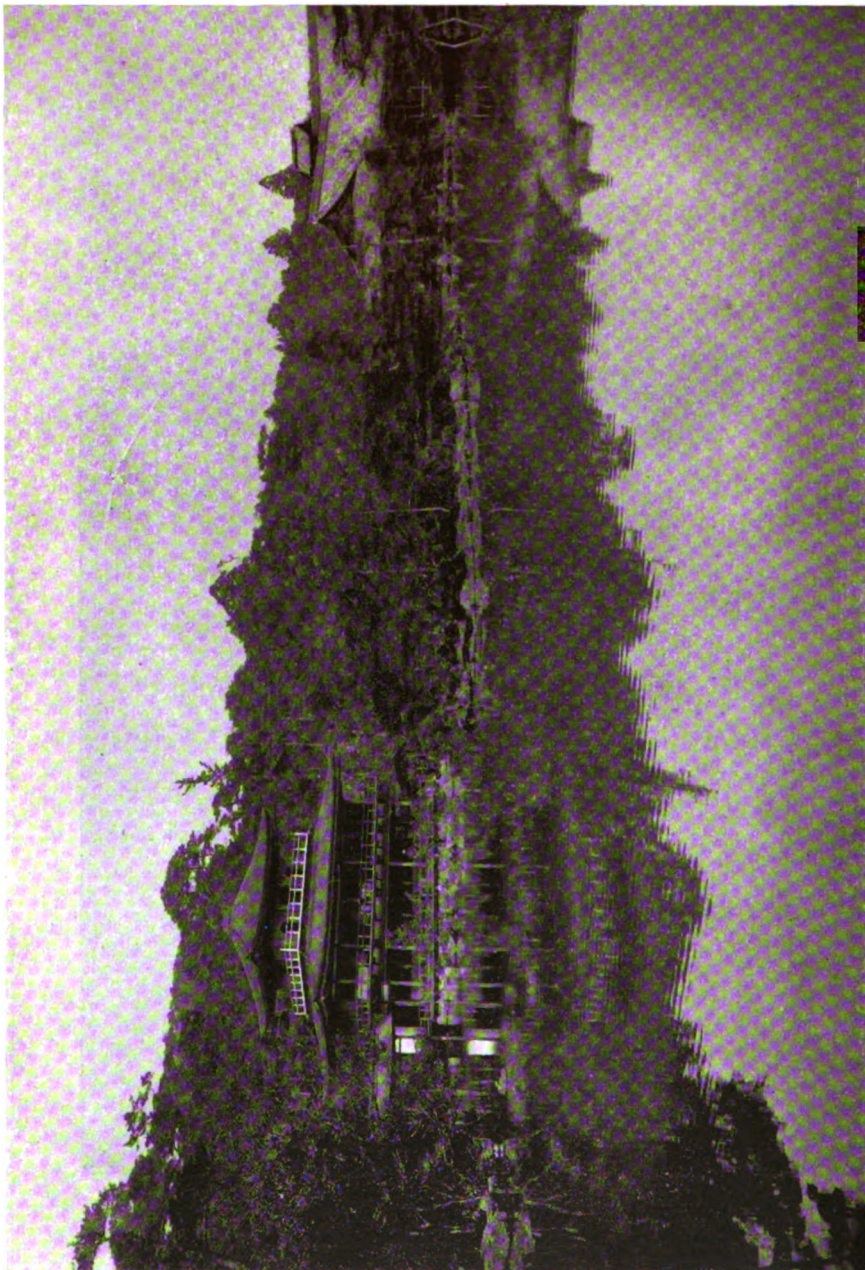
"MUSIC is usually regarded as an amusement, a relaxation, and nothing more. At Point Loma it becomes a part of life itself, and one of those subtle forces of nature which, rightly applied, calls into activity the divine powers of the soul. The world has a wrong conception of the ideal in music, and not until it has rectified this conception can it perceive that the true harmony of music can never proceed from one who has not that true harmony within himself. We find, therefore, that in all the musical life at Lomaland, the money consideration is entirely absent, and that personal vanity cannot enter at all. There is held to be an immense correspondence between music on the one hand and thought and aspiration upon the other; and only that deserves the name of music to which the noblest and the purest aspirations are responsive. Music is a part of the daily life at Lomaland, not merely as an exercise which occupies its stated time and seasons, but as a principle which animates all the activities." — *Katherine Tingley*

"THE soul-power which is called forth by a harmony well delivered and well received, does not die away with the conclusion of the piece. It has elicited a response from within the nature, the whole being has been keyed to a higher pitch of activity, and even the smallest of the daily duties, those which are usually called menial, will be performed in a different way, upon a higher plane, as a result. There is a science of consciousness, and into that science music can enter more largely than is usually supposed. A knowledge of the laws of life can be neither profound nor wide which thus neglects one of the most effective of all forces." — *Katherine Tingley*



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**THE GATE OF KENCHOJI, A ZEN TEMPLE, KAMAKURA, JAPAN**



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**KINKAKUJI, 'THE GOLDEN PAVILION,' BUILT ABOUT 1400**

One of the most beautiful spots in Kyoto.



**VIEW FROM ARASHIYAMA, NEAR KYOTO**

**This place is famous for its cherry blossoms.**

*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*




*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### THE DAIBUTSU AT KAMAKURA

Not connected with a Zen Temple, but an ideal of Zen.

## MATERIALISM: by T. Henry, M. A.

N article on the question, 'What is Materialism?', which we clip from a newspaper, shows that the word is used in so many different senses, and so vaguely, as to lead to endless and unprofitable dispute. Many authorities are quoted, and among them John Fiske, who says:

"Those persons are popularly called materialists who allow their actions to be guided by the desires of the moment, without reference to any such rule of right living as is termed 'a high ideal of life.' Persons who worship nothing but worldly success, who care for nothing but wealth and fashionable display or personal celebrity or sensual gratification, are thus loosely called materialists."

And he objects strongly to this loose usage of the word, because it implies a slur upon many philosophical materialists whose character does not at all fit the description.

Materialism is generally contrasted with idealism, and one authority goes so far as to say that the difference between the two reduces itself to a war of words. Both are monistic systems, or attempts to derive the universe from a single root; and, as neither matter nor idea are definable, except in terms that carry us back to fundamental hypostases, there really does not seem to be much difference between the two. H. P. Blavatsky couples them together, as when she says:

"We prefer the charge of folly in believing too much, to that of a madness which denies everything, as do Materialism and Idealism."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 520

And where she speaks of

"Modern 'Psychologists,' so-called, whose *idealism* is another name for uncompromising materialism."— I, 620, footnote.

The vagueness of the word 'matter' enables materialists to play hide and seek with critics. For argumentative purposes they may define it as the fundamental substance of the universe, thus endowing it with the attributes of deity; while for practical purposes they may define it as "that which can be handled and weighed," or "that which can be perceived by the bodily senses."

Modern science is called materialistic on account of this latter limitation. When Tyndall said that he saw in matter the promise and potency of every form or quality of life, he meant the ordinary physical matter with which physicists deal. Evolutionary theories are called materialistic when they try to represent man as derived from the lower kingdoms by the self-evolution of matter; and when they deny the operation of any other than material forces in the process. A materialist is one who believes that there can be no thought apart from brain, and no survival of consciousness after the death of the body. This is the popular view

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of materialism, and the correct view in general, despite the fact that people can be named who have called themselves materialists and who yet believe in immortality and God.

Theosophists are prone to judge the question ethically rather than philosophically, and to weigh materialism by its results. Any philosophy or science which has the effect of discouraging man's belief in his spiritual nature, and of concentrating his attention and desires on the physical life, is materialistic. The materialistic attitude is that of the man who sets more store by worldly things than by high ideals of conduct and high aspirations. Religion may be very materialistic, in spite of its dogmas about God and the soul; and conversely a professed sceptic may be the reverse of materialistic in his attitude towards life.

Materialism as a religion worships force and wealth, and denies the efficacy of the higher sentiments. Perhaps it might be better to avoid mistakes by substituting the word 'animalism' for materialism. Animalism, then, accentuates the animal nature of man and regards those propensities which man shares with the animals as being the dominant forces in his life. It denies his divine origin and nature, and scoffs at the idea of unselfish motives. H. P. Blavatsky considered that modern science was not by any means helping to stem the tide of materialism; and that, whether as promoter or unwitting accomplice, it stood in need of severe criticism, which she administers.

If a Theosophist should say: "I believe that, by thinking noble thoughts and molding my conduct to high ideals of duty, I can actually throw out a force which will influence other people for good and thus help to overcome evils"; and if then a man claiming to speak for science should reply: "I will not believe in this force of yours unless you can demonstrate it to me by laboratory methods, and publish it in such a way that any man can repeat the experiment for himself"; — would this latter speaker be a scientific materialist? And if he did his best to make the world accept this view of the matter, and wrote books urging people not to believe in anything that could not be thus demonstrated, should we be justified in convicting him of materialism?

And here we come upon the game of hide and seek again; for the man of science may say that his studies are limited to those things which can be experimentally repeated by any other man; and yet in actual practice he may be striving to limit all knowledge to that category. He may be a *denier*, a man who declares that there *is* nothing beyond what can be so demonstrated. Science may limit the field of its studies to things which can be experimentally verified by laboratory methods, but has no right to deny the existence of other things. If it does, it becomes a dogmatism and a bigotry. But we find people claiming to speak for science, and

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ready to shift their ground from one attitude to the other as suits the immediate convenience; now disavowing, now asserting, a dogmatic attitude.

A scientist true to professed principle, if confronted with the doctrine of Reincarnation (for instance), might say that it lay outside his province, because it cannot be demonstrated by the rules of scientific procedure. But he must not say that Reincarnation is nonsense.

Materialistic views as to the purpose and method of education; as to the real meaning and object of the marital relation; as to the nature of art and music; as to the best policy in government or economics; as to medicine, alimentation, etc. — all these have prevailed to a dangerous extent, and their prevalence constitutes materialism. The question arises as to what function scientific and philosophic views have performed in the process. This question is solved *practically* (as questions usually are) by Theosophy, in its policy of proclaiming higher and broader ideals; for whatever theory we may hold, it is evident that the situation demands such a policy. The danger of materialistic sciences and philosophies is recognised in practice, and countered in practice. Theosophists do believe that the promulgation of Theosophy will stem the tide of materialism; they do believe it is important to counteract the effect of materialistic teachings. Paradoxically enough, materialists recognise the value of the individual and the idea in their propaganda, so Theosophists are merely using the same weapons.

Theosophy is working to impress upon mankind a nobler idea of man; and Theosophists would define materialism as anything which tends to degrade man in his own estimation. Theosophy strives to give man a nobler happier idea of life, and materialism can be described as that which tends to make man regard life as a drifting in the tide of blind forces and resistless desires. Theosophy exalts the individual, and materialism exalts the circumstance; Theosophy sees intelligence where materialism descries only blind force.

It is sufficiently clear for practical purposes what is understood by materialism from the Theosophical viewpoint. It is futile to make such a point out of not being able to define a thing; the simplest and most familiar notions may be the most difficult to define.

It sounds like a paradox to say that materialists are superstitious. Yet, as they have so strictly limited the possibilities of nature, when convinced beyond denial that something has happened that cannot be explained by their philosophy, they are driven to the expedient of the supernatural. They believe in miracles. Or, having limited the possibilities of man, they resort to a belief in some kind of superman. Again, the body and its life being all in all to them, the soul and any higher

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faculty becomes reduced to a mere inspiration from a superior being. The intellectual habit of materialism often survives the formal rejection of the doctrine. And there is a materialism of the heart, felt by people who profess and perhaps honestly persuade themselves that they have embraced noble and unselfish ideals; but who, under the stress of trial, find that their aspirations are not strong enough or genuine enough to carry them through. Materialism is of the earth, earthy; and perhaps no better definition of it could be given than to say that it is the downward gravitation in man — the attraction towards his animal nature — however manifested, whether in philosophy, sentiment, or conduct.

Against the dread chill of materialism, both the individual and society must eventually react, by force of the light of life within them. Has not such a reaction already taken place in the world? The individual, pining and suffocating in a prison of materialism, amid doubts and fears and the disillusionment arising from misplaced affections, calls aloud in the silence upon "whatever gods may be" to deliver him and bless his life once more with the light and the glow. This is his salvation, and that of society must be similar. Society calls for nobler ideals and a vital philosophy; Theosophy answers: The Soul knows not defeat, and can rise again from any tomb. Man calls upon his own Soul to rescue him from the tomb in which his doubts and wayward desires have buried him.

That call will not be made in vain; for Helpers stand ever ready to respond. The Souls of the great and good, who departed from our sight in the full tide of their high aspirations, still live as mighty powers for help. And the Souls of those yet living have power to reach through viewless aethers in fellowship with those whose aspirations are akin to their own. Materialists perhaps do not believe that such influences exist; and we are not prepared to demonstrate them. But there comes a time when our need for belief is so great that we do not stop to philosophize, but make the experiment for ourselves.


Enough has now been said to show that we are not much interested in the precise definition of philosophical materialism; but that, for practical purposes, we regard materialism as whatever tends to chain man down, mentally or morally, to the lower side of his nature.



"MATTER itself is a perfectly uncertain substance, continually affected by change. The most absolute and universal laws of natural and physical life, as understood by the scientist, will pass away when the life of this universe has passed away, and only its soul is left in the silence."— *Light on the Path*

## TALKS ON THEOSOPHY: by Herbert Crooke (London, Eng.)

### II — THEOSOPHY AND RELIGION

NOTHER day I met my friend in his comfortable home not far from the sea-shore. He had been busy in his garden till sundown, and now we chatted together in his library. I told him how I had thought much about our last talk a week ago, and of the new ideas that it had opened up for me. I had always been religiously inclined and had attended the services and participated in the usual routine of an active church-member's life, with its Sunday-school, Bible and other classes. Without being troubled at the possible effect Theosophy might have upon my religious views, I was a little curious to know whether it would clash with them in any way. So I reminded my friend of his reference to the teachings of Buddha, and said:

"Surely the Indian school of religious thought must be very different from that of ordinary Christian teaching, or else why should there have been so much effort and expense in missionary work?"

"Yes," he replied, "there is undoubtedly a difference, but that may be due to the different environments in which these religions have been cradled. The one dates back at least five hundred years before the other, and the conditions of family and social life at such periods were very different. Each, however, is the outcome of some form of religion that preceded it, and neither was flashed upon the world like a bright luminary which was to shut out all other lights. We are too apt to think that what is the commonly-accepted teaching of our day is inherently superior to and far removed from anything that preceded it. A study of comparative religions will show us this is not the case, though it will not reveal to us the source of our own or any other religion. Theosophy, on the contrary, does lift the veil of the dim and distant past and points to the unerring evidences of a continuous and constant source of enlightenment which has influenced mankind from the earliest ages."

"But how can this be," I said, "since Theosophy is a teaching of but yesterday?"

"Nay, there you are mistaken," said my friend, "for Theosophy is very, very old; even its name has come down to us from a school of teaching which was active over two thousand years ago. And as for its philosophy, its doctrines, these can be shown to have been professed and acted upon as far back as the times of ancient Egypt, whose monuments are today the wonder of our archaeologists, and even those probably more ancient ones of Central and South America. Theosophy claims that all the great religions have sprung from one common source of knowledge, and that in each of them parallels can be found to support this contention."

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"Well," I rejoined, "it would be too big a task for us now to hunt up the authorities for such a statement. Can you at least show me how Theosophy stands in regard to what is called the revealed Christian religion?"

"Let us see," said he. "First, what are the elements of the Christian religion? Are they not briefly expressed in the words: 'The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man'?"

"Yes," I replied, "that is a comprehensive statement, if not sufficient to describe its details."

"But," he continued, "Mohammedanism says the same thing, so also Buddhism, and even the elaborate doctrines of Brâhmanism are not to be excluded. Is it not a fact, however, that in spite of some such common factor in the doctrine of the various sects of even the Christian faith, there are divisions and apparently irreconcilable antagonisms due to other elements of belief which have to do with the condition of the believer and the non-believer, heaven and hell, the priesthood and the laity, the church and the congregation, and the several ranks of officials with their respective power to give or withhold spiritual consolation from their followers?"

"Ah! yes," I said, "there is much division in Christendom, but that is surely the fault of the people, not of the Christian teaching."

"So we are told," said my friend, "but when we look for some definite doctrine or school in which the truths may be taught and demonstrated in actual practical life so that unity of purpose and harmony in practice may be attained, we seek in vain. Paul wrote of the body, soul, and spirit, but the modern theologian makes little or no distinction between soul and spirit. The terms for him are synonymous and are used interchangeably. Then as to the meaning of sacrifices, the old idea of offering of lambs and first-fruits having a definite symbolical meaning is relegated to an old dispensation as typical of the offering supposed to have been made by Jesus on the cross, as 'the lamb of God,' since which sacrifice, none other is said to be needed. But this teaching is vague and meaningless and many learned scholars are not content to accept the old teaching that man was born 'in trespasses and sin' or that a child who may die unbaptized shall be denied the solemn privileges of a Christian burial, being regarded, forsooth, as damned — a lost soul. The idea of Deity condemning mankind in its unregenerate state to an everlasting torment is abhorrent to all sense of even human justice, not to say that of a divine all-gracious world-loving Father. The absurd contradictions of the modern religionist's doctrines are becoming more and more unsatisfactory as men contemplate the idea of universal justice and an unalterable Law of Harmony, a divine condition of order, operative alike on the 'just and the unjust'."

## TALKS ON THEOSOPHY

"True, there is much unrest among the advocates of religion, and an uncertainty of vision and doctrine in the religious bodies, but in what way can Theosophy remedy this? What has Theosophy to say of man's origin and destiny?"

My friend was silent for a few moments, as if anxious to formulate his ideas in such a way as to enable me to grasp them. At last he said:

"It seems to me that the Divine Law must be equally operative in all the kingdoms of nature, and the events in any kingdom will be found to have their due correspondences in those of any other kingdom.

"Now there is one constant source of evidence we can use to help us in our researches. There is a law of periodicity operative in nature, the effects of which are continually before us. The alternations of waking and sleeping states, day and night, winter and summer, life and death, are the experiences of everybody. Also certain times of sowing and reaping, illustrative of cause and effect, the seed and the fruit — all set forth with remarkable clearness, even in Biblical writings, as un-failing lessons for mankind. Theosophy holds that there is no such thing as chance in the universe, every effect we may observe having its precedent cause. Given any effect and, with a knowledge of the law operating, the cause can be traced back with absolute certainty. The New Testament shows Jesus as asking in derision if men gather figs of thistles — the answer being obvious. As in the physical world so it is in the mental. A man's life is the outcome of his former desires and aspirations. If in any one life there is no evidence of a cause for the sane or insane acts which now characterize it, search must be made for the cause in the acts and aims of that man's preceding life, for 'Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap' is an absolutely correct statement of the operation of this law."

"But do not the teachings of Jesus suggest to us the ideas of mercy, forgiveness, and salvation? There does not seem much prospect of these conditions arising in a system of strict law such as you have described."

"These terms are utterly misapplied in modern religious systems. They convey the notion that a superior power will not visit upon a transgressor the results of the law he has broken, that the sinner shall be freed by the fiat of this great one from the effects of his sin, and that freedom and purity shall be established apart from any power or effort on the part of the slave or degraded one to correct his habits or rid himself of his vice. This notion, according to modern religious ideas, is clearly indicated by what are called death-bed repentances. Theosophy, on the other hand, holds that mercy is rather compassion, such as the wise man exercises in his effort to communicate his wisdom to a more ignorant fellow-being. For forgiveness it substitutes *adjustment* whereby the wrongdoer, per-

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ceiving his erroneous course, exercises his own divine power to correct it and thus gradually becomes at one in harmony with the law and 'works out his own salvation.' For salvation (by the merits of another) it predicts that ultimate attainment to a true knowledge of man's own inherent divinity which is the heritage of every 'son of God' upon earth, the fight for which can be commenced at any time he wills."

"You speak of man's inherent divine power"; I said: "Is not this a new conception of man's make-up? It is certainly not a part of the ordinary church creeds."

"No," replied he, "but in that the churches differ from the teachings of Jesus. Theosophy holds that man is a composite of seven principles, or rather that he is a spiritual being, a soul, enveloped in conditions which limit his understanding until he has mastered them and which it is his business to modify. These seven principles correspond with other septenates in nature such as the seven sounds of the musical scale, the seven rays of the one white light. Briefly they may be described as (1) the material body, (2) its inner model, (3) its life principle, (4) the animal, passional nature, (5) the mentality or reasoning faculty, (6) the spiritual or discriminative faculty, and (7) the inherent spiritual nature. The last gives quality and power in all conditions, being the foundation, as it were, of man's self-conscious nature. When the harmonious adjustment of all these several principles is attained, then we have a man developed into something godlike in character. The process of adjustment is really the cause of all the varied characters we see in human life. Now one condition prevails, now another, and man is carried away by his own desires and powers without knowing their nature."

"But," I said, "are you not subdividing unnecessarily — making seven of what are but three or at most four principles? Paul specifies three, the body, soul, and spirit — in what does his classification differ from yours? His idea of body surely includes the passions, etc., for he speaks of the body of this flesh with all its carnal tendencies. Then his soul must include what you call mind or intelligence. Though I am not clear what he means by spirit apart from soul."

"The Theosophical septenary in no sense contradicts Paul's trinity but is a fuller elaboration of what must have been his real teaching. It also explains the dual nature of man — body and spirit — which Paul calls Adam, the man of earth, and the new man, the Lord from heaven. It is easy to see on reflexion that Paul had the septenary system clearly in mind, for he speaks of consciousness which may function 'in the body or out of the body.' The body then is only an outer envelope. Its composition is flesh, as there is the flesh of beasts and other creatures; clearly one principle. Then there is that ethereal body in which the

## TALKS ON THEOSOPHY

consciousness would be when 'out of the body,' a second principle. Then coursing through the body there is the life principle, which was 'breathed into man' — the third principle. The fourth has been called the animal soul, the seat of those passions and desires to which Paul refers when he tells us of the carnal mind 'which is enmity against God.' The fifth has been called the human soul, which according to one of the early church fathers oscillates between the animal tendencies and the spiritual. To these as a distinct principle may be added the spiritual soul or that power of understanding and creating those fine concepts as in music and the fine arts, and all those moral precepts which center around altruism as opposed to selfishness."

"Grant all these more or less scientific principles or departments of being which go to make up your septenary man," said I, "where does Theosophy lead us in grappling with the problems of life or the 'whole duty of man'?"

"Ah!" said my friend, "now you have expressed in few words the fundamental idea of all religion. A teacher of wisdom in a very ancient past declared: 'That only which is a realization through the soul of the known and the knower is esteemed by me as wisdom.' Here surely is the great path to freedom, along which the devoted pilgrim may go, acquiring essential knowledge every day of his life, and through many lives, until one day he shall stand at the apex of this knowledge, when he will no longer be involved in a round of activities which constantly alternate between pleasure and pain, life and death, and all those antagonisms of what are called the opposites in earth-life.

"This truly desirable consummation," he continued, "is very powerfully portrayed by Sir Edwin Arnold in those exultant words he puts into the mouth of the Enlightened One:

'Many a House of life  
Hath held me — seeking ever him who wrought  
These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught;  
Sore was my ceaseless strife!

'But now  
Thou Builder of this Tabernacle — Thou!  
I know Thee! Never shalt Thou build again  
These walls of pain,  
Nor raise the roof-tree of deceits, nor lay  
Fresh rafters on the clay;  
Broken the house is, and the ridge-pole split!  
Delusion fashioned it!  
Safe pass I thence — deliverance to obtain.'

"The knowledge of oneself in relation to lesser nature, on the one hand, and on the other hand to that stupendously greater Self, the Supreme

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Spirit of the universe — so vaguely called God, Allâh, Brahma, Ahura, the Father in secret, the Divine within each one of us — this is truly the purpose of all religion, of whatever race and time and place. It is this knowledge of ourselves which is the object of Theosophy."

### "GO TO THE ANT THOU SLUGGARD, CONSIDER HIS WAYS AND BE WISE": by R. Machell



**T**HAT is a very old admonition, and one that has not been seriously considered by many who believe that they have assimilated the advice contained in it.

Usually, I suppose, it is taken to mean that the ant is such an excellent illustration of industry, and consequently of wisdom, that a man must necessarily become more virtuous by the mere consideration of his ways and that his wisdom will thereby be increased.

But if one does go to the ant, which is an easy matter if one does not try to enter his abode, and if one considers his ways, which is certainly an entertaining occupation, one will be amazed at the extraordinary lack of efficiency and waste of energy displayed by these industrious workers.

One calls their restless activity *work*, supposing that it is all purposive and effective; but observation seems to refute this supposition.

I have seen these indefatigable operators travel back and forth and round about in various directions, as if diligently searching for something. Finally one of them will seize upon some large object, that he and the rest had passed by and over many times before, and taking hold of it by his head-end he will pull backwards laboriously, changing the direction of his journey as circumstances may determine. The others continue to ignore him and his prize until some one of them seems to be struck with an idea and attaches himself by his front-end to the object, but not with any intention of co-operating in the labor of his fellow, nor in opposition, but simply, as it were, obeying a similar impulse to take hold and pull backwards, in whatever direction his tail-end happens to point.

If the two happen to be holding on in the same direction the journey continues until one of the two decides to get a new grip. Then he proceeds to pull as energetically as before in whatever direction he may find himself, always pulling backwards. If his pull is just exactly opposite to the other fellow's then the object stops. Then perhaps a third and a fourth lay hold, each one acting in the same manner, with admirable singleness of purpose and utter disregard of consequences. The result

## "GO TO THE ANT THOU SLUGGARD"

is observed to be that the object will travel in a manner that illustrates the scientific law of the resolution of forces, the direction and rate of progress being the result of the balancing of these various forces.

After some considerable expenditure of force in this manner and some devious wanderings of the prize which is the object of their industrious attention, they seem to lose interest in that occupation; and, abandoning their treasure, to recommence their search, if it be a search, with undiminished energy.

You may observe that the ants seem to be always active and always energetic; hustlers, in fact.

Returning to the abandoned prize the observer may find that it has attracted the attention of some other industrious searcher, who also has passed the said object many times before recognising its value. Then the whole performance begins again and the object travels for a time in some other direction, to be later abandoned as before. This kind of thing goes on for hours and there is never any relaxation of activity or mitigation of industry.

Occasionally a worker seems to succeed in striking the direction of the hole, by which the cave is entered, and he disappears with his treasure. But of all the extravagant displays of apparently wasted energy, misdirected effort, ineffectual exertion, and lack of co-operation, that I have witnessed, the ways of the ant are the most remarkable.

All of which is, of course, an evidence of man's lack of wisdom. It would seem that his mode of observation must be defective, or his intelligence unsuited to the task; for a consideration of the ways of the ant, so far, would hardly seem calculated to excite his admiration for these inefficient hustlers. Perhaps that is the lesson he was to learn. Perhaps the folly of hustling had been discovered in the old days when that proverb was new.

I remember an old workman replying to an impatient superintendent, who had reproached him for not hustling, with the quiet retort: "There's no time for hustling when there's work to be done."

Now that sounds like human common sense, but evidently it would be nonsense to an ant. And here comes in the chance to extract wisdom from the consideration of the ways of these remarkably organized creatures. There is apparently a different mode of consciousness operative in men and ants; and unless a man can think as an ant thinks (if it does think), feel as an ant feels, see as it sees, and know as it knows, and can remember these experiences on returning to his normal human condition of mind, he will not be able to know the purposes that guide these creatures, or to judge of the efficiency of their labor.

So it may be that before we are able to go to the ant and consider

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his ways, we must first gain intuition, which is surely akin to wisdom.

Man's intellect usually acts on the most material plane of mind, which is in the field of reason and logic. The higher side of the intelligence is imaginative, intuitive, perceptive. That is to say, there is in man a power to put his inner consciousness into direct connexion with truth, or with facts as they are in themselves, so as to attain to what the ancients called wisdom or direct perception of the nature of things: while in his brain-mind operations he can only observe appearances, compare his observations, reason and deduce results, all based on the observation of the appearances alone.

It is probable that the ants do not reason as we reason, that they do not see as we see, that they are not individualized as we are to the point of forgetting our underlying unity of consciousness. In fact, it is probable that they are in a different line of evolution from ours.

If this is so then man ought to understand that before he can learn wisdom from the consideration of their ways, he must be able to look on the world through their eyes, and through their perceptive apparatus (not to use the word intelligence). Failing that, he cannot be rightly said to have complied with the admonition "Go to the ant." He has not gone to the ant but has remained just where he was — a man among men, looking on from his world at the operations of beings whose consciousness may be active on a different plane of mind.

From this point of view it is not so easy to go to the ant; and if we got there we might find it hard to bring back the memory of our experiences in that state. Just as it is difficult to bring back to memory the experiences of deep sleep. Most people know that on waking up they are sometimes aware of having had some interesting experience which seemed quite vivid to their mind until they opened their eyes and fully woke up. Then it was gone. Now this shows that we cannot even 'go to ourselves' and bring back the result of our consideration of the ways of that inner world, in which we spend so much of our life without gaining any wisdom that is profitable to us in the waking state.

May it not be that in that state of deep sleep the real man, freed from the limitations of his brain-mind, lives in a state of direct self-consciousness which is only intelligible to the brain-mind when translated into terms of time and space? that is to say, unrolled like a picture-film in a series of views that express continuity of action. It may be that there was no such succession of events in the inner state: it may be that our inner consciousness has a mode of operation that is not subject to time and space, as understood by the brain-mind in its waking state; and it may be that the ants are no further removed from human beings in their mental methods than the waking man is from the sleeper.

## **"GO TO THE ANT THOU SLUGGARD"**

If some one should therefore say: "Go to sleep, consider your dreams and be wise," he might be giving good advice, but advice that would certainly prove very misleading; for the only dreams known to the untrained student are delusions and distortions of half-remembered sleep-experiences. Not until we can go to sleep consciously, and carry our consciousness through the change of state, can we profitably consider our dreams, and be wise.

If our measure of time is variable even as our moods, and if we are dependent upon the clock as umpire in the game of hide-and-seek that we call life, so are we almost equally dependent upon mechanical instruments for the establishment of a reliable measure of space. In fact one might almost say that we measure distance by time, for we do really estimate distance more by the time it takes for us to get to a place than by any abstract value that miles have as units of space.

What is a unit of space? What possible unit can there be for a man other than the size of his own body, or of its parts, or of the distance he can stretch or cover in his stride. These certainly have a definite meaning to him; but as to what size his body itself is, he has no idea. He may say it is five or six feet tall, but then what size is a foot? Oh, you say, a foot is so many inches and an inch is the length of the first joint of the thumb, and so on; but as to what size the last of these units is in terms that really mean something, he has really no idea. The world we live on may be very small or very big; all we know is that it is measurably proportionate to our body and to the time it takes us to go from one point to another. So we make maps and plans in order to check and control our personal impressions of distance, and we indicate the height of mountains and the depths of oceans in the same way by mechanical means, without which we should be unable to agree. Even as it is, men who are trained in such matters regard their personal judgment as entirely unreliable for anything like accurate measurement; and the generality of men have but the vaguest notions as to size, distance, height, or depth; and, as to direction, are dependent upon reference to the position of the sun and stars. Few have any independent sense of direction.

This is even more noticeable when we come to the way in which men of different races indicate objects and express distance and direction in space. A casual glance at the art of other races, or of men of our own race at remote periods, will make us wonder if they saw as we see.

Art critics of the past were in the habit of assuming that these differences in modes of representation were entirely due to lack of knowledge or of technical skill. But as our own knowledge of history has advanced, we have come to see that some of these earlier races were more highly educated than men of our own age, while the average of intelligence

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also was in their favor. From this it would appear probable that the difference in their manner of expressing form and distance pictorially was not due to their inferiority in intelligence, but to an actually different conception of space from that with which we are more or less familiar.

I say more or less familiar advisedly, for there are some rather remarkable differences of opinion as to the right mode of expressing form in art among men of our own day, and of our own race, who are all engaged in the study or practice of art.

Would it not be more intelligent to credit these men with sincerity in their efforts to express their own conceptions of space, of form, of light and shade, and of color, in a manner that in some way corresponds to their own peculiarity of vision, than to attribute the differences to lack of education or of intelligence?

The more advanced art critics of today are taking a broader view of such matters, it is true, but I venture to doubt if they have begun to realize how extremely personal is the usual idea of space, form, or distance, when thrown back upon itself and deprived of mechanical instruments or methods of measurement and computation.

Here again we find that space has a different meaning in dreams, in some dreams, though of course all dreams are promptly translated into terms of the waking consciousness. Yet we know how easily we pass from one place to another. Also in thought we know how capricious is our idea of distance. It is a matter of common experience that we may live in close, very close proximity to another person and yet never get near him in any real sense. And in saying this I mean that the distance between our bodies is not a real, true, or satisfying expression of the nearness of our real selves.

We may have acquired the habit of declaring that distances measurable in feet, yards, or miles, are real; and that distances which can only be felt and expressed in terms of emotion are purely imaginary; but I ask you, is not this contrary to our actual feeling and knowledge? Is the mechanical measure the real test of nearness between human souls?

Be that as it may, we certainly have experience of occasions upon which our conceptions of space have given the lie to our accepted rules of measurement, and these experiences must prove to us that even human beings may see space in an unusual way. If so, why should we imagine that other creatures do not see it in even a more widely different manner?

It is a fact that a painter sees space (that is of course objects in space) in a way that differentiates him from a sculptor. There is a pictorial vision and a sculptural, as also an architectonic way of seeing. Thus a sculptor who is essentially a sculptor, and not merely a painter who has missed his vocation, sees a figure 'in the round' or, as it were, syn-

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thetically; mentally grasping the form as a whole, as if his vision permeated the form and felt it rather than saw it. A painter sees a picture; and he might see a form from a number of points of view, and conceive of a group or a single figure, and model it in this way with some success, but he would not be seeing as the true sculptor seems to see. Of course in all such questions there is difficulty in finding out how another person sees; because we are not generally trained to intuitive perception or to sympathetic vision. Indeed the average education ignores such modes of vision and perception, and tends to unify and standardize the functions of the mind as if they were mechanical motions controlled by mechanical means. The result is the deadening of the more delicate functions of the inner man by the use of which alone true knowledge is to be achieved.

Probably most people today doubt the possibility of consciously passing through those gates that we call death, and sleep, and birth, and of passing consciously out of the limits of the personality and returning to the normal state with memory of what was seen or heard or experienced in the other states. But the ancients declared that this was the only way to attain to wisdom.

One who could do this might profitably study dreams and might translate his knowledge so gained into language intelligible to ordinary men, but few appear to have escaped the delusion peculiar to this field of investigation. True Teachers are rare, while the number of those who undertake to impart occult instruction for money is beyond belief, and the number of self-deluded dreamers who though (spiritually) blind are willing to be leaders is astonishing.

The vanity of the human heart encourages all dreamers to ascribe a high source to all their experiences, and so makes them a danger to themselves as well as to those who look to them for guidance.

There is a world of quiet sarcasm in that injunction “. . . and be wise.” It is slipped in so gently and innocently, as if wisdom comes to any one who considers the ways of the ant.

I venture to think that the last should be first: “Be wise, and then you may learn from the ant or from any other creature, even from your self, for all creatures have their correspondences somewhere in the complexity of human nature.”

The possibility of the existence of creatures on this earth whose consciousness is operating on a different plane from that on which the human mind is usually active, may seem a wild hypothesis, until we recall the fact that we ourselves spend one-third of our life in a state that is generally a complete mystery to us.

When we remember that even in our waking state, which we would probably declare to be absolutely controlled by conditions of time and

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space, we are so uncertain as to our measure of time that we are compelled continually to regulate our minds by reference to a machine, which is supposed to record the passage of time but which has little enough correspondence with that 'succession of our states of consciousness' which constitutes actual time; then we may hesitate before attributing to other creatures any such conception of time as we human beings have agreed to recognise.

If we will go to the consideration of the ants in a more liberal frame of mind we may indeed gain wisdom, which the world lacks most of all.

You may say that if all creatures have their correspondences in the nature of man, it is therefore better to study ourselves than the other creatures. But there is a real advantage in such observations, for they tend to take the mind away from the personality, which is its prison-house. There is a vast difference between real self-study and the self-absorption in which most people are so deeply involved; and from which they must free themselves before they can begin really to study their own nature.

But if we do carefully consider our own experiences in sleep or waking, we shall be forced to admit that we have a thousand different rates of time which have to be artificially corrected by references to a clock of some kind. Certainly, we may find that we have in the body itself a time-keeper, not to speak of the sun above, but we also know that thought and emotion have a measure of time that seems to be altogether capricious, and dreams defy all known systems of measurement.

Consider these things and be wise.

Know that the real man is something more than a body with desires and appetites, something more than a mind with thoughts and emotions, something that is not living in the same measure of time and space as that which conditions the life of the body.

Know this, and you will be on the path that leads to wisdom, for you will be on the path that leads inward and upward to knowledge of the real Self and to freedom from the delusion of the false.



"I PRAYED, and understanding was given me: I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came to me. . . .

"He hath given me certain knowledge of the things that are, namely, to know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements. . . .

"The natures of living creatures, and the furies of wild beasts: the violence of winds, and the reasonings of men: the diversities of plants, and the virtues of roots:

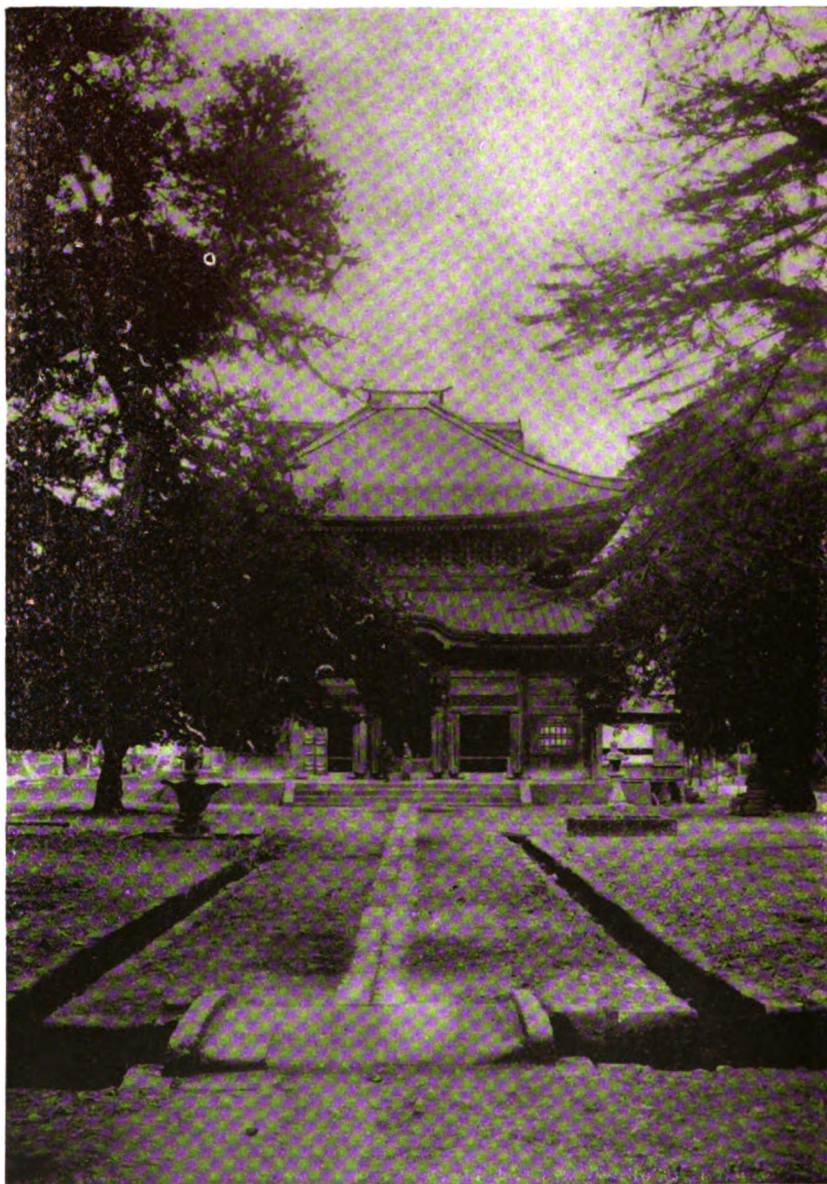
"And all such things as are either secret or manifest, them I know."

— *Wisdom of Solomon*



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PATHWAY THROUGH THE WOODS AND SMALL TEMPLE GATE  
KAMAKURA, JAPAN



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

TEMPLE OF KENCHOJI, KAMAKURA, JAPAN .



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**CLOSER VIEW OF THE TEMPLE**




*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**JAPANESE WOMEN RETURNING FROM THEIR DAY'S WORK IN THE FIELDS**

# THE MEDITATIONS OF SSU-K'UNG T'U: by Kenneth Morris

## NOTE

SU-K'UNG T'U (A. D. 834-908) was the last of the great poets of the Golden Age of Chinese poetry, the epoch of the T'ang Dynasty (A. D. 618-908). Little is known of his life; like most of the giant poets of that extraordinary period, he was also a statesman in some sort; holding for a while the office of Secretary of the Board of Rites. Later he retired into the mountains to follow poetry and the life of meditation.

This version is made from Professor H. H. Giles' non-metrical translation — the first, I believe, in any European language — in his book on *Chinese Literature*. Professor Giles says that the poem may be taken as showing what Taoism stands for in the minds of cultured Chinese Taoists: what it did stand for in those splendid and spacious days when so many poets and artists drank their inspiration from the fountains of its haunting mysticism, its magic of mountains and wild waters. He says, too, that Ssu-k'ung T'u's poem is held in very high estimation by Chinese critics — which one may well believe; and that its language and thought are somewhat obscure; his own rendering certainly bears this out.

So in the present version, some interpretation has been attempted. The greatest freedom has been used: the endeavor has been, to grasp Ssu-k'ung T'u's thought and spirit, and to render these as intelligibly as possible; abiding faithfully the while by his color, atmosphere, and imagery. There are passages in Professor Giles's translation, to the thought behind which the present writer could find no clue: these were boldly omitted. One might have metrified and crammed them in of course, but —. This is particularly the case with the stanza called *Conservation*.

Stanzas they are: parts of a single poem; although each has its own title, and they seem disconnected enough. Yet there is a thread running through; and Ssu-k'ung T'u meant it as a single poem. Also he uses the same form throughout: a verse of twelve lines; although here it has been found very convenient to vary the forms as often as possible.

It is of course impossible to render the T'ang verse forms in English; strangely enough, the Chinese had some of our own metres and forms in pre-T'ang times; but when their poetry came to its age of splendid fruition, they passed beyond. The T'ang poets did *not* use free verse, or anything like it: their forms were intricate in the extreme, *artificial*: carvings in jade and ivory; filigree and jewel-work. The nearest things we have to them, in the *effect produced*, are the old French forms: rondels, rondeaus, villanelles, and the like: which for the most part have been used here. They do not seem to use refrains in Chinese; yet the refrains

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proper to these old French forms render, as perhaps nothing else could, a musical effect in the originals: in the Chinese, tone answers to tone, and echoes it, with wonderful results musically; and in a manner we have no conception of in English. Even spoken Chinese is chanted, each syllable having its appropriate note to indicate its meaning; and the musical resources of the language — for that reason much greater than any European tongue possesses — were employed to the uttermost to make the chanted verse, speech more than half asleep, song considerably more than half awake. It is well to note these facts now, when fresh volumes of translated Chinese poetry are appearing yearly here and in Europe; and when more than one critic or translator have expressed the egregious idea that free verse is the only vehicle for it — because forsooth the Chinese poets knew nothing and cared less for form and music! The fact is that they knew much more of these things, and used them with greater skill, than any Occidental has ever done: that seems, soberly, not a bit too much to say. There was also an age of free verse in China — the age of Ch'ü Yüan and his successors in the first three centuries B. C.; but the T'ang masters reformed all that very thoroughly. They knew that the secret of Art is harmony, harmonious development: in poetry, a perfect adjustment of Vision, Music, and Form; and where they gave flashing or delicate pictures (as they always did), they also gave wonderful melodies, and perfect and exquisite forms.

Some may ask: What is this Tao of which Ssu-k'ung T'u speaks? He defines it himself over and over again: it is the "Center of Things, where all roads wandering meet"; it is the NO THING in which we are to seek the lonely Way; it is the Universal Spirit, Divine, and the Path to that; the One Reality; the Way, the Truth and the Life.

I: Energy  
Absolute

**S**PENDING our strength we drift down to decay;  
But in the Spirit is all strength renewed;  
In that NO THING seek ye the lonely Way!

This side the clouds; this side the lightnings' play;  
This side the void where morn and midnight brood;  
Spending our strength, we drift down to decay.

Ay, but beyond the common things of day,  
Midmost of all abideth Quietude;  
In that NO THING seek ye the lonely Way!

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Here, where awhirl our little concepts stray  
Backward and forth, a restless multitude,  
Spending our strength, we drift down to decay.

Freighted with everlasting calm, essay  
The infinite Beyond, the Eternal Mood,  
In that NO THING seeking the lonely Way!

There, without effort holding fast, to sway  
Time and the world in moveless solitude.

Spending our strength, we drift down to decay;  
In the NO THING seek ye the lonely Way!

II: Tran-  
quil Repose

Unspeakable, all the quietude it fills;  
It soareth heavenward with the Lonely Crane;  
Unseen, the unimagined vast it thrills.

As some bamboo-flute tune with little trills  
Heard in the twilight into silence wane,  
Unspeakable, all the quietude it fills.

As some warm breeze a-flutter from the hills  
Stirs a silk robe, and then is mute again,  
Unseen, the unimagined vast it thrills.

Essence the eternal harmony distils,  
Where the white suns in lonely splendor reign  
Unspeakable, all the quietude it fills.

Chanced on, it blendeth facile with our wills,  
Sought, we may seek a hundred years in vain:  
Unseen, the unimagined vast it thrills.

Form after form it brims and over-spills  
And flows away; who grasps shall not retain;  
Unspeakable, all the quietude it fills;  
Unseen, the unimagined vast it thrills.

III: Slim-  
Stout

Down in the green and lonely dale  
A maid the lilies gathering —  
It is the old and oft-told tale!

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'Neath the soft wind the willows pale  
'Midst the wild loveliness of Spring  
Down in the green and lonely dale —

Yonder the peach-bloom flushing frail;  
Yonder the orioles a-wing —  
It is the old and oft-told tale!

The winding path the willows veil —  
The little brook meandering  
Down in the green and lonely dale —

High in the blue a crane a-sail;  
Down here the mating songbirds sing —  
It is the old and oft-told tale!

And I am wondering what can ail  
My heart — then turn, remembering,  
Down in the green and lonely dale,  
That — 'tis the old and oft-told tale. . . .

IV: Con-  
centration

Green pines, and a cabin here on the mountainside,  
And the sun going down through the molten topaz air. . .  
I wander down through the trees and muse, head bare. . .  
There's a twitter of birds in the gathering eveningtide;  
High up the wild geese winging the loneliness ride;  
And afar and afar, that One — ah, who knows where? . . .  
I dream: — in the cabin there on the mountainside  
When the sun's gone down through the dimmed and  
golden air.

The night-dark clouds are blown o'er the waters wide,  
And all moon-glossed the hundred eyots fair  
On the breast of silvered Yangtse. — Nay, but there,  
Thought-wrought, heart-heard, though the width of the  
world divide,  
With me in the cabin room on the mountainside  
When the sun has long gone down through the pearl-dim air.

V: Height  
— Antiquity

He is upborne beyond the gulf of time;  
He holdeth in his hand the Lotus-Flower;  
He journeys through the infinite sublime.



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When the white moon comes forth the heavens to climb,  
Issuing from Alioth in dragon power  
He is upborne beyond the gulf of time.

He hears the clear-toned bells of Hua chime;  
He sees Mount Hua dark beneath him tower;  
He journeys through the infinite sublime.

He dwelleth in the Spirit's lonely clime;  
The storm his chariot and the meteor-shower:  
He is upborne beyond the gulf of time.

Where the huge stars chant their eternal rhyme  
He shines, and far below the tempests lower:  
He journeys through the infinite sublime.

To them that reigned ere earth was stained with crime  
I saw him pass, and death beneath him cower:  
He was upborne beyond the gulf of time;  
He journeyed through the infinite, sublime.

VI: Re-  
finement

A patter of rain on the roof as the storm goes by;  
A kettle of jade at his side; he sitting alone  
Heareth the lutanist waterfall tinkle and drone,  
Seeth the white clouds drift in the new-clear sky,  
Seeth the bamboos sway, and the small birds fly  
In the depths of the pines, by needle-cluster and cone; —  
A patter of rain on the roof as the shower goes by;  
The poet-scholar musing, sitting alone.

He hath no more grief to live, nor fear to die,  
Than the golden placid chrysanthemum newly blown;  
He notes in his tome the beauty and glory unknown  
Of the autumn flowers, and the fallen leaves that lie  
Strewn on the ground, as the patter of rain goes by  
And the heart of the autumn is shown to him, sitting alone.

VII: Wash  
— Smelt

Make the heart of thee clean, as silver ore from the lead;  
As the limpid pool that mirrors the leafage green  
And the blue of the skies and the white bright clouds o'erhead,  
Make the heart of thee clean!

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Riding the moonbeam, mount to the Infinite Sheen;  
Thy gaze where the stars their myriad splendors shed,  
Thy heart as the hermit alone on the hills, serene.

Year upon year, the years of our living are sped:  
Yesterday shineth afar as the bright Moon-Queen;  
Today floweth by as a stream going down to the dead;  
Make the heart of thee clean!

VIII:  
Strength

The mind as though in the lonely abysm of space;  
The life in the veins, as kindled and quivering through  
With the rainbow aflame o'er the toppling Peaks of Wu,  
Where the flying clouds and the dragon stormwinds race;  
The heart filled full with the Spirit's splendor and grace:—  
In the thoughts that are thought, in the daily deeds to do,  
One with the Glory that all things anew and anew,  
Exertionless, maketh, unmaketh and holdeth in place.

So, mind, life, heart, thoughts, actions, firm and elate,  
Shall the strength and the length of thy life be unwasted; so  
Shall thy self be upraised from its frail and lonely estate  
To be Peer of Earth and Heaven while the ages flow:  
Co-worker forever with Time and Change and Fate  
And the winds of Spring, and the Winter's beauty of snow.

IX: Em-  
broideries

If the mind hath inward wealth and rank of its own  
It shall count such things as these its yellowest gold:—  
The white sea-mist o'er the breast of Yangtse rolled;  
Pink almond-bloom on the bare twig starred and strown;  
A cottage under the moon, wisteria-grown;  
A bridge with its arc on the water glassed, two-fold;—  
If the mind hath inward wealth and rank of its own  
It shall count such things as these its yellowest gold.

For the spirit hath joy of the simplest things alone;  
It seeth the pomp of the world, and is mute and cold.  
The golden cup half full; one loved of old  
To awaken the lutestrings' trill and ripple and tone —  
If the mind hath inward wealth and rank of its own  
It shall count such things as these its yellowest gold.

## THE MEDITATIONS OF SSU-K'UNG T'U

X: The  
Natural

The Center of Things, where all roads wandering meet,  
Neither to right nor to left shall it ever be found:  
Touch but the ground, and there it is at thy feet.

A whisper, and Spring flows in with her bloom-breath sweet,  
And the year new-born, and the lotus-bloom full-crowned —  
The Center of Things, where all roads wandering meet.

Snatch it away for thyself — and lo, it is fleet  
To vanish, and leave thee never a sweet nor sound;  
Yet touch but the ground, and there it is at thy feet.

As the hermit alone in his mountainside retreat,  
Oh to abide, unfretting and unrenowned,  
At the Center of Things, where all roads wandering meet!

Quiet as sedge on the willowed pond; no whit  
To heed what cries within, what strives around —  
For, touch but the ground, and there It is at thy feet!

Quiet — when passion stirreth the heart to beat,  
Resigning it all at once to the Calm Profound  
At the Center of Things, where all roads wandering meet.

Touch but the ground, and there it is at thy feet!

XI:  
Set Free

Through Tao at last Eternity attained,  
The Universe is on my side with me:  
I breathe the Empyrean pure and free;  
I joy in all Earth's blossoms unrestrained.  
Lashing my huge sea-monsters crystal-reined,  
I take the splendid spaces of the sea;  
Through Tao at last Eternity attained,  
The Universe is on my side with me!

Sun, moon and stars in all their glory unwaned  
Before me singing through the immensity;  
Behind me, silvery winging in their glee,  
The Phoenix and the Dragon mighty-maned:—  
Through Tao at last Eternity attained,  
The Universe is on my side with me!

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

XII: Con-  
servation

Naught is made known — no wisdom gained —  
From written words or speech alone:

Of what deep wound the heart is pained  
Naught is made known  
Save without speech that grief be shown.

Why this man all he sought obtained,  
Wherefore was that man overthrown —  
Here you shall find it all explained:—

Speechless the Soul comes to its own;  
Save first that Silence be attained  
Naught is made known.

XIII: Ani-  
mal Spirits

Oh that they might return again and again!  
That we might lose them never — the splendid things:  
The parrot that shone through olden lovelier Springs;  
The River flashing fathomless down through the plain;  
The dark-flushed Changpu bloom bejewelled with rain;  
The moonlit terrace where one bright nightingale sings;  
And hushed, or a-quiver a little with unseen wings,  
The willows down by the stream in the daylight's wane —

The coming of one for whose coming we longed, who came  
From the purple hills bringing joy; the cup of gold  
Overflowing with joy! — For life to be free and aflame,  
And endless, and no dead ashes of writing cold  
To mock the soul with the waning phantom fame —  
But only Eternal Beauty to clasp and hold!

XIV:  
Close Woven

In all these things are hidden lives aglow  
Struggling to leap forth from the deep unseen,  
To form and beauty and vital being keen.

Where the buds break to bloom; where waters flow;  
Where the sun lights the dewdrop's diamond sheen —

In all these things are hidden lives aglow  
Struggling to leap forth from the deep unseen.

Lest thou impede their upward journeying slow,  
Be thy whole life a harmony serene  
As moonlit snow, as the Spring's veil of green,

## THE MEDITATIONS OF SSU-K'UNG T'U

In all which things are hidden lives aglow  
Struggling to leap forth from the deep unseen,  
To form, and beauty, and vital being keen.

XV:  
Seclusion

Here 'neath the pines on the hillside,  
I'll build my cabin small, and bide  
With none beside me to control,  
And mine own soul for mine own guide.

For my delight, until I die,  
Here are the green pines and blue sky;  
And for wealth — why, while following Tao,  
There's *here* and *now*, and what comes by.

Here, head bare, pondering poesie,  
I'll never know what the date may be;  
So that I see the sun and moon,  
Know night from noon — enough for me!

If we may win but calm self-sway,  
Why fume and fuss the soul away  
In deeds — or say there's more to gain  
Beyond this plane of night and day?

XVI:  
Fasci-  
nation

A clear blue sky, and the far peaks faint in snow;  
(There's One in the dark wood calling me, brighter than jade!)  
Green and shadow and sun in the pine-rimmed glade;  
Eddy and flash of the Yangtse far below,  
And away and beyond, the boats of the fishermen go,  
And afar and afar, the sails of the fishermen fade  
In the clear blue sky and the mountains faint in snow.  
— There's One in the dark wood calling me, brighter than jade!

And I turn from watching the broad stream silver and flow,  
To the red-stemmed, dark pine-needed quiet and shade;  
And my mind of a sudden is rapt from the world, unafraid,  
To a light and a splendor forgotten, from ages ago,  
In the clear blue sky and the mountains faint in snow —  
For there's One in the dark wood calling me, brighter than jade!

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

XVII: In  
Tortuous  
Ways

On the mountainside, on the green and lonely steep  
Of high Tai-hsing, where flower-breath far and wide  
Is blown o'er the soft jade-green of a world asleep —  
On the mountainside

A weariness comes on my soul that I may not hide;  
A cry breaks forth of my lips that I may not keep —  
Though indeed, but a moment after, I doubt I have cried —

For below with eddy and flow the white tides creep  
On the shore: in no one form may Tao abide,  
But changes and drifts as the wide wing-shadows sweep  
On the mountainside. . . .

XVIII:  
Actualities

There where the brook comes down in a white cascade,  
From the gloom of the pines to the green of the mountain glade,  
Suddenly I was aware of the heart of Tao.

I was making a poem — simple thoughts enow,  
And choosing the simplest words — and then, somehow,  
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade,

At the sound of a lute blown down through the pinetrees' shade,  
The spirit within me thrilled and leaped and swayed,  
And suddenly I was aware of the heart of Tao.

First there was one came, bent, and the sweat on his brow,  
Bearing a load, 'twixt low-hung bough and bough,  
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade;

And then, that One unseen in the wood, who played;  
And then, this one that heard, in the woodland strayed,  
Was suddenly wholly aware of the heart of Tao.

But suppose I had only striven and searched and prayed,  
And not gone forth where my fancy took me — how  
Should I so have suddenly come on the heart of Tao,  
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade?

XIX:  
Despon-  
dent

The rain trickles in through the old thatch; the winds scream;  
In the driving storm the pines strain and moan and crack;  
Dragonlike whitens and darkens the gale o'er Yangtse Stream.

## THE MEDITATIONS OF SSU-K'UNG T'U

I loved, I sought — and lo now, never a kindling beam  
Of the Light I loved shines through; my thoughts grow bitter  
and black,  
And the rain trickles in through the old thatch, and the winds  
scream.

A hundred years slip by as a river with ripple and gleam,  
No more to return again than the sea-spiced waves come back  
Where dragonlike whitens and darkens the gale o'er Yangtse Stream.

As the ashes cold on the hearth are wealth and the world's esteem;  
Whereto shall I turn for hope? Whereto shall I turn? Alack  
How the rain trickles in through the old thatch; how the winds  
scream!

Whereto shall I turn for hope? Whereto? As a glittering dream  
Fleeteth Tao afar, where none may its courses track;  
As, dragonlike, whitens and darkens the gale o'er Yangtse Stream.

The soldier draws his sword; tears flow — the endless theme  
Of this long lamentation, life — this ruinous welter and wrack  
With the rain dripping in through the old thatch, as the winds  
scream,  
As dragonlike whitens and darkens the gale o'er Yangtse Stream!

XX:  
Form and  
Feature

He that hath fixed his gaze on any outward thing,  
Some glimmering from within, a spirit form, hath seen;  
As when we seek to draw the sea-wave rolling green,  
As when we seek to paint the airy glory of Spring.  
So I have seen the huge wind-swept cloud-dragons wing  
With ever-changing forms, white on the blue serene;  
So in the flowers discerned an inward grace of mien;  
So seen the breaking waves a secret splendor fling;  
  
So watched the precipice, the mountain crags, uprear  
Sheer heavenward in their grand majestic loneliness,  
And felt the immanence of Tao reflected here —  
Some shining from the Deep inmingling here, did guess.—  
So sometime shall the forms we see by disappear,  
And that Lone Light be ours, untrammelled, fathomless.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

XXI: The  
Transcendental

It is not of the essence of the mind,  
Nor of the atoms of this cosmos born;  
*Seek it beyond the white clouds and the wind!*

Afar, it seemeth nowise hard to find;  
At hand, from out the hand that grasps 'tis torn;  
*It is not of the essence of the mind.*

Yet in the piled-up mountain-tops outlined  
It shines, and through the golden light of morn;  
*Seek it beyond the white clouds and the wind!*

One with the Tao itself, 'tis not to bind  
In bonds of this mortality forlorn:  
*It is not of the essence of the mind.*

Yet with its seal the trees are countersigned;  
Its hieroglyphs the mossy rocks adorn:  
*Seek it beyond the white clouds and the wind!*

Listen! its croonings faint and undefined  
Out of the deeps within thy soul are borne —  
Not of the essence of thy mortal mind!  
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*Seek it beyond the white clouds and the wind!*

XXII:  
Abstraction

Far from the crowd, of That Eternal fain,  
I seek the Light our daily dreamings shroud,  
As o'er Mount Hou soareth the Lonely Crane,  
Far from the crowd. . . .

As o'er Mount Hua floats the lonely cloud,  
Floateth this leaf now on the boundless main. . . .  
Hush! the old wonder awakens, pure and proud. . . .  
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Light we draw near; Flame that we never gain!—  
Who knows It thus, attaineth, peace-endowed;  
Who hopes to grasp It — hath come forth in vain  
Far from the crowd. . . .

## THE MEDITATIONS OF SSU-K'UNG T'U

XXIII:  
Illumined

The Grand South Mountain shone, a far faint lotus flower,  
A candle lit with God, white in the dim blue sky!  
I had been brooding thus: *How frail a thing am I!*  
*How brief the life of man — a hundred years — an hour!*  
*Some refuge from its moil in this wisteria bower,*  
*With pale sweet trailing blooms swayed as the breeze goes by—*  
When sudden on my gaze, a far faint lotus flower,  
The Grand South Mountain shone, white in the dim  
blue sky.

I had been brooding thus: *One goblet, whilst the shower*  
*Bedecks with pendent gems these pale blooms ere they die;*  
*Then, strolling in the sun — How swift the wild years fly!*  
*How soon we age and die! — Oh Secret Dragon Power!*  
The Grand South Mountain shone, a far faint lotus flower,  
A candle lit with Tao, white in the dim blue sky!

XXIV:  
Motion

Let me not liken Life to a whirling wheel;  
Let me not liken Life to pearls on a tray  
Rolling this way and that, and falling away  
As the hands of Fate may tilt, as Chance may reel.  
These — yes! — the outward guise of life reveal,  
But Life! — there is Earth on her axis, Night and Day,  
And the Pole of Heaven, and the sweep of the Milky Way  
To reveal the sweep of Life — and again conceal.

May I grasp the meaning of these, and be one with the Glory  
That surging swings through the vast and void of time,  
An orbit of myriad years, primeval, hoary!  
Let me heed the stars with their infinite rhythm and rhyme!  
This is the key to Life — our own Life's story,  
Revealed, concealed, imperishable, sublime. . . .

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## HABITS: by H. Travers, M. A.



HABIT may be defined for present purposes as an automatic tendency which we have set up and wish to stop; or as an automatic tendency which we wish to establish; the former kind being bad habits, the latter good.

The universe is made up of organisms of various grades and kinds, each embodying a certain amount of mind or consciousness which it expresses by its actions. In the lowest kingdoms of which we are cognisant, the power of action is very limited, and the force of habit so strong that the organisms can always be relied on to behave in the same way. Thus the chemicals and materials of science are constant in their behavior, and this makes it possible for us to calculate what will happen when we utilize them. When we pass to higher kingdoms — the plant and animal, we find that the force of habit is not so strong and may be modified to some extent. We can change the habits of a plant to some degree by transplanting it from the field to the garden, changing its nutriment, etc.; while the habits of an animal may be still more altered. Nevertheless all these creatures tend to go on doing the same things indefinitely, and have little or no power to change their own habits. When we come to man, we find him endowed with the power to reflect upon his own nature and to change his habits.

The universe is built on a numerical plan, we are told, and the first number is One; after that comes Two, which denotes repetition; its motto is, 'Do it again, please!' There is a universal tendency in Nature to do things again. Teach a parrot a word, and it will say that word for all the hundred years of its life, unless you teach it another word. There are minute and simple organisms whose whole life consists in the continual repetition of one act. This is habit — a universal principle. It is that cosmic law of multiplication by which a type becomes converted into copies, and moments are spun out into time.

Our body is built up of minute organisms, each of them being a living creature, with a little life of its own, and knowing how to perform some simple act, which it does over and over again. Thus the processes of the body can go on without attention. Man finds himself seated in a kind of automatic machine, which he has to learn how to use. He may yield unresistingly to its habits, or he may modify them by his will and intelligence; and he may do the latter in varying degrees. He can set aside the habits of the body and of the body's mind.

Time is required in the formation of habits, and they grow stronger in proportion as the time is longer. Therefore time is required to change them. Time, expressed from another point of view, is patience — one of the virtues. To change a rooted habit, we must employ the same

## HABITS

method as that which rooted it — iteration; continual reiteration of conscious effort is needed. Time is either our enemy or our friend, according as we choose to regard it; the impatient man may make it his enemy.

The adoption of a new rule causes opposition, because the body and its mind do not understand and do not want the new rule, but want to run by the old rules. By trying to alter the course too quickly, you may swamp the boat; too sudden an application of the brake may cause a catastrophe. A wise man will not be discouraged if he fails to change in a moment what has taken years to establish. And some habits have taken lifetimes to establish. Temporary set-backs will not daunt him, for he was taught to expect them; his purpose will remain firm.

Often it seems as though the will itself were involved in the evil habitude which we wish to change; and in this case it is necessary to take our stand in a higher stratum of the will, one which is not thus involved. A man may lift one leg at a time out of a bog, but he cannot lift both unless he has a purchase on firm ground. Here is where Theosophy comes in with its assurance of the higher nature of man, whereby he acquires firm standing-ground from which to act while extricating himself. Let a man only entertain the thought that his real Self is an immortal Being, standing outside of the turmoil and changes of life, and he at once obtains a new point of view; he is able to stand more outside of himself and look on. In great measure he has destroyed the illusion by which he was bound. He realizes better now that what he had regarded as his philosophy was only a bundle of habits of thought. He is like a swimmer who has desisted the shore and can now find strength to battle with the tide as he makes for his newly-found goal. He acquires a new power to deal with habits.

Thoughts are much more powerful than acts. The body acts on the mind, and thereby its habits grow much stronger by reason of the thoughts that are connected with them. It is as though the body were trying to *steal* the mind and use it for its own glorification. We must therefore prevent the body from doing that. Habits come around in cycles; and when the cycle arrives, the body will try to set up the corresponding thoughts in the mind. Then we have to control the mind and so confine the habit to the body, when it will have but little power, and will not be so strong the next time it comes. But if we allow the mind to dwell on the bad habit, the habit will gain new strength and new power of reproduction. Bad habits are like machinery which will run down if let alone and if we do not keep winding it up again.

What Theosophists understand by 'Karma' is habit on a large scale. A man's Karma is the bundle of habits and tendencies which he has

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

gradually set up and woven for himself as a snail makes its house or a spider its web. The student of life has to learn to dissociate himself from Karma and leave it to work itself out and run down.

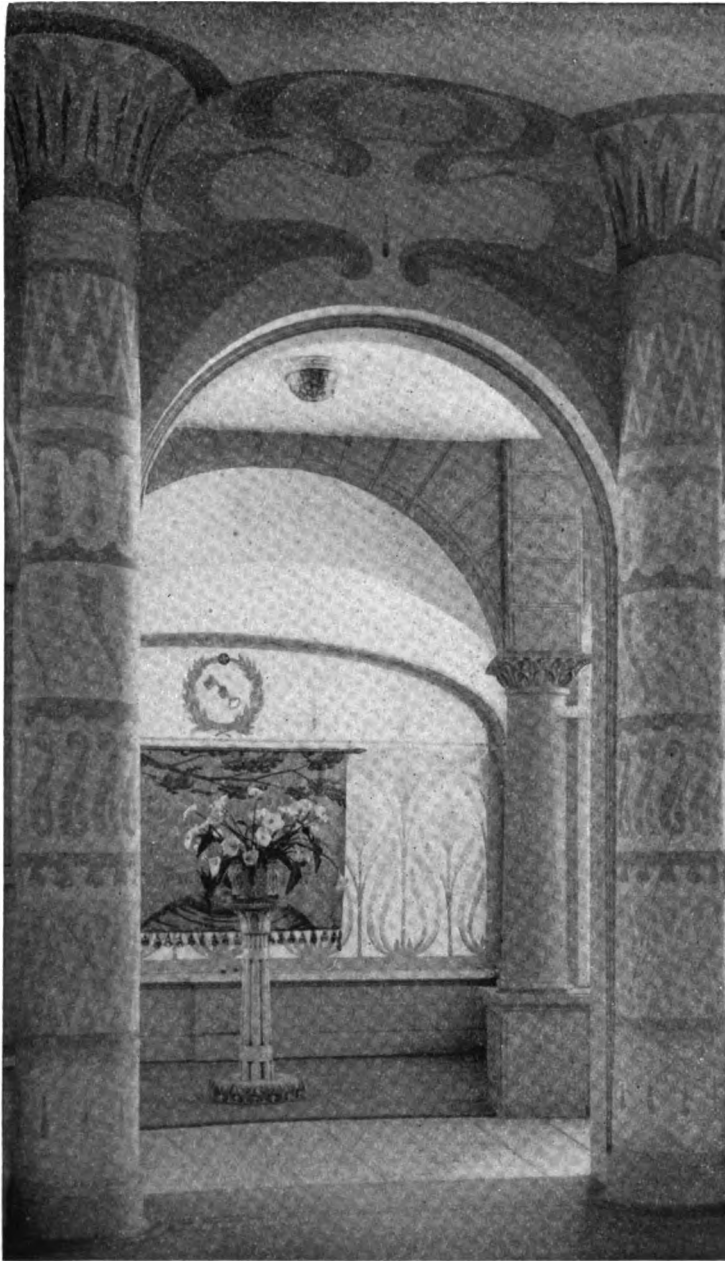
The word 'automatic' has been used two or three times in the above; it means 'running of itself.' A function which runs without our attention is considered as automatic in the sense in which we are using the word. The power of *attention* in man consists in looking at, and to a greater or less extent identifying himself with, some action that is going on. When we first learn to tie a shoe-string, we have to do it with full attention to every detail; but gradually it becomes automatic and is accomplished by a part of our mind without any attention from the main portion of our mind.

There are lowly animals, like sea-urchins, whose whole life and soul is probably focussed on the processes of eating and digestion; they are nothing more than a stomach, with enough brain-matter to run it, and perhaps a leg or two to carry it about. But in man these functions are automatic. And many other functions in man are performed without attention, because they have been perfected by long habit in the lower kingdoms. Hence his attention is free to be directed to other concerns. How far may this process be carried? May we not learn to divert our attention from private and personal concerns, and direct it to those larger issues that concern our duty to the humanity of which we are a part, so that thus we may take an upward step to a higher platform, and become initiated by our own voluntary effort into a broader, fuller life?

•

“‘HE planteth trees which shall benefit another age,’ says Statius in his *Synephebi* — but with what view, unless future ages may in some sense belong to himself?” — *Cicero*

“I CAN never be persuaded that the soul lives no longer than it dwells in this mortal body, and that it dies on separation. For I see that the soul communicates vigor and motion to mortal bodies during its continuance in them. Neither can I be persuaded that the soul is divested of intelligence on its separation from this gross senseless body; but it is probable that, when the soul is separated, it becomes pure and entire, and is then more intelligent. It is evident that, on man's dissolution, every part of him returns to what is of the same nature with itself, except the soul; that alone is indivisible, both during its presence here and at its departure.”—*Xenophon*



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WITHIN THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE  
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS  
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



*Lensland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**ANOTHER VIEW OF INTERIOR OF THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE**

Here 'The Little Philosophers' of the Rāja-Yoga School and Academy frequently hold their Symposium for the entertainment of invited guests.

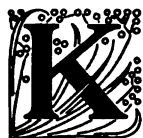
## DUALITY: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

"THERE is a terrible coercion in our deeds which may first turn the honest man into a deceiver, and then reconcile him to the change; for this reason — that the second wrong presents itself to him in the guise of the only practicable right. The action which before commission had been seen with that blended common sense and fresh untarnished feeling which is the healthy eye of the soul, is looked at afterwards with the lens of apologetic ingenuity, through which all things that men call beautiful and ugly are seen to be made up of textures very much alike."— GEORGE ELIOT

"It was on the moral side and in my own person, that I learned to recognise the thorough and primitive duality of man. . . . With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, I thus drew steadily nearer to the truth . . . that man is not truly one, but truly Two."

— R. L. STEVENSON: *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

"We stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making and the riddles of life that we will not solve, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us. But verily, there is not an accident of our lives, not a misshapen day, or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings in this or another life. . . . The law of Karma is inextricably interwoven with Reincarnation."— H. P. BLAVATSKY



KARMA, Reincarnation, and man's Dual nature are a trinity of causes which consistently solve the majority of life's most baffling problems. Small wonder that, in losing sight of these ancient truths, modern civilization has lost its way. Without knowledge of these interwoven facts, students of heredity, of education, of science, of psychology, of history — all who are accountable for molding public opinion — each finds that the last word of his specialty still leaves its issues confused and out of alinement with its accepted theories.

In line with a prevailing uncertainty and disorder, note that the great majority, both of learned and ignorant, neither have any definite philosophy of life and death, nor are conscious of their lack of one. How many even suspect that there is a well-ordered universal scheme of things, which is violated by a vague and blind course in life, as well as by frank evil-doing? By what science of the soul does the matter-of-fact Occident relate the practical issues of life and death? Just now, current reports from overseas reveal a striking spiritual questioning and self-answering by the entrenched soldiers sent across to help settle the world's case. Their physical and mental fitness shows great latent power to respond to intensive training; but evidently they have not been equipped with that natural certainty of immortality which relates the individual life to the universal law of existence.

Law is accorded a place in the special fields of religion, science, education, the arts and industries. But, strange to say, the composite human life, wherein all these lines are blended, is treated as a matter of haphazard or of blind fate. The usual motive for action is to do what one must needs do, or, if free to choose, to do what one likes best. The idea

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that man, as the central fact in the universe, is subject to universal laws of growth and retrogression, is seldom reckoned with. The modern analytical spirit, absorbed in minutiae and externals, has quite overlooked the great mainsprings of the inner life.

Recognition of "the thorough and primitive duality of man," pictured in *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, would come home to any one who took pains to follow the old Greek maxim, "Man, know thyself." Doubtless even Stevenson's ready pen could not fully reveal the subtle interplay of forces "from both sides" of his intelligence, which sought outlet in actions of opposing character. What was true of his frank nature would be no less surprising in others who, honestly wanting to know themselves, had courage enough to face the facts. Schopenhauer said: "We deceive and flatter no one by such delicate artifices as we do our own selves."

Human duality is 'thorough and primitive' because it harks back to the very beginning of things, the first linking of spirit and matter for the creation of a conscious humanity. At first, it was a 'Garden of Eden' experience. Matter, as yet unsullied, was not vitally insistent with the impress and urge of human thought and feeling from many incarnations. Spirit was fresh and filled with the buoyant courage native to its recent state of freedom from the limiting 'coats of skin.' The soul, knowing itself *to be*, knew also that its task was to retain this conscious selfhood, however deeply it became *involved* in matter. But gradually the real man became more closely enmeshed in the senses and sensations of his earth-body. Each time, he returned to take up a larger heritage of karmic impulses and characteristics, from former lives, until knowledge of his divinity at last faded into the many vague but persistent traditions of a Golden Age. Think of the humanized quality the earth's very atoms must have acquired in their continuous journey of 18,000,000 years of intake and outgo through the sentient body of man! Sensitives, who, by psychometry, describe the associate conditions of an article hundreds of years before, are giving suggestive hints of the lasting, unwritten record imprinted by man upon his earth home.

Theosophy says that human life has swung around the cyclic rise and fall of many prehistoric civilizations. It has become more and more deeply involved in matter, until now, having reached the depths of materiality, we have begun to evolve on the ascending arc of 'the cycle of necessity.' Theosophy is unique, in this day of devotion to intellect, in emphasizing the ancient truth that the mind is not the real man, but the connecting link between the god and the animal nature in him — the middle ground between spirit and matter. Mind is the moral No-Man's Land whereon is waged the endless struggle for supremacy

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between the opposing forces of light and darkness, of good and evil, of desire and devotion. This is a timely restoration of a needed truth to a world painfully awakening from a nightmare of deceptive progress, and vainly challenging the soundness of its every institution.

Daily it grows plainer that the brain-mind's brilliant power and intricate efficiency is a dangerous guide to follow blindly. It leads into labyrinths of confused issues, of involved and selfish interests, of dead-letter answers to the cry of the hungry soul for light. Education, the erstwhile panacea for the many-sided ills of ignorance, has awakened ambition and has increased efficiency and power; but it has led to new dangers, because it left out of account a like cultivation of the spiritual nature. The whole composite range of thought and feeling has been intellectually potentized, until selfishness has been sublimated into many new and subtle phases that elude detection, in oneself and in others. Without conscious hypocrisy, even humanitarian work may express a hidden ambition or vanity, that willingly works from love of power or praise. Demosthenes said:

"Nothing is so easy as to deceive oneself."

The mind, whether keen or dull, is two-edged and cuts both ways, carving the way either to good or evil ends. It can inform and enlighten the ignorant, and aid the noblest purposes of the soul. But it also can add edge and skill to brute force in cruel or sordid hands, and can lend subtle ingenuity to "spiritual wickedness in high places." Education without training in self-discipline, is equal to launching a full-sailed ship on the high seas without chart or compass. The fine line between right and wrong is no more visible to ordinary view than is the equator. Many things, seemingly innocent, are on the wrong side of the line, and they can be located only by their tendencies. No parent or educator can judge wisely for the child, and certainly not for himself, unless he realizes the deceptive duality of the brain-mind.

The two poles of man's being extend from the depths of the animal brain to the heights of the higher mind, running the gamut from depravity to spirituality. The conscious man may act at any point of this line reaching from the animal to the god, and things are *to him* what they seem to be, at whatever level he views them.

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

A man's character is an index of his average point of view, and beyond this there are unimagined heights and depths in every nature. The strange lapses in reputable persons which suddenly startle others, reveal a hidden, unworthy point of view. And likewise it is an inner vision or longing for

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ideals that suddenly flares forth, on occasion, and makes prosaic figures play heroic parts.

Man's mental range of conscious selfhood extends from the caverns, jungles, and desert ways of the animal nature, out and on and up, over diverse paths that wind slowly, or lead more directly, through progressive levels of clearing air, liberating light, and widening horizons, to the mountain heights of "just men made perfect." To the animal vision, reality lies in the things which can gratify his strongest impulses and desires. Experience in creeping forth to prey upon weaker creatures, gives him a widening mental vision that adds boldness and craft to strength. From ruthless domination of the weak, he gradually learns to use his brain in outwitting the strong, at times. His crude, bloodthirsty appetite becomes more refined and potent as his desires move on to mental levels, where the lusts of the flesh are supplemented or transformed into the lust of power and ambition. Brute force gains a new, subtle, and penetrating power when it is conserved to operate in mental outreach. Selfish and personal motives in action move upon the lower levels of human nature, however wide their range and skilful their method becomes.

George Eliot well says:

"There is a terrible coercion in our deeds, which may first turn the honest man into a deceiver and then reconcile him to the change."

As the deeds are the children of the thoughts, the parent mind of these ties feels the instinct to stand by them. The honest man, by his misstep, has crossed the fine line separating right and wrong, and has changed his viewpoint from some level of the higher mind to some stratum of his lower mind. His brain is a morally neutral instrument, and reports what it sees from the level where he is standing. If his conscience is awake, trying to bring him back to view his deed and to judge himself in the searchlight of ideal conduct, his position feels small and mean. But it takes courage to go back, carrying his unworthy mental child, to compare it with more perfect progeny and to recognise its defects. The defective child, undeniably his, dreads the light of exposure, and clings to him, whining for pity, or boldly threatening vengeance if deserted. His hesitating position calls for need of self-justification, to explain to himself and to others what were the conditions and people that inclined or persuaded or compelled or goaded him to do as he did.

What George Eliot calls the lens of apologetic ingenuity is in the eye of the personality, which can instinctively focus the facts so that the animal brain can 'make out a case.' The old idea of a behoofed and behorned personal devil was a crude conception of the actual crafty entity, which incarnating man has created *in himself, out of the impulses of his lower*

## DUALITY

*nature*. The animal brain can out-argue its owner, as surely as he gives ear to it on its own ground. The 'snake of self' knows how to present the attractions of the tree of knowledge, and how to convince a man against his own better convictions. Family heredity and environment together never have explained, and never can account for individual character. The heights and depths to which each rises and falls, mark previous levels of experience in other lives. The 'terrible coercion' of our wrong-doing comes from the combined force of old habit and many past mistakes with which the present misstep has linked us anew. William Q. Judge said that whenever we find ourselves at a breaking point, it is that we have arrived at that point in the cycle where we failed before. "Let us see that we do not fail in this incarnation."

The ease with which we gravitate into error argues for a downward pull beyond the force of the mere present occasion. Do not most of us withstand greater temptations than the ones to which we yield? Surely the little fault is a stumbling-block now because we neglected to clear it from our path in other lives. Katherine Tingley says:

"Self-mastery is gained through attention to the smallest weaknesses in oneself."

Paul was keenly aware of his duality, even when his valiant soul was vigorously enlisted in the cause he had as actively persecuted.

"The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." *Romans, vii 19*

It is an ancient teaching that the degree of sincerity in a disciple reacts in extra effort of the lower nature, instinctively aware of its waning power and threatened mastership. The more recent idea that a genuine revival of religion made the devil more active, is based on the same fact in psychology. In the struggle, the greatest danger is not in the increased force of old desires, but in the confusion of issues, by which the animal nature makes out a plausible and desirable case for itself. It argues that the health demands the old indulgences; that a change will injure the feelings of near and dear ties; that the time is not ripe; that one's weaknesses are more than offset by his good qualities; that he is much better than many others who stand well; that he must stand up for his rights, even if others are crowded a little; and a thousand and one delicate shadings of color are added to camouflage the whole truth.

The lower nature has an unerring animal instinct of self-preservation, and it knows its power, from its use of the brain in many lives. The idea that one is thus largely controlled by his impulses rather than by his intelligence, will meet with popular denial. But how many have analysed themselves and their motives, so that the issues of their lives are clear-cut and wholly worthy? How many of us truly believe that the

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world would be fairly ideal if every one acted with just our *quality* of motives? Suppose the present variety of people were no better and no worse than we actually are, would not the social atmosphere grow tiresome — or something worse? If Altruria is pictured as a place where 'our rights' are duly respected, human nature feels that secondary affairs of right ethics will follow as a matter of course.

Stevenson saw his duality from the *moral side* of his nature — the only level from which both sides *can* be seen. The lower mind viewpoint does not reach above the fine line where the personal instinct becomes less active than the individual intuition. All the wealth of learning may be acquired by the clever brain-mind, and may be spread out before the personality as its possession by virtue of education and training. But no man can really know the truth unless he becomes it; nor can he see himself and his fellows and facts in right relation, except in the pure, impersonal light of the higher mind. Some of the hopelessly insane have brains of unusual power and development, and very many of them are mentally quick and clever about various things. But the alienists point out that they are all defective in moral sense, that they are antisocial in their selfishness and out of right relation to others in their egotism, and that their greatest knowledge never rises to the level of wisdom. Our civilization is suffering with intellect plus; but by knowledge of duality, the fevered delirium of human life will give way before the healing power of the calm light of devotion to the divinity 'within.' *Light on the Path*, a little devotional book which seems, to any disciple-nature, like his own inner experience photographed, tells of the power that comes from self-knowledge, and says:

"By your great enemy, I mean yourself. If you have the power to face your own soul in the darkness and silence, you will have conquered the physical or animal self which dwells in sensation only."

Among many gems of ancient wisdom which H. P. Blavatsky restored to the modern world was this:

"For mind is like a mirror; it gathers dust while it reflects. It needs the gentle breezes of Soul-Wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions. Seek, O Beginner, to blend thy Mind and Soul."



"THE Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world. Proofs of its diffusion, authentic records of its history, a complete chain of documents, showing its presence and character in every land, together with the teaching of all its great adepts, exist to this day in the secret crypts of libraries belonging to the Occult Fraternity."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, I, xxxiv

## SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE: by William Scott

### II

"Though my mind's not  
Hoodwinked with rustic marvels, I do think  
There are more things in the grove, the air, the flood.  
Yea, and the charnelled earth, than what wise man  
Who walks so proud as if his form alone  
Filled the wide Temple of the Universe,  
Will let a frail mind say. I'd write i' the creed  
O' the sagest head alive, that fearful forms,  
Holy or reprobate, do page men's heels;  
That shapes, too horrid for our gaze, stand o'er  
The murderer's dust, and for revenge glare up,  
Even till the stars weep fire for pity."

**B**EFORE beginning to tell about the fairies of Scotland, it will be of interest to quote, in part, a description of them written by the Rev. Robert Kirk, Minister of Aberfoil, in the year 1691. It is interesting because it is the dry chronicle of a learned man's opinion of fairies, and of Fairyland, which, no doubt, fairly represents the prevailing beliefs of some two hundred and fifty years ago. He says:

"The Siths, or Fairies they call Goodpeople, it would seem, to prevent the dint of their ill attempts, are said to be of a middle nature betwixt man and angel, as were the demons thought to be of old, of intelligent studious spirits, and light changeable bodies (like those called astral), somewhat of the nature of a condensed cloud, and best seen in twilight. These bodies be so pliable through the subtlety of the spirits that agitate them, that they can make them appear or disappear at pleasure. . . . They remove to other lodgings at the beginning of each quarter of the year, so traversing till doomsday, being impotent of staying in one place, and find some ease by journeying and changing habitations. Their chameleon-like bodies swim in the air, near the earth, with bag and baggage; and at such revolution of time, Seers, or men of the second sight (females being seldom so qualified) have very terrifying encounters with them, even on highways, who, therefore, awfully shun to travel abroad at these four seasons of the year, and thereby have made it a custom to this day among the Scottish-Irish to keep church duly every first Sunday of the quarter to hallow themselves, their corn and cattle, from the shots and stealth of these wandering tribes; and many of these superstitious people will not be seen in church again till the next quarter begins, as if no duty were to be learned or done by them, but all the use of worship and sermons were to save them from these arrows that fly in the dark.

"They are distributed in tribes and orders, and have children, nurses, marriages, deaths, and burials in appearance, even as we (unless they do so for a mock show, or to prognosticate some such things among us). They are clearly seen by these men of the second sight to eat at funerals and banquets. Hence many of the Scottish-Irish will not taste meat at these meetings, lest they have communion with, or be poisoned by, them. So they are seen to carry the bier or coffin with the corpse among the middle-earth men to the grave. . . .

"Their houses are called large and fair, and unperceived by vulgar eyes, having fir lights, continual lamps, and fires, often seen without fuel to sustain them. Women are yet alive who tell they were taken away when in child-bed to nurse fairy children; a lingering, voracious image of them being left in their place (like their reflexion in a mirror). . . . When the child is weaned, the nurse dies, or is conveyed back, or gets her choice to stay there. But if any superterraneans [earth-folk] be so subtle as to practice slight for procuring the privacy to their

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mysteries (such as making use of their ointments, which, as Gyges' ring, make them invisible, or nimble, or cast them in a trance, or alter their shape, or appear at vast distances, etc.), they smite them without pain, as with a puff of wind, and bereave them of both the natural and acquired sights in the twinkling of an eye (both of these sights, when once they come, being in the same organ and inseparable), or they strike them dumb. . . .

"Their apparel and speech is like that of the people and country under which they live; so are they seen to wear plaids and verigated garments in the Highlands of Scotland, and suanachs (plaids) in Ireland. They speak but little, and that by way of whistling, clear, not rough. The very devils conjured in any country do answer in the language of that place. . . . Their women are said to spin very fine, to dye, to tossue, and embroider; but whether it be as manual operation of substantial refined stuffs, with apt and solid instruments, or only curious cobwebs, unpalpable rainbows, and a phantastic imitation of the actions of more terrestrial mortals, since it transcends all the senses of the seer to discern whether, I leave to conjecture as I found it. . . .

"They are said to have aristocratical rulers and laws, but no discernible religion. . . . They do not all the harm which appearingly they have the power to do, nor are they perceived to be in great pain, save that they are usually silent and sullen. They are said to have many pleasant and toyish books, but the operation of these pieces only appears in paroxysms of antic, corybantic jollity, as if ravished and prompted by a new spirit entering into them at that instant, lighter and merrier than their own. Other books they have of involved and abstruse sense, much like the Rosicrucian style. They have nothing of the Bible, save collect parcels for charms and counter-charms, not to defend themselves withal, but to operate on other animals, for they are people who are invulnerable by our weapons, and albeit were-wolves' and witches' true bodies are (by the union of the spirit of nature that runs through all, echoing and doubling the blow towards another) wounded at home, when the astral assumed bodies are stricken elsewhere [repercussion] — as the strings of a second harp, tuned in unison, sound, though only one be struck — yet these people have not a second or gross body at all, to be so pierced; but as air which when divided unites again; or if they feel pain by a blow, they are better physicians than we are, and quickly cure. They are not subject to sore sickness, but dwindle and decay at a certain period, all about an age. . . .

"Their weapons are most-what solid earthly bodies, nothing of iron, but much of stone, like to yellow soft flint spa, shaped like a barbed arrow-head, but flung like a dart with great force. These arms have somewhat of the nature of thunderbolt subtlety, and mortally wounding vital parts without breaking the skin, of which wounds I have observed in beasts, and felt with my hands. They are not infallible Benjamites, hitting at horse-hair breadth; nor are they wholly unvanquishable, at least in appearance. . . .

"As our religion obliges us not to make a peremptory and curious search into these abstrusenesses, so the history of all ages [gives?] as many plain examples of extraordinary occurrences as to make a modest inquiry not contemptible. How much is written of pygmies, fairies, nymphs, sirens, apparitions, which though not the tenth part be true, yet could not spring from nothing."

Here we have a minute description of the nature and habits, and of the political, social, and domestic relations of the little people of Fairy-land, as accepted by learned men of two or three hundred years ago. We will now proceed to give specific instances of their relations and encounters with the Scots.

In Scottish Folk-lore, however, there is a much greater variety of fairy-folks than the Reverend minister's description would lead us to believe. Some are Home Fairies, like the Brownies; other species are woodland; others prefer the hills and mountains; and some are under-

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ground fairies; other varieties are amphibious and inhabit the ocean, the sea-shore, the harbors, or the streams, lakes and rivers: some are wholly friendly and benign, others are capricious and are regarded with suspicion; and some are wholly bad, mischievous, and malignant; but nearly all are diminutive and are generally clad in green, although all have the magic power of presenting themselves in almost any shape or color.

The Fairies proper were mostly capricious little fellows, who inhabited the interior of green hills, and were also found among the mountains and woods. When a green patch, nearly circular in form, was seen among the trees or the hills, there was no doubt about its being a fairy ring, on which they lead their dances by moonlight.

"And now about the caldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring."

It was very dangerous to be found on one of these magic rings after sunset; and to go to sleep within one of these charmed circles was about the same thing as the end of earthly existence.

In the seventeenth century a scion of the noble family of Duffers, inadvertently stepped within one of these fairy rings, near his own house, after the forbidden hours. Directly he heard the noise of a whirlwind, and the sound of voices crying, "Horse and Hattock" — a call of the fairies when they remove from one place to another — whereupon he also cried, "Horse and Hattock," and was immediately caught up and carried through the air, and the next morning he was found in Paris in one of the French King's cellars, with a silver cup in his hand. He said that the fairies had treated him very kindly, that he had spent a glorious night, banqueting and dancing, and that he had drunk rather heartily, and had fallen asleep, and did not awake till his fairy companions had gone. The King gave him the cup which was found in his hand, and dismissed him. It is affirmed that the cup is preserved to this day, by Lord Duffers, and is known as the fairy cup.

To remove a sod from one of these fairy rings was also a most dangerous deed, and was sure to be followed by calamity. Early in the seventeenth century, John Smith, a farm laborer, near Merlin's Craig (Rock), was sent by his employer to cut sod from one of these mysterious rings.

He had only been at work a short time when a little lady about eighteen inches in height, robed in a green gown and red stockings, with long yellow hair hanging down to her waist, appeared before him and demanded how he would feel if she sent her husband to uncover his house, and at the same time commanded him to replace every sod as he had found it.

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The terrified man quickly obeyed, and went and told his master what had happened. The farmer laughed at his delusion and superstition and ordered him to take a horse and cart and bring the divots (sods) home immediately. John reluctantly obeyed.

There were no immediate consequences; but on the same day of the following year, as John was going home with a pitcher of milk in his hand, he was spirited away and did not reach home till seven years afterwards, when he returned, pitcher in hand, on the very anniversary of the unfortunate day. The account that he gave of his captivity was that on his way home he suddenly fell ill, and sat down near Merlin's Craig to rest. He soon fell asleep, and when he awoke, as he thought, about midnight, he found that there was a troop of fairies, male and female, dancing around him. They insisted upon his joining the sport, and gave him, as a partner, the finest girl in the company. He soon became so happy that he felt no inclination to leave. The amusements were protracted till he heard his master's cock crow; when the whole troop immediately rushed to the front of the Craig carrying him along with them. Then the little woman who first appeared to him, when he was casting the sods, came and told him that the grass had again grown green on the roof of her house, and if he swore an oath which she would dictate to him, never to reveal what he had seen in Fairyland, he would be at liberty to return to his family. John took the oath and kept it religiously, but it was observed that he would go a mile out of his way rather than pass Merlin's Craig, after the sun had gone down.

Brownies were the much-beloved home fairies. Like most other fairies, they were active diminutive little fellows; but they were said to have had a brown, shaggy, and a rather wild appearance. They were very good-natured, however, and performed all sorts of useful services about the houses and barnyards, such as sweeping, churning, and even threshing oats in the days of the flail — no easy task. These services were all done at night when no one was around. But the Brownie was no hireling. He scorned reward; and if anything of that nature were offered him, he immediately took offense, and left the premises never to return.

It is told of a particular Brownie who had served long and faithfully a border family, now extinct, that on the occasion of a new arrival by the stork route, the lady fell suddenly ill, and a servant was ordered to ride, in all haste, to Jedburgh for the midwife. He showed no great alertness in setting out, so the Brownie slipped on the domestic's overcoat and rode to town on the laird's best steed, and returned with the midwife forthwith; who, by the way, had a rather exciting experience

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during the journey. Notwithstanding the Brownie's haste, during the short space of his absence, the Tweed, which they had to ford, had risen to a dangerous height; but this was no obstacle to the Brownie. He plunged through the stream with the terrified woman, and quickly landed her where her services were needed. Having put the exhausted horse into the stable, he proceeded to the room of the tardy servant, whose duty he had performed, and finding that he was just in the act of putting on his boots, he gave him a merciless drubbing with his own horsewhip.

This important and timely service aroused the gratitude of the laird; and, having heard that the Brownie had expressed a wish to have a green coat, he ordered a vestment of that color to be made and left in the Brownie's haunts. The green coat disappeared, but so did the Brownie, for that was the last that was ever heard of him.

It is said that the last of the Brownies in Ettrick Forest was the faithful servant of a family at Bodsbeck; a wild and solitary spot near Moffat Water. After many years of loyal service the scrupulous gratitude of an old lady induced her to repay the devoted Brownie, by placing in his haunt a pitcher of milk and a piece of money. The whole night thereafter the Brownie was heard howling "Farewell to bonnie Bodsbeck," which he left for ever.

### III

#### AMPHIBIOUS FAIRIES

THERE were several species of amphibious fairies among the Scottish varieties, called Nymphs, Kelpies, Mermen and Mermaids, Sirens, etc. Although Greek in origin, the Nymphs were once well-known in Scotland. They were all females, and inhabited mountains, forest, and meadows, as well as lakes and streams. They were wholly beneficent, and were well beloved. Shakespeare hits them off well when he implores:

"Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remembered."

The Kelpies were little horse-like creatures, with semi-human intelligence, who had the gift of prophecy. They inhabited the streams, lakes, and rivers, and even the 'little burnies' (small creeks) in country places. Their prophetic instinct enabled them to display lights, and to make hideous noises in order to forewarn persons who would otherwise have been drowned.

On the river Conan, in the woods near Conan House, there are the ruins of an 'auld papist kirk,' in the midst of an 'auld kirkyard,' which

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once upon a time was the haunt of a water kelpie; but that was about two hundred years ago, when the kirk was entire, and a field of oats grew near by. One day during the harvest when the Highlanders were reaping the oats, they heard a voice at high noon coming from the river, crying "The hour has come but not the man."

The startled harvesters looked towards the river, and there, sure enough, was the Kelpie standing in the midst of the false-ford, just beside the 'auld kirk.' In the middle of the ford there was a treacherous ripple which looked like shallow water, but was nevertheless so deep that a horse might swim. There stood the Kelpie, and again it repeated, "The hour but not the man has come"; and darting through the water like a drake it disappeared in the pool. The harvesters stood wondering what the creature might mean, when presently there came a man on horseback, in hot haste, making straight for the false-ford. They had now no doubt as to the meaning of the Kelpie's prophetic warning, and four of the stoutest of the Highlanders rushed in front of the rider, and warned him of his danger, telling him what they had seen and heard, and urged him to take another road. But the rider was both skeptical and in a hurry, and would have crossed the ford, had the Highlanders not determined on saving him whether he would or not. They gathered around him, pulled him from his horse, and to make sure of his safety they locked him up in the church. When the fatal hour had gone by they flung open the door, and told him that he might now safely continue his journey. But they got no answer. They called a second time, and still there was no reply. Then they went to search for him, and found him lying with his face immersed in the water of the baptismal font, a stone trough which is still to be seen *in situ* among the ruins to this day. His hour had come to be drowned, and all the efforts of both Kelpie and Highlanders were futile to avert his doom.

The Mermen and Mermaids of Scotland were not only amphibious but they were polymorphous as well. They preferred to live among the Islands, where they had submarine openings to subterranean chambers where they spent the most of their time as homekeepers, and appeared to be very much like human beings. These habitations were beautifully ornamented with pearl and coral productions of the ocean. When they appeared above water, however, they could assume the well-known mermaid form — human to the waist and terminating in the tail of a fish; or they could take a form so seal-like that they were often mistaken by seal-hunters for these animals. This accomplishment was due to an extraordinary inherited power, which their ancestors had possessed for many ages. By this magic power they could enter the hides of seals

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in such a manner that they not only assumed the seal form, but they also became completely identified with the skin; yet whether they were entering or leaving the seal-skin it took no more than a moment of time. Thus they were as perfectly at home in the ocean as seals, or they could land on some rock and relieve themselves of their sea-dress, resume their human form, and explore the haunts of men. Unfortunately, however, they each possessed but one seal-skin, and if that garb happened to be stolen in their absence they were doomed to remain in the upper world as terrestrial inhabitants, for without their seal-skins they could neither take to the sea, nor return to their underground home.

A story is told of a boat's crew of Shetland seal-fishers, who landed on a small island for the purpose of hunting seals for their valuable fur coats. After they had caught a number of seals and stripped them of their skins, a tremendous swell arose, and all made haste to reach their boat with their skins, leaving the carcasses on the rocks. One of their number imprudently lingered to get another hide, till it was too late. His comrades tried to save him, but the surge had increased so fast that after several attempts had been made to reach the unfortunate wight, they had to leave him to his fate.

The abandoned Shetlander saw no prospect in store for him but death from cold and hunger, or of being swept into the sea by the breakers, which threatened to overwhelm the small island. At length he perceived many of the seals that had escaped the huntsmen approach the skerry, disrobe themselves of their amphibious hides, and resume the shape of the sons and daughters of the ocean. He was amazed to observe that their first object was to revive their friends who had been stunned by the huntsmen, having been in that state while they were deprived of their skins.

When the flayed seals had regained sensibility they assumed the forms of Mermen and Merwomen; and began a mournful lament for the loss of their sea-dress, which would prevent them from returning to their beloved coral mansions beneath the sea.

But their chief lamentation was for Ollavitinus, the son of Gioga, who was one of the unfortunates who had been stripped of their seal-skins.

In the midst of their dolorous dirge, they observed the unfortunate Shetlander shivering with cold, and frantic with despair. Gioga immediately conceived the idea of rendering the safe return of the man subservient to the recovery of the seal-skin belonging to her son Ollavitinus, and proposed to carry him safely to Papa Stour, for the recovery of the precious skin. A bargain was struck and Gioga donned her amphibious garb, and offered to take the man on her back. But the Shetlander

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became alarmed lest the fury of the waves should wrench them asunder, and for his greater safety prudently begged the matron that he might be allowed to cut a few holes in her shoulders and flanks, in order to get a better hold for his hands and feet, between the skin and the flesh. The request was granted, and she soon landed him safely at Acers Gio, in Papa Stour, from whence he proceeded to Hamna Voe to get the precious skin, and honorably fulfilled his part of the contract; and Gioga returned contentedly to the skerry with her treasure.

On one occasion, a citizen of Unst while walking along the sandy margin of a voe saw a band of Mermen and Maids dancing by moonlight, and their seal-skins lying on the ground beside them. At his approach they immediately rushed into their marine garbs, and plunged into the sea. After they had gone the Shetlander saw a seal-skin lying at his feet, which he conjectured belonged to one of the dancers who had wandered from the rest, and had not yet taken to the ocean. He took the skin with him and placed it in concealment, and returned to the shore to see what would happen.

On his way he met a damsel, fairer than had ever been seen by mortal eyes, lamenting the loss of her ocean garb, for she knew that she must be an exile in the upper World until she found it. She implored the Shetlander to return it, but he was inexorable, for he had become so deeply enamored with her that nothing could have induced him to part from her. He begged her to accept his protection and become his betrothed spouse. The Merlady perceiving that she must remain an inhabitant of the earth, concluded that she could do no better than comply with his request.

The Shetlander's love for his Merwife was unbounded, and the strange attachment continued for many years, and the couple had several children. But the lady was not contented. She would often steal away to the seashore, and hold converse with a large seal, in an unknown tongue.

At length, while one of her children was at play, he found a seal-skin concealed beneath a rick, and thinking it a great prize he ran with it to his mother, who immediately recognised it as her own long-lost treasure. Her eyes glistened with rapture as she burst forth into an ecstasy of joy at the thought of returning to her beloved home and husband. Her joy was only moderated as she thought of her children, whom she must leave behind. She hastily embraced and kissed them all, and fled to the ocean. The Shetlander, perceiving what had occurred, ran to overtake her, but he only arrived in time to see her transform herself and bound into the sea, and soon the big seal appeared by her side. Before she dived to the depths of the ocean she cast a parting glance at the wretched man,

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saying: "Farewell! may all good attend you. I loved you very well, but I always loved my real husband better."

Long ago, in the far North, near John O'Groat's House, there lived a man who gained his livelihood by catching all kinds of fish: but, on account of the long price that he got for their skins, his speciality was seals. As this narration will prove, many of these animals are neither dogs nor cods, but true fairies.

It happened one evening, after this notable fisher had returned from his day's efforts, that he was visited by a stranger who represented himself as the agent of a seal-skin dealer, who was in immediate want of a large number of skins; and who wished to see the fisher that very night. Pleased at the prospect of a good bargain, and never suspecting duplicity, he willingly consented to go with the stranger. Both mounted a steed, which the stranger had in readiness, and took the road with such velocity that although there was a strong wind in their backs, the fleetness of their movement made it appear to be strongly in their faces. Soon they came to a stupendous precipice overhanging the sea, where the stranger stopped his steed and ordered the fisherman to dismount.

"But where is the seal-skin trader?" he asked.

"You shall see him presently," replied the guide; and immediately hurled him into the abyss below.

After sinking down, and down, no one knows how far, they at length reached a door, which being opened, led them into a range of apartments filled not with people but with seals, who, nevertheless, could speak and feel like human folk, and the seal-killer was surprised to see that he himself had become as one of them, but he was reconciled to the transformation for it was quite plain that he would have died for want of breath in his natural form.

The seals were all very melancholy, and appeared to be in distress, but perceiving the seal-killer's terror they assured him that he had nothing to fear from them, although they had many grievances against him. But he was by no means appeased, for his conscience began to trouble him sorely when he remembered how many seals he had murdered.

At length the stranger, his guide, confronted him with a jockaleg, saying, "Did you ever see this knife before?"

The guilty fisherman instantly recognised it as his own knife, which that very day he had stuck into a seal, that escaped, knife and all. He saw that denial was useless, and at once acknowledged that it was his own.

"Well," said his guide, "that which appeared to you to be a seal was my father, who is now dangerously ill from the wound you gave him, and without your aid he cannot be saved. I trust that my filial

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duty will be ample excuse for the artifice I have practised to bring you hither."

The trembling seal-killer was led into another apartment, where he saw the identical seal which had escaped with his knife earlier in the day, suffering grievously from a tremendous gash in his hindquarters. The seal-killer was then requested to cicatrize the wound with his hand. This being done, the seal immediately arose from his bed in perfect health; not even the mark of a wound remained. The demeanor of the seals changed from mourning to rejoicing, and all was mirth and glee.

Very different, however, were the feelings of the unfortunate seal-killer, for he expected to remain a metamorphosed man for the rest of his days and that he would see home and kindred no more. But in this he was mistaken.

His guide now addressed him, saying: "Now Sir, you are at liberty to return to your wife and family, to whom I am about to conduct you, but it is upon the express condition, to which you must bind yourself by a solemn oath, that you will never hereafter maim or kill a seal in all your allotted days."

To this condition, hard as it was, he joyfully assented, and the oath being administered in all due form, he bade his new acquaintances most heartily and sincerely a long farewell. Taking hold of his guide, they issued through the door, and swam up and up till they reached the very cliff from which they had descended earlier in the evening; at the top of which stood the same steed, ready for a second ride. The guide breathed upon the fisherman, and they both became like men. They mounted the horse, and fleet as they came, they returned twice as fast. In an instant the honest fisher was at his own door-cheek, where his accomplished guide made him such a present as far more than compensated him for the loss he made through his resolution to kill no more seals.

*(To be continued)*

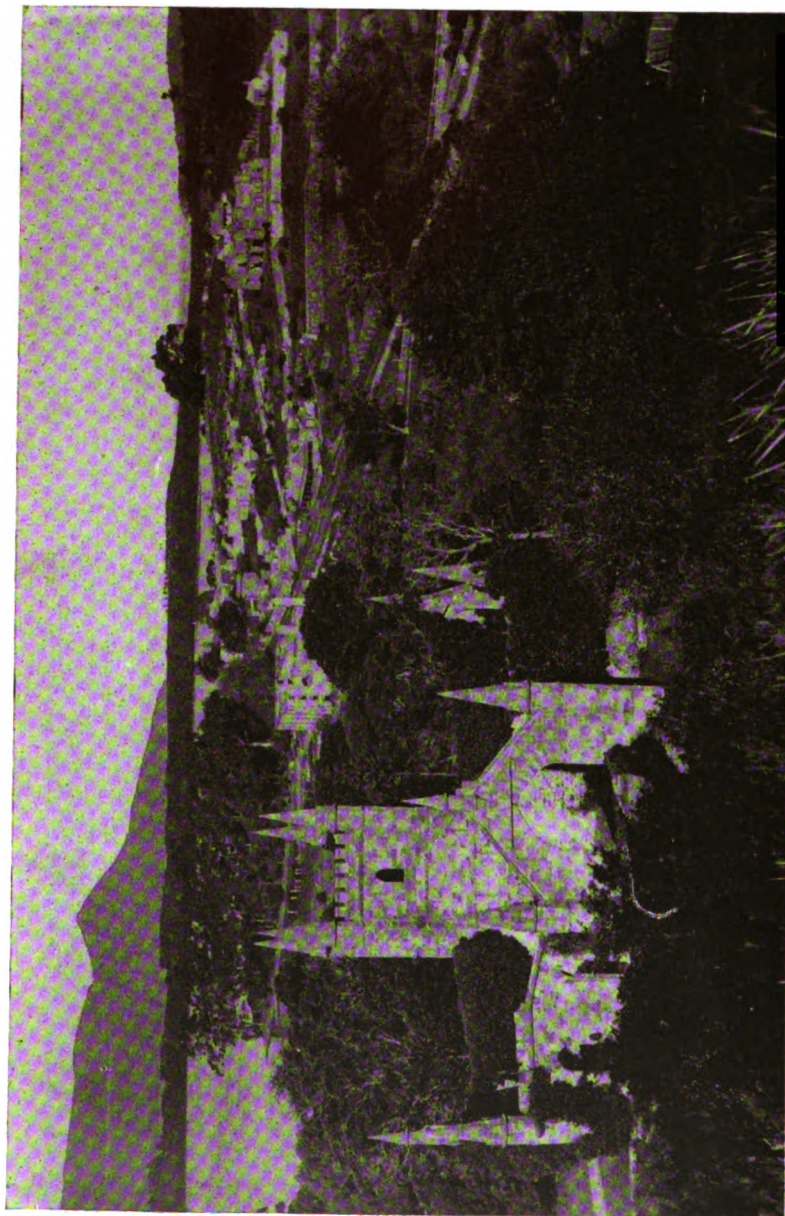


"TOUCHING musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects hath it in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony; a thing which delighteth all ages, and beseemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent, being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action."—*Hooker*



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HOBART, TASMANIA, LOOKING EAST**



*Lensland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**PORT ARTHUR, TASMANIA**

## WHAT IS SCIENCE? by H. T. Edge, M. A.

**I**N one of his newspaper articles, Professor Garrett P. Serviss deals with a correspondent's question, asking whether telepathy and such-like phenomena should not be investigated by science, and whether the word 'science' does not comprehend such investigations. He writes:

"Science says: 'Whatever impresses the physical sense must have a physical basis; its physical basis may be obscure and hidden from me at present, but I will search for it, and until I find it I will not include these particular phenomena in my categories of things known. They may be facts or they may be illusions.'"

He also says that knowledge is not knowledge in the scientific sense until it is the common property of all minds sufficiently trained to apprehend it. You must show me your ghost before I can believe it is not an illusion. And again:

"The writer of this letter thinks that science does not end where physical laws end. But it does end just there, or else the name of science must be so indefinitely extended that it will become but a mental mist. But let no one imagine that in saying this I am setting myself against religion — the two things are not commensurable."

The professor seems to have divided his cosmos into two main parts — that which is studied by science and is amenable to physical laws, and that which is not amenable to physical laws and belongs to religion. The former is supposed to be definite, exact, and real; the latter vague and imaginary. The crucial test to be applied, in deciding to which class a thing belongs, is whether it impresses the physical senses. No allowance is made for the possibility that there may be other senses, not physical, and yet true and reliable organs of perception; or that there may be other forms of objectivity besides that described as physical. But there are guarding phrases, such as the phrase, "minds sufficiently trained to apprehend it." And this phrase can be used against the professor. For, if I cannot make him see my ghost, I can say that his mind is not sufficiently trained to apprehend it. It is a genuine phenomenon, I may say; and I can show it to all other people (provided their minds are sufficiently trained); therefore it is a proper study for science; and, as it impresses our physical senses, it must have a physical origin; (or, if the senses impressed are not physical, I catch the professor on the other horn of the dilemma.) The youthful Pasteur, who is quoted as convincing the eminent chemist Biot by showing Biot how to perform an experiment for himself, could not thus have convinced the proverbial Tomlinson or his wife; they would have had to go into training for the rest of their mortal lives first. And even I myself cannot thus be convinced of the truth of certain recondite mathematical operations: my training does not permit me to perform the experiment for myself in this case.

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Hence, if science includes all knowledge susceptible of being imparted to other minds (provided only that they are sufficiently trained), I am ready to propose an entire new curriculum of scientific studies for Professor Serviss, and to start him at once on the road to the necessary training. In the meantime, until he has completed his training, he will kindly suspend his judgment.

We feel bound to protest against the suggestion that all which lies beyond the plane of physical objectivity is cloudy and illusive. The case appears to us to resemble that of a man who should restrict all exact knowledge to the solid state of matter alone and ignore liquids and gases as being non-solid and therefore vague and metaphysical. But the liquid and gaseous states are as real as the solid, and have their peculiar laws, which, though different, are definite. Similarly, the physical state of objectivity may be but one of several, all real and definite, but having different laws. The physical senses may be but one of several sets, each set correlated with its appropriate plane of objectivity. In this case the domain of science could very properly be extended to include the investigations pertaining to these other planes and senses. An alternative to this would be to extend the meaning of the word 'physical' so as to include these other planes and senses. In either case the meaning of the word 'science' would be enlarged beyond the limits suggested by the professor.

In fact the word 'science' has a general sense, and more than one specific sense. The dictionary says:

"(1) Knowledge; knowledge of principles or facts.

"(2) Specifically — accumulated and accepted knowledge, which has been systematized and formulated with reference to the discovery of general truths or the operation of general laws; knowledge classified and made available in work, life, or the search for truth; comprehensive, profound, or philosophical knowledge.

"(3) Especially — such knowledge when it relates to the physical world and its phenomena; — called also *natural science*."

Number one is the widest and most general meaning; number two includes philosophy and politics; number three is the kind the professor means, and is better distinguished as natural science. It is the study of physical phenomena; but the word 'physical' needs definition.

H. P. Blavatsky says:

"The daring explorer, who would probe the inmost secrets of Nature, must transcend the narrow limitations of sense, and transfer his consciousness into the region of noumena and the sphere of primal causes. To effect this, he must develop faculties which are absolutely dormant — save in a few rare and exceptional cases — in the constitution of the offshoots of our present Fifth Root-Race in Europe and America. He can in no other conceivable manner collect the facts on which to base his speculations." — *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 477-478

A noumenon is defined by the dictionary as an object of rational

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intuition; that which is apprehended as an object solely by the understanding, apart from any mediation through sense. Thus noumena are objects and can be apprehended by faculties of cognition. But these faculties are not the physical senses. Those qualities which are cognisable by the physical senses are called phenomena.

From this it is evident that we may transcend the prescribed sphere of natural science, and yet without finding ourselves in a sea of wild phantasy and illusion, or even in a particularly religious sphere. We merely postulate that a human being possesses other organs of direct knowledge besides the physical senses, and that Nature contains real objects, which can be apprehended by these organs. Hence we recognise the possibility of an extended domain of science, which would investigate the facts discoverable in these other realms of Nature, and by the use of these other faculties, and which would arrange and formulate the laws and general principles involved. H. P. Blavatsky, as we see, declares this to be not a mere possibility but a fact; that is her position and that of probably most Theosophists. The skeptic will say, "Prove"; and we shall answer, "Come and let us give you the necessary training!" You must develop those faculties which are at present dormant in our race. First, of course, comes the moral test; for it would never do to let such extensive knowledge loose upon such a world as ours; and if a teacher should attempt to give it you prematurely, he would merely wreck you. Hence a book like *The Voice of the Silence* is a good one to begin with.

H. P. Blavatsky concedes the right of natural scientists to define the limits of their sphere of investigation; but objects whenever they overstep those limits by dogmatizing about what is beyond, or by denying that there is anything beyond. It cannot be denied that some men of science have done this, or that it has been done by scientists *as a body*. As to individual scientists, they are too often willing to avail themselves of the prestige of that body, while disclaiming complicity in its misdeeds. Thus it is hard to pin them down. In spite of the most modest and reasonable definitions of their objects, they may, on the whole, be considered as usually a trifle too dogmatic as to the limits of Nature. But the difficulty is one that necessarily confronts an organized body devoted to definite pursuits; it is the difficulty of reconciling liberty with authority, so as to avoid bigotry on the one hand and disorder on the other. A creed of some sort would seem inevitable, if coherence is to be maintained; and for natural scientists to admit within their body psychic researchers, astrologers, and what not, would be like a church opening its pulpit to a variety of sects and freak religions.

Now the desire of man is to know the truth; and that, not as an abstract inquiry, but as the means of solving the practical problems of

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life. He is confronted therefore with the following alternatives as regards science: if he restricts the scope of science, then he must seek elsewhere for the truths that science does not touch; but if he includes all pursuit of knowledge under the name of science, then he must enlarge the scope of science. If he limits the scope of science, and at the same time declares it to be the only means of knowledge, he shuts himself out from the truth by a dogmatic system. This is the practical side of the question. And Theosophists think that science has asserted more authority than its own declared limitations justify.

Science deals with phenomena — that is, with the physical effects produced by ultra-physical causes. We are justified in calling these causes ultra-physical, because, whatever definition we may give to the word 'physical,' it cannot be made to include that which lies beyond its own limits. And the methods of observation used by science penetrate only up to a certain point, while at the same time the reason compels us to admit that undiscovered regions lie beyond this point. Science can study the phenomena of attraction; it knows there must be a cause for attraction; but it cannot discern that cause. If that cause be called physical, then the problem remains unsolved — it is merely pushed back a stage. The alternative is that the cause is ultra-physical. And so in every other case. The movements of the body can be studied, but their cause lies in the sphere of mind. The scientific method cannot carry us beyond the hypostases of (physical) space and time, for these are physical units or ultimates, and cannot be further analysed without getting off the physical plane of objectivity altogether.

Since natural science is thus admittedly limited, the question is, Are we to limit our inquiries correspondingly? Or again, is it impossible to investigate the ultra-physical causes which natural science cannot investigate? Does this inquiry come under the head of 'religion' (to which a sop must be thrown)? I opine that we shall not find much light on this subject emanating from the pulpit. If religion is to have a separate sphere at all, this cannot be its sphere. Hence a wider science is certainly needed.

But this will raise in the mind of our worthy scientific friends visions of cranks and mountebanks of all sorts; and with good reason. Not even all the wealth of teachings left by H. P. Blavatsky could prevent vain, useless, and even harmful promiscuity, without the help of the *Key* — the key of right motive, alluded to above. And so the basis of the higher science is ethical, and conduct and duty become requisites in its pursuit. If I am to transcend the limits of physical space and time, and the veils of my physical senses, in order to render my mind sensitive to perceptions of a higher order, I must first purify my own character. For I find that I am chained

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down to these limitations by my desires and my personal passions. Further, I am convinced that the pursuit of knowledge from any but an impersonal motive, leads to disaster both to myself and society. Therefore Theosophy proclaims the science of right-living, and declares that there are vast worlds of discovery open to those who can obey the conditions.

### THE DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT: by Montague Machell

**M**ADAME TINGLEY in one of her recent talks to her students dwelt upon the importance of accentuating and maintaining the devotional spirit in their daily living. She warned her listeners of the tendency to allow this attitude to become spasmodic, to save it for special occasions, and to depend upon certain events and conditions to arouse it.

We are all familiar with the devotion which is brought out with the Sabbath clothes in order to glorify the Lord on that day, and which is put by during the week either for its own convenience or for that of the professor. Most of us have seen, too, that type of devotee from whom a church, a crucifix, a sacred name, even the word 'religion,' will draw forth a sudden attitude of beatific reverence quite mystifying taken in conjunction with his customary mode of life and action. Then, again, we have probably met the 'infidel' whom these same objects and symbols excite to the most bitter scoffing and irreverence. What is the devotion of these various types?

In the case of exclusively Sunday-go-to-meeting devotion, what, one may ask, replaces that state in the devotee on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc.? In the large majority, devotion of another part of themselves to other interests, devotion of the acquisitive side of their natures to acquiring wealth, devotion of the personality to acquiring fame or reputation, devotion of the physical man to gratification or enjoyment. In the pursuit of these there may be no flagrant violation of any one of the commandments, but merely evidence that the personality chose to dwell in one or another of the many mansions of the Father's house, rather than with the Father himself. In the second case, that of startlingly spasmodic expressions of devotion evoked by some emblem of the faith professed, quite foreign to the daily course of action, one is reminded of the principle of reaction to a familiar stimulus, or association of ideas. Heredity or long training has induced a scrupulous and almost involuntary reverence for all things pertaining to that rather vague and lifeless con-

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cept carefully stored away in an obscure corner of the mind and labeled RELIGION. And in this case it is probable that any really worthy attributes which the man may possess, have long been entirely dissociated from the ideas lying under the label. And it would not be surprising if these same qualities, never openly alluded to, should break forth in noble action at a crisis, whereas those lying under the label are the devotee's devitalized 'profession of faith.'

The 'infidel,' even though he be exceptionally violent, may possess more true devotion to a true ideal than either of the former two, but he is sick of the shams and hypocrisies which he sees about him. He holds the ideal to which he has devoted himself too sacred to be desecrated by an open demonstration of his feelings.

Yet so complex and paradoxical is human nature that we find distortions of the true devotional spirit in most unexpected places. Who has not known natures innately good and naturally religious in the largest sense, who in the performance of their devotions become sober, aloof, strained, and unnatural? Seeing them at such moments one would suppose that all the joy had gone out of their life; and the person who under all other circumstances shows perfect taste and poise, in the matter of devotional expression causes embarrassment to himself and others. The only explanation one can give is that of the personality stepping in and distorting the natural expression of the true Self.

We have to free ourselves from the supposed necessity of an abnormal sense of exaltation or of an extinction of natural human joyousness in our devotions: the great heart of us is ever singing paeans of praise to the Most High do we but allow it expression; true devotion is its truest rejoicing.

The first essential quality of any genuine and abiding spirit of devotion in the human being is *Sincerity*; the second, an awakened Heart-Force in the life. Just as the real devotional spirit is impossible with a purely intellectual conception of life, so it is equally beyond the reach of the insincere nature. For when we seek to frame a true definition of the genuine devotional spirit, is it not a recognition of and a doing reverence to the Divine Principle of the Universe, whether we call it God, Truth, The Self, or any other name?

According to the Theosophical teachings, every human being as a ray from the central source of Divine Life, is essentially divine. This Divine Self, they teach, is the real man; and the personality, the mentality, the physical body and its appetites, are illusory vehicles for use in what is to the Divine Self an illusory (but very necessary) universe. During his life on earth, man tends to become absorbed in these illusory qualities and in earthly existence and so drifts away from the real Self.

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It is one thing to understand this truth intellectually; it is quite another thing to make it a part of one's life and being. For even when one has accepted and fully comprehended the truth of his innate divinity, he is still confronted with life's great problem, how to retrace his steps back to the god within, from whom ignorance has led him away. But as soon as a student starts on this path of self-conquest *sincerely*, all life holds new values for him. He perceives the Divine Breath imbuing all nature and every human being, he perceives himself a part of that Divine Self, permitted to know its joy and inspiration in as far as he reaches inward to that center of light within himself.

In this state he begins to see that *natural* life is a constant awareness of the divine, a constant dwelling with the Inner Self. The effect of this is absolutely to reverse his former point of view: from estimating values from the *half-truths* of exterior phenomena, he comes to look out upon life from the entire eternal truth of the interior Self — that which is not only my true self and your true self, *but the only true essence of everything in the universe* — that of which all material effects of the universe are the vehicles.

For the average good or aspiring nature it is almost always possible at a given time and under given conditions to *work itself up* into a state of devotional feeling, but it will be merely a temporary state, not a true expression of the devotee, hence it will be marked by strain and lack of poise.

In a recent address at the Isis Theater, San Diego, Madame Tingley said:

"We must stimulate the will with a quality of *thought* that has its origin back of the intellect."

Here we have the key to the situation: that to which Madame Tingley referred in the same address — "The Power of Thought and Action — that still silent power that can overcome every obstacle." We have to begin with our thoughts, tone them up, vitalize them to a really high potential, for after all the only strong thing is Truth, and the one eternal truth is — *Divinity!* By convincing ourselves of this and training ourselves to think from this standpoint and along this line, we shall transform the atmosphere of the mind, charge it with new currents, and in time that quality of thought "which has its origin back of the intellect" will begin to illuminate our thinking principle. Then we have to become 'at home' in this mental atmosphere; having built our sanctuary, we must love to dwell in it, to say with the psalmist: "How lovely are thy courts, O Lord!" so that there will be no set moments when we can say exclusively that we are at our devotions, but that all our minutes, hours, and days are filled with "a loving intent to the Divine Self of the world." This is the true and eternal goal. The Devotional Spirit is nothing more


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than a reverent loyalty to our own godhood, carried to the point wherein that godhood shines through and hallows every detail of daily life.

William Q. Judge has said:

"Persevere, and little by little new ideas and thought-forms will drive out of you the old ones. This is the eternal process."

## THE USE OF THE IMAGINATION IN THE TEACHING OF SCIENCE: by Percy Leonard

 HE use of the imagination is discouraged by many scientists in favor of the cold, dispassionate study of facts; but one of the most successful lecturers seems to have given this master-faculty the freest play with the happiest results.

It is related of Agassiz that he once exhibited to his class some recently-acquired fossils of the huge, unwieldy monsters of the earliest times. He was led on to give a general review of these colossal lizards, and by blackboard sketches he traced their affinities with their puny representatives of modern days.

As he warmed to his subject the dead past seemed to come to life again. The faded photographs of those great "dragons of the Prime" flashed clear and sharp again upon the screen of time; the echoes of their terrible encounters sounded in the lecturer's ears. Agassiz glowed with emotion as he held his listeners spellbound; but before the lecture hour had reached its close he asked to be excused, for, as he explained:

"While I have been describing these extinct monsters they have taken on a sort of life; they have been crawling and darting about me, I have heard their screaming and hissing, and I am really exhausted."

We need not suppose that his impressions were the creations of his heated fancy; they may have been the actual records of the cosmic memory, revived by his imagination and perceived by virtue of an unusual exaltation of sensitiveness. The 'Book of Remembrance' is no fiction, and Theosophy teaches that the flight of a mosquito and the sweep of a comet are equally preserved in the faithful record of the Âkâśa, and may readily be deciphered by those who know the way.


Almost anyone can visualize a flower or an animal with such distinctness that it is clearly visible to the inner sight, and when lecturers can make their mental 'movies' visible to their pupils, their lenses and lanterns, their films and machinery, may then be discarded.

It is said that Turner, wishing to introduce a dragon into one of his

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pictures, and lacking a living model, was thrown back on his imagination. Some years afterwards a fossil came to light presenting a striking resemblance to the 'figment of his mind.' Perhaps it was no 'figment' after all; but an actual record of the past which he had picked out of the cosmic picture-gallery and transferred as he saw it to his canvas.

### GIANTS: by Magister Artium

HE universal stories, legends, and myths about giants may be taken as sure proof that there is a basis of fact in the belief. It would stretch credulity much too far if we were asked to believe that all this arose out of nothing at all. By far the simplest way of explaining this universal testimony is to accept the idea that gigantic human races have actually existed in the remote past; and that the remembrance has been handed down by tradition and embalmed in myth. As it is quite in accordance with scientific procedure to seek analogies in the animal kingdom, we may reasonably refer to the fact that, in the remote past, gigantic animals lived, whose huge bones are now found, but whose descendants of the same kind have now become dwarfed into little creeping things. There were the vast Mesozoic saurians, now represented mainly by the lizard that basks in the sun, and but feebly replaced even by the alligator and crocodile. There were gigantic monsters of the air, now feebly imitated by the noisome bat of the night. Even in the vegetable kingdom we find that

"the pretty ferns we collect and dry among the leaves of our favorite volumes are the descendants of the gigantic ferns which grew during the carboniferous period."— *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 276

It is pertinent to ask whether the human kingdom has been an exception to this rule of dwarfing.

Perhaps the most familiar guise in which giants have been brought to our notice is in the fairy-tales of our childhood — Jack the Giant-Killer, Jack and the Beanstalk, Grimm's Household Stories, etc. The pages of the Jewish Bible, made familiar to those who attended Sunday-School or read daily Bible-lessons, tell us that, before Noah's Flood, "there were giants in the earth in those days." Greek legend tells us how the Titans, offspring of Uranus, were overthrown by Zeus, who had on his side the Cyclopes, also giants; and how later on another war ensued between Zeus and a race of Giants that had sprung from the

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blood of Uranus. Scandinavian myth is full of giants, such as Thor, who have been made familiar to us in modern versions.

The word giant seems to have two significances — a gigantic human being, or a non-human monster of huge size. Giants are very generally represented as having sprung from the earth, fertilized by an influence from the gods — as in the case of the Greek Gigantes, sprung from the spilt blood of Uranus. The Bible tells us that “the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose”; and thus sprang the giant race which the Flood destroyed. The Titans sprang from heaven and earth. The writer in an encyclopaedia says that it was the common belief of the ancients that the human race had degenerated in size. Thus we have two ideas to deal with: that of giant men, and that of beings half man, half god, one-eyed monsters, etc.

It naturally occurs to people to ask what has become of the bones of the giants. But we do not state that the human race has changed in size during the last racial cycle. The Giants belonged to a remoter period, when the distribution of continental and oceanic areas was different; and their bones have long ago been reduced to the minutest dust beneath the waters of ocean. Besides this, a fossil is really a comparatively rare occurrence, and a human fossil very much more so; not only because of the very small ratio of fossil remains to living forms, but also on account of the universal practices of burial and cremation. But the discovery of evidence is only a matter of time; palaeontology is yet young; we have scarcely scratched the surface; and prejudice has so far sought to evade, rather than to find, evidence. The most obvious things lie hid until they are looked for, and negative evidence is very unreliable — if I see a thing, I can swear it is there; but, if I do not see it, I cannot swear it is not there.

Another scientific argument in favor of the former existence of gigantic human races is that of what is known as ‘atavism’ or ‘reversion to type.’

“Had there been no giants as a rule in ancient days, there would be none now.”—*Op. cit.* 277

But we find frequent instances of people of abnormal size. In Africa are some swarthy races whose average height is considerably above that of ordinary humanity. And it was in Africa that were preserved many remnants of very ancient human races which survived from the terrestrial cataclysms that submerged former continents.

Man was originally a colossal pre-tertiary giant, existing 18,000,000 years ago (II, 9). Of one of these early races an ancient commentary says:

“They built huge cities. Of rare earths and metals they built, and out of the fires vomited, out of the white stone of the mountains and of the black stone, they cut their own images

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in their size and likeness, and worshiped them. They built great images nine yatis (twenty-seven feet) high, the size of their bodies. Inner fires had destroyed the land of their fathers. The water threatened the fourth. The first great waters came. They swallowed the seven great islands."— II, 21

There were men on those continents which geology admits to have existed and to have been submerged. They were civilized, and, under the guidance of their divine rulers, built large cities, cultivated arts and sciences, and knew astronomy, architecture, and mathematics to perfection. After the great Flood of the Third (or Lemurian) Race, man decreased considerably in stature and in the duration of his life. Yet this next Race, the Fourth or Atlantean, are they who built the images nine *yatis* high, the size of their bodies. Speaking of this, H. P. Blavatsky calls attention to the well-known statues on Easter Island, a portion of an undeniably submerged continent, which measure almost all twenty-seven feet high and eight across the shoulders.\*

"The Easter Island relics are, for instance, the most astounding and eloquent memorials of the primeval giants. They are as grand as they are mysterious; and one has but to examine the heads of the colossal statues, that have remained unbroken on that island, to recognise in them at a glance the features of the type and character attributed to the Fourth Race giants. They seem of one cast, though different in features — that of a *distinctly sensual type*, such as the Atlanteans (the Daityas and 'Atalantians') are represented to have been in the esoteric Hindû books."

But not all giants were evil. The quotation continues:

"Compare these with the faces of some other colossal statues in Central Asia — those near Bamian for instance — the *portrait-statues*, tradition tells us, of Buddhas belonging to *previous Manvantaras*; of those Buddhas and heroes who are mentioned in the Buddhist and Hindû works, as men of fabulous size, the good and holy brothers of their wicked co-uterine brothers generally. . . . These 'Buddhas' . . . show a suggestive difference, perceived at a glance, between the expression of their faces and that of the Easter Island statues. They may be of one race — but the former are 'Sons of Gods'; the latter the brood of mighty sorcerers."—II,224

With regard to the Easter Island statues, a writer in the *London Magazine* of several years ago says:

"The features and general expression of the faces of all the statues are utterly unlike in every detail any known type among the Polynesians of the present time. . . . There is evidence that both a race of giants inhabited the land and that they were destroyed by a cataclysm."

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\*It must be observed that we do not give the size of these statues as evidence that the people who built them were of that size. People who build statues, especially if for worship, generally make them colossal. Besides, these statues vary in size. One authority says they vary from seventy feet to three. Another says that most of them are from fourteen to sixteen feet (this being doubtless the height from the hips up), and that the largest is thirty-seven feet and the smallest four. The statement that the men who built them were twenty-seven feet high, therefore, rests upon other evidence. But the fact that such statues should be found at all, and in such a location, is evidence of the strongest kind in support of the teachings as to Lemuria and the Atlanteans.

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Easter Island lies isolated in the Southern Pacific, two thousand miles from the west coast of America. It is twenty-nine miles around and volcanic in structure, with ancient craters. It contains 555 gigantic statues, beautifully carved in hard trachyte. They consist of a head and bust almost to the hips, and rest on large platforms, of which more than a hundred were found, some of them over five hundred feet long and ten feet high and wide, of immense stones uncemented but admirably dressed and fitted; many weighing over five tons each. Easter Island is a relic of that former South Pacific continent, to which geologists have given the name of Lemuria. The island was afterwards the refuge of some Atlanteans, the gigantic sorcerers who built the images. The continent disappeared several million years ago; and the Atlanteans, in their turn, disappeared several hundred thousand years ago. Think of these hundreds of millenniums during which those silent witnesses of the ages have stood there in their solitude, while the cycles of history rolled! The thought moves our awe as we strive in vain to contemplate it. Yet what more enduring than these hard igneous rocks, whether cut or in their original mountains?

Of course the great point of difference between geology and Theosophy is that, while both recognise the vast antiquity of the globe and of its living inhabitants, Theosophy recognises the existence of human races and civilizations far back in geological time. Prejudice has so far prevented geology from accepting this; and it may seem strange that, having thrown over so much theological dogma, geologists and anthropologists should cling so tenaciously to the notion that man is a very recent product, and civilization still more recent. But the advance of knowledge will soon sweep this prejudice into the lumber-room of antiquated notions.

As to that class of giants which are represented as monsters, and as bred of the commingling of heaven and earth, let us quote the following from *The Secret Doctrine*:

"The pithecoids . . . *can*, and, as the Occult Sciences teach, *do* descend from the animalized Fourth human Root-Race, being the product of man and an extinct species of mammal — whose *remote* ancestors were themselves the product of Lemurian bestiality — which lived in the Miocene age. The ancestry of this semi-human monster is explained in the Stanzas as originating in the sin of the 'mindless' races of the middle Third-Race period."— II, 683

This explains the passage quoted above from *Genesis*. Man had reached his utmost point of materiality; as he is now on his upward arc of evolution, he will never again become so physically vast and gross.

Some people have adduced the fact of cyclopean architecture as evidence of the existence of giants. But we prefer not to press this point. Those monuments usually evince, not merely size, but also minute

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skill and delicacy, such as might rather be attributed to a race of dwarfs. It is hard to see in the mind's eye a giant cutting out of a quarry a monolith sixty feet long, and then carrying it to a building and laying it with microscopic accuracy. Such architecture is evidence of ancient scientific skill, but not necessarily of the existence of big men. None the less we do believe in the former existence of giants; and the case is only made better by the removal of questionable arguments.

### TRAVELERS: by a Traveler

**I** FOUND myself occupying a section with an elderly, kindly-appearing man, in a train that was full. We soon fell to discussing various things. Continuing, my companion remarked that when traveling he was always reminded how much life itself was like a great journey.

"Have you never felt," he inquired, "as if you had boarded a train at birth and had been going, going ever since, bound for some distant place? Beyond the earth, of course," he added.

"Why no," I answered. "I can't say I have. In fact I never have been able to make anything satisfactory out of this jumbled-up affair we call living. But tell me what you mean?" I asked.

"I certainly agree with you that most people's lives are jumbled-up affairs, and very few look as if they were conscious of going anywhere, do they? But there may be a reason for it. I can imagine, let the track be ever so well laid, that if this train we are now on, did not run on a strict schedule, as does every other train in the land also, and if there were no regulations that passengers were bound to respect, but any one of us could stop the train when he felt like it and get out to make some purchases, pick flowers, or what not, that with the delays, accidents, and ill-tempers that would result, this trip would be a jumbled-up affair too. And no one would wonder at it."

"No one would, that is certain, and I doubt if we should ever reach our destination," said I, wondering what application he was going to make.

"Well, we should be a long time getting there, anyway," he responded, "and it seems to me that is just the WHY of the confusion in people's lives, on this other trip I am thinking of. For we are on a very real journey, a journey through material things into the spiritual realm, with a well-laid track ahead too, yet many of us do not even see the track nor concern ourselves as to where we are going, what to do or not to do in order to reach the end. This is the beginning of the trouble with our lives. Also, to continue with my simile, we can make this trip as slowly

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

or as quickly as we will. When we stop off at any of the stations, governed by the thousand and one wishes, desires, hates, selfish loves, and so forth, we delay our train, and it doesn't go on till we are willing to leave and climb aboard again. Generally we have been gone so long, or have become so side-tracked that when death overtakes us we have not yet reached the destination, and back we have to come and travel it over, till we succeed in making a through trip."

"A lightning express, eh? Well, where do you get your motive power, your steam?"

"Why, you see, life's experiences turn the wheels backwards or forwards or keep them at a stand-still, just according to what use we make of them, that is, we must convert experience into steam, which is knowledge, force, strength, if we would go on. Just as much as we gain of true knowledge and wisdom, just so much of the right kind of power we shall have for the purpose. The events of life are the milestones that mark the way. From them we must get the power to advance beyond them. If we don't meet them rightly when they present themselves to us, we have lost the opportunity, for the time, of getting this force, and we are at a standstill until we do. As a higher law rules in every detail of life, we have sooner or later to meet those events again; in other words, we repeat the trip in order that we may do so, in order that at last we may learn."

"Gives a man another chance, I see. I suppose then man is really the whole thing — the train, the engineer, and the steam."

"Exactly! and the track as well. All great men have said that man is himself 'the way', the 'Path'; that 'in man begins and ends the Path.' So a man is himself the maker of his own destiny; it is he who decides whether he shall go backwards or forwards along the path. For he can run back along the track as well as ahead, you know. The track that leads to this other land is built of unselfishness, compassion, purity, goodness."

And then he told me of what he had heard and read about our destiny, the place for which my life-train was headed. He said that it was all beauty, for nothing not beautiful could take you there; that it was all goodness, for nothing that was not good could advance you. It was to the soul of things, back to the unseen side of them that we were traveling. And he spoke of those who had reached the goal, how they continually warned us of the dangers along the route and pointed out the best way.

"You might call them the Conductors," I ventured, for I was much interested. Then I asked him why it was that we did not all have an equal chance. "Isn't it unjust?" I asked.

"Well, son," he replied, "I shouldn't wonder that we all did start out even in the long ago. But many of us have been stopping at the pleasant

## SCIENCE ITEM

places or going back to revisit others, while the rest have kept their eyes on the goal and either have passed by those temptations or stayed only long enough to learn never to stop there again. Then of course when we begin the trip at the next birth we naturally start at the place or station where death caught us. We have to pull out of that place before we can go on, you know, and," he added gravely, "it often means much suffering to do so, too. But that's the way we learn. I see that we are nearing my town and I must say good-bye; I hope that I have not bored you with my talk?"

"Well! I should think not," I hastened to assure him. "It seems very sensible and I hate to see you go. Indeed, I feel as if I had more steam in the way of knowledge to go on with, than I had before I met you."

"Perhaps we shall meet again somewhere along the way," he said, as he extended his hand to me. I looked into his clear, keen eyes, and truly hoped so. I helped him to the platform, and the train sped on. And I sat a long while thinking of the dear old traveler and of what he had said to me.

## SCIENCE ITEM: by C.

**A**NOTHER scare about water. We had been warned before that it was always percolating down through the crust and getting lost, and that in *X* years there would be nothing to drink. Now we learn that as electricity, when attending to business, decomposes water, and as lightning is electricity attending to business, every flash deprives us of some of our drink (or what would be drink when it came down as rain) and replaces it with its composing equivalents of mere oxygen and hydrogen. Moreover the hydrogen, when high enough up in the air, escapes forever from Mother Earth's attraction and floats away into space.

Surely this should be looked into by government and something done about it. . . . But yet, come to think of it, just as radium turned up in the nick of time to enable us to understand one way at any rate in which the sun may be able to keep up his heat supply without bankrupting himself in any thinkable period, so something may turn up to explain to us how the lost hydrogen may be reined in after all — or perhaps integrated *de novo* from electrons: how, in fact, the interests of our earth and its humanity may be quite efficiently looked after by the Power that brought the two together for important reasons of cosmic policy.

THE concluding chapters of 'The Red Rose and the White' by R. Machel will appear in an early issue. EDITOR

## A SPLENDID PROJECT



NATIONAL life and national progress depend primarily upon the home.

As is the family life so will be the national life.

Out of the millions of men whom the United States has called into service, doubtless the majority will return to positions previously held by them. There will, however, be a minority, how great remains to be seen, drawn from all parts of the country, who will either not find positions waiting for them or who will be looking for new opportunities. Perhaps for the first time in history several of the Allied Governments are realizing, in a new way, a duty — shall we call it, — or a responsibility, or debt of gratitude, to those whom it has called into service; it is something more than the granting of pensions as in the past, something more intimate, as to the members of one's family, the great family of the United States of America.

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, has recently presented to the President and to Congress a comprehensive plan for a preliminary study of the unused lands of the country, with particular reference to the irrigation of some 15,000,000 acres of arid land, the drainage of between 70,000,000 and 80,000,000 acres of swamp land, and the clearing of approximately 200,000,000 acres of cut-over or logged-off-land, with the purpose in view of reclaiming these lands through Governmental agency and providing homes for returned soldiers.

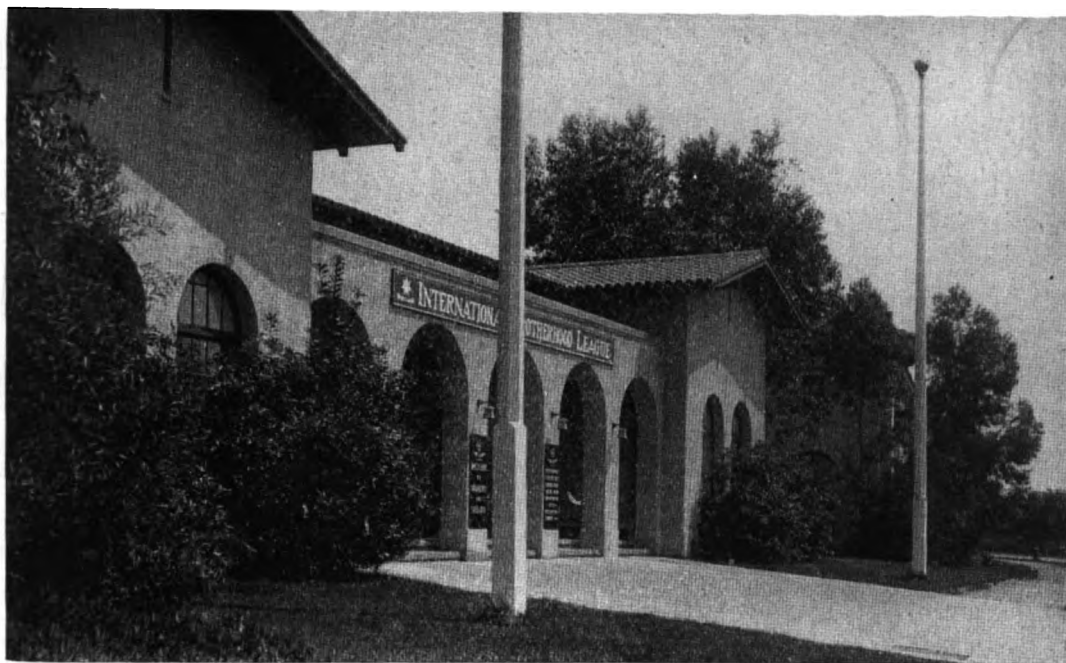
The project is especially commendable because it is related to home-building, home-founding, home-life, and it is, in the last analysis and basically, upon the home that national life and national progress depend.

In a recent communication addressed to Hon. Swagar Sherley, Chairman, Committee on Appropriations, House of Representatives, Secretary Lane points out that other countries are planning along somewhat similar lines, namely, The United Kingdom; Canada; Australia; New Zealand; Union of South Africa; France. In practically all these countries in addition to the offer of land, an opportunity will be given to returning soldiers to receive preliminary training on demonstration farms; money advances for improvements, for erecting buildings and purchasing stock.

Secretary Lane concludes his letter to Chairman Sherley as follows:

"This outline of the plans of other nations for their returning soldiers indicates that much thought and work has been given in these countries toward the solution of this problem. Of course I realize that these policies are made to fit the conditions and conduct of each particular part, whether it be a nation or state. And I do not mean to imply that we can model our plans or policies along those lines. But I do believe that this knowledge points out one lesson that has much good in it. That is this, that the preparation of plans for providing opportunity for our returning soldiers cannot be left to the day when the war is over."

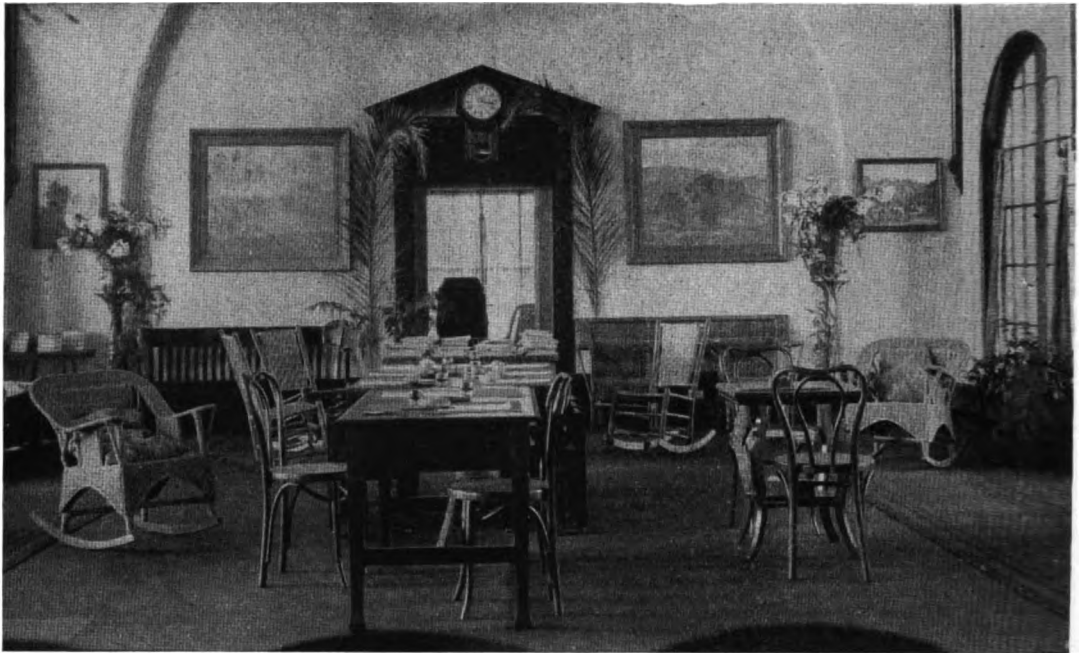
Secretary Lane's project is receiving the enthusiastic support of many



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE BUILDING  
BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO**

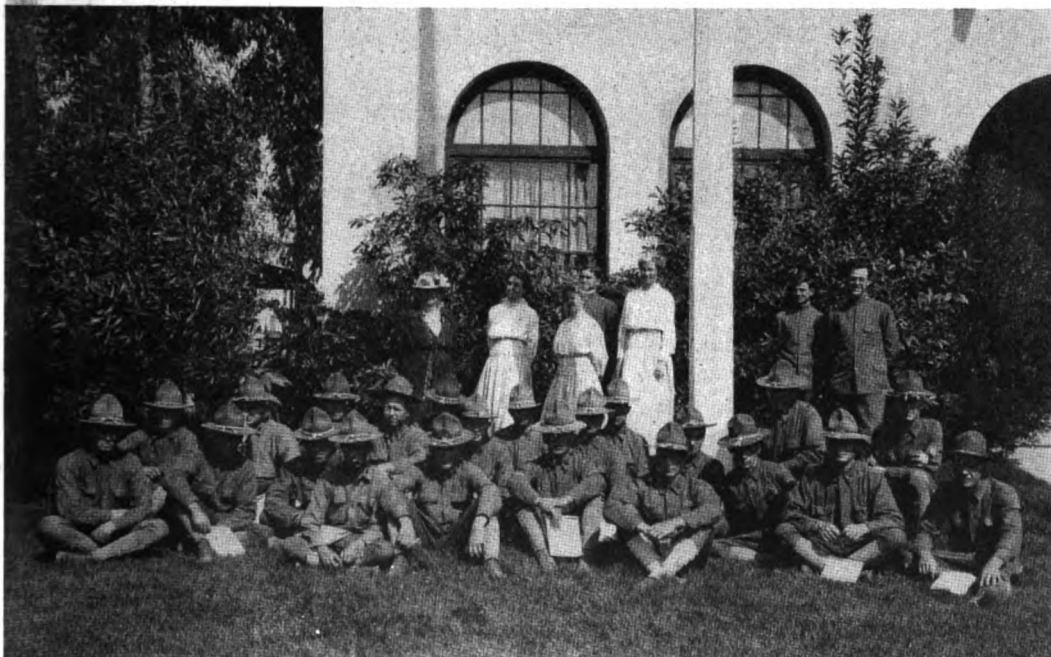
A reading, writing and rest-room established by Mme Tingley for soldiers and sailors.  
Here free home entertainments and French classes are given by volunteer workers and  
teachers of the League.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(ABOVE) CORNER OF WRITING-ROOM  
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE BUILDING

(BELOW) MME KATHERINE TINGLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE LEAGUE  
WATCHING THE FIELD-PRACTICE OF THE SOLDIERS AT A DISTANCE



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**SOME MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH CLASSES IN FRONT OF THE  
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE BUILDING**



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(ABOVE) U. S. INFANTRYMEN WITH MME TINGLEY  
(BELOW) MME TINGLEY LEAVING THE INTERNATIONAL  
BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE BUILDING

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Senators, Congressmen, and leading newspapers. In a letter just received, Secretary Lane writes: "I have my plan of organization well outlined, and we are already at work upon the irrigation and drainage problems."

This effort for the benefit of American soldiers is a most laudable undertaking which should meet with the approval of everyone.

*September 13, 1918*

KATHERINE TINGLEY

## THE SCREEN OF TIME

### MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

#### SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

**D**EVOTIONAL services were held at Isis Theater on August 18th by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. Joseph H. Fussell, General Secretary, spoke on 'Theosophy, the Basis of All Religion.' Two general songs were sung and the Young Ladies' Chorus of the Râja-Yoga Academy at Point Loma rendered 'Until the Day Breaks,' by Gounod.

Mr. Fussell said in part: "Every man has some form of religion in his life. Deep in the heart some fundamental feeling links each one to the divine

**Theosophy the  
Basis of all the  
Great Religions**

life of humanity. Theosophy declares that all forms of religious belief had common origin in the bond that unites all human hearts into a universal brotherhood. The motto of the Theosophical Movement has always been, 'There is no religion higher than truth,' thereby referring to fundamental principles upon which all religions have been based. At the dawn of every historical age great teachers have appeared on the earth, all affirming the same message.

"The essence of all true religion is sincerity, whether considered in respect to the devotional sentiments or to the dictates of reason. Jesus, in speaking of the whole duty of man, said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.' This truth was uttered in every conceivable form by teachers of every race and age."

At the morning service of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society held on August 25th at Isis Theater, Mme Katherine Tingley addressed a large audience, her subject being 'The Practical Application of Theosophy to the Problems of Everyday Life.' Mme Tingley has been

**Theosophy as  
Practically Applied  
in Daily Life**

absent from the Isis stage for several weeks, owing to unexpected duties. She said in part: "The object of Theosophy is to clear away the delusions of the human mind, so that it may discern and gain knowledge of the fundamental truths of life."

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

"In order to establish conditions that will lead to this knowledge, we must get back to first causes. Hence the absolute need of prevention, applied to earliest years of education.

"The vital refinements of life, the power to study deeply and to feel deeply, are the natural outcome of right thought and conduct inculcated from the earliest years.

"The lesson of Theosophy, therefore, is to turn the mind to the real causes from which proceed all that obstructs the higher life. We have to learn how to become strong, and also how to be corrective, not only of our own lives, but also of those of our children."

A large audience attended the service of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at the Isis Theater on the morning of September 1st. Mme Katherine Tingley continued her series of talks on 'Theosophy Applied to the Problems of Everyday Life,' speaking particularly on 'Elements of Habit' and the necessity of establishing right habits in the earliest years. The musical program consisted of Cowen's setting to 'Cleansing Fires,' sung by the Young Ladies Chorus of the Râja-Yoga Academy, and two general songs entitled 'Do Thy Duty, Tide What May' and 'Whoso Can Rule His Soul.'

**On the Need  
of Forming  
Right Habits** Mme Tingley said in part:

"The mission of Theosophy is to break the molds in the minds of men, and to bring forth the divine powers lying latent in all human beings. Theosophy is as old as the ages, the Wisdom-Religion from which all historical religions originated, according to needs of time and place. The missing link in modern diversity of thought is Theosophy. There is a certain kind of effort that will create habits of thought much needed today. Theosophy opens the door to self-discipline that awakens this right kind of thinking and enables the mind to form habits of a corrective nature.

"A man must have his own thought, his own power, for purposes of self-directed evolution, and to get these we must put the highest and noblest principles into action.

"By working in harmony with the highest forces in human life, we purify the mind and heart, and form habits of thought and feeling of a spiritual quality; so comes a rounding out of the whole nature, displacement and disharmony giving place to the power of self-unity and harmony. We thereby attain a state of consciousness in which the meaning of life reveals itself in a natural manner.

"Just as system, discipline, order and regularity are necessary to the formation of an army, otherwise it would become a mob, so there must be system, discipline, order and regularity in the individual life. The mission of Theosophy is to establish such habits of mind and heart, that the finer qualities of human nature will predominate over the animal tendencies."

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

THE enlisted men now stationed at Balboa Park, San Diego, were entertained again on Thursday evening, August 29th, by the young people of the Râja-Yoga College, in the spacious and homelike building in the Park which is occupied as the service headquarters of the International Brotherhood

**Entertainment to** League. Choral and instrumental selections were  
**Enlisted Men** given by the students of the Isis Conservatory of  
**at Balboa Park** Music, and a unique musical and dramatic sketch,  
originated and carried out in costume by the young

ladies of the Industrial Department of the College, occasioned rounds of applause. The proportion of sailors in the audience was unusual.

The large reading, writing and recreation rooms in this building have been used constantly by the men of the army and navy since they were opened over a year ago, thousands having written their home letters there in that time. The recent increase in attendance has been so marked that additional writing-tables have had to be provided.

On the preceding evening the usual entertainment under the auspices of the International Brotherhood League was given in the Recreation Hall, at Fifth Street, San Diego, opened by the League in the Isis Theater Building in June of last year. Special features of the program were a group of Hawaiian songs by Cadman, sung by Geo. L. Davenport; Dvorak's difficult 'Indian Lament' by Miss Olive Shurlock, a young violinist of the Râja-Yoga College; some humorous negro dialect poems by Sidney Lanier; and a sketch from the philosophy of 'Uncle Remus' by Professor Iverson L. Harris, Dean of the Department of Law of the School of Antiquity, who is a Southern man and is famous for his skill in presenting the philosophy and speech of the typical negro "befoh de wah." Madame Tingley was present and gave a short address.

The League entertainments at Fort Rosecrans, long interrupted by quarantine regulations, have been resumed, and within the last month a new center of recreation has been opened by this League under Madame Tingley's direction for the benefit of the enlisted men at the Naval Section Base of the Harbor Patrol, and also at the Upper Camp near the Radio-Station.

MEMBERS and visiting guests from a distance filled the spacious rotunda of the Râja-Yoga Academy to capacity on Thursday evening, July 11th, at a memorial concert, the occasion being the birthday anniversary of the late Professor de Lange, founder and director of the Conservatory of Music

**The Late Professor** of Amsterdam, Holland, and until his death one  
**De Lange is** of the directors of the Isis Conservatory of Music  
**honored at Concert** in Lomaland.

Guests were also present at the students' assembly held in the afternoon in Karnak grove, when the program was in the hands of the former pupils of Professor de Lange, the musical part consisting mainly

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of his compositions. Speeches were also made in memory of this noble man.

In the evening the Râja-Yoga International Chorus sang his 'In An Old-World Garden,' composed for the chorus in 1913, and on the program during the concert tour made by these young folk in Holland during that year. Tschaiikowsky's massive 'Symphonie Pathétique' was given its first complete presentation by the Râja-Yoga International Orchestra, being introduced by the reading of a Theosophical interpretation of the symphony which had been written by Professor de Lange for the orchestra shortly before his death.

## PIONEER WORKER AT POINT LOMA DIES

HAD BEEN SUPERINTENDENT OF CONSTRUCTION AT INSTITUTION;

ALSO WRITER

**W**ILLIAM SCOTT, one of the pioneer workers at the International Theosophical Headquarters, passed away on September 2nd at Rest Haven, San Diego County, of pulmonary tuberculosis, a disease to which he is said to have been predisposed by heredity. He was fifty-seven years old, and until incapacitated by failing health was superintendent of construction at Point Loma under Madame Katherine Tingley.

During the last seven years, however, he gave up active work and devoted his time, as health permitted, to literary and special research work embracing philosophy, science, ancient and modern architecture and folk-lore. THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH is publishing a series of articles from his pen, a recent long contribution being on the geology of Point Loma, a tract of land which is geologically very remarkable and has been the subject of considerable speculation among scientists both within and without the Theosophical Society.

Mr. Scott was also a deep student of comparative religion, but the essence of his own religion was to help humanity and to make the world a better place to live in. He went to Point Loma from Toronto, Canada, in 1899, on the occasion of the International Brotherhood Congress convened in April of that year by Madame Tingley, and on account of his health remained permanently.

The following appreciation was issued by the society:

"The Theosophical Society has suffered a loss that is irreparable and is felt not only by residents and students at the Point Loma Center, but by thousands of members in different parts of the world who were benefited by his literary and other work. He was noted among Theosophists for the dependable and staunch support he always gave to any work initiated by Madame Tingley, looking to the help of unfortunates or the spread of more rational ideas for the uplift of humanity." F. J. DICK, EDITOR

## THE WORTHY LABORER'S HIRE

**T**HE present is not only a time of rapid changes and radical moves, but the Karmic law of cause and effect is bringing quick returns from all causes set in motion. Millions have lived through far more experience in the past four years than is crowded into an ordinary lifetime — or even into many unusual lives. In this incarnation, so accelerated has the pace become that every step, in the right or wrong direction, brings one face to face with immediate results that are also pregnant with future meaning. Note also how the unvarying law of compensation and duality is bringing a suffering, downcast world a new quality of hope and comfort. A wider human sympathy and a truer tenderness has sprung up in a reign of terror. Moreover, the very intensity of conditions, which shortens the cycle between seed-time and harvest, is offering men — who reap what they sow — rare occasions for the daily molding of events into new and lasting ideals.

The earnest note of discipline and of helpful, fraternal service, that everywhere voices the popular response to needs of the hour, bespeaks an awakening of inherent nobility in individual and national life. In the medical profession, with its paradoxical union of materialistic theories — even of psychology — and the humanistic practice of healing inner wrongs, the new note is sounding. Current medical literature is taking on a peculiar charm, in a more wholly human viewpoint of the bare, scientific facts of disease and suffering. In articles here and there is a tone that satisfies the completer sense of head and heart, just as a fragrant wild rose would be more gratefully natural than an artificial laboratory product. Letters from some of the 20,000 physicians who have enlisted show that if much has been given up of conventional value, there have been rich returns in humanistic values, giving permanent assets in character-building which will outlast the present life. The eminent physician or surgeon who willingly accepts any position in the service, perhaps even under a former student, is sure to learn something he could not teach or learn elsewhere.

There is gratifying evidence that some of our medical women are also coming into their own, in the deeper sense. As a whole, they have won an honorable place in professional achievement of head and hand, even if they have not added notably to modern medicine what its intellectual science lacked — a peculiar, illuminating quality of intuitive knowledge. Now, without waiting for the Federal recognition accorded to their medical brothers, they are enrolling in helpful service of all kinds. The unerring Karmic law, which has returned what they earned in competing with men heretofore, now notes those who are putting service before thought of self and is returning to them the rare gift of a larger and finer sense of true womanhood.

Note the following lines from the able pen of one now doing public sanitation work:

"The women who respond to the call should be numbered with the cream of the profession. They should possess a psychology so happily fashioned that they endow the service with that same spirit as those patriots who, from time immemorial, have given the best that is in them

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

for those ideals which today are incorporated into the very soul of this generation. . . . Never in the history of the world has there been a time when men so appreciated and hungered for the maternal attributes of our sex, as during this unspeakably colossal and brutal warfare. It is for this reason that we must not forget that, while our scientific attainments must proudly match our men, we must prize and guard well those truly effeminate qualities which are our precious birthright, and which today are the greatest asset which we possess. . . . Socially, politically, professionally we must inspire all factions with an abstract zeal to work for the ideal."

## CHILDREN AND CONVERSION

THE new sense of social duty, which has enlarged federal and municipal movements for child-welfare, is also echoed in church circles. Prof. Edward P. St. John, of Boston University, is quoted, *in re* religious education in the Sunday School: "Just ahead of these children, in the ways of life, are the adolescent crises in religious development, in which conversion — that experience which brings the soul into a personal relation to God — most commonly comes."

Prof. St. John, having made a special study of young life, adds that every class in the church school, beyond the earliest grades, should be engaged in direct activities of "Christian work," or, from the educational point of view, "training for service."

Any one watching little children evolving naturally under the Râja-Yoga training at Point Loma sees no need of the spiritual revolution of "conversion" in the young, who learn to convert the force of selfish impulses into unselfish action all along the line. By this method the basic lesson of self-conquest is so ingrained in the character that self-knowledge "prepares" the child for the usually unanswered problem of adolescent experiences. Even little children readily grasp the profound yet simple truth of duality, because it fits the facts of their conflicting impulses.

Râja-Yoga aims primarily at character-building. It is practical work applied to faith in the Teacher's word that "the kingdom of heaven is within." Thus the child's inherent divinity is consciously and confidently evoked to express itself at every point. The plastic child nature, like a sensitive plate, feels the higher or lower psychology of conditions around it long before it can reason. The freshly-incarnated soul, with its new brain, is still haunted by memory of its native relation to deity — the Oversoul that fathers the individual rays of light. Childhood's sweet, peaceful trust bespeaks the soul's harmony with its test of going through an earthly school of experience. Thus there is already the *at-one-ment* of the better nature with its task. The Râja-Yoga method builds upon this natural unity, so that *atonement* becomes a natural part of the child's growth, and not a tragic realization of past errors. Nature, ever evolving beauty and perfection of types, shows human nature how to "grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air."

L. R.

# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**T**HIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public.

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California



The New England Center  
of the  
*Universal Brotherhood & Theosophical Society*

246 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts

Reading Room and Free Loan Library open to the Public daily  
between 1:30 and 4:30 p. m. Public Meetings held every Sun-  
day Evening at 8 o'clock. Standard Theosophical Literature  
published at Point Loma, California, may be purchased here  
(except during the summer months). :: :: :: ::

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*Please mention The Theosophical Path*

# The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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NOVEMBER 1918

## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



# The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian

Nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

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Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE is the common property of the countless millions of men born under various climates, in times with which History refuses to deal, and to which esoteric teachings assign dates incompatible with the theories of Geology and Anthropology. The birth and evolution of the Sacred Science of the Past are lost in the very night of Time. . . . It is only by bringing before the reader an abundance of proofs all tending to show that in every age, under every condition of civilization and knowledge, the educated classes of every nation made themselves the more or less faithful echoes of one identical system and its fundamental traditions — that he can be made to see that so many streams of the same water must have had a common source from which they started. What was this source? . . . There must be truth and fact in that which every people of antiquity accepted and made the foundation of its religions and its faith.

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 794

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*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**LOWER GALE LAKE, HIGH SIERRAS**

*From painting by Maurice Braun*

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XV NO. 5

NOVEMBER 1918

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES



*OUR platform is a Theosophical platform. The mission of Theosophy is to break the molds of the minds of men and to bring home to them the knowledge of their essential divinity, of their possibilities, and of their responsibilities.*

\*

*The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is a nonpolitical and nonsectarian organization; its officers are all unsalaried; and its work is the outcome of the work that was begun in the seventies in New York by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, when she gave up her home and friends in Russia and brought to the western world the knowledge of the ancient wisdom.*

\*

*Theosophy is not modern; it is a restatement of the ancient Wisdom-Religion adapted to present conditions. It is as old as the ages; and if one will study Theosophy he will find that it was lived and practised in a very beautiful and altruistic way centuries before Jesus Christ.*

\*

*In the beauty and simplicity of its teachings it has a message for all; its philosophy is one of enlightenment; it gives to man the key to wisdom, to knowledge, — to each one just as far as he has evolved. By these teachings man may live his life more rationally, more hopefully, more happily.*

\*

*The one great thing needed is that the minds of the people shall be attracted to the importance of seeking that quality of knowledge which is necessary for them to know themselves. Surely we do know that unless we have a larger knowledge of our real selves than we have had in the past, we must continue to live in a state of unrest, confusion, and doubt.*

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*If we study the historical past and look into the different periods of time, we shall find that one of the greatest battles of the human race has been the struggle between individualism and institutionalism. Theosophy alone can span the gap between these two forces and bring about a balance in human life. Theosophical thought makes clear man's duty both to himself and to his fellows.*

\*

*Our humanity has come to a pivotal point in its history. It is not only in humanity as a whole that this conflict is taking place, but in the individual heart and life, and each man is being challenged to face himself; "Man know thyself!" It is an accentuation of the conflict between the higher and lower natures of man, and it is the mission of Theosophy to establish such habits of mind and action that the finer qualities of man's higher nature shall predominate over the animal tendencies of the lower nature,—then happiness will follow.*

\*

*Material things, in place, are right. Man should know how to use his intellect for the sustaining of his material life; but he should also have knowledge of the spiritual life; he should know how to place his feet so that they may carry him along the paths of true progress on all lines. There must be a balance in his life, a balance between individualism and institutionalism. He must employ his own thoughts, his own power, his own life, for self-directed evolution—for self-control. But this is not possible until he honors his own higher, divine nature, until he realizes its spiritual ability and power. When this moment comes, then he finds within himself new and wonderful and inspiring forces of life, the vital refinements of the real man, who is himself. Then it becomes possible to hold the lower nature in place, to exercise true self-control, and thus gain the dignity of true manhood.*

\*

*Everyone has to meet stumbling-blocks in the beginning when just starting out in an endeavor to form right habits of thought and to bring their influence into the life; but after a while he advances to better things; his own higher nature will bring him to realize that there must be a systematic line of work, of service, and of knowledge, in order that the higher and nobler principles may have free action; and that he must take his conscience not only to church, but into all business relations, into his home — into all associations with his fellows, vivifying his conscience in such a way that his mind will broaden with every experience.*

## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

*bringing him into the realms of higher discernment which lead to the development of intuition.*

*Then will new vistas of the higher life open before him, and he will realize that he is a part of the great universal scheme of life, that he and all else are guided by and are part of the infinite laws of life and nature, all working in harmony with the finer, invisible, and powerful forces of human life. He will find himself at the midway point, the point of balance between individualism and institutionalism; freedom of thought and action will rationally follow and the power to work on lines of least resistance will be an important faculty within him.*

*Surely we must admit the instability of modern social life. So many things are lacking, and such differences exist in the human mind and in habits of thought and life that there cannot be, truly, the real co-operation that our hearts crave. We differ so, the one from the other; we run off into so many side-paths, hungry-hearted, taking up this idea and that idea, and get no results, because we have not understood the fundamental principles of life; we have not approached a knowledge of life, understandingly; and yet it is all so simple that a child can understand it.*

*If we are to correct the instability of social life, the first step we must take is to find our permanent selves, and thus discover strength and determination that will carry us through to better things. We must realize that we are essentially divine, and must wholly rely on an enlightened conscience; we must begin to live in our hearts to such a degree that we shall push on in our search for truth; and, when found, we must assert it in our own lives. Thus we may gain a discrimination that was not ours before and a determination to apply the forces of our conscience and our spiritual will to a great effort for the upliftment of humanity. In doing these things, one brings out the nobler qualities of one's nature and becomes a living example, even though one's voice may never be heard and one's hands never active in outer work (though they should be). There will be created a wonderful atmosphere of noble thought and feeling that humanity greatly needs.*

\*

*What is immediately needed is to arrive at a point where we can see that there must be the elements of morally constructive habit, or habits, introduced into human life before humanity can be brought to the full recognition of its needs. First recognition, then correction. The social system, even such as it is, would amount to very little unless there were some directive method in it, imperfect as that might be. Without method there would be no coherence in social life at all. Think of our army! We certainly can realize that without system, organization, order, regularity, and thorough discipline, the army would*

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*become a mob. And we have great lessons to learn thereby. So in social life, and in the individual life of man, if he is to fulfil his true mission, there must be introduced the elements of constructive habit, of organization, of self-discipline, of order, and of regularity — essential refinements,— otherwise retrogression will follow.*

*If we study this subject well, we shall find that there can be an introduction of system and order into thought and action that will be so corrective that it will undo those false teachings that have blocked our way for ages and which have played so great a part in the disintegration of nations and peoples.*

\*

*When the war is ended and the millions of soldiers return to their countries and to their homes, they will ask many new questions, and will demand answers. They are becoming the most determined thinking force of the age; indeed, they have already become that. One does not have to talk with them, one has only to be with them, to find that they are asking new questions of the present hour — the question of Life and Death. I cannot understand how any other system of thought but Theosophy can meet these questions and give the light needed.*

*Theosophy can meet and can answer them; first, because it is so simple, and because in all its service it has the true spirit of good-fellowship, and because it is in fact truth, and nothing else but the truth can answer this inquiring body of thinkers.*

\*

*While the lives of the students of Theosophy are still imperfect and are yet slowly evolving to a more perfect way, nevertheless the teachings of Theosophy meet every demand. A Theosophist in good standing, no matter how great his study or how earnestly he may have applied the teachings to his life, is ever seeking for the larger knowledge that will give him a more secure foothold on the path of life, and a better basis of right living. Those who are living the most closely to the Theosophical teachings, as evidenced in the unselfish example of their lives, admit that they were at the tether end of things, so to speak, before they found the New Hope — Theosophy.*

October 13, 1918

KATHERINE TINGLEY  
EDITOR

THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth, and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, bearing a different name in every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves and has its being.— H. P. BLAVATSKY

## THE COMMON SENSE OF THEOSOPHY:

by J. H. Fussell \*

**T**ODAY we are demanding more than ever before that our theories shall be in accord with common sense. We reject those ideas and those teachings which do not satisfy our reason. Theosophy would also add that it rejects those ideas which do not satisfy the deeper side, or the higher side, of our nature: that something in us which is deeper and higher than reason.

For many years past science has been more and more coming to demand common sense, I say more and more, for one who has studied and read Theosophy will have found that science is not yet entirely common-sense in all its theories. We have also been demanding in our philosophy that it shall accord with common sense. But it is not so very long ago that, in regard to religion, we were satisfied to accept ideas which were put forward solely on authority, and if you will look back to some of the religious teachings of a few decades ago, indeed to some of the religious teachings which are taught today, you will find that many of these ideas do not accord with common sense; they will not bear the searching analysis of reason.

Now, I said that in science we were coming more and more to demand common sense, so let me give just one example of how common sense has not ruled in science. I refer to the Darwinian theory which, in respect to man's ancestry — that we are the descendants of apes — is not only contrary to common sense, that is, to enlightened reason, but also is contrary to well-ascertained facts. Many of these facts were stated by Madame Blavatsky in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, and those of you who are really interested in taking up the subject and finding out the incompleteness — the more than incompleteness, the contrariness to reason — of the Darwinian theory, should, I suggest, turn to the pages of that great work, and especially of the second volume. In it Mme Blavatsky not only brings forward the teachings of Theosophy of ages and ages ago, from a time so far back that we cannot measure it, but she also quotes the conclusions of noted scientists — men who, in their day, stood in the very front rank as scientists, and who from the outset combated the degrading theory of the descent of man from the apes.

It is only quite recently, in fact published in the *New York Times* of March 1, 1918, that another distinguished scientist, Dr. Wood Jones, Professor of Anatomy in the University of London, a man whose position at least entitles him to a hearing, says that the Darwinian theory must be reconsidered. One of the most recently discovered skulls, which was

\*An Address delivered at Isis Theater, June 23, 1918

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

discovered in 1889 in Australia, but only really examined in 1914, shows conclusively (but this is only one more evidence) that man preceded, in point of time, the existence of the anthropoid apes; and if that is so, then man certainly cannot be the descendant of the apes.

But there are many more lines of argument, which cannot be dwelt on now, and I bring this forward merely as an illustration to show that in science, where above all we expect common sense to rule, we have to a very great extent been led by *authority* — in this instance by the authority of a wonderful man, a deep researcher who, however, did not see the full implication of the discoveries which he made. And if humanity generally, and the majority of the thinking portion of humanity, so widely departed in the matter of science from common sense, it is no wonder that in regard to philosophy, which many people consider merely as speculation as to the meaning of life, there has also been in many instances a departure from common sense. And when we come to matters of faith, to matters of religion, it is still more so.

Now to turn to Theosophy, which students who have given real study to the subject claim *is common sense*: it must be something that will satisfy, as I said, not only reason, but the deepest longings of the heart. It must satisfy every part of our nature. It must open the way to real life. It must give an answer to the problems that confront us, that confront every thinking man and woman, and the *unthinking* as well. Does it do so? Does it do all this? One of the most complete and, I think, beautiful definitions of Theosophy is that given by William Quan Judge, who, as most of you know, was with Mme Blavatsky when she founded the Society, and was always recognised and often addressed by her in her letters to him, as co-founder and her greatest friend. Upon one occasion she called him her "only friend." He was the one man who, of all men living, understood her the best, who was closest to her and who succeeded her as teacher and leader in the Theosophical Movement after her death.

Mr. Judge gives this definition of Theosophy:

"Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of sentient being. Unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child."

Now, if that be true as a definition, and of course you can only verify it for yourselves through study and through serious thinking upon the subject — you cannot take it absolutely from the lips of another — if that be true, then surely we are right in speaking of Theosophy as common sense. If it will give to the greatest minds their fullest scope, and satisfy *them*, it must indeed be glorified common sense; and if, at the other pole, and at the same time, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child,

## THE COMMON SENSE OF THEOSOPHY

then indeed we can say it is common sense. For, after all, where do we get some of the deepest truths? Where do we get *the test* of some of the deepest truths? Is it not in the acceptance that children give to them? Do not some of the deepest questions come from children — some of the unanswerable questions, and often the most satisfying of answers?

If that definition of Mr. Judge's is one that by search and study we find to be true, then we can indeed say that Theosophy is common sense. So let us turn to a few of the teachings of Theosophy and very briefly endeavor to see whether Theosophy appeals to our common sense. I wish to say that I do not hold that common sense is that which is accepted *universally*, but that it is that *which one day will be accepted universally*. There are many people, as we know, who do not accept certain things that to us are the very acme of common sense. So it is not that common sense is so very common, but I hold it is that which will be found to be common to all who give the deepest study to the subject, and who look at facts, and reason *rightly* upon those facts.

Let us consider then a few of the teachings of Theosophy and first the great trinity of teachings which it has been said, above all, the Theosophical Movement was established to bring again to the world: *viz.*, first, Universal Brotherhood (and there is an implication in this as I shall show); second, Karma, the teaching of law, that law rules our lives; and third, Reincarnation. I say that there is an implication in the idea or teaching of Universal Brotherhood. You might perhaps ask why do I not mention that teaching which is so often on the lips of Madame Tingley in her addresses here — the essential divinity of man? But if you analyse the idea of Universal Brotherhood, you will see that the teaching of the essential divinity of man is implied in it; that the spiritual basis of the teaching of Universal Brotherhood is the divinity of man, and that it is by the recognition of this essential divinity that alone we can come not merely to accept the idea of Universal Brotherhood, but to act upon it. So we come to the question: is the idea of Universal Brotherhood, from what we know from our own experience, common sense? Can we say that?

Outwardly, it might not appear so — not as a practice; but looking a little further, and looking back through history, and if we can accept Reincarnation and Karma (because all these three great teachings hang together), we shall be bound to see that Universal Brotherhood — the idea of Universal Brotherhood — is the most common-sense idea, expressing the true relation of man to man. Consider for instance the idea that is being put forward today perhaps more than at any other time, of the necessity for co-operation. What is the real basis of co-operation? Its immediate object or purpose is easy to see. It is the

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accomplishment of something. I am not speaking of co-operation on any one line, but generally. Its object or purpose is the better, the more ready, accomplishment of some end in view; and its basis, that the real interests of humanity are common interests. Hence we see the common-sense value of Brotherhood from the standpoint of utility.

Then we find on different lines of investigation that human nature is fundamentally the same the world over. You may say that we are very different from our next-door neighbor, from the people of another race, etc., but those differences are only surface differences. If we look into the depths of our natures, into the essential things of our natures, we shall find *there* a common meeting-ground. It is there that we come to the real basis, the spiritual basis of brotherhood, it is the essential divinity of man.

There are also many indirect proofs of Universal Brotherhood. For instance we find that religious convictions of widely-separated peoples — those convictions that are fundamental — are the same the world over; though this may not be immediately apparent to those who have not studied the subject. But if the subject be studied; if we go back to the remotest antiquity, to the earliest literature which we have, and come down through the ages, noting the essential teachings of all the great religions of the world, we shall find in all of them the same fundamental ideas and the same foundation of a common truth.

In many other ways we could prove that Universal Brotherhood is a common-sense idea. If we take, for instance, the accomplishment of the *supreme* aim that is before us: that aim which, even from the standpoint of modern science and the Darwinian theory, is the progression and ultimate perfection, as far as that appears to be possible to modern science, of the whole of humanity — if we are to reach that goal there must at least be co-operation. However much we may think our interests diverge from the interests of others, there must be a meeting-point in regard to those interests, and in accordance with which we can act.

It will be understood, of course, that I can not now consider any one of the Theosophical teachings at any length. I can merely touch upon a few. So I pass on to the teaching of Karma, which you will find expressed in the great religions of the world in different forms: expressed by Paul in the words: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"; and by Jesus in the question: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" The same idea was presented by both. It is the teaching that is expressed in science: "For every action there is an equal and contrary reaction." Newton's laws are an expression of Karma.

Simply by scientific investigation we can prove this teaching of Karma. To give it another definition, we can say "For every cause

## THE COMMON SENSE OF THEOSOPHY

there is a corresponding effect." And conversely, if you find effects you have only to trace back and you will come to causes; and those causes will be found in every way correspondential to the effects, if you can get at *all* the causes. Of course, there is where the difficulty is. So that the teaching of Karma in regard to the outer physical world is certainly common sense. But Theosophy comes in and says that Karma, in this sense, *i. e.*, as the law of cause and effect, does not apply simply to the physical world; it applies also to the moral world; it applies to the mental world. We know we are continually sowing seeds in thought — we can look upon it in that way at least, that a thought in a sense is a seed — and we have only to investigate a little and look into our own lives and see that a persistent course of thinking finally results in action, and that it is possible to predict the nature of the resulting action from a persistent course of thinking. Some people think that their thoughts are their own. They say, "What does it matter what I think? No one knows about it, and no one will know about it." And so they go on thinking, and thinking and thinking, until finally and inevitably their persistent thinking dominates their lives and without their realizing it, it becomes a part of their nature, and they begin to act out what they have been thinking about.

There are many implications in all this. Above all it shows the common sense of Theosophy in laying stress upon the importance of the thought life, first of all, and upon the moral life. Because, if the thought life is along the right lines, then our moral life will be along the right lines inevitably; and our actions will also be along the right lines inevitably, according to law. So without taking up further time in regard to this teaching, we can surely say that Karma is common sense, and pass to the teaching of Reincarnation. Is that common sense?

Reincarnation is one of the subjects that attracts most readily some people to Theosophy and, strange to say, most readily repels others. It seems to be the one teaching that attracts most attention, either for or against, among those who hear of Theosophy for the first time. Does it appeal to common sense? If it can be shown that the teaching of Reincarnation solves the problems of the seeming injustices and the very evident inequalities of life, then we shall have one very strong argument in favor of Reincarnation as being common sense. If you will study what has been said in Theosophical literature in regard to Reincarnation, you will find that this is so. You will find, in the first place, that when a child is born — and you do not have to study the teachings of Theosophy for this — you simply have to turn to the experiences of every-day life, if not of your own lives then of the lives about you — you will find that children are born with characters differing from the

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

characters of others. You will find that while the teaching of heredity may seem to throw some light upon these differences of character and capabilities which are so marked, yet heredity does not fully answer the questions that come up in regard to them. Indeed, it hardly answers them at all. But the teaching of Reincarnation, coupled with that of Karma, does answer these questions.

You will find by taking up this idea of Reincarnation that the longings which men and women have, which practically everyone has, as they are approaching and passing middle age and getting on towards the later years of life — that these longings are themselves an indirect evidence of the common sense of Reincarnation. How often do we hear people say — perhaps we have said it ourselves, or thought it — “Oh, if I had had a little more knowledge, a little more advice, in my early years, how different life might have been — oh! if only I could have another chance.” I do not need to speak about this further, for all of you have heard Mme Katherine Tingley speak of the magic of those words, “Another chance.” And the magic in those words is due to the reality which is behind them: that there *is* another chance, that there is hope.

Passing on now to the teaching that above all others seems to be the teaching of Theosophy, which also is constantly on the lips of Mme Tingley, *Man, Know Thyself*, you know, of course, it is one of the teachings of the ancient Greeks. It was said to have been given out by the Delphic Oracle: MAN, KNOW THYSELF. In one of Plato's Dialogues, *Charmides*, the whole of which is upon the subject of Temperance and Wisdom, Critias, addressing Socrates, says: “I would rather withdraw certain arguments,” (which he had brought forward) “and not be ashamed to confess that I was mistaken, than admit that a man can be temperate or wise who does not know himself.”

It is interesting to note that throughout this dialogue Plato uses the words *temperance* and *wisdom* as synonymous. In fact, the translator, Professor Jowett, says that the same word has been used in the Greek but that according to the context he has translated it at one time *temperance* and at another time *wisdom*. Critias continues:

“For self-knowledge would certainly be maintained by me to be the very essence of knowledge, and in this I agree with him who dedicated the inscription, ‘Know Thyself!’ at Delphi. That word, if I am not mistaken, is put there as a sort of salutation which the deity addresses to those who enter the temple; as much as to say that the ordinary salutation of ‘Hail!’ is not right, and that the exhortation, ‘Be temperate!’ would be a far fitter way of saluting one another. The notion of him who dedicated the inscription was, as I believe, that the deity speaks to those who enter his temple not as men speak but, when a worshiper enters, the first word which he hears is ‘Be temperate!’ This, however, like a prophet, he expresses in a sort of riddle, for ‘Know thyself!’ and ‘Be temperate!’ are the same, as I maintain, and as the writing implies.”

## THE COMMON SENSE OF THEOSOPHY

Now that gives, I think, the keynote of all the teachings of Theosophy. And it gives it in the alternative meanings which are there given by Plato: "Man, Know Thyself!" meaning thereby "Be temperate!" in the sense that temperance is an absolute essential, a *sine qua non*, to the acquirement of true knowledge.

For lack of time I must pass over other most valuable and interesting teachings of Theosophy, to show it is common sense along other most essential lines, not of teaching only but of practice. If Theosophy is common sense, as I said in the beginning, it must satisfy the whole nature: the deepest longings of the heart, as well as the reason. In order to do this, it must be something that is essentially practical. If it be not something that can be applied to daily life and to the conduct of every-day life, then certainly we should do right in rejecting Theosophy as not being common sense; but if, on the contrary, we find that it is something that we can take into our daily life, if we can take the principles of Theosophy and apply them in business, in the home, in our recreation, in our study, in whatever phase of life we may be engaged in — if we can do this, then we can certainly accept the idea that Theosophy is common sense.

Now, friends, do I have to ask whether this is possible? Most of you, I know, have attended our morning services in this Isis Theater since they were started, and our evening services before then, many, many times; and you know, from what you have heard from the lips of Mme Katherine Tingley and her expositions of Theosophy, that, above all things, Theosophy is applicable to all the problems of life, to every phase of life. That is always the burden of her words, and if any one of us has a problem or a difficulty, he could, if he only knew it, find in Theosophy the solution of the difficulty and the key to the problem. So it comes down to this: if Theosophy be so helpful, is it not worthy of our giving it serious attention? Is it not worthy of our taking it up as a study, and not merely as an intellectual study, not merely for the arm-chair, but something that we can search into more deeply by putting it into practice and making it a part of our every-day lives in order to find the key to that which is, for each of us, *our* great problem?

Taking simply these three teachings: Universal Brotherhood, which has to do with the relation of man to man, with our relation to our fellow beings, which may be summed up in one's duty to one's neighbor, as given in the words of Jesus, and we know what definition he gave of one's neighbor — if our difficulties be along that line, in regard to our fellow-beings, we shall find their solution in this teaching of Universal Brotherhood, especially if we couple it with that of Karma: that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. If the difficulty be in regard to our failures in life, and we have all had to face failures, and in regard

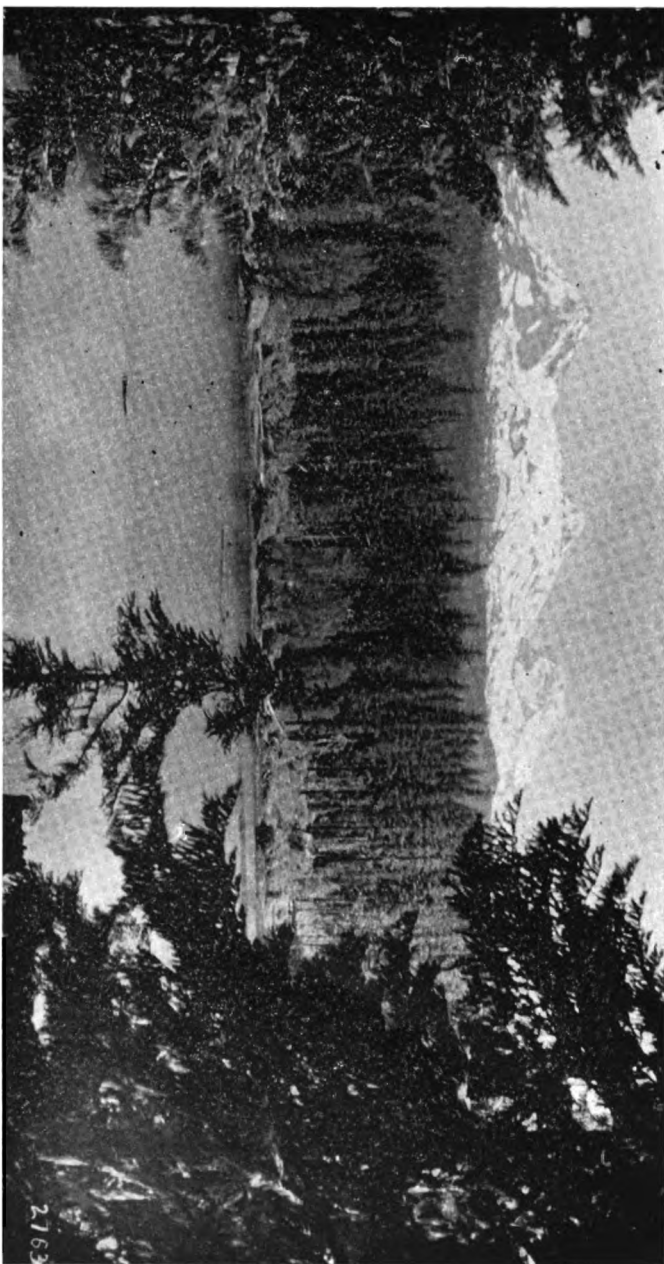
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to the incompleteness of our successes, the unsatisfied feeling that we get when we seem to have achieved that which we have striven for — the realization that it does not satisfy us, that there is something lacking — if that be our problem we have but to turn to the teachings of Karma and Reincarnation, and we shall find that there is 'another chance,' that we shall come back again with the accumulated experiences of the past, ready to take up again the problems of life with added knowledge and a new courage.

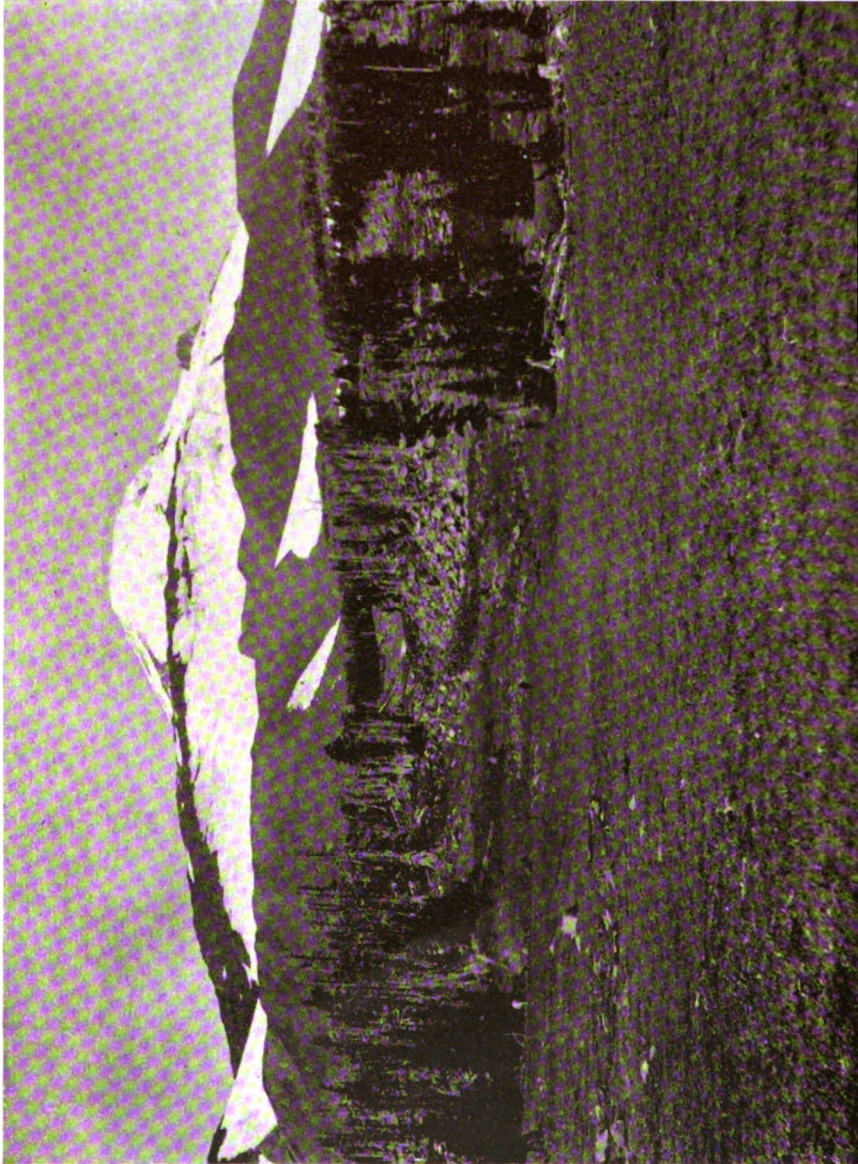
If our difficulty, or the problem we have to face, be one of sorrow and the loss of friends, through death, we have but to turn to the teachings of Theosophy to find consolation, and not only consolation, but knowledge — knowledge to be gained through the teaching of Reincarnation. To give just one quotation from Mme Tingley. Speaking of death, she says:

"Be assured, my friends, that in the great Cycle of Time, under the right conditions, we shall meet our own again. No power on earth or in Heaven, so to speak, can separate those who are bound with the true tie of love, — immortal love. We have not to think *how* it shall be, or *when* and *where* it shall be, — this reunion; we have only to do our duty day by day in the truest sense, to lead the Theosophical life in the Now, in the ever-present Now, in the conscious knowledge of the Higher Law; and at the right time, under the right conditions, we truly, truly shall meet our own again."

Turn, in fact, to any one of the questions that may be in your mind and you will find the key to the answer, you will find the answer itself, in the teachings of Theosophy. It does not necessarily follow that you will find any particular question or problem stated, but you will find those principles that will guide you to a solution of the problem and an answer to your question whatever it may be. That is what, above all things, we want in these days of turmoil. We are looking for that which will guide us along the right path and, above all, for a sane philosophy of life. For, whatever be our hopes, our aspirations, our aims in life, they amount to very little, they will be certain to fail us at the end, unless they are based upon a sane common-sense philosophy, a philosophy that may be inquired into with the deepest searchings of reason, and a philosophy that will also answer the longings of the heart and our deepest intuitions; and that philosophy you will discover, if you will study, is Theosophy, the once universal Wisdom-Religion of antiquity.



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THE THREE SISTERS, STATE OF OREGON, U. S. A.



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

MT. ADAMS, WASHINGTON



MT. TACOMA, WASHINGTON

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**MT. JEFFERSON, OREGON**

## SPIRIT, SOUL, AND MATTER: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

**I**T is not necessary to employ the arts of rhetoric and persuasion in factitious recommendation of anything which possesses obvious intrinsic worth; for all that is required is to direct attention to those merits, thus enabling the inquirer to convince himself as to their validity. This is eminently the case with Theosophy; and, though no panegyric is needed, the recommendation being derived from the study, yet it may be necessary to invite people to that study, which otherwise they might not perhaps undertake.

Whether a study of the world's philosophies has been precedent or subsequent to that of Theosophy, in either case it is remarked that Theosophy gathers together, completes, and sums up the results attained by the philosophers. It is often said that each philosopher seems to have hit upon some fragment of the Theosophical teachings, but to have got no further, for want of the other portions; and that, if their efforts could in some way have been combined, a far closer and ampler approximation to the truth would have been attained.

It might occur to the mind, after the above remarks, that Theosophy is an able and comprehensive *synthesis* of the various philosophical and metaphysical systems; but this hardly expresses the fact. An examination of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings does not suggest that she had undertaken such a collation of the results of these systems; on the contrary it indicates clearly that Theosophy was in her mind from the first as a complete system; and that, when she refers to the philosophies, sciences, religions, etc., it is for purposes of illustration, or to convey her teachings in terms familiar to current thought, or to show how Theosophy interprets them. Theosophy — or, to give it its wider name, the Secret Doctrine — has existed in all ages, as a definite body of knowledge, in the possession of certain people; and the achievements of the philosophers have been like the explorations of various travelers in a distant land; or else they have been the various attempts made by people possessing the knowledge (or some of it) to communicate what they could to the world at large.

But, as these remarks are only prefatory to our subject, we shall not dwell upon them, further than to express our conviction that the zealous student of life will find in Theosophy a light that he can find nowhere else; and this should be sufficient for anyone who is seeking knowledge for the help which it brings him.

Among world-views (*Weltanschauungen*), there are Idealisms which seek to represent the world as Idea, Materialisms which depict it as Matter, and systems which describe the world as the result of Idea acting upon Matter. The two former are called Monistic systems; the last, Dualistic. More comprehensive than either are those systems which

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combine the Monad with the Duad by placing a Trinity at the head of creation. But the exact order of the Zero, the One, the Two, the Three, etc., in this abstruse scale of cosmic mathematics, is a very intricate question; and we refer the inquirer to the introductory parts of H. P. Blavatsky's work, *The Secret Doctrine*. To be lucid, it is necessary to speak in approximate terms and to deal in imperfect and temporary analogies. Or, to borrow an oriental figure, we must do as a man does who wishes to point out to another some insignificant star: he points first to a large star and says, 'That is it'; then, when the searcher has descried that large star, his informant points to a smaller one near it and says, 'That is it'; and so on until the required star is at last found. When we have mastered one approximation to the truth, we are ready to proceed to a nearer approximation.

A convenient way of regarding the constitution of man and of other manifestations of the universal life is under the triple form of Spirit, Soul, and Body. But it will be necessary to attempt some definition of the sense in which we intend to use these terms, before proceeding further. The words Spirit and Soul are, in common parlance, used interchangeably, and without any idea of making a distinction between them. Thus the spirit or soul of a man is usually regarded as an immortal essence of the man, which comes into independent existence after his death. Theosophy insists that, if man has an immortal essence, it ought to be an influential factor in his life *before* death — a very important point, but aside from our present purpose.

H. P. Blavatsky says, in one place in *The Secret Doctrine*, that soul is the vehicle of spirit, and matter is the vehicle of soul. Thus soul is, according to this definition, the body of the spirit (in a sense), or the embodiment of spirit; and again, soul is (so to say) the spirit of matter. Thus soul stands midway between spirit and body, being at the bottom of one and at the top of the other. Soul may be defined as the first embodiment of spirit, and matter as the second embodiment of spirit, or as the embodiment of spirit and soul together. Thus, if we represent spirit by the number One, and soul by the number Two, we obtain a triad which can be shown by three dots forming a triangle. Then, if we choose to represent matter or body by the number Four, we shall obtain the sacred symbolic number Seven; and the analogy between soul and body is shown by the analogy between Two and Four, the latter being twice the former and also its square. This arithmetical analogy will serve to make our meaning clearer, but should not be pushed too far. But the study of mathematics as a symbolic key — in the old Pythagorean way — is sufficiently fruitful to satisfy the busiest mind.

The Universal World-Soul is spoken of in *The Secret Doctrine* as

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Cosmic Ideation, the Cosmic Noumenon of Matter, the basis of the intelligent operations in and of Nature; and it is stated that the Secret Doctrine teaches the fundamental identity of all souls with the Universal Oversoul; and that every soul has to go through the cycle of incarnations. In trying to give an idea of these three roots, Spirit, Soul, and Matter, one might say that Spirit is the creative energy, Soul the idea, and Matter the vehicle or material.

That which we perceive in the world with our bodily senses, and which we often call Matter, is really matter-in-motion, matter animated by spirit, matter invested with life. But what is matter itself? Men of science have often tried to dissect the materials of the universe, in search of the real unadulterated matter — as a boy might dissect a musical-box to find the music — but whenever they have sought to put their finger upon it, it has slid from under like a drop of quicksilver. They have never been able to find anything more than particles in motion, and are even in doubt as to whether the particles themselves are not made of motion. They could not find anything that would stay still and behave as pure matter ought to behave. There was always a residuum of energy left, and when this residuum was abstracted, it seemed as if nothing was left. What we *call* 'matter' is the result of our perceptions.

"The pure object apart from consciousness is unknown to us, while living on the plane of our three-dimensional World; as we know only the mental states it excites in the perceiving Ego."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 329

"Matter is *Eternal*. It is the *Upādhi* (the physical basis) for the One infinite Universal Mind to build thereon its ideations."— I, 280

Thus we cannot know matter in itself, but only in combination. All the objects which we perceive are ensouled. Here we touch upon a characteristic teaching of Theosophy — that the whole universe is animate, and that the distinction between animate and inanimate is a false one. Theosophy recognises a chain of living organisms, from man down through the animal and vegetable kingdoms, to the mineral kingdom; and sees no valid reason for drawing the limits even there. The difference between these kingdoms is only in the degree and kind of their ensoulment, but all are ensouled and alive. The universal Life (or Spirit) pervades and informs all creation; and Soul is its vehicle and the means through which Spirit is manifested in Matter. Thus there are the three fundamental principles: Universal Spirit, Universal Soul, and Universal Matter.

In man the attributes of Spirit and Soul are more fully manifested than in the lower kingdoms of nature; in the mineral kingdom they are nearly latent. It may sound strange to some people to speak of a mineral having a soul. This soul is the seat of the qualities. What makes one

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mineral different from another? It is not the primordial matter, for that is common to all; it is the indwelling soul of the mineral. The idea is more easily grasped when we consider the plant-kingdom; it is more obvious to us that an intelligent soul works there, building up the structure according to the idea in the soul, the same seed always producing the same plant. The plant soul is of a different order from the mineral soul; and yet, as the plant contains mineral matter, it must have the mineral soul as well; and thus each kingdom includes those below it. The animal has a soul of a still higher order, in addition to what it possesses in common with the two lower kingdoms; and in man there is the highest soul of all, the human soul, although man also has an animal soul (or is it several?)

The importance of this last statement is very great; for its non-recognition constitutes a grave error, upon which has been based a false philosophy of human nature and a false interpretation of human life. Science has frequently sought to represent the human kingdom as a mere extension of the animal kingdom; it has sought to establish the existence of a continuous scale of gradations from the lowest kingdom to the highest. Now we do not deny that there is a scale of gradations, but we do deny that it is continuous. There are, as Swedenborg points out, continuous degrees and discrete degrees. For instance, in the states of matter, the solid, liquid, and gaseous are discrete degrees; and though liquids may differ from each other in the degree of their viscosity, and solids in the degree of their plasticity (these latter being continuous degrees), we cannot define a solid as a very viscid liquid, nor a liquid as a very plastic solid. When we melt a solid, there comes, as a rule, a point where it passes definitely and suddenly into the liquid condition. The scale of chemical elements furnishes another illustration of the principle: each has its own fixed atomic weight; and, though chemists can now, in some cases, transmute one element into another, they cannot find any fixed intermediate links between the elements, which would establish a *continuous* scale.

Believing then that we are applying the laws of analogy correctly in this case, and that science has too often applied them wrongly, we affirm that these four kingdoms of nature are distinct, separated from one another by discrete degrees. And, in the case of man, which we are considering particularly, he is such by virtue of the possession of a distinct faculty, which is either present or absent, and whose presence makes the lowest man entirely different from the highest animal. This is the gift of self-consciousness, the power to contemplate his own mind, that light which is seen in no eye of animal, but is never absent from the eye of any man unless entirely bereft of humanity. This constitutes a discrete degree.

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The trinity of Spirit, Soul, Matter, which we have described as pervading every atom, finds its analogy everywhere; and in man we find it again on a larger scale in the trinity of Divine, Human, and Animal. This cardinal Theosophical teaching makes man tripartite, his mind being the arena of conflict between the animal and spiritual natures. His destiny is to unite his human soul with the spiritual, and thus to conquer the animal; but the animal seeks to engross the powers of the human soul. The importance of the doctrine is that it makes spiritual attainment an end to be achieved during life on earth, not a visionary prospect of the after-life. The human soul is of such a nature that it cannot find lasting satisfaction in the desires of the animal soul; and is therefore obliged to seek satisfaction in the spiritual aspirations. Read great novels, and you will find the means always mistaken for the end, satisfaction sought in love or ambition, but never found; the true interpretation of this unescapable fact missed by the novelist. There has to come a time for every man when he realizes at last that something greater than self-satisfaction must be the moving power in his life.

## THE DUALITY OF HUMAN NATURE ACCORDING TO THEOSOPHICAL TEACHING: by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



WE have done those things which we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

A Sunday-by-Sunday confession with vast numbers of people. It ought to do them some good, one would think. If it doesn't, why doesn't it?

Partly because they do not say to themselves and make quite clear to themselves just *what* things they have done that they should not, and just *what* things they have left undone that they should have done.

And partly because they go on to make the fatal and self-libelous remark: "And there is no health in us."

You cannot repeat a statement like that without coming to believe it, without its sinking into character and paralysing the will.

Moreover if there *is* no health in us, it would logically follow that we are not responsible for anything we do and no blame attaches to our conduct and we cannot be 'sinners' though we may be 'miserable.'

There certainly *is* no health in us unless we bring ourselves to the bar

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every day and call up into the full light what we have done that we ought not to have done, and what we have neglected that we ought to have done.

For in the quiet, steady contemplation of these things done and omitted, the will begins to stir and come forth. It gathers strength day by day, gets in among our failings, begins to wrestle with them, goes on with the wrestling during the hours when we are attending to other matters, and finally, perhaps to our astonishment, breaks their backs. Contemplation of *other* peoples' faults is usually a mischievous and fruitless waste of time; but honest contemplation and self-acknowledgment of our *own* begins to wilt them at once.

But they are very difficult to see because we are so familiar with their appearance. We do things quite calmly and accustomedly which, if we saw them done by someone else, would fill us with contempt or horror. "That's an awful old hat you wear on the streets," someone says to us one day. And we take it off and look at it in a new way. "Why, so it is," we say; "I'd never thought of it before."

We go on wearing it, but we look at it every day in the new way. And at last we can't stand it any more and throw it away. Then we find, on going to the hatter's, that all the while we were looking so disapprovingly at the old hat, a picture of the sort of hat we *ought* to have was unconsciously growing up in our minds, suited to the dignity of our citizenship. We recognise the like of it in the window of the hatter's and immediately go in and put it on and wear it in peace thereafter.

The great thing is to contemplate your hat daily as if it were someone else that was contemplating it. As if it were someone else; for we know, all of us, that we wear hats in the back streets and alleys of our lives that we would not like seen on any account and which we wish others never to guess that we possess at all.

If you will consider, you will find that we have a very low view of human nature. Remember the proverb *in vino veritas*, meaning that when a man is under the influence of alcohol his 'real nature' comes out unchecked. He is a lower creature under this influence, more animal, more brutal, more unrestrainedly criminal. So it is this lower creature, brutal, quarrelsome, sensual, that our proverb represents as the true man, coming out into view from under the cloak of conventional conduct.

Now Theosophy refuses the doctrine that man's real nature is of this sort, that man's heart, as the psalmist libelously asserts, is "desperately wicked." Theosophy asserts, on the contrary, that his real nature is divine and spiritual, a most splendid thing, a form of consciousness so glorious that those few who, in all ages, have found it, have almost lost grip of language in their attempts to describe it. Man's real nature is

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therefore not *revealed* under the influence of alcohol, but *concealed* and silenced.

We call this higher nature the *real* one because it is eternal. The other, that which comes out in more and more unashamed nakedness under alcohol, is not eternal, for its essence is of the body.

We live, then, between two natures, and can choose with which we will gradually, more and more, ally ourselves. But we do not really know much of either. We know little in ourselves of the extremes of degradation and wickedness of which the lower nature, encouraged or left unrestrained, is capable; though the crime columns of the newspaper and the Hyde of Stevenson's story, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, will help us to study what lies latent at the lower pole of our being.

And of the higher, with its vast possibilities of power and joy and knowledge, we know as little. We may perhaps speak of *conscience* as the higher nature, and so it is. But that is the mere entering wedge-point, with infinitely more to follow if we would let it. We stand on the rungs of a ladder of which one end is up among the highest heights of eternal light, and the other down in the abysses of matter. The heights are; the depths are. Of which of them shall we finally say, as evolution draws to its climax: I am this?

That we do not know our possibilities at either end is very obvious. Two average-seeming men are confronted with an emergency. There is perhaps a shipwreck. In the peril one suddenly becomes a coward, is swept by the thought of his personal danger and rushes for a place in the first boat. The other, hitherto seeming, perhaps, just the same sort of man, suddenly becomes a self-forgetting hero and thinks only of the rest.

The musician, in his ordinary outwardness, may be a commonplace-enough seeming person. But we know from what he composes that at times when he is alone the power of his higher nature comes upon him and that for a while his heaven is opened and audible to him.

A character in one of Dostoevsky's stories is represented as having from time to time some elevated experiences like this, probably in reality the great novelist's own, "when suddenly," says the story,

"in the midst of sadness, spiritual darkness and oppression, there seemed at moments a light within him, and with extraordinary impetus all his vital forces suddenly began working at their highest tension. The sense of life, the consciousness of self, were multiplied ten times at these moments. . . . His mind and his heart were flooded with extraordinary light; all his uneasiness, all his doubts, all his anxieties were relieved at once; they were all merged in a lofty calm, full of serene, harmonious joy and hope."

Dostoevsky was the occasional victim of epilepsy and is doubtless describing his own brief periods of spiritual clearness that came to him

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just before one of his attacks. He makes his hero describe the consciousness that filled these moments as "the acme of harmony and beauty, a feeling of completeness, of proportion, of reconciliation, and of ecstatic devotion merging in the highest synthesis of life. It was not as though he saw abnormal and unreal visions of any sort," he says, "as from wine or drugs. These moments were only an extraordinary quickening of self-consciousness, and at the same time of the direct sense of existence in the most intense degree."

Paul spoke of man as compound of body, soul, and spirit. Theosophy shows us how to fill out our ideas of all the three. We will say, *Divine* nature, *animal-material* nature, and between the two, the *mind-self* nature, what we mean when we say *I*. It is this middle one that passes up and down the ladder, now nearing the Divine and getting inspiration of all sorts from it, now coming down into the power of the animal. When it comes down altogether, once and for all, breaking connexion with the Divine, then you get something so depraved and degenerate or so coldly criminal in its self-seeking that it has no further real right to the title of man. But when it goes steadily upward by conquering the animal, achieving at last the final victory, you have one of the great figures that shine as lights over human history, the great teachers and world-reformers.

So we must make man *threefold* in his completeness, recognising ourselves, as we know ourselves, to be the middle of the three, with the power to go up or down, the thinking self, the mind-self. We go up or down according to what we do with our minds, what we let into our minds, what we are careful and constant to exclude. We may let what is from above come in and take root and grow, or what is from below. The field may bloom with flowers or nourish weeds and fungi and vermin.

The mind in most of us is mostly prisoner. Not so much prisoner *in* the body, for that is its present proper place; but prisoner *of* the body. The joy of full mental freedom is a state we have never begun to reach. The mind is manifestly not free when something from the lower nature can summon or occupy it at any moment. Perhaps the nearest state to freedom that we can readily imagine is that of the mind of the musician or poet when the intense light and power of their inspiration is upon them and they forget all else than the message they are preparing. But it is short-lived, and when you meet them on the street or at dinner, and especially at breakfast, you are not likely to notice anything remarkable. Indeed, except at these loftier moments, they may be decidedly small and commonplace and now and then even contemptible personalities. They have let in the divine light of their higher natures only in respect of their art, only at special seasons for the special purpose, not into their

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whole lives and thoughts. They unconsciously say to their lower natures, many of them: "If you will just loan me my mind for a little while you shall have it again at once. It will earn fame for us."

And the lower nature consents. For *ambition* is part of the lower nature, and it knows it will get this gratified by the results of the very light that will come in from above. Human nature is very complex and subtle, and there is always the duality to be reckoned with. The lower can often use the upper for its own ends.

So now we have translated Paul's "body, soul, and spirit," into body, mind or personal thinking self, and the *light*. And of course, by *body* Paul did not mean, and Theosophy does not mean, that much weight of flesh and bone, but the effect of the body on the mind, the demand of the body for the gratification of its impulses. These demands are primarily very simple. They are demands for all kinds of bodily sensation, and you see them in their simplest form in any animal. Nor are they, in their essentials, evil. In the animal they arise, are satisfied, and pass out of sight till the natural time for their recurrence.

But in man there is memory, imagination, and thought such as no animal has. The mind keeps the memory of past animal pleasures, body-pleasures, sensations, and so develops sensation into sensualism; it throws the memory forward into anticipation of more; it develops everything to an unnatural degree of vividness, and may end in entire slavery to the appetites it has thus encouraged. Almost the whole of the thought-power may be spent in devising means of gratification, and the whole of imagination spent in enjoying the gratifications obtained.

Selfishness has here its sole root. For the demand of the bodily appetites is for *themselves* to be gratified. In their very nature they begin and end with the individual that has them. No stomach was ever yet anxious that *some other stomach* should have the pleasure of an ice-cream. And so when the mind identifies itself with all these and takes them into itself and is dominated by them, it takes on the keynote of their selfishness, their pure and unmixed self-seeking. When this has gone to a certain length, the mind, the personal man, becomes as incapable of any thought of or wish for the good of others as the palate is of wishing that some other may have the pleasure of an ice-cream.

Moreover to the extent that the mind is dominated by these things, to that extent is it incapable of higher work. And inasmuch as selfishness, as we have seen, roots in these things, it likewise renders the mind incapable of its higher and highest workings and of its reception of the light. The mind is tied down by its fetters even though at any given moment they do not happen to be pulling upon it. You do not expect

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high flights of thought or imagination from the visibly gross man, even at the odd times when he is not indulging his grossness. And so in all lesser degrees of the same. No one ever attains the glory of his full possibilities while the mind is anywhere dominated from below or while any selfishness remains. For again, selfishness is domination from below. It is man's enemy, the enemy of his possibilities.

We are not all going to be musicians or poets. "There be gifts many." But we *are* all going to be crowned sometime, in this or some future incarnation, with the light that belongs to us, as, for a few moments now and then, the musician and poet are crowned with the light that belongs to them. Each of us has a gift waiting latent in him, a gift, a message special to him, for humanity. And humanity, human life, will never attain its splendor till all have reached and are giving their gifts, their messages. There is much in Whitman's poetry we may not like, but no one can read him without becoming aware that he saw or felt the splendor of human life to come, though the words in which he put his vision and tried to picture it for us, are derived from and therefore limited by the life and language and thought of today. And Shelley too had the vision in *his* own way.

I travail, wrote Paul to his pupils, I have no rest, till the Christos be born in you. The Christos, for each of us, is *himself united with his light*, the mind-man illuminated from his upper nature, the opposite to that darkening and tethering of the mind-man which comes of union with his *lower* nature, the animal and selfish. A man can gradually displace thoughts that connect him with his lower nature, by thoughts that connect him with his higher, thus mounting the ladder. As he displaces the lower, day by day, the light comes in, little by little, and takes their place, and at last floods him all through. The keynote of his mind, so to speak, is raised, till at last it suddenly reaches that of his higher nature and there is unison. Then he thinks the thoughts that correspond with his higher nature, has its knowledge, has its power, does its deeds. And as his lower nature is the energy of the material world, the consciousness of or in *matter*, so his higher is the energy and creative consciousness of the *spiritual* world, the sustaining reality of which the other is the show. He feels in himself the pulse of the heart of the universe. The limitations of his mind are broken down. He lives the common life with his fellows, but another has opened to him beyond it, a life continuous behind birth and death.

Of course there are all degrees of this inner, richer life, ranging from that touch of it which we all have, to its utmost realization. We get the touch of it, just the touch of its peace and joy, its spiritual invigoration, whenever we have done a kindly and unselfish act, or an act of self-

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sacrifice; or have scored any kind of victory over one of the lower impulses; whenever some duty has been well and fully done, and at the close of a day of such duties — especially such as concern the welfare of others; and whenever in meditation and aspiration we have sought the diviner side of our natures and in its light reviewed our failings and strengthened our will to surmount them.

We all know of the touch of the fuller life that we can thus get, the sense of some inner approval or benediction. Some have gone so far on this path that in their eyes as they look at you, you can see that glow and depth which tells you that the new flower is opening.

But as we mostly do not know what is the significance of this feeling that comes of duty well done, of kindly deed and thought, of self-sacrifice, of aspiration to ennoble our lives, so we do not follow it up to the great victory, the great transformation. We are content to oscillate from one part of our nature to another and perhaps to tolerate some gross failing which makes progress impossible. There lies the secret of the strange duality of human conduct, of what we sometimes see when the private life of someone whom we had hitherto utterly respected is opened up. Such a man may have been no hypocrite. The good he showed in his words and actions may have been sincere and real. But he was content to oscillate between the two poles of his nature, the Jekyll and the Hyde, and suddenly the Hyde gets the searchlight upon it.

Action is begotten of thinking. What a man thinks, as he thinks, so finally he does and becomes. While there is a fine thought there cannot be a bad one; while the heart glows there cannot be an evil deed; if we love enough the sense of duty done, we shall not neglect a duty. If we are thinking of the light the heart will not darken, and while the heart is full of light there will be no clouds in the mind. Mind and heart work each upon the other and you can begin with either. You cannot think brotherhood in the mind without stirring something in the heart. Hence the teaching of Katherine Tingley:

"A pure, strong, unselfish thought, beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of Light. From this point can be discerned, to a degree, the sacredness of the moment and the day. In this life, the petty follies of everyday friction disappear. The higher consciousness is aroused, and the heart acts in unison with the mind, and man walks as a living Power among his fellows."

"In this life": — that means that we constantly try to keep the mind full of light, full of such thoughts as have the light about them, full of the thought of light, of the intention to ennoble and purify life and more and more completely to serve both the light and humanity. Then the lower impulses begin to find the door of the mind closed to them,

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and when they get in there is less room and gradually less and less welcome. We feel that they jar on the new conditions.

So the key to this transformation of character lies in thought, in constructing an ideal of oneself, an ideal of one's conduct and character. Indeed if from time to time, at quiet moments in the day or at night, one withdraws as it were from one's acting self and contemplates what it has recently done, calmly, critically, in the light of what one would *like* to have done, in the light of our ideal of noble manhood; if one searches one's thought and conduct,— then in this retrospect the will awakens and begins then and there to effect the transformation. That it has done so we know later from our increased and increasing power to surmount those failings upon which we turned our searchlight. By so much as we are taking from the lower nature, we are adding to the upper. By so much as we are weakening the self of matter, we are strengthening the Christos self. The very life of man's lower nature, the impulse nature, the sensual nature, depends on his accepting it as himself and going with it. But when he stands back from it and contemplates it, by that act he is becoming another self, higher, the self of his ideals.

Let us note how different is this *creative* sort of self-examination from that which is usually called 'examination of conscience,' the reckoning over of one's sins — which some, in special religious systems of training, are taught to do even every hour. "What sins have *I* committed?" Thus looked at with a microscope, the sins that '*I*' commit show up as very numerous and heinous. '*I*' am a creature sinful to the core and irredeemable by any effort *I* unaided can make. The process, this self-humiliation, may perhaps result in the disappearance of fleshly and passional failings. But all the time, it may be hour by hour, the aspirant has been creating in his imagination a picture of himself as a creature who can know nothing and, of himself, achieve nothing. He has negated the dignity and power of his higher nature.

But if, in examining his own deeds and thoughts, one does not say, "*I did* this or that that I know was wrong and unworthy, but, *I permitted* this or that, *I let* myself be overborne by impulse from below": then he is already finding and asserting himself as a self that *need not* be overborne, that need not yield, that can take up its own power and remodel its own life and conduct and thought. The human thinking self is a ray of the Great Light, the Great Self that sustains and fills the world, the one divine energy. *That* is our common higher nature. We grow by assimilation of more and more of that into our thinking nature, which thus slowly becomes the Christos self and is no more under the dominion of the forces below. We raise the mind little by little by finding and creating thoughts that glow and radiate, the "pure, strong, unselfish

## TALKS ON THEOSOPHY


thought" of which Katherine Tingley has spoken, "that raise the whole being to the heights of light," transforming the mind little by little, day by day, till at last it reaches re-union with the Great Light, and the alchemy is accomplished.

Katherine Tingley has been teaching us of this possibility throughout the twenty-five years of her leadership of the Theosophical Movement, and those who know most of her life know that she has the right to teach it because she is an example of its accomplishment. It was taught by her predecessor in that leadership, William Quan Judge. And it was taught by his teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, the foundress of the Movement. She wrote:

"If man by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is behind the veil of physical illusion, he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond all the wear and tear of change. Such a man will be physically of matter, he will move surrounded by matter, and yet he will live beyond and outside it. His body will be subject to change, but he himself will be entirely without it, and will experience everlasting life even while in temporary bodies of short duration. All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or *selfishness*, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently of all human sorrow."

### TALKS ON THEOSOPHY: by Herbert Crooke (London, Eng.)

#### III — THEOSOPHY AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS

 UNDERSTAND that your Society is 'Unsectarian and non-political,' " said I to my Theosophic friend, as we chatted together over a cup of coffee. "But surely you must think it important to have some concern in the affairs of the country or state to which you belong."

"The Society," replied my friend, "is unattached to any religious or political body simply because it is composed of members who are at perfect liberty to hold whatever religious or political views they may choose, providing they exercise that tolerance and consideration for other members' views which they can claim for their own. The fact that it is an international body makes this imperative. But you must distinguish," he added, "between those who are members of the Society and that body of teaching and philosophy which is called Theosophy. Members of the Society are invited to study Theosophy and compare its teachings with those of all other schools of thought. Only thus can they realize the value of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, and appreciate the degree to which it has entered into the constitution and faiths of the different religions, no one of which can claim to be either as ancient or as all-embracing as this, its *mother*. For just as the seven rays of the

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spectrum are each related to the one beam of white light which shines upon it, and none of them can fully express its all-inclusive radiance, so the different religions established at different epochs in different parts of the world, and suited to the capacity for faith and action of their different peoples, are none of them sufficiently inclusive to meet the needs of all humanity. But Theosophy like the glorious sunlight gives a vivifying influence to all and is applicable to every circumstance and condition of human life."

"Well, that is a big claim," I said, "but let us see how it is applicable to present-day conditions. What do you make of the great gulf that lies between the very rich and the very poor? How does Theosophy ameliorate these conditions and harmonize the present contending and conflicting interests of mankind?"

"In the first place," replied my friend, "Theosophy puts riches and comfort in their proper places. The man who sacrifices principles for wealth does himself the greatest harm, for he grasps after a 'bauble' which can give him no peace of mind. The one who gains an unfair advantage at the expense of his neighbor is a robber in a double sense. He deprives his fellow of his just due and he deprives himself of a real gain which he might otherwise secure by right dealing. According to the universal law of Karma, he must one day, whether in this life or a later one, render to the injured one that which has been stolen with its full meed of interest, and in doing that he will have to expend energy and opportunity which he could better apply to increasing his own store of rightful wealth — those riches which 'neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.'"

"But," I said, "this sort of penalty does not appeal to the notice of the average man of today; it is no hindrance to him that the immediate gain of pleasure or dominion will in some remote and hazy future (in another world possibly, as he has been taught) have to be redeemed."

"That is the distressing feature of all our modern moralities, but it does not lessen the penalty to be exacted by the Law by one jot. Let a man wrong his fellow and shut off from his mind all thought of the consequences, and he is like a fool who chooses to live over an open cesspool, ignorant of the threatened typhoid, and smiles in a fancied security until the germ of disease manifests in his own frame and he is stricken down with the exhausting fever.

"In the latter case we can judge of the results and trace them to their preceding causes, but in the former — because results do not show themselves at once, in immediate sequence — are we to suppose there will be none? Consider the state of those inmates of an insane asylum where idiots and lunatics are cared for. There you will find results of

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a terrible past, every one of which could be traced to its preceding cause if our physicians and scientists only knew enough of their business properly to investigate it. The madness of lust, the madness of miserliness, of vanity, ambition, and rage — all find their examples in such a sorry company of mankind, and who would willingly become a resident among them to participate in their mad, distorted views of life! The greatest libertine would shudder and turn away in dread, did he realize that one day his condition would be as one of these stricken creatures. The scheming politician, the avaricious merchant, or the sweater-employer would tremble at the prospect of a lifetime of misery he will have to face as in a vain struggle to lift his head above the degrading conditions his present unrighteousness is establishing in the world, could he be brought to understand the stern judgment of eternal law which he is now setting in motion.

"The rich man and Lazarus have been preached about for some two thousand years, but with what little effect may be gaged by the present-day race for wealth and pleasure, which is intensified rather than abated. Theology has clouded the issue by establishing an impossible hell in a remote futurity modified by a vague conception of a merciful deity whose anger may be appeased fully by a sort of death-bed repentance! Theologians themselves do not believe in the awfulness of Dives' state. H. P. Blavatsky has said that there is no hell so hellish in its own way, as this man-bearing planet! Truly it is high time that all sensible men faced the facts of life!"

"Then," I said, "you hold that if the true working of this law of Karma could only be understood, there would soon be an end of the present distresses?"

"Undoubtedly," responded my friend, "it is ignorance which blinds men to the cause of their present ills — ignorance and an unwillingness to look beyond the stupid traditions of their time — and an indifference to anything but the gratification of their present appetites and desires. Let a man strive to understand Nature and her workings and he will very soon begin to feel that there is a universal law of harmony in operation which, at his peril, he will disobey."

"So you would make suffering, poverty, misery, all handmaidens in this work of bringing men to know the truth?"

"Yes, they are all means to an end which kind Mother Nature is all the time using to awaken men to a true knowledge of their condition and possibilities."

"But you don't mean to say that poverty and misery are necessary portals through which alone man may attain to an understanding of higher and nobler things and arrive at a knowledge of the truth?"

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"That is not quite what I mean," said my friend; "if man could learn his lesson of life without blundering, without being carried off the right track by the illusions of happiness which so constantly mislead him, he would not suffer in such ways. But the universal law cannot be evaded. He must reap the effects of his past acts done in ignorance or wilfulness, and it is in the reaping that he may gain wisdom and learn to avoid transgression in the future. The wise teacher of Nazareth has shown that it is the fool who builds his house on the shifting sands, while Paul writes that every man's work will be tried as by fire, whether it be of wood, hay, stubble, or more durable stuff. And we further read that Jesus said, 'It is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the Law to fail.' So you will understand that neither poverty nor misery nor evil in any form is the visitation of Providence, as the old ecclesiastics would have it, but they are just the effects of ignorance or wrongdoing, which can be only nullified on the part of present sufferers by learning the lesson life is intended to teach them and thereby rising superior to such sad resultant effects."

"Then you hold that there is a chance for improvement for the vilest and most miserable malefactor?" I asked.

"Absolutely," replied he, "and for that reason the sooner this doctrine of harmony and justice is preached along common-sense lines throughout the world, and urged upon men's attention, the sooner will happiness begin to be attained by all. The rich man will cease to pile up his so-called wealth, the proud man to strive for his ambitions, the careless man will awaken to his responsibilities, and the selfish man will discover in altruism that 'pearl of great price' which he has so far endeavored in vain to clutch. It is certainly something of this kind of consummation which the apostle Paul had in mind when he wrote of the great day of the Lord, when it would not be necessary to say one to another 'Know the Lord [Law], for all shall know me [it] from the least to the greatest.' "

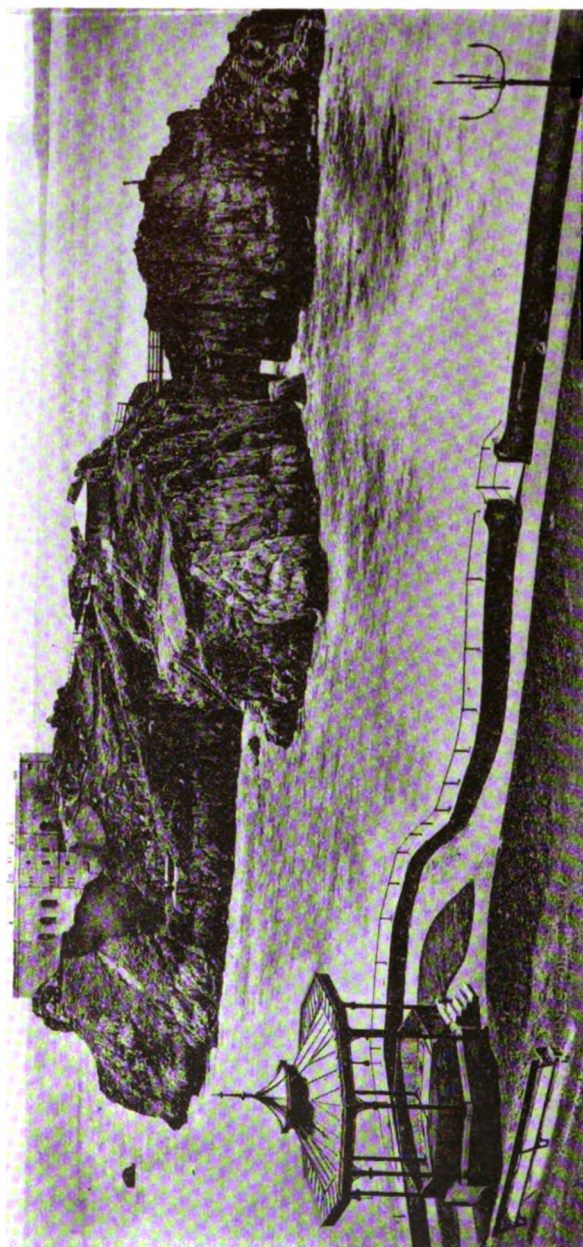
"It must be admitted," said my friend, "that if universal wealth and comfort established by parliamentary enactment could bring happiness, we should find all persons, now enjoying wealth and what it brings, as radiant centers of joy and happiness. But life teaches us that the very opposite is the result in a majority of cases. Even where there is a harmonious life, combined with wealth and good social surroundings, the reason for it must be looked for not in the conditions where we find it but rather in the quality of the life that is being lived. Such a prince would be happy and content in any other circumstances, for the well of his happiness springs within himself and is independent of the surroundings whatever they may be."

*(To be continued)*



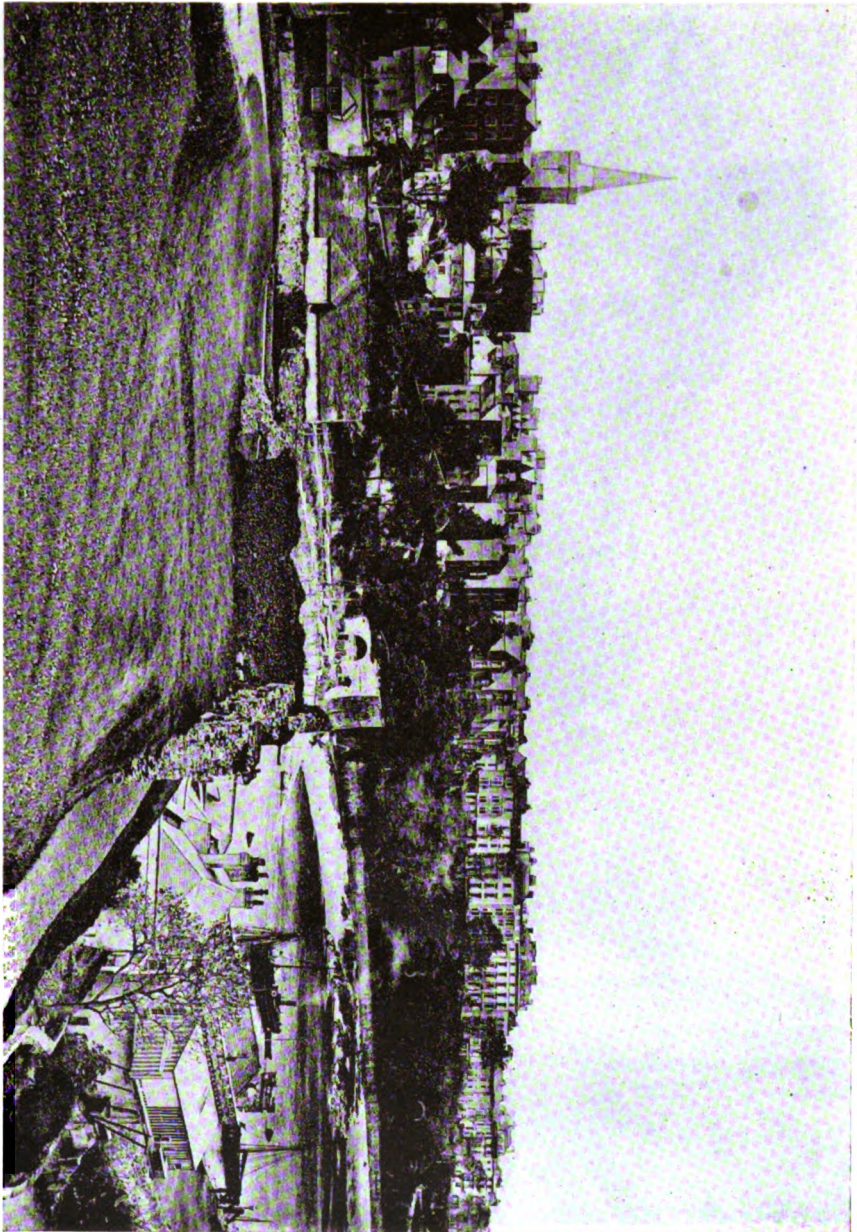
NORTH SANDS, TENBY, ON THE PEMBROKE COAST, WALES

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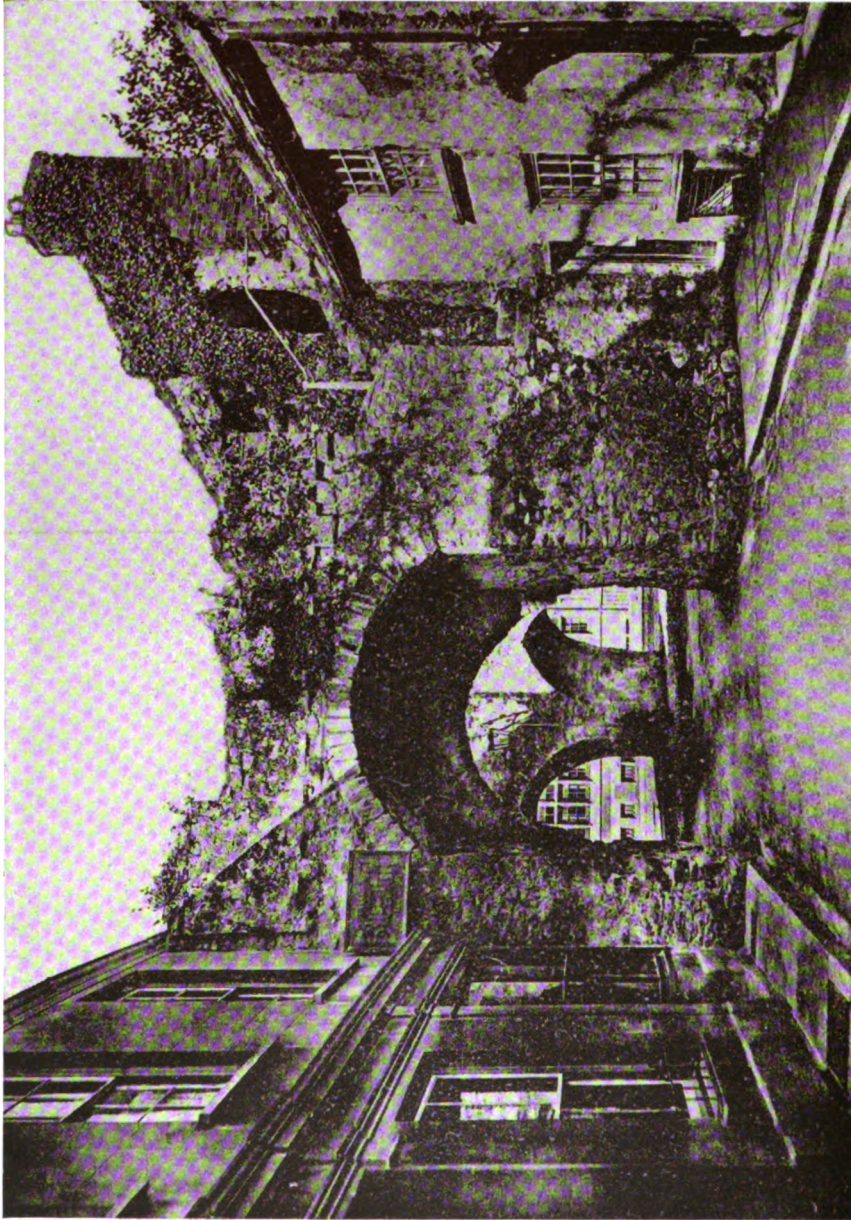
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**THE FORT, HARBOR OF TENBY, WALES**



TENBY, FROM CASTLE HILL

*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*




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**FIVE ARCHES, A PICTURESQUE RUIN OF OLD TENBY**

## THE PASSING OF MERLIN:

by Kenneth Morris

HE tale of Merlin and Vivien, as we find it in Malory or in Tennyson, has no extant Welsh original; at least none that has been discovered; yet all the Arthurian tales are probably derived from some remotely or nearly-akin Celtic story; and there may well have been something. If there was, it must have been widely unlike the version we know. The latter is unmythological; the hand of the troubadour, the romanticist, the debaser of ancient tales, has been meddling with it: the trail of the serpent is over it all.

But I thought there might be an indication of the original story in that great old poem, *Afallenau*, The Appletrees, that comes down to us from the sixth century, or, as our playful scholars love to say, from the thirteenth. The poem is ascribed by tradition to Myrddin (Merlin); though strewn with prophecies that would have been inserted in after times: when they came true, or when it was important that their coming true should be expected. But there is still a great deal of it which is mythological.

It tells of the Orchard in Celyddon (the Hidden Land: 'Occult-dom,' the word might well be translated); of the "seven Sweet Appletrees and seven-score," and the one upon the mound by the stream, the "sweet and beautiful Tree of trees" which Myrddin, old and last left of his "white-robed companions," had especially to guard against the Woodmen, the "black-robed"; and of Gloywedd, the "half-appearing maid" that predicts the future. It is to be hidden, this tree (he says) through many ages, until Arthur comes again, and Camlan is fought again; "in vain shall they seek it on the banks of its stream, until Cadwaladr comes to the Conference of Rhyd Rheon, with Cynan opposing the tumult of Saxons. Then the Darter of Rays shall vanquish the profane; before the Child of the Sun, bold in his courses, evil shall be rooted out, Bards shall triumph." There is really a great peal of triumphant prophecy in it; prophecy of the restoration of a secret and forgotten wisdom to the world, it seems to be. — I have thought that this Gloywedd might have been the original of Vivien; and that the troubadours who conducted the Arthurian legend out from its native land into Europe, may have rather characteristically mistaken or manipulated her motives and methods.

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### I: HOW MERLIN DWELT AMONG HIS DRUIDS IN A SECRET ORCHARD IN CELYDDON, IN THE EMPEROR ARTHUR'S TIME

THERE was a garth in deep Celyddon Wood  
Where to of old no wandering footstep strayed,  
So girt around it was with solitude.  
Who sought, must journey seven years undismayed,  
By steep and deep, by pathless grove and glade,  
Long leagues and leagues of lonely terrors crude —

Phantasmal hosts, and demon shafts and brands  
Midst haunted mountains, valleys wild and drear,  
Dim precipices, desolate wastes of sands  
Where all things are that melt the heart to fear:  
These must he pass, or ere he came anear  
That secret heart of all the Druid lands.

It was a spot whereo'er the moon would rise,  
Dreaming of all the beauty that had been  
Since first Night watched this world with wondering eyes;  
And over it the large white stars would lean,  
To speak their silvery benedictions keen  
As they went riding nightly round the skies.

Therein seven score and seven Druidic Peers  
Did dwell, well versed in that most holiest lore  
Which was Earth's chiefest glory in those glad years  
Ere there were prayers and lies and creeds and war.  
And there in peace they held dominion o'er  
Each one his proper realm amidst the spheres;

And by their song and shining silences  
Maintained the glory of life and time; maintained  
Beauty to brood o'er all these shores and seas,  
Fleeting as foam, weightless as twilight waned,  
Frail as the orchard petal-rim rose-stained,  
Perishless as the starry eternities. . . .

Seven-score and seven most fruitful Appletrees,  
E'en since the very dawn of the ages, there  
Had made spring murmurous with small bright bees

## THE PASSING OF MERLIN

Crooning their tune i' the white bloom-laden air;  
And 'neath the flaunting skies of midsummer  
Had swayed green plummy jewel-luminous seas;

And steeped October's wanness deep in wine  
Elixiral and mysterious, to run  
Through the moist air, and set the mists ashine  
Dreamy-inebriate 'neath the paling sun;  
(For these were grafted of old time, every one,  
From wizard trees, in Faery Isles divine).

And when white winter came, with ghostly glow  
Of moonlit snow in lonely drive and glade,  
And dim blue shadows thrown along the snow,  
And network of twig-tracery, faint and frayed,  
Etched on the windless skies, or bare boughs swayed  
By slow cold winds of evening, to and fro —

They did pervade and hallow winter's cold  
With their aloof enchanted grace severe;  
As who should bid the storms their pinions fold,  
Nor come unhushed such holy precincts near,  
Saying: "*Of old the Gods foregathered here;  
Go tiptoe o'er the grave of the Age of Gold.*"

Midmost of that green orchard rose a hill,  
Wide compassed with a grassy smooth demesne  
Where in her yellow grace the daffodil  
With faery constellations strewed the green;  
And from the hill-top welling crystal-clean,  
Mint-fringed and kingcup-fringed, a little rill

Made lisping lyrics all the summer long,  
And wakened blue forgetmenots to bloom,  
And wandered through the Orchard with low song,  
And tinkled down by dingle deep and combe,  
And shadowy places of green beech-tree gloom,  
And sun-rich glades where tufty rushes throng;

And wandering through the wilds, at last it whirled  
Glimmer and scent of magic fruit and bloom  
Thorough the island twilights mystery-pearled,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

With twinkling glammers to bedew the gloom;  
And thrilled the island noons with strange perfume,  
And drifted wonder up and down the world.

For by that spring, one queenly Tree of trees,  
Prouder than all the rest, and far more fair,  
Stood, rumorous as the drone of sleepy seas  
With old oracular voices. It did bear  
Unearthly fruit, whose taste should banish care  
And quell desire, and all heart-longings ease.

Through all the days of Arthur, 'neath its boughs  
None came, but only Merlin; all the rest  
Circled afar at dawn to chant their vows  
And watch; or when the sky took fire to west,  
Facing the Tree, their bardic hymns addressed  
To Them that wear the stars upon their brows.

And often, when the winds of nightfall stirred,  
They saw as 'twere a moon-large pearl of fire  
Glimmer amidst its leaves, and therewith heard  
Out of the Tree, such song as if the choir  
Of stars were singing low their white desire,  
Or as if God had made himself a bird

To flute and fountain forth the beauty and awe  
That fill the dragon-wandered fields of blue;  
And therewithal mysterious things they saw,  
And cool heaven dropping down in druid dew,  
And the whole twilight thrilled and burgeoned through  
With Ministrants of the Everlasting Law.

But Merlin, being Archdruid, Seer of seers,  
And gifted from of old with power to see  
Thorough the dim opacity of years  
Out into limitless eternity,  
And to know all that had been or should be,  
And the remotest dreamings of the spheres,

Came daily fearless to that hallowed place,  
And to who dwelt therein: one Goddess-born:  
A princess of that proud and lonely race

## THE PASSING OF MERLIN

That rules the sequences of night and morn,  
And but for whom the Flames of Heaven, forlorn,  
Would drift away and drown in nether space.

Gloywedd her name was; latest left was she  
Of the great Dragon Gods that reigned of old  
In the three-kingdomed sea-girt Realm of Hu,  
Or ere its ancient loveliness grew cold,  
And mists blown in from Jordan, alien-souled,  
Covered away their antique sovranty.

And there she did instruct him, day by day,  
In what should fill the world with high renown;  
(This was before the grand Arthurian Day,  
And all the symmetry of time, went down);  
And for her sake, and his, in field and town  
The little children went secure and gay,

And old men went light-hearted, yet most wise,  
And women sang by cradle-side or loom;  
There was no furtive shadow in any eyes,  
No brow encumbered o'er with fear or gloom;  
There were no Springs irredolent of bloom,  
No hearts with greed, no lips at truce with lies.

For, wielding prophecy and secret lore,  
He from her sacred presence oftentimes,  
Invisibly upborne the green leagues o'er,  
Forth-journeying, would appear in distant climes;  
With gramarye and high druidic rhymes,  
By ferny mountainside or sandy shore

Some sore-bestead Arthurian to defend  
From dark assay of necromantic spite.  
And oft in high Caerleon he would wend  
To the King's hall, upon a feasting-night;  
Then, when the bugles sang, the hirlas bright  
Flashed in the light, would sudden awe descend

And silence on the feast; Arthur would rise,  
Sword held on high, and all the Table Round  
Rose with him; and them-seemed the utmost skies

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Opened above, and there in light profound  
Splendors unspeakable shone, with rumored sound  
Of deathless wars, discarnate dynasties;

And deep within their souls they all were ware  
Of their high kinship with the Gods, to wage  
Dispassioned wars on Chaos everywhere;  
And every man grew shent with holiest rage,  
Passionless aspiration, which to assuage  
He must do all things, all things suffer and dare. . . .

So well by reason of the lore he learned  
From Gloywedd Queen beneath the Sacred Tree,  
Men did him deem the fairest light that burned  
In Arthur's Realms, or o'er the raging sea.  
"Lo," they said, "lit with Merlin's druidry,  
The golden old heroic age returned!"

### II: HOW MERLIN AND HIS DRUIDS GUARDED CELYDDON, AFTER THE PASSING OF ARTHUR EMPEROR

Came the three Battle-days on Camlan Plain;  
Came the Nine Queens sad from the dying day,  
In their dark barge, and bore Arthur away  
Midst lamentations o'er the mist-hid main:  
Spectral voices mourning o'er Ynys Wên  
By the lone shore, 'neath the huge headlands gray.

And Merlin now, passing to the inward things,  
Dwelt in Celyddon always, midst the trees  
And the wise serious monodies of bees,  
And the small Gorsedd choirs that go on wings:  
The esotericism of forest Springs,  
The forest Autumns' flamey mysteries.

There where the light of the ages last should wane,  
He with his seven and seven-score peers did dwell,  
On guard against the uprising hordes of Hell  
Whereby without the pride of life lay slain.  
And ever round about their forest fane,  
Forth-journeying far, they wrought with chant and spell

## THE PASSING OF MERLIN

To render flood and fell, moorland and mere,  
Impregnable: abyssms and deserts vast  
With mystic incantations overcast  
Anew and yet anew, year after year;  
Lest all-victorious Night and Death and Fear  
Round their last Hold of Light should camp at last,

All else o'erpassed. And to watch night and day,  
By the wan waters dark and fathomless —  
From cloudy pass, sheer peak and jutting ness  
To search the dim horizons far away —  
Lest aught of evil from the world should stray,  
They strewed their outposts through the wilderness.

But all within the Orchard timeless peace  
Fulfilled the hours; came nothing alien there;  
Earth grew not coarse, nor heaven less sweet and fair;  
It seemed the Arthurian Age should never cease.  
Year by calm year with golden rich increase  
The trees their wisdom-nourishing fruit did bear

On low-hung beautiful boughs; year by calm year,  
Day by most hallowed silent day full-brimmed  
Of insight and of peace, the Druids hymned  
Them whose flame cars the heavenly planisphere  
Sweep round and round; nowise outworn nor sere  
Their wisdom grew; nowise their vision dimmed.

Their life sustained with apples from those trees,  
Mead of the bees, with holiest heal-all brewed,  
They dwelt immune from all invasions rude  
Of passion, anguish, greed, decay, disease.  
Nurtured they were with skyish mysteries,  
And sun and wind and rain, and solitude.

Albeit no more came Gloywedd Opal-wan  
At dusk or dawn, to instruct the Seer of seers;—  
There were huge warfares waging midst the spheres;  
She too, they knew, her battle-robcs must don;  
All things from change to hurrying change sweep on;  
There is no stillness midst these restless years.

### THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

She came not. Yet no less they did maintain  
Her doctrine perishless for times to be;  
For all their hope was that the night should flee,  
And the day dawn, and Arthur, born again  
Strew far the emblems of his golden reign  
O'er sinless land and sunlit stormless sea.

And what should be to ensoul and light that day  
Unless on earth the Druid Wisdom still  
Somewhere might find its own and hallowed hill,  
Its smirchless spot, its unrestricted sway?  
What should there be, were memory waned away  
Who ride the stars, who lights the daffodil?

### III: HOW MERLIN ALONE AMONG THE DRUIDS, BECAUSE OF A SPELL THAT HE KNEW, WAS IMMORTAL

Long years and years went by. No whit the flame  
Burned in Celyddon less divinely pure;  
Albeit with slow invisible footsteps came  
That which alone for mortal men is sure.  
And these, save one, were mortal men, to endure  
A space, than pass to dream where blooms the Rose  
Of Beauty; where Peace, singing, dwells secure  
Midst starlight on calm waters, and repose.

And Merlin saw the far horizons dim  
And darken down towards night, and knew that soon  
The Spirit-sun should sink beneath the rim  
Of time, and all life sicken down and swoon;  
And none be left had known the Druid Noon  
Of the ages: none be left, but he, that knew  
What things had passed of old under the moon,  
What tides of time this world hath drifted through.

Man after man he saw his compeers die;  
This he foreknew should be; yet not for this  
Deemed the whole trailing glory of time gone by,  
Irredeemably gone, wandered amiss;  
For he had been of old in Gwydion Lys

## THE PASSING OF MERLIN

That is upreared beyond the Milky Way,  
And heard a whispering in the bright abyss,  
A little word the constellations say —

A little word — that yet may not be spoken,  
But all the stars, that do rehearse it, know  
The tyranny of slaying time is broken;  
And Earth is full of laughter, long and low,  
Knowing that somewhere, midst her isles aglow,  
Her continents and headlands, roameth one  
'Gainst whom mortality no shaft may throw  
Whilst the seas flow, whilst there be rain and sun.

Who knows, and speaks it not, no perils come  
To him: he goes unknown a king through all  
The pomp and beggary of the world; is dumb  
Yet speaketh louder than the thunders call;  
Contemned, he holdeth empires proud in thrall;  
Ill-clad, perchance, yet wears aloof the crown  
Of timeless sovranities undoomed to fall;  
Spurned, yet to him the mountains bow them down.

Death hath no power to harm him; yet may he,  
Of his own will, choose a long age of sleep:  
May speak, and quit this world where mortals be,  
To dwell enwrapped in lonely silence deep,  
And near the Innermost his vigils keep  
Inward and inward, to behold upthrown  
The first imagining of the suns that sweep  
Out of that Deep, through Time, into the Unknown.

But while that Word unuttered fills his soul,  
He may not die, albeit encompassed round  
With hostile armies; or though seas should roll  
World-deep about him wrathful; or the ground  
Beneath him, rent by tremors, yawn profound  
Down to Earth's inmost antres; — all unharmed  
He passeth thence, on high adventures bound,  
Unshaken, unastounded, unalarmed.

*(To be concluded)*

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## PYTHAGORAS AND HIS MATHEMATICS: by H. Travers, M. A.

**P**YTHAGOREAN geometry was the subject of a book by Dr. H. A. Naber, of Hoorn, Holland, which we had occasion to review in this magazine, VI, 4; April, 1914. The author describes how, at a lecture, he saw the well-known diagram of the 47th proposition of Euclid flashed on the screen in brilliant colors; and how he suddenly received therefrom a flash of intuition, which was for him the starting-point of an entire intellectual reawakening as to the meaning of the geometrical symbols of the Pythagoreans. The proposition, as usually understood, enunciates that, if a square be drawn on each of the sides of a right triangle, the square on the hypotenuse will be found equal in area to the sum of the other two squares: a proposition that is not obvious and that requires a somewhat elaborate proof. Further, this proposition is usually regarded merely as the statement of a dry fact in abstract geometry, having no relation to any other kind of interest; or else as a principle to be applied in mensuration and practical physics.

But our author both simplified the proposition itself and extended its application.\* By slightly modifying the form of the enunciation, he renders its truth *obvious*, and in no need of proof. We have Euclid's own authority, further on in his work, for replacing the word 'square' by the words 'similar rectilineal figure'; and thus we can divide our right triangle into two, by dropping a perpendicular from the right angle; when it becomes *obvious* that each side of the original triangle now bears a similar triangle, and that the area of the largest is the sum of the areas of the other two. Thus Pythagoras, instead of enunciating an obscure proposition, to be laboriously proved, was merely stating an obvious fact. Next, the writer shows that this fact was the starting-point of a series of principles which define a vast system of evolution, whose application is seen in the architecture and design of antiquity, and also in the shapes of many natural objects, such as leaves, shells, and horns.

The author reached the conviction that the Pythagoreans were much more enlightened and profound than they are usually credited with being; and that subsequent geometers have missed the point and degraded the science either to a mere abstract pedantry or to an exclusive application to the physical sciences. Thus the theorem of Pythagoras was seen to involve principles underlying the structure of the universe and the evolution of organic forms. Says the author:

"If I interpret rightly the scanty remains of Pythagorism, there was, according to him, originally only one point, of atomic smallness. It had the form of a triply isosceles triangle

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\*Proclus says the theorem was not originally proved as it is by Euclid.

## PYTHAGORAS AND HIS MATHEMATICS

[an isosceles triangle with a vertex angle of 36, divisible into two isosceles triangles, the areas and sides being in the ratio of the golden mean.] *It was an ensouled point.* It drew Space magnetically to itself, and a surface was built, like an ice-sheet on tranquil water. On the analogy of the formation of the icosahedron from the pentagonal figures, this surface absorbed into itself matter; took on, like a kind of bubble, a third dimension."

He therefore received the idea that Pythagoras, by his geometry, was simply teaching his disciples the mysteries of the universe; and that we, his successors, have applied his *symbols* to the elaboration of an abstract science, or to merely physical uses, and absolutely ignored the profound truths which those symbols stood for. On the principle of

"I'm the master of this college,  
And what I don't know isn't knowledge,"

we have denied knowledge to Pythagoras because we do not possess it ourselves; and have accused him of mixing a regrettable superstition with genuine science. We are like a man who should take a map and hang it up on the wall as a pretty picture, or cut it up into a jig-saw puzzle, while scoffing at the notion that it had any useful meaning whatever; we have been little children, using our alphabet blocks to build houses with, or to suck the paint off, totally ignorant of the fact that they embodied principles leading direct to a mastery of the whole field of universal literature.

A writer on the ancient geometers comments on the extraordinary reverence with which they regarded the regular polyhedra, which he says were "discoveries" that had to be kept secret. The veneration of Pythagoras for certain numbers is often sagely dilated on. The *naïveté* of such remarks strikes us forcibly when we consider that the reason why the ancient teachers so venerated these things was because *they* were aware of what the things represented. What is sawdust to us was dynamite to them. Our attitude in this matter is that of the early missionaries and the idols over again; but we do not nowadays accuse the whole of cultured 'heathendom' of worshiping unsightly stone images, because we know something of the profound philosophies of which those images were but symbols. In the same way, we ought not, out of respect to our own understanding, to accuse ancient teachers of going wild over geometrical figures traced in the dust, or of setting up secret temples for the worship of an interminable decimal. These were their symbols, their keys; for us perhaps the keys do not unlock anything, and so we use them as playthings or tools.

Let us take an illustration. It is possible to study theoretically the principles of musical harmony as expressed in the harmonic chord, a series of tones whose vibration-rates are in the ratios 1:2:3:4:5:6. Now we may spend any amount of time in gloating over the beauty of this

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as a theory, and no doubt the exercise will afford us intellectual indulgence. But now let us go to a piano and strike the chord. At once we have an initiation. A power of the human soul has been evoked by the application of the mathematical principle. Who, without the piano, could ever have achieved the faintest notion of the effect produced by the sounding of that chord? As well expect a blind cave-fish to achieve a notion of the glories of a sunset. This surely illustrates the immeasurable difference that is made when a theoretical science is applied to the evocation of a power of the soul. For the power is certainly in the soul; the presence of a human soul is requisite for its evocation; the same effect could not be produced on a cow; and even on a dull man the effect would be vastly inferior. How then does the case stand with regard to those other mathematical principles which we are considering?

The flashing out of a diagram on a screen was able to evoke in the soul of one of the spectators an entirely new world of thought and feeling; but the same vision fell fruitless on the eyes of the other witnesses. What does this mean?

It means that knowledge is from within, and cannot be given to a man from outside. All that can be done from outside is to supply him with such materials and help as he may be capable of using; to attempt to give him more is to hammer on a granite door. And now what is the great difference between a disciple of Pythagoras and ourselves? It is that Pythagoras made his disciples undergo a long and arduous training before he began to teach them anything at all. They had to observe absolute silence for several years. This means that they had first to learn to control their mind. The teacher knew that his symbols would fall unheeded on blind eyes, unless he first prepared his pupils by this long course of discipline.

What actually happens to us when we receive a flash of intuition? We make it the starting-point of a train of ratiocinative thought; and the further we pursue that train, the further we depart from the source of light; until before long our intuition is a remote and unreal memory, and we are left with an insoluble problem and a headache. This means that the mind, unless specially trained, will make a sorry hash of anything that it can lay hold of. And it illustrates another most important point.

Discipline must precede knowledge. This is not an arbitrary rule; it is a dry fact. For, unless discipline does precede the attempt to know, the result is a hopeless failure. Even so profound and luminous a system of teachings as those of Theosophy cannot carry us very far, *unless* we begin to apply some of them in our conduct. This fact has been abundantly illustrated by the case of those who have thought they could profit

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by the mere intellectual study of Theosophy without making any change in their habits or principles of conduct or personal aims. No man can learn to play a musical instrument without going through much painful drudgery. He may buy a trumpet and hang it up in his room as an ornament, but he will never make any music until he learns to play it. It is exactly the same with Theosophy; practice is indispensable. And what is said of Theosophy is said of knowledge in general. Pythagoras would not undertake to teach anybody anything unless he would take the trouble to learn.

Often we hear people say of Theosophy that some truth, which they had known of intellectually for years, suddenly flashed upon them as a ray of intuitive knowledge, so that they now realized for the first time what it really meant. This was because they had reached the point in their own development when such an intuition was for the first time possible. They could not receive it before; they were not ready.

The vast importance attributed by ancient philosophers to mathematics and geometry has forced upon some minds the conviction that these sciences meant more for those philosophers than they do for us. But attempts to explore the mysteries, to find the lost secrets, have not been very successful; and we believe that the reason we have indicated is the right one. The necessary discipline and preparation was lacking. For the want of this we find that individuals who have discovered some clue, chanced upon some hint, have not been able to profit by it; but, instead, have involved themselves in intellectual complexities that have led them into outer darkness rather than towards the center of light. These people constitute the genus of 'paradoxists,' graded from brilliant but solitary geniuses down to tiresome cranks; unable to interpret their own findings to themselves — much less to interest anybody else in them.

And what is the moral for us students of today? That development must be equal and even. Setting aside the fact that it evinces no little presumption for me, with my all too obvious defects of character and constitution, to aspire to profound illumination, — setting aside the presumption of this ambition, the *impossibility* of my doing so confronts me. I cannot produce my fruits till I have developed some leaves. If I try to grow a gigantic head on an immature body, I shall be but a deformed dwarf. If we were to attempt to wrest the secrets out of the ancient science, without having in our hands the keys, we should meet and deserve the fate of burglars; we should find ourselves involved in a pursuit that would merely waste our time and energy. We must draw up one foot to the level of the other before we can advance further. But on the other hand, if I have sufficient respect for the truth to be willing to make it a rule of practice, then I am certainly headed for the light.

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All who are anxious to arrive at truth and information, rather than to buttress fixed opinion, will be disposed to weigh the testimony about Pythagoras in a juster balance than is used by most of the accessible modern authorities. These latter seem ready, on the slightest evidence, to accept a ridiculous or disparaging tale, so long as it is conducive to the opinion they wish to form about Pythagoras; while they reject at once the far more dignified, reasonable, and probable stories, which happen to conflict with those opinions. Why, we may ask, are we to believe the absurd anecdotes bandied about by ignorant or scurrilous outsiders, and often based on a stupid literalization of figurative language; and yet reject the statements about Pythagoras' powers and his journeys for instruction to Egypt and the Druids? The story of his life, as given by the ancient writers, is consistent — all of a piece. Here was a man of such profound knowledge that he impressed the whole of antiquity. He is said to have gone to Egypt and also to have studied under the Phoenicians, Chaldaeans, Druids, Brāhmans, and Persian Magi. His mode of life was pure and abstinent, as was that he required from his pupils. The powers attributed to him are only such as would ensue from great knowledge won by self-mastery. Any other interpretation of his life leaves him an insoluble mystery, but this is simple and natural.\*

With regard to his mathematics, shall we apply the same rule of interpretation throughout, or devise different interpretations for different occasions to suit our temporary convenience? Take his teaching about the Tetraktys, a diagram consisting of ten points arranged in a triangle of 1, 2, 3, and 4: did he *discover* this? Did he go wild with hilarity over the discovery? Did he *discover* the dodecahedron by piecing together pieces of cardboard cut into pentagons, and finding out accidentally that they made the dodecahedron? Or did he simply use the figures as

\*After writing the above, we chanced upon the following, in *Science*, August 23. The writer is protesting against certain historical statements made in mathematical text-books. He says: "Many of our elementary geometries state that according to tradition Pythagoras was so jubilant over his discovery of the Pythagorean theorem that he sacrificed 100 oxen to the gods. . . . It is probably not true that such a sacrifice was made, and if it were true, it could only lessen our respect for him. Just imagine now a man in the act of sacrificing 100 oxen because he had made a mathematical discovery. Would you not conclude that he ought to be in an asylum for the insane?" But is not the point rather missed? A man who sacrificed 100 oxen to the gods today, *on any occasion*, would be considered insane. We also have ways of jubiling over discoveries, but we do not jubilate in the same way as the ancients. As to the truth of the story, Plutarch, after Apollodorus, says that Pythagoras sacrificed *an ox* after discovering this diagram, or else a diagram relating to another proposition; Lemprière gives it as a hecatomb, but thinks the oxen were little waxen images. But, however this may be, we suspect that the cause of the master's thankoffering was weightier than the 'discovery' of a simple fact in pure geometry. Those who can see a figurative meaning in that other story — that he once persuaded an ox not to eat beans — may surmise that there is a meaning other than literal in the story of the hecatomb.

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mathematical keys to his esoteric teachings about the laws of evolution?

"Pythagoras appears, in all accounts, more as a moral reformer than a speculative thinker or scientific teacher," admits one modern authority; adding that the aim of his brotherhood was the moral elevation of the community. As to his doctrine of numbers, it is clear in that case at any rate that he used the numbers as symbols; he gives the meanings of them. Why not then with his geometrical figures also?

We cannot go here at length into the numerous details of his teaching that have come down to us, but must leave that to the individual student and emphasize our main points. Nothing can be surer than that the Pythagorean mathematics were studied, not alone for themselves, nor solely for application in physical science, but as keys interpretative of the mysteries of the universe. What Pythagoras established was a School of the Mysteries, whose paramount object was to elevate society. He assimilated the teachings of all the sages accessible, and wove them into a system adapted to the Greeks.

The curiously uneven view taken of Pythagoras by the usual modern authorities strikes one forcibly. On the one hand it is admitted, as perforce it must be, that his numerals were symbols of cosmic principles. His Monad and Duad were not mere numbers or digits, but stood for the primary creative principles, the One Self and abstract Space; and by these symbols he taught the principles of cosmogony which he had brought from India. It is admitted that his one great object was the moral betterment of society. And yet, when we come to the Pythagorean geometry, we hear such absurd remarks as those alluded to above. Pythagoras is now no longer a great sage, teaching the Mysteries in symbolic language, but a fresh young tyro, discovering interesting theorems in pure geometry and jubilating in an undignified manner over them.

'This transcendental application of geometry to Cosmic and divine theogony . . . became dwarfed after Pythagoras by Aristotle.' — *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 615

Porphyry in his life of Pythagoras states that the numerals were hieroglyphic symbols to explain ideas concerning the nature of things.

Undoubtedly a study of the work of people calling themselves Pythagoreans, or so called by other people, shows that they *were* much preoccupied with the study of mere geometry as an intellectual pursuit. Much information and opinion has come down to us from the later classical writers whose remarks are extant. But it is pertinent to ask to what extent all this mass of speculation represents the original teachings and purposes of the originator whose name it bears. It is inevitable that a great originator is followed by a horde of mere imitators, who seize upon the husks of his teachings, and, neglecting the all-important disciplinary part, turn the material into mere intellectualisms or sophisms. We have

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to distinguish therefore between Pythagoras himself and his original teachings on the one hand, and all the motley array of so-called Pythagorean geometers who followed him (chronologically). Probably it is the neglect to observe this distinction that is the cause of the inconsistencies in the general view taken of Pythagoras. We are not concerned at present with the geometrical studies of these later Pythagoreans, recognising that with them the original spirit had departed; it is the Master himself and his lofty moral teachings that concern us.

Knowledge is One in its essence; as soon as we attempt to pursue a branch of it to any length, in disregard of the whole, we begin to wander from truth and profit. And in seeking to achieve a synthesis of science, we must not make the fatal mistake of confining ourselves to the intellectual; for practice, experience, and realization are all-important. Our illustration, used above, of the vast difference between a purely mathematical conception of harmony and a realization of harmony by the effects it produces in our soul, is very much to the point here. It must surely apply to the pursuit of knowledge generally. What is the theoretical statement of brotherhood in comparison with the actual sentiment aroused in the heart? One realizes that there is no progress in real knowledge except in so far as the student *assimilates* his knowledge by the test of experience. Consequently one would expect that an advance in intellectual knowledge would conduct the earnest disciple to a point in his daily life where such a test would confront him, and that he would either succeed or fail at this test; thus determining his subsequent progress or retardation. He would be called on to 'make good.'

All this makes the policy of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society as clear as day. If any unwary critic should presume to say that the intellectual side of Theosophy is insufficiently emphasized, he can be most effectually countered by the statement that, in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky alone, there is enough of such teaching to overwhelm the most capacious and ravenous intellect; only the trouble is that the ground is not prepared for the harvest. But this trouble is also provided for; for besides her intellectual teachings, H. P. Blavatsky has left those manuals of instruction in conduct and duty which point out the only method — and that a sure one — by which we can till the soil for the harvest. If mankind is to be taught, the intuition must be aroused; and that is sleeping under a mass of coverings. Life itself has to be reformed. But if we really are zealous in our desire for knowledge, the strength of our faith and devotion thereto ought to carry us through all the obstacles and cause us to accept with thankfulness all the reverses we may encounter, knowing that these reverses serve to rescue us from error and set our feet sure on the path which we have chosen to follow.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS, ONE OF THE MOST GLORIOUS  
SIGHTS IN CUBA**

The Royal Palm grows rapidly for the first seven years; reaches maturity at about forty, and dies at the age of one hundred and fifty to two hundred years. They are sometimes referred to as 'giant feather-dusters stuck on end!'



*Longland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### A MATURING CROP OF THE REAL HAVANA TOBACCO

It is grown under cheese-cloth, as shown in this photograph. The plants receive individual attention almost daily. The leaves are sponged off to prevent the ravages of insects; and as they reach a certain stage of maturity, they must be picked at once.



*Lemeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### WASHING-DAY IN CUBA

The methods used in washing clothes in Cuba have not changed since the days of Columbus. The many rivers of the island make it comparatively a simple expedient to take the clothes to the water rather than bring the water to the clothes.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### IN THE LAND OF THE PINEAPPLE

Cuba produces over half of the pineapples consumed in the United States.

## THE POWER OF RELIGION: A LIVING PICTURE:

by Gertrude van Pelt, M. D., B. Sc.

**I**T has often been said that no one can estimate the virtue of the Christian religion, for it has never been tried; that the name has been used, but the teachings judged impractical. Such is a popular verdict, and true; for afar off, in a little corner of the world, are to be found a people who *are* a living demonstration of the effect of following a great Teacher's precepts, and of their practicability. The pattern of their lives shows no such ugly spots as does ours.

*Their* teacher was the Buddha, but all the world Teachers have taught the same lessons, as Theosophy makes very clear. Customs, forms, symbols must differ with races, with surroundings, temperament and other things, but fundamental principles do not. It is also very clear, by comparison with the Wisdom Religion — the source from which all others have sprung, and given out now under the name of Theosophy — to what a remarkable degree the purity of these teachings has been preserved by them.

Their picture has been painted by Fielding Hall in a book entitled, *The Soul of a People*. It is a wonderful story, told with wonderful sympathy and insight. Although it was first published twenty years ago, has run through many editions, and is known to many, to many more it is unfamiliar. Yet it is a picture worthy of a careful, lingering gaze, ere it fade from the screen of time. For fade it will and must, as do all things here on earth, however luminous or pure in color. The glories of the great civilizations of ancient days seem like a dream. Even their history has been transformed into legends of like airy unreality. Great souls who have appeared and cleansed the world in spots, pass on in the moving pageant, and in time even their names are buried by the oncoming tide of events. Yet comfort lies in the instinct that all these glories are withdrawn, not dead; that somewhere they have planted imperishable records; and that sometime, somehow, they will re-emerge yet more resplendent, not only as a *promise* but as a fulfilment of the destiny of man.

It is a rest and benediction to turn from the picture of horror now covering half the globe, to that of the heart of these little people in Burmah, so modest in material needs, so poor in intellectual attainments, but so rich in wisdom and happiness. It is an obligation to ourselves to fix it in the mind while yet it is glowing with life, and before the blight of these evil days touches its center as it is even now eating at its borders.

Mr. Hall lived with the Burmese for many years, and, although an

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official of the British Government, in a peculiarly intimate way. He was there before, during, and after the four years' war following the forcible occupation of the British, and came in close touch with every phase of their life. And he found it a life full of freedom, childlike sweetness, and natural joyousness.

The whole fabric of their society is simple. They have few laws, because each one looks after himself and has at heart the general interest. A headman with a small salary oversees the affairs of each village, and frictions seem to be conspicuous by their absence. There was a very poor central government before the English assumed the authority, but it left the people so entirely to themselves, that it seemed hardly to count as a factor in their lives. The keynote to everything relating to them is to be found in their religion. Their laws, their habits, their ideas and ideals, are born out of it. They seem themselves to be its natural extension. The pure children of a pure faith. It overshadows and surrounds them, and flows through their lives in joy, gentleness, and wisdom.

A Westerner will imagine, perhaps, a well-defined creed with clear-cut rules for guidance. But creeds bind and dwarf. *They* are free like the birds, only taught by their religion how to find and hold such freedom. There is a body among them who devote themselves to the religious life. Mr. Hall calls them 'monks' for want of a better name, though that name does not describe them. Unlike priests in other countries, they have no authority; officiate at no religious rites; are without power to accept or reject any from the faith; or any other power not shared by the whole community. Even marriage or burial services they do not conduct, nor are they called to visit the dying. They are simply men who are trying to purify their lives, to live in chastity, and find the Great Peace. They have strict rules, and rigid discipline, but self-enforced. There are no vows for life. All are free to enter the order for any chosen period, at the end of which they may extend the vow, or leave, without the attachment of any stigma therefor. In fact, almost all of the men have at some time in their lives been members of the brotherhood, for a few months or years. Just as in some countries all enter an order to train for war, they enter to train for the Great Peace. During the time they are a part of it, they are under four vows: "to abstain from lust; from desire of property; from the taking of life; and the assumption of any supernatural powers." In regard to the latter vow, this is the teaching:

"No member of our community may ever arrogate to himself extraordinary gifts or supernatural perfection, or through vainglory give himself out to be a holy man: such, for instance, as to withdraw into solitary places on pretense of enjoying ecstasies like the Arians, and afterwards to presume to teach others the way to uncommon attainments. Sooner may the lofty palm-tree that has been cut down become green again, than an elect guilty of such pride be restored to his holy station. Take care for yourself that you do not give way to such an excess."

## THE POWER OF RELIGION

A monk must beg his food daily in the streets, eat twice daily but never after noon. The rules are: "he must eat, not to satisfy his appetite, but to keep his body alive; he must wear clothes, not from vanity, but from decency; he must live under a roof, not because of vainglory, but because the weather renders it necessary." But there must be no austerities of any kind. The golden mean and temperance in all things must be observed. The body must be kept healthy, that the soul may grow. He must study the sacred books and try to absorb their meaning, and he must guard carefully his thoughts.

The monks are the schoolmasters of the village. It is a voluntary service, but habitually performed, as no other schools exist, the education of the boys being entirely in their hands. Girls usually do not attend school, but are taught by their mothers. For though the women in some ways are the chief supporters of the religious order, they rarely enter it. They are too devoted to their homes and families, for these people have warm human attachments, and the women feel that it devolves upon them to keep the homes. They say they will have to incarnate as men before they undertake it.

But the boys live their early years with the monks. Their learning is limited to a few elementary secular subjects, and memorizing of the sacred books. The day opens and closes with intoning of the sacred words of the Buddha. Mr. Hall writes:

"Several times a day, at about nine o'clock at night, and again before dawn, you will hear the lads intoning clearly and loudly some of the sacred teachings. I have been awakened many a time in the early morning, before the dawn, before even the promise of dawn in the eastern sky, by the children's voices intoning. And I have put aside my curtain and looked out from my resthouse, and seen them in the dim starlight kneeling before the pagoda the tomb of the great Teacher, saying his laws. The light comes rapidly in this country; the sky reddens, the stars die quickly overhead, the first long beams of sunrise are trembling on the dewy bamboo feathers ere they have finished. It is one of the most beautiful sights imaginable to see monks and children kneeling on the bare ground, singing while the dawn comes."

Not long after sunrise follows another ceremony. The monks, dressed in their yellow robes, leave their monasteries on the edge of the village and walk in procession through its streets, headed by two boys with a gong slung on a bamboo, carrying their bowls to beg their daily bread. This is to teach them humility and to teach the people the blessedness of giving. Women and children run out from the houses, as the procession passes, and place their offering in the bowls. The monk meanwhile walks with downcast eyes, never acknowledging the gifts. It does not follow that this is their dependence for food. Often in the larger towns, rich men send them daily a well-cooked hot meal, but the form of begging is never omitted, and someone who needs it receives the food.

The monasteries are beautiful, made of dark brown teak wood, deco-

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rated exteriorly by carvings, picturing stories of fairies or quaint tales, and are nestled among a grove of trees, for it is one of the commands that the monks must live under the shade of lofty trees. Within, however, all is austere, furnished only with the barest necessities. Quite different from customs elsewhere, these monasteries are open to anyone. No locked doors or secrecies. Any stranger may enter and will be hospitably received. These favors are often abused. Foreigners, at times, make use of their resthouses; break their rules; talk loudly, and have noisy manners among these men who love quiet and peace; often deride their customs and religion, but never are they treated otherwise than with courtesy and kindness. The Burmese feel that each one is responsible to himself; that those who are rude or unfeeling can only injure themselves; and that it does not devolve upon them to enforce upon others respect for their sacred things.

The monks have undertaken this life purely for self-discipline, self-mastery, to find the Great Peace for themselves and thus for others. They touch nothing which can bring them power over men. If advice is sought, they simply refer to an appropriate teaching of Buddha, leaving the application to be made. Their influence must come, they believe, through their example. Nothing is more settled than their conviction that it is hopeless to think of leading others to virtue, without being oneself a living expression of it. The rule to keep absolutely free from any interference with the political life, is very rigid. Even through all the terrible temptations of the period following the entrance of the British, they stood the test and observed the rule. And yet they do not shut themselves away from the common life. It is remarkable how the balance is kept in everything. Sympathy with all life was inculcated by the Buddha, and their warm, genuine sympathy keeps them young, healthy, and happy. They have no attraction for a martyr's life or death. One should *live* for truth, not die for it; and one should live *happy*, not *sorrowful*.

Where is the mysterious power which accomplishes this miracle? What is it that holds this body together? How is it that in all these years since the Buddha came, they have dropped so little from their lofty standard, as human nature, as known to us, always does? The Buddha is not always with them, in the body at least. And there is no higher authority, no Lama continually reminding them. For convenience' sake, there is a head to every community, but he has no power over the others. A monk cannot even be tried for any suspected offense except by his own consent. How then do they remain uniformly pure and unspoiled? This is perhaps the most wonderful part of the whole wonderful story. *It is the people themselves who are their guardians.*

## THE POWER OF RELIGION

The monks are not bodies apart, they are the flower, the crowning glory of the people. It seems as if one soul overshadowed and lived through them. The religious and secular orders cannot be separated. They are one and the same. The people love, worship the holy life. Almost all have tried to lead it themselves, and know what it means. Ordinary human feelings are strong in the whole nation, and only a high development of will, sincerity, and self-control make it possible. The moment one enters the order, he is revered because he represents it. Humble, unassuming of power though he be, all the nation, even the king (when they had one) will kneel before a monk. Their greatest pleasure is to make offerings to him. No holiday, no festival, no occasion of rejoicing, but has this as the central feature of the ceremony. But let a monk break his vows; let him prove himself unworthy, though ever so little, and the people rise against him in scorn. He has abused the emblem of their dearest, most sacred treasure; he has polluted their glory. Mr. Hall says that during his ten years' experience with criminal law, the monks were involved in but five cases. Three times a monk was connected with a rebellion, once in a divorce case, and once in another offense. The latter happened before the English had established their courts. "But he was detected by the villagers, stripped of his robes, beaten, and hunted out of the place with every ignominy possible." The order can be entered for a few months only if desired, but while with it, the vows must be kept. The people ask no favors from their monks but only this one thing, that they live as a follower of the great Teacher, and they will tolerate nothing else.

It is plain that the monkhood is but the efflorescence of the common life. The same thread of devotion, purity, and fresh sweetness runs through it all. Over the whole country are little pagodas or resthouses, which one may enter for meditation, at any time. On Sundays these are crowded. Perhaps a monk from a monastery near by reads a portion of the sacred books and the worshipers come for a long or short time, as they wish. Often a man or woman will come, bringing a simple meal to be eaten before noon, and with the monk as witness, will take a vow to remain all day; for that day to keep evil from the heart and live the holy life. Thus they sit in silence, till the sun has bid them 'good night,' then quietly retire to their homes. The idea of prayer as Christians understand it, is foreign to them. They ask nothing for themselves or for others of any higher power, being convinced that each one must reach happiness through his own exertions. If one sins, he must suffer for it, and learn better. Any idea of pardon or favor would seem to them foolishness. How, they say, can eternal, righteous law be set aside? They are seeking only to find the Light, to attain to the Great Peace.

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The Buddha was a man like them. *He* found the Light and helped others, why should not they after many lives do what he has done?

The belief that every man is the creator of his own destiny, is very strong with them. Whatever one is today, is due to his past actions and thoughts in this and other lives. Firmly convinced that they have only themselves to thank or blame for the good or evil they find in their own natures, and that they must depend absolutely upon themselves for happiness and deliverance from evil, they are remarkably strong, sturdy, wholesome, self-dependent. There can be no whining or rebelling against fate for those who so clearly see the Law. They know too that it takes time to grow into righteousness, just as it takes time for their beautiful teak trees to come to their perfect glory. And this gives them patience with themselves and others. Also, it makes them most careful as to the habits they form, for they say that whatever you follow becomes a habit of your soul, and all evil habits carry you farther away from the Great Peace.

This living belief in personal responsibility endows them with a tolerance which Western nations might well study. A stranger may settle in their land, eat, dress, and worship as he pleases, but never will he by word, look, or action be made to feel peculiar. He may outrage their most sacred customs, as he generally does, but that is his own affair. No one will correct him, or in any way make him uncomfortable. They stand for freedom of thought and action, and are consistent in according to others that which they demand for themselves. There is no *desire* to proselyte. They simply say; "One *cannot* save another. Each one must do that for himself. Nothing is real that does not come from the heart, and to interfere with another's belief can only do harm"; and further that "volunteered advice comes from pure self-conceit, and is intolerable." But if one *asks* for help of any sort, no people are more willing to give. They are even ready to offer a kindness to one who has just done them an injury, should that one be in need. And thus they bear to all they meet a gentle dignity.

Yet notwithstanding this remarkable personal tolerance, they show the strongest sense of their duty to each other in whatever concerns their life in common. Every village has its own laws. A man who married at thirty-two years was interrogated by an Englishman as to why he waited so long. He replied that in *his* village no man was allowed to marry before thirty, as great harm comes of allowing boys and girls to make foolish marriages when young. On being asked what happened if a man fell in love with a maiden, he said he would be told to leave her alone. If he disobeyed, he would be put in the stocks for a day or so, and this failing, he would be banished from the village. This was not

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the will of the people of all villages, but nowhere was a marriage considered valid if contracted under age, and without the consent of the parents. Since the English occupancy the village laws cannot always be enforced. A monk was complaining once of some young men, saying they used shameful words, were noisy, and disturbed the lads at their lessons and the girls at the wells. In Burmese time, he added, they would have been punished for this, but now the headman was afraid to do anything, fearing the great Government.

It is said their laws are very stringent against intoxicants and suicide, and that the influence of the women is a force here. Women are as free as men. Living just on the edge of India, the Burmese are not outdone if equaled by any modern nation in the freedom of their women.

As is the case in all Buddhist countries, all life is sacred. Hunters are outcasts. Nothing could better illustrate their kindness to animals than an incident which occurred at the headquarters of the civil administration of a district. Being stationed some distance from a railway, a native of India undertook a contract for the Post Office to convey the mail by coach daily, counting on enough passenger traffic to make it pay. At the end of the first year he refused to renew, as no Burmese would ride in his coach. On inquiry, it was learned that they would not ride behind ponies which were half-fed, over-driven, and whipped. They said it was a misery to see them. And so they had walked this long distance, or paid much more to go more slowly in another way. All this is due to the compassion they feel for those weaker than themselves, and not at all to the fantastic beliefs which have sometimes been attributed to Easterners as to the souls of animals. This compassion extends to everything. It is considered a crime for a boy to disturb bird-nests or worry animals. For the Burmese "believes that all that is beautiful in life is founded on compassion and sympathy; that nothing of great value can exist without them."

"It seems to them an unconscious confession of weakness to be scornful, revengeful, inconsiderate. Courtesy, they say, is the mark of a great man, discourtesy of a little one. No one who feels his position secure, will lose his temper. Their word for a fool and a hasty-tempered man is the same."

So their attitude toward animals is but an extension of their attitude toward each other.

There is a remarkable aversion to the raising of artificial distinctions. The love of freedom is so strong that they will not be bound, even by the faintest shadow of caste, and their feeling of brotherhood so large that they do not even form guilds of trade. Whatever one discovers is laid open for the use of all. They are generous to a degree which would seem to western people improvident. They trust in the Law and are not

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afraid of rainy days. There is a universal ambition to do or give something for the general good. Even the poorest will find some way of expressing this desire of his heart. A man who is relatively rich, is likely to have a very modest personal dwelling, but he will erect public buildings, monasteries or pagodas. These latter are everywhere, of all sizes, and are built with special pleasure, so eager are all to contribute something in connexion with the religious life.

There is one more beautiful custom out of the many to be told of this beautiful people, which must be touched upon to show how truly their life is the outgrowth of their religion. The relation is that of the leaves of a tree to its roots. From the full moon of July to the full moon of October is the rainy season in Burmah. No marriages, no entertainments, and no *mi-carême*. It is a special time for the soul to grow. It is also a time to plough and sow. Every man, woman, and child works hard, as indeed they always do, but particularly now. It is a serious and strenuous time, but when it is over, then joy bursts forth. Light-hearted happiness, as fresh as the tender green garment which nature begins to wear, fills the air, and then is held the greatest festival of all the year. It is anticipated by young and old, and this is how they express their deep, exuberant gladness. From far and near the people gather to the various great pagodas, and there for seven days, three of greater and four of minor importance, make merry, worship, and drink to their fullness of pure joy distilled from the sweet, fresh earth; from every leaf and bud; from the soft breezes; the light and color; from human sympathy; and at night, under the silver rays of the moon, from the odorous trees, filling the air with incense.

Of all the great pagodas, the greatest is probably the Shwe Dagon at Rangoon. It is placed upon a small hill, a tall tapering cone reaching up into the air for three hundred feet, all covered with pure gold-leaf, which flames in the sun, ornamented on high with glittering jewels, and as befits a holy place protected by the sheltering trees. The base of the hill is guarded by dragons, and up the long flight of red-roofed steps leading to the Great Peace, pilgrims are ever ascending and descending. Happy pilgrims, in gay, bright colors, filled with a quiet joy, come to do reverence to the Teacher who found the Light. All are there together as one family, the rich and poor, little children and the aged, in holiday attire, with their offerings gathered through all the quiet weeks of rain, and warmed with all the love of these days of preparation; money saved by small self-denials for gold-leaf to spread over any marred spot of their sacred shrine, or little tapers, emblems, or gifts to place at its base. Within the shrine is an alabaster statue of the Buddha, and covering its platform are kneeling pilgrims, repeating to themselves the great precepts of the Teacher,

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and trying to realize them in their hearts. For there are no general religious services. It is all individual, spontaneous, and voluntary.

At the base of the hill and outside the sacred gate are various amusements, plays, dances, or marionette shows. Dotted here and there are temporary stalls for necessities or refreshments for the festival days. And simple, innocent pleasures, meeting of old friends, fill the hours between the offerings with irresistible good-will and humor. Thus at the spring-tide, when nature reveals her treasures, so do the Burmese reveal their reverence for the sacredness of life and their joy in being a part of it.

These are some of the outlines of the Living Picture. Let us fix them well on the recording tablets of time, for already he who tells their story, perceives crime, corruption, and degeneracy staining the areas of fusion with western civilization. Must these children of nature leave their Eden? Must they too lose what they already have and what the world has been seeking in vain for ages, only to find it again after having passed through the valley of the dark shadow of materialism; through the maelstrom of passion, their holy memories sucked into its infinite depths and they sent forth upon the ocean of life without compass or chart? Must they become wanderers in darkness, darkness so thick that even mind-light will burn low, ere they win their way again into a sunlight yet more luminous than that they now love so well?

Or is there some other way? Can the vital currents now so strong and pure, guide them around or over the routes traveled by the other nations; or the Light they now hold so illumine the whole surface of the globe that they may learn by simply observing from their Eden stronghold? Or, perchance, have they in cycles long past, through bitterness and anguish, already learned so well this one thing — to guard the Light — that the future holds for them the possibility of exploring the world of intellect by its help and of conquering rather than being conquered by it? This would be the realization of a hope; but time will give the answer.

## THE ORIGIN OF SPEECH: by T. Henry, M. A.

UCH is the heading of a scientific article in a newspaper, in which article the writer deals with a question from an inquirer. His answer is tantamount to giving the question up as unsolved; he admits the ignorance of science on the subject. This is, of course, one of the difficulties in the way of ordinary evolutionary theories of human derivation; it is virtually the same as the difficulty as to the origin of the human mind. We cannot imagine either human mind or human language as developing by degrees from animal mind and animal noises; nor have we any facts to support such a con-

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jecture. In *The Secret Doctrine* we find H. P. Blavatsky quoting Haeckel's opinion that speech did arise from animal sounds; and also citing Max Müller against Haeckel, to the effect that no plausible explanation has yet been given of the origin of the *roots* of language; and that a human brain is necessary for human speech. A Hindû scripture, the *Anugîtâ* is referred to as giving an allegory, wherein Speech and Mind go to the Self of Being and ask which of them was superior to the other. They are told that Mind is superior; and, later on, that there are two minds, the movable and the immovable, and that speech is superior to the movable mind. In fact, we can think without words, but yet words are of immense assistance to clarify and co-ordinate our thoughts. Though mind gives rise to language, language creates a new order of mind.

The development of language during the earlier Root-Races of mankind is also given in *The Secret Doctrine*.

"The Commentaries explain that the first Race [a non-physical race] . . . was, in our sense, speechless, as it was devoid of mind on our plane. The Second race [also non-physical] had a 'Sound-language,' to wit, chant-like sounds composed of vowels alone. The Third Race developed in the beginning a kind of language which was only a slight improvement on the various sounds in Nature." — II, 208

This Race, in the second half of its period, acquired the method of reproduction now existing; and then only was speech developed. The subsequent development of speech is given in the following order: (1) monosyllabic, (2) agglutinative, (3) inflexional. From this it would appear that language is one of the consequences of the union between the divine and the animal; it is a kind of materialization of thought, a crystallizing of ideas. Ideas can be transmitted without speech, and speech was not necessary to those earliest Races. But speech is more than a mere means of communication; for sound is a creative power, and the force of the spoken word has always been recognised. This leads to the subject of incantations, mantrams, and other things connected with sound.

### ETRUSCAN SARCOPHAGI: by C. J. Ryan

VEN now very little is known of the great civilization which once existed in Etruria, Italy. We know from the scanty relics which have escaped destruction that the Etruscans were skilled in most of the arts and practical sciences of an advanced culture. They had a large literature, which included history, poetry, drama, and scientific and religious writings, but not a scrap has come down to us. We have possibly lost many valuable treasures of thought by the utter destruction of the Etruscan civilization and the triumph of the more materialistic Roman empire. But we may find them.

## ETRUSCAN SARCOPHAGI

In many things the Etruscans show affinities with the Greeks and the Egyptians, and, of course, in later times they blended with the Romans, but the origin and the age of their mysterious civilization is still an unsolved problem. The Roman historians tell very little, which is not surprising when we recollect that it was not to their interest to encourage the admiration of a rival state.

The Etruscan language, so far as it is known, offers peculiar difficulties when called upon to solve the problem of the origin of the Etruscans. Certain characteristics of its construction would lead us to Japan, early China, or even America!

In their methods of building there is evidence that the earlier and quite prehistoric masonry was far more carefully hewn than the more recent, and that the extraordinary pains taken to fit massive stones together so exquisitely that the joints could hardly be detected were abandoned in later times in favor of much less skilful stone-cutting. For instance at Saturnia and Cosa the cyclopean stones are so closely dressed and fitted that a knife cannot be inserted between the joints. These enormous stones are extremely irregular in shape, polygonal, and yet each one fits its neighbor perfectly. The usual explanation of this kind of masonry — which we also find in Peru — is that the walls were built of rocks which naturally split into irregular forms by people not capable of cutting and trimming regular horizontal courses of stone. That this was not the case among the early, prehistoric Etruscans is proved, not only by the excellence of the stone-cutting but by the fact that the travertine rock of which the earlier cyclopean walls are made *splits longitudinally* so that the builders of these time-defying walls did *not* hew their stones in polygonal forms because that was the most convenient method, but for some other reason. Later generations, having apparently lost the skill of their predecessors, added plain horizontal courses of travertine above the cyclopean construction.

The religion of the Etruscans is not definitely known but it appears to have resembled the Roman in many respects, which is not strange in view of the probability that the Romans derived many of their deities from Etruria. They had definite and hopeful ideas about the future life, and believed in the survival of the soul with quite as much or more confidence as their Christian successors in Tuscany. The pictures in the rock-cut tombs depict either the joys of the heaven-world or else ideal future incarnations on earth. It is an unsolved question which is the true explanation.

Owing to the custom of wealthy Etruscans of placing large portrait-statues of husband and wife, singly or in groups, upon the lids of their sarcophagi, we have a very clear idea how they looked 'in their habit

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as they lived.' The earlier statues and groups are especially interesting. They are bold and well posed and are, in spite of a few conventionalities, evidently excellent portraits. The later semi-Roman ones are not so striking, but appear to be clumsy efforts to imitate the commoner kind of Roman sculpture.

The sarcophagi shown in the accompanying plates are from Volterra and are not of the ancient type. The subjects of the reliefs on the sides are from Greek literature. One is 'The Sacrifice of Iphigenia,' from the popular legend of the Trojan War. Agamemnon, the leader of the expedition against Troy, offended the goddess Artemis by killing a hind sacred to the goddess, and the departure of the expedition was delayed by continuous calms, until, at length, at the command of the priest Calchas, Agamemnon determined to appease the wrath of Artemis by sacrificing his daughter, Iphigenia, on her altar. At the fatal moment the goddess rescued the maiden, and, after substituting a hind in her stead, carried Iphigenia to Tauris in Scythia, where she became a priestess in the temple of the goddess. Eventually she is said to have returned to Greece, bringing the statue of Artemis with her.

The second sarcophagus displays a relief of 'Priam receiving the Amazons.' After the death of Hector, the bulwark of Troy, at the hands of Achilles, Penthesilea, the queen of the Amazons came to the assistance of the Trojans, and fought so valiantly at the head of her army of women that the Greeks were hard pressed, but Achilles finally overcame the heroic queen.

Sarcophagi in Etruria are usually found in wonderfully interesting tomb-chambers, hewn out of the solid rock, and closely resembling Etruscan houses with atrium and various chambers. On the walls are painted festive or heroic scenes, and within were placed the implements of daily life in profusion, vases, candelabra, ornaments and useful articles of every kind. To the Etruscan death was not a break in life — only a doorway to another room.

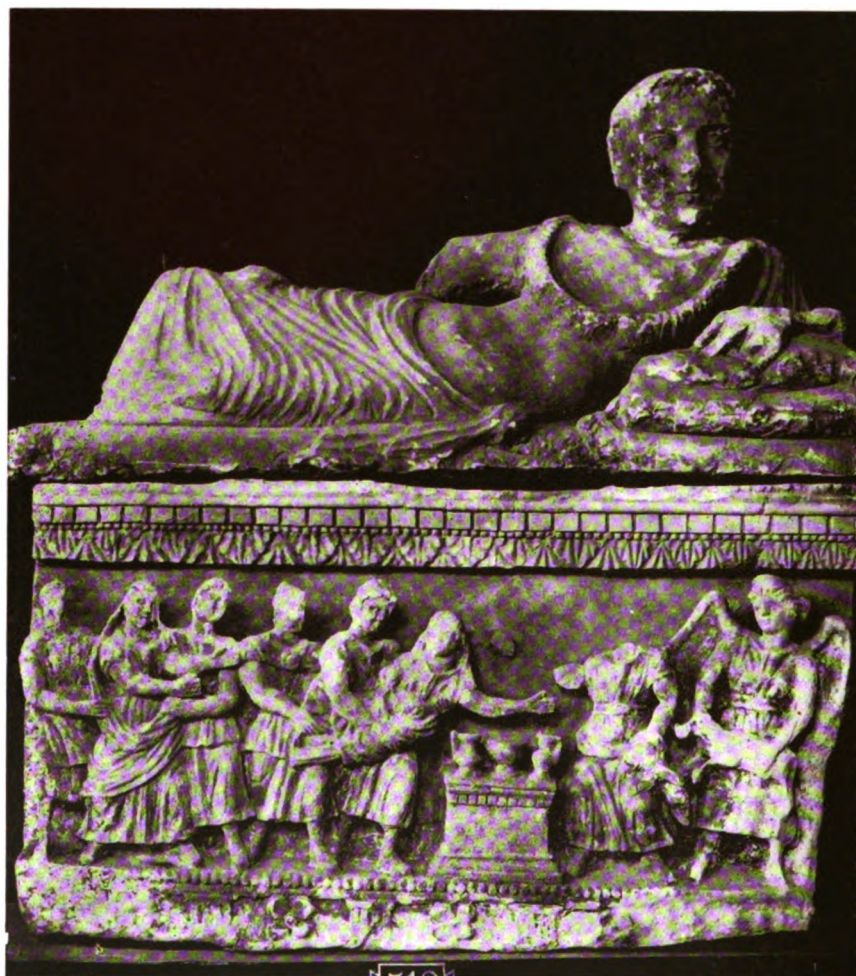
Some writers have called the Etruscan religion Oriental, gloomy, mystical, a dominant religion and not a natural outcome of national character, "like the free creed of the Greeks." Yet the same writers acknowledge that it was "an all-pervading principle of life" and that it bound the confederated cities of ancient Etruria in harmony and made civil strife unknown. This cannot be said of their medieval successors, as exemplified by the continual rivalry between Florence and Pisa and the rest. But the fact remains that we have only a vague idea of the religion of the Etruscans and it is not wise to criticize learnedly in the absence of real knowledge, or in forgetfulness of our own shortcomings.



*Lemland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**ROMANO-ETRUSCAN SARCOPHAGUS  
FROM THE ETRUSCAN CITY OF VOLTERRA, ITALY**

**The carving represents Priam receiving the Amazons.**



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

ANOTHER ROMANO-ETRUSCAN SARCOPHAGUS  
FROM VOLTERRA, ITALY

The carving represents the Sacrifice of Iphigenia.

## VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY IN THE KINGDOM OF ONESELF: by Kenneth Morris

**N**O one ought to give up hope, or indulge in pessimism, while there is so infinitely much that we do not know. I mean about Man himself; about you, me, everyone of us. There is more in this sea than ever was taken out of it; there are hidden splendors we guess not, and always the possibility of their coming to light. With all that man has accomplished, in deeds and art and literature, we have never yet sounded the depths or soared to the heights of human nature; we cannot tell what we may become. And yet, what astonishing summits have been climbed!

Supposing you found, in some little remote village, an old fellow of eighty or so, who should tell you that in all his long life he had never been twenty miles from his native place; had never seen a railway train, much less an auto or an aeroplane. You would think him pretty rustic and unprogressive; his claim to know the world, on the strength of having been once or twice to the next village, would make you laugh. And yet the fact is that perhaps most of us are rather like him — in another way.

Our world and all that we possess are within us. One may have visited all the capitals of the earth, and remain an uninstructed boor and provincial; one may never have left his native hamlet, and yet be a more daring voyager than any in Hakluyt. One's true possessions are the things no one and no circumstance can take away from one. But of course anything outside of oneself: anything that money can buy: may be taken away. The right kind of books are, in a way, a great treasure; but one may easily be separated from one's books. — Here let me digress a little, and consider what books are for.

I said we are like the old fellow in the village. We live in an enormous world; I cannot tell how many continents and oceans it may contain. There are no geographies to give the information; because, in this world of human consciousness, however far one may travel, there are always regions beyond. It is like voyaging among the stars; not sailing round the globe. If you set out, and press on, you will not presently find yourself back in the port from which you started; the way is infinite, and there are infinite riches and wonders to be found. But how many of us can boast, like that old rustic, that we have been as far as twenty miles from here? We are like people dwelling on a barren shore, who venture not, or rarely, and on but short excursions, into the vast continent within. We are content with the sterility we are used to; the petty increment of small thought and feeling that serves here for the commodities of life. We think and feel as we have been brought up to think and feel; just

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about as our neighbors think and feel; just about what our newspapers tell us to. These reiterate and reiterate the stale old tidings of the narrow coast. We feed on the blubber and poor fish we can catch, on the poor crops we can grow under the sea-winds; our wealth is the poor pebbles we can pick up on the beach. And all the while we brag ourselves wondrous rich and cultured, and call these unsavory cabins a high civilization.

But now and again someone looks up into the hills, and says: "I am going up into them, to find what is beyond." He goes; fights his way up and through; conquers wild beasts and demons; braves a million perils; and presently discovers gold mines; discovers rich pastures and a marvel of harvests; regions where sapphires and diamonds are strewn. He comes into the domains of great and civilized kings; whereas we on the coast are about as great and civilized as Eskimos. He enters the Palace wherein reigns that monarch whose name is the Human Soul; and still his journey is not done, for the empire of the Soul is infinite. No famine shall trouble him further; the dearth and dismay that visit the coast periodically shall not affect him. He leaves a record of his journeyings; and these records are the great books. Shakespeare was such a discoverer; and Dante; and all the great prophet-poets and mystics. The value of the records they leave us lies just in this: they are incitements to us to travel and discover for ourselves.

Of course there are all sorts of shanties on the near foot-hills: where are those who tell us: "Thus far thou shalt go, and no further"; who tell us there is nothing beyond; and that what offerings we may have brought with us for some possible potentate in the Interior, had best be left with them. But they do not know, not having traveled. They too, like the lave of us, go upon tradition, and know nothing for themselves; they have not the keys, the clues, the charts. So we remain here, and age by age, generation by generation, perish; starve; live beggarly lives and know no purple and royal hours; while all the great Golcondas and the Wheatfields of Wonderland wait us, within, beyond. . . . Oh, Man, Man! is it not time you rose up and sought and found yourself, your treasure?

We are not the poor things we seem. There is a way to the Fountain of Life, to the Center of Things. All Beauty, all Wonder, all Mightiness lies within us. Think! Think! Think! Only not with the mere intellect; not with the brainmind; — find the deeper organs of thought, which lie within the human heart also — what we call metaphorically the heart. It is not escape from this world that is commended; it is not the selfish peace of the anchorite; this refuge may go with us right through the battles of life. It is not to save our own souls that is our proud destiny as human beings; it is to change the world, to bring the Kingdom "on

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Earth, as it is in Heaven." This barren coast too we must make fertile, and build with palaces and temples, and people with a progeny of Gods. But we must find ourselves before we can do it — the selves in us that are divine. There is little to be done with patching and tinkering; we must find the Gods in ourselves, and build life on a new and firm foundation. We have tried the quicksands of passion; we have tried the low beaches of intellect, over which the tides of time wash. They will not serve us; we cannot set up a true world, a firm civilization on these. We must have stable truth, or we can do nothing. Are we content that the future shall be no better than the past, or than the present? Yet how is it to be better, unless we find the true means of making it so?

That means lies within us. Hell lies within us; but heaven lies within us also. It is our own greatness that we miss, when we go about living petty lives such as we live now. Our own greatness: — there have been, there are, those who have proved and do prove how magnificent Man may be. All the potentialities of a Shakespeare, of a Joan of Arc, lie deeply hidden in the least and worst of us. All the potentialities of a Buddha, of a Christ. It is because we have left enormous fields untilled, enormous continents undiscovered in our own beings, that we are so small and weak, so unsuccessful in the things that concern the greater life. But if we bestir ourselves, there is a way.

We are cribbed, cabined and confined between the cradle and the grave; there seems so little we can do in this short sorrow-strewn time we call our lives. What if internal research and discovery might rid us of the limiting walls of birth and death; might make known to us what lies beyond? What if we should discover ourselves at last to be Gods, immortal essences, that were never born and shall never die? Indeed we might; men have been, that have done so. The Human Soul stands beyond the bounds of mortality; death frightens us, birth obstructs our vision, only because we have not discovered that Central Fact of ourselves. Sink thought deep enough into your own being, and you come to regions where time is not; where birth begins nothing, death is no end. Here and now is the Kingdom of Heaven; what is there in death to fear or heed? Sink thought deep enough, and you shall find that this consciousness you call 'I', immersed in a realm of passions and desires, tinged with selfishness, concerning itself with the small motions and concepts of the common-day mind, is not yourself. Would you call your clothes yourself? They are important, certainly; they make a great factor in the distinctions we set up between man and man. But — to think along this line is to land soon in absurdity. No; the clothes are not the man; he is still there when you have stripped him of his clothes; as he is still there when you have stripped him of his body. Your body

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is not much nearer to you than your clothes are; like them, you take it off o' nights to go to bed. Only the days during which you wear it are longer — a matter of seventy years or so; and the nights during which it is not worn are longer. Ah, *then*, you say, you come to yourself; the next layer inwards after the clothes and the body. But it is not so. There is your personality: the mixture of passions, small thoughts and concepts, the characteristics by which the world knows you. These still are only clothes; there is something deeper within. A crisis comes, and your true character is revealed: a man that went unsuspected by the world before; very likely unsuspected by yourself. But note: it is your character; not yourself. What then is yourself? — The outer man, the personality, began when you were born, and went growing and modifying itself as you grew up; it will die presently. It lives in this confined coast strip; it stares and struts and shams as if it were the Business of Life. Behind it, latent mostly, is that more fundamental character revealed by the crisis; when it shows itself, you say: *This is the real I*. But it is only something that the real 'I' acquired sometime.

We cannot creep at truth, but must soar to it; not Aristotle's, but Plato's method, must serve us, if we are to get at any reality as to the greatness of our inner selves. From these poor huts here, these desolate banks and shoals of time, we cannot argue to the grandeur of the empires of the Inland. We are born; live out our few years; die; and leave the results of our living behind us. In the midst of all this: in the midst of the pleasures that turn to ashes and bitterness, of the sorrows that spring up so thickly: what evidence can we find of the Kingdom of Heaven that is within, of the Glory of God which is concealed? How can we argue from this to that? No; we must look deep; we must go upon the grand voyage of discovery; we must search. But sometimes thoughts like great white birds are wafted down to us from beyond the wall of mountains; sometimes a wind from the Soul Land blows down, laden with the odor of flowers and spices; then we are touched into the remembrance, the intuition, that we are banished angels, gods immersed in oblivion. I will mention one such idea: it is that of Reincarnation. By the light of it, all the facts of our lives become changed in aspect: sorrow loses her frown; Death unveils, and we see the grandeur and loveliness of his face; Life, whose laughter seemed so laden with hideous mockery, reveals herself to us as the Teacher, stern, but infinitely tender. We that seemed so poor and helpless, are immortal. We are here in the world for a grand purpose; we are not the sport of cynical gods or fate or chance. This life is a splendid field of adventure, wherein we have a splendid function to perform. It is one of an infinite series of lives; and the whole series is for a grand heroic purpose. I will give you the story of Creation, as it

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was taught by the ancient Druids in Wales; it is to be taken as allegoric, as symbolical; because that high story cannot be expressed in any other way; you cannot put the vast facts of the life of the Soul in any other language than that of symbol or parable.

They taught that at the dawn of time and the Universe, the Lonely, the Spirit, God, awoke from Its sleep of ages in what is called Ceugant, the Cycle of Infinity. The Universal Night had ended; the Universal Day was to begin; there had been an endless series of Universal Days and Nights before. To call things out of latency into manifestation, out of be-ness into being, That Lonely One chanted Its own name; where-upon, as it says, these worlds and systems "flashed into being more swiftly than the lightning reaches its home." Then the Blessed Ones, that we call in Welsh the Gwynfydolion, the Host of Souls, that had slept throughout the Night, awoke in Cylch y Gwynfyd, the Cycle of Bliss. And they looked out over the spaces, and beheld that there was a height they had not attained. They saw far off the Lonely in Ceugant; and it appeared to them that the bliss of their own cycle of existence could be nothing to them but worthlessness and bitter deprivation, while they were not in union with That. So they took council together, and were for riding forth, and taking Infinity by storm. In their winged and flaming cars they rode: Dragons of Beauty; their bugles sounding the Grand Hai Atton, the war-cry of the Soul. The depths of space lay before and below them: the infinite darkness of the material world — Inchoation, the Cycle of Necessity; little they heeded its perils in their heroic pride, and with that Light shining above them. They declared war on God, not of hostility, but of compelling love.

But it was infinite darkness they had to traverse. Crossing that abysm, oblivion took hold on them; they were sloughed in the vast mires of matter; they forgot their origin and high purpose, and fell into incarnation. Through long cycles of time they climbed through the lower worlds: elemental, mineral, vegetable, and animal: till they reached the state of humanity. Then it became always possible for them to remember: to don the grand armor again, and fight their way upwards. It became always possible for them, listening deeply, to hear in the silence within their own being the Grand Hai Atton that called them forth at first. And at last all shall hear it and remember, and rise up; and the war shall be carried to the Gates of Infinity; and triumphant at last we shall enter in. In every life some upward step may be taken.

This much of it at any rate is plain truth: We are divine in our origin; we are immersed in the material world, forgetful of our divinity; the purpose of all life is to reinstate ourselves divine, with the added wisdom gained through these many lives of our exile. We are in fact as great as

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those old Druids deemed we were: flames out of Heaven — flames lit from the Flame of God; but dimmed and encumbered here with the clay of the lower world. But the flame is to find; it is deep in our being; the clay we are incarnate in may be so transfused with it, so purified, that its light shall shine visible; we may know ourselves for divine beings. What hinders? Ignorance; passion; selfishness. Brotherhood is indeed a fact in nature; because all that is real and permanent in us is that blissful Flame which is God. The sense of separate selfhood is but the aroma of the clay. It stupefies us; it conceals from us our true being; we confound ourselves with it; but it is not ourselves. Only the clay dies or is born; the clay, and this lower personal consciousness which is the aroma of the clay. But find the flame, and death becomes for you a most trivial — aye, but also a most gracious — incident.

How then of misfortunes, disease, all the grimnesses that haunt our lives? Find the Flame; discover those grand empires of the Interior; and you shall understand well enough. Life, the ruling of this universe, is a most gracious and a most tender thing. Misfortunes do not attend our real selves; they are but incident to the outer and unreal. We must realize sometime that Justice is the only Mercy. I speak not of what we call human justice; which is imperfect always, because we never can know all the facts on which we presume to sit in judgment. But the Divine, the Universal Justice — that is another thing altogether.

You have some weakness, some failing. The imperative thing — the one thing that counts — is that you shall rid yourself of it: be strong instead of weak; upright instead of failing. How shall you learn that? Will it teach you, that someone shall tell you so? Are you to be cured of a cancer, by hearing a lecture or sermon? No; you must learn in a real sense; there is no playing tricks with the Laws of God. You yourself must substitute the strength for the weakness; you must do it by hard work; and you must have the will to put that hard work through. And you must see a reason for it before you can call up that will; and the reason must be of a vital, an absolute nature; it must be inevitable, utterly valid. It must be fundamental truth; which you must learn and know. It is in fact ignorance which lies at the root of all wrong doing.

What is weakness? What is what we call sin? Simply this: working not with, but against, Universal Law. The Soul in us calls us upward to where bright Infinity waits to be taken heroically by storm. To that end we and time and the universe exist. But the lower nature calls us with a thousand lures to remain where we are, or to become further immersed. 'Sin' is to ignore the higher voice, to follow the lower. To waste time and the substance of our being; not to be "about our Father's business." How should we learn this, unless there were sure stability

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in things? Unless there were sure stability in the ruling of the Universe: an absolutely Just Law? There is. Injustice only seems to be, because, taken up with the concerns of this present life, which we imagine to be the only one, we do not see the grand sweep and purpose of things: We came into the world, not a clean slate or an empty vessel; but there was writing already; there were contents. Our life is a palimpsest; time has scribbled trivialities over the grand blurred hieroglyphs of eternity. We brought with us out of the unknown a treasure or a difficult burden: our character. We have gone on modifying it since we came; but it was there already when we came. Where is God's Justice, if this character was something we did not make for ourselves? Do not blaspheme; Justice *is*; or there is nothing divine, and we ourselves are no better than the Gadarene herd on its last and memorable journey.

We brought many other things with us too; or rather, found many other things awaiting us: fate; our parents, with what heredity they provided for us; our wealth or poverty; our chances of any kind of success, or apparent total absence of chances. And all these came to us haphazard, did they? Did they indeed! — And you, who have done something today, which you feel secure will never in this life be found out or punished: you who — very wisely — do not believe in hell (because the very idea of hell, the old orthodox hell, is in itself a shocking piece of blasphemy) — do you think you are to retire from this Universe, from existence, and leave an entry against your name on the debit side of the account? Who then shall pay that debt? or how shall there be peace in things until it is paid? — Oh, but we have a firm and stable Universe to deal with; there is no chance about it at all; there is LAW!

We know that Law. Our scientists have discovered it; our chemists are there to swear by its existence. Action and reaction, they say, are equal and opposite: there you have the scientific statement of it. A religious statement you shall find in your Testament; it is:

“Brethren, be not deceived; God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

Now then, with that text in the Testament; presumably therefore to be taken, by all who profess and call themselves Christians, as a truth — where shall we find room to complain of the sternness of fate and the ugliness of things? Look round upon this suffering and ugly world, and realize that it is the harvest we have sowed — we, that is humanity. Look at your own life, with all there is in it you wish, or ought to wish, were not there; and realize that it is the harvest you yourself have sowed. Whatsoever a man reapeth, that also hath he sowed. And when? When? — since he began to reap it the morning he was born. You transgress — sin — do wrong: and what is it you do? Disturb the harmony of the



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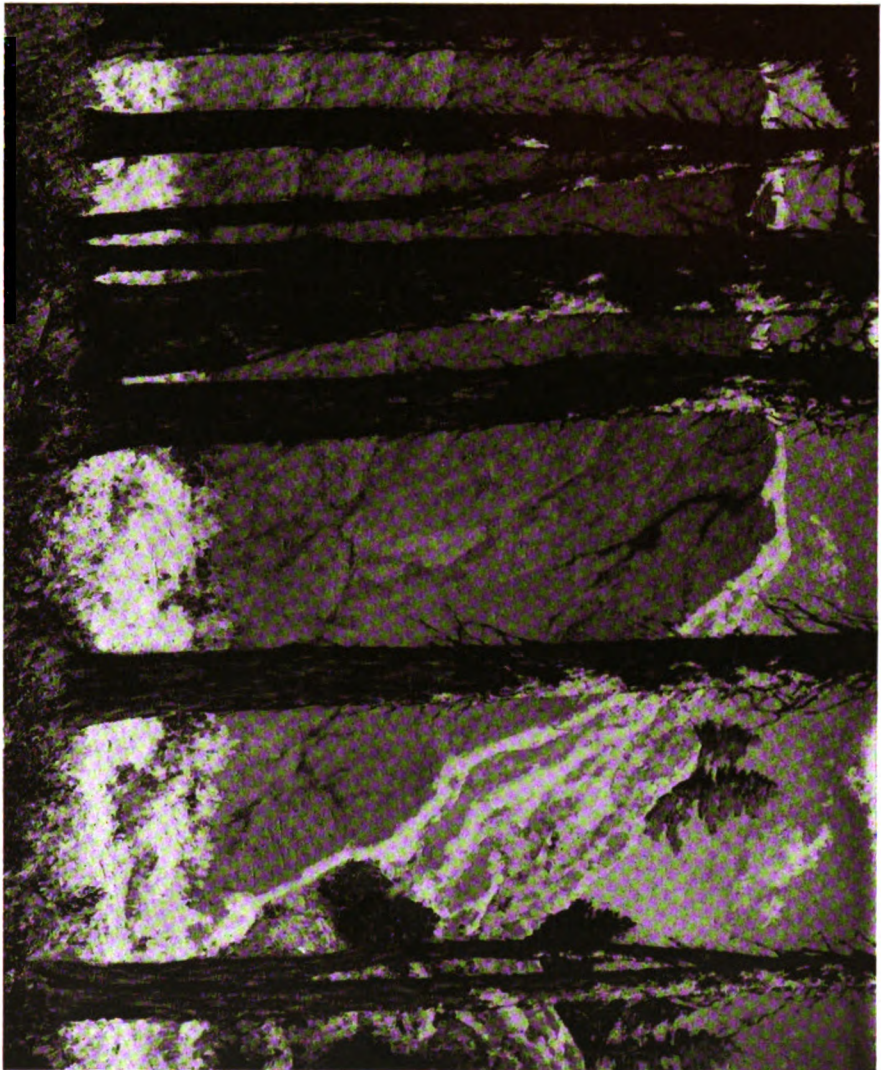
Universe; that is all. Put some cog in the endless machinery — and also I apologize for calling it machinery — out of gear. What is the reaction for, but to restore the harmony — to bring the scheme of things entire into adjustment again? We are so divine: so mighty in our power, that we can upset the whole Universe; for that is what it means when we do wrong. But the Universe is divine, and will readjust itself; and that readjustment, in its action or effect upon us, is what we call punishment: sorrow and what not that hurts. You see, we are free agents: we are free; there is free will. Free even to sin; the limitation of our freedom comes in, in this: — we are not free to escape the results of our sin. As much force or energy as we put out in our transgression, that much must come back against us in the readjustment. How else should we learn? Our fallen state is in itself the proof of our godhood; when you see men behaving like devils, remember that devils are fallen angels: the depth of their degradation argues the height from which they fell. I heard men say: "We are poor miserable worms"; and laughed, wondering how worms could turn a beautiful blue-skied world into a raving hell. They have not the power to do it; only devils could do it; only fallen angels,

"Princely Dignities,  
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones."

The very might they used to do it can also be used to change this hell again into a beautiful heaven; because it is, in its essence, the might of Gods. And

"who can yet believe, though after loss  
That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend,  
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?"

So there is abounding hope for humanity: we have the power of Gods in our hands, and must learn to use it for good. The one thing we cannot do, is forever to avoid this learning. The divine Law of Justice will not let us alone till we have learned. It is at work on us with its merciful and patient inflictions of suffering; its incessant adjustment; its omnipotent restoration of the harmony we almost omnipotently elect to disturb. Eternity is before us; it has taken eternity to bring us to our present condition. Today has been strewn with failures; we have not lived up to our resolves. Very well then; tomorrow is a new day; we can seize the first opening moments of it, and launch the day aright — set its prow towards the sun. This present life has been strewn with failures; very well then; there is a tomorrow life. Learn the lessons of today; tomorrow you shall have a new chance; you need not repeat the failures. Is not the Mercy of the Law evident?



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**A WALL OF GRANITE, HIGH SIERRAS**

*From painting by Maurice Braun*





*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

**VIEW FROM GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE**

*From painting by Maurice Braun*

## ART: SOME NEW PAINTINGS OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY: by R. Machell

**M**AURICE BRAUN, the well-known painter of California sunshine, whose poetical vision and masterly style endow his canvases with qualities as welcome as they are rare, has returned from a trip to the Yosemite Valley, and has given expression to some first impressions of that remarkable valley.

Three fine paintings inspired by his observation there are on their way to Sacramento for exhibition.

These pictures palpitating with life and vibrating with sunshine are translations of the marvelous charm of that enchanted region in three aspects.

There is a deep blue lake, pure and cold, on which float magic islands of sparkling granite, that glistens like snow in the sunshine, islands fringed with tall trees, that like the solid rocks too seem to float in the tremulous ether. The keynote of the scene is vibration; the trees, the water, and the sky vibrate with the rhythm of life; and yet the work is solid and strong, and the decorative effect is broadly harmonious. The whole scene sings with the joy of life.

Then there is a great 'Wall of Granite' bathed in luminous shadow seen between the great trunks of towering pines; and the shadow is alive. It too vibrates as shadow does in sunlight up among the mountains, where nature is glad in its deepest gloom and steeped in the joy of mere existence.


There is a fine sense of vastness in this 'Wall of Granite,' and again the decorative arrangement is so free and so spontaneous that one forgets almost to notice it.

But best of all perhaps is 'The Half Dome of the Yosemite.'

This is a poem indeed, and there is grandeur in it and a great sense of conscious power in repose. The great rock is all in shadow, violet shadow, steeped in an atmosphere of boundless calm and infinite antiquity. And, away beyond, the peaks of the high Sierras glow in the glory of the setting sun. Down in the foreground slopes green grass and darker trees, that serve to link the beholder with the magic world above: for there is magic in the mountains, and magic in the snowy peaks, and in the great silent rock, that lies like a crouching sphinx there in the violet shadow fringed with a beard of trees, ancient and cold and vast, while the snow-splashed peaks are all aglow with rosy light, that laughs at the solemn masses of the mountains, and laughing passes on, and leaves the ancient ones wrapped as of yore in their unutterable mystery.

## SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE: by William Scott

### IV — AMPHIBIOUS FAIRIES, (CONTINUED)

HE Scottish sirens were quite different from the Greek sea-nymphs of that name. In Scotland they were found chiefly along the seashore, about the mouths of rivers, or in harbors. Their ordinary form appears to have been based upon that of the Manatee, or the Dugong, known to zoologists as *Sirenia*; but, like other fairies, they had the magic power of accommodating their forms to their environment, and often appeared quite like human beings. They were among the most malevolent of all the fairy brood, and have often been known to lure mariners to destruction upon the rocky shores, for, as Pope has said:

“Their song is death, and makes destruction please.”

The Doane Shee, or Daoine Shie, are also said to have loved the water, but they were not true amphibians. Though not wholly malevolent, they are said to have been a peevish, repining, and envious race, who preferred subterranean recesses and a kind of shadowy splendor. The Highlanders were very unwilling to speak of them at all times, but especially so on Fridays, when their influence was particularly extensive. They were supposed to be invisibly present at all times, and had to be spoken of with respect.

A long time ago a pious clergyman, after administering spiritual consolation to a dying member of his flock, at a late hour of the night was returning to his home. On his way there lay a lake for a considerable distance along the road. Near the end of the lake he was much surprised to hear the melodious strains of music coming over the waters. Filled with pleasure and curiosity he sat down to listen to the beautiful and harmonious raptures of the minstrelsy.

Being a conscientious minister of the Gospel, he feared neither spirits blessed, nor goblins damned. As the sound of the music approached, he could discern a dim light gliding across the lake towards him, but instead of taking to his heels, as any faithless wight with a troubled conscience would have done, he calmly awaited the issue.

Presently the light and music drew near, and the pastor was able to distinguish an object resembling a human being, walking upon the surface of the water, attended by a group of miniature musicians, some with lights, and others with musical instruments, from which came the celestial melody. When they reached the beach the leader of the band dismissed his attendants, and walked up to the minister, saluted him gracefully, and apologized for his intrusion. The pastor returned the compliments and invited him to be seated by his side, to which the mysterious stranger

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complied with thanks. Without further ceremony the parson asked: "Who art thou, stranger, and from whence?"

The fairy replied, with downcast eye, that he was one of the Doane Shee, or men of peace; and further explained that he was originally angelic in his nature and attributes, and was once a sharer of the indescribable joys of the regions of light and love, but that he had been seduced by Satan to join him in his conspiracies and ambitions, and, as a punishment for his transgressions, he had been cast down from the realms of the blest, and doomed, along with millions of his fellow transgressors, to wander over the face of the Earth and through seas and mountains, until the coming of the Great Day. Their greatest tribulation, he continued, was in the uncertainty of their fate, for they feared the worst; and, with great anxiety, he appealed to the learned minister of the Gospel, saying: "The object of my present intrusion is to learn your opinion, as a competent Divine, as to our final destiny."

Here the Scottish minister entered upon a long and hair-splitting disquisition, touching the essential principles of faith and repentance, but getting no very satisfactory responses he asked the Doane to follow him in repeating the *Pater noster*. In attempting to do this, it was a little remarkable that the fairy could not repeat the word 'art,' but said 'wert' in heaven. This gave the holy man an ominous clue, and being an honest, sincere, and outspoken minister of the Gospel, and perceiving the precarious condition of the anxious inquirer, he resolved not to puff up the seditious brood with presumptuous and perhaps groundless expectations, and communicated to the fairy the precise nature of his sentiments. He told the unhappy being that their crime was of so deep a hue that he could not take it upon himself to hold out any hopes that it would admit of pardon. On hearing this the condemned sith uttered a shriek of despair, and plunged headlong into the loch, and the pious minister resumed his homeward way.

The Dracae also were an amphibious species of malicious fairy people. Their chief mode of attack upon mankind was to inveigle women and children into the recesses which they inhabited beneath the lakes and rivers, by alluring them with treasures and trinkets, such as gold rings, or cups, which they caused to float temptingly on the surface of shallow waters, and the women and children who saw these attractive objects, apparently within easy reach, were caught in their efforts to appropriate them. The women thus seized were employed as nurses, and after seven years, were allowed to return again to Earth.

Grevasse mentions one woman in particular, who had been allured by seeing a wooden dish float past her as she was washing clothes in the

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river. Just as she attempted to grasp it, she was seized and conducted to a cavern beneath the river, which she described as magnificent. Here she was employed as the nurse of one of the brood of the hag who had allured her. During her service in this capacity, she accidentally touched her right eye with an ointment made from *serpent's* grease. This magic ointment opened her inner vision, so that she could see the Dracae in their invisible form which they assumed when they intermingled among men. After having completed her seven years' term of servitude, she returned to her former earthly habitation, where she could see all the machinations of the Dracae, invisible to other people. By her own indiscretion, however, she soon lost her mystic power. She incautiously addressed her ghostly mistress while in her invisible form, who, by a touch of her finger, instantly deprived her of her exalted vision.

It is noteworthy that this story is current in every part of Scotland, Lowland and Highland alike, with no other substitute but that of fairies for Dracae, and the cavern of a hill for that of a river.

Dr. Johnson, who admitted the existence of standard fairies, is cited as disputing the authenticity of an apparition merely because it assumed the shape of a teapot and a shoulder of mutton. It may be his incredulity would have been removed if he had known of the antics of the Dracae.

## V — ELVES AND GNOMES

THE Elves inhabited the mountains, hills, and woods of Scotland; they were very small and mischievous, but not malicious; naturally, their garments were green. They were always grateful to their friends and benefactors, and never forgot them.

On one occasion a poor man from Jedburg, when going to the market to purchase a sheep, suddenly heard an unaccountable noise which seemed to proceed from a number of female voices, but no woman was visible. Amid howling and wailing there were sounds of mirth, but nothing articulate could he gather, except that occasionally he could distinguish above the din the cry: "O there's a bairn born, but there's no clothing for it." The astonished rustic was no longer in doubt that the occasion of this elfish concert was no other than the birth of a fairy child, at which the elves, with the exception of two or three who were distressed because there was nothing to cover the little innocent with, were giving vent to their joy in the approved manner well known to characterize such events. On hearing the distressful wail again and again, he at length bethought himself of his plaid, which he stripped off and cast upon the ground. It was immediately snatched by an invisible hand, and the wailing instantly ceased, but the mirth continued with increased

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vigor. Satisfied that what he had done had pleased his invisible friends, he resumed his journey to the market. The sheep which he purchased turned out to be a remarkably good bargain, and he found that he had no cause to regret his generosity in bestowing his plaid on the needy fairies, for every day after that his wealth multiplied surprisingly, and he finally became a rich and prosperous man.

The Gnomes loved the subterranean recesses and caverns of the hills and mountains. Like the Brownies, they were very friendly to human folk, and were the guardians of mines and quarries, and often performed useful services in such places.

The Rev. Robert Kirk tells us that in the year 1676, when there was a scarcity of grain, there happened in the next parish to that of his residence

"a marvellous illapse of vision which struck the imagination of two women in one night, living at a good distance from one another, about a treasure hid in a mount called 'Fairy-hill.' In each case the appearance of a treasure was first represented to the fancy, and then an audible voice named the place where it was to their waking senses. Whereupon both rose, and meeting accidentally at the place, discovered their design; and jointly digging, found a vessel as large as a Scottish peck full of small pieces of good money, of ancient coin; and halving betwixt them, they sold in dishfuls for dishfuls of meal, which they gave to the country people. Very many, of undoubted credit, saw and had of the coin to this day."

The revelation of the coin was attributed to the trusty Gnomes, who lived in the fairy-hill.

As further proof of the beneficence, industry, and faithfulness of these subterranean people, he tells us that Welsh authors

"relate of Barry Island, in Glamorganshire, that laying your ear into a cleft in the rocks, blowing of bellows, striking of hammers, clashing of armour, filing of iron, will be heard distinctly, ever since Merlin enchanted those subterranean wights to a solid manual forging of arms to Aurelius Ambrosius and his Britons, till he returned, which Merlin being killed in battle, and not coming to loose the knot, these active vulcans are there tied to perpetual labor."

### THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN AND ELFLAND

THOMAS THE RIMER is a high authority on Elfland, for he had a wide experience. He flourished in the latter half of the thirteenth century, during the reign of Alexander III. When he was not among the Elves he lived on his estate of Ercildoun, in Lauderdale, Berwickshire. Thomas Learmount was called 'The Rimer' on account of having composed a poetical romance on the subject of 'Tristram and Isolde,' which is the earliest specimen of English poetry known to exist, having preceded Chaucer by about a century.

Like all other men of talent of that period, Thomas Learmount was suspected of Magic; he was also said to have the gift of prophecy, due to

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his Elfin relations, which had their inception one fine summer afternoon as Thomas lay on Huntley Bank, at the foot of the Eildon Hills, which raise their *triple* crest above the celebrated monastery of Melrose.

Here he met a lady so extremely beautiful that he thought she must be the Virgin Mary herself. Her equipments, however, were rather those of an amazon, or goddess of the woods. She was mounted on a steed of surpassing beauty, and at its mane there hung thirty silver bells and nine, which sent forth enchanting music on the winds as she paced along. Her saddle was of ivory, overlaid with gold, and her stirrups and dress, and the whole magnificence of her array, were in perfect harmony with her celestial beauty. She had her bow in her hand, and her arrows in her belt, and led three greyhounds in a leash, while she was closely followed by three scenting hounds.

The raptured Thomas immediately desired to pay her homage, but this she disclaimed and rejected. Passing from one extreme to another, Thomas became a bold and fervent suitor; but the lady warned him that he must become her slave if he persisted in pressing his suit. But, for the moment, such slavery appeared to the enchanted Thomas as perfect bliss.

Before their interview terminated, however, he had good reasons to modify his sentiments. The beautiful lady was soon changed into the most hideous hag imaginable. An old witch from an ogre's den would have appeared a goddess in comparison. Hideous as she seemed, Thomas felt that he had placed himself in her power, and resolved to risk her sway; and when she bade him take leave of the sun, the flowers, and the forest, he felt it necessary to obey.

He followed his dreadful guide into a cavern, which hitherto had escaped his observation, though he knew the spot well. As they advanced into the subterranean passage, it soon became dark and dismal as Stygian night. On they traveled through this awful inferno, for three days on end, without stop for sleep or refreshment; sometimes walking through rivers of blood, while terrifying sounds, like the rolling of thunder or the booming of a distant ocean, fell upon their ears.

At length they emerged into a perfect paradise, where the light shone from an unseen source, but it was more glorious than that of the noon-day sun. They entered a most beautiful and luxuriant orchard, and Thomas, exhausted for want of rest and almost fainting for want of food, stretched out his hand towards the tempting fruit which hung in great abundance and variety on all sides; but his conductress warned him that these were the fatal apples which lured man to his fall, and forbade him as much as to touch a single one of them. Ravenous as

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he was, Thomas gave heed to her advice and restrained himself. But to his amazement and delight, when he turned to look at his guide, he again beheld her not merely in her former splendor, but far fairer and more beautiful in every way than he had seen her at the foot of the mountain; and she began to explain to him the character of the country.

"Yonder," said she, "is the Right-Hand Path which conveys the spirits of the blest to Paradise; and yon downward, well-worn way leads sinful souls to perdition. The third road to yonder brake conducts to the milder place of purgatorial redemption. But see a fourth road sweeping along the plain towards yon splendid castle! Yonder is the road to Elfland, whither we are now bound. The Lord of the castle is the King of this country, and I am his Queen. When you enter there you must observe absolute silence. I will answer for you by saying that I took your speech from you in middle Earth."

They then proceeded to the castle, and, on entering the kitchen, they found themselves in the midst of such a scene of festivities as might well become the palace of a king, which can be easier imagined than told. After regaling themselves, they entered the royal hall, where stately knights and fair ladies, dancing by threes, occupied the floor of the gorgeous place; and Thomas, forgetting his fatigue, went forward and joined the revelry.

After a period which seemed very short to him, the Queen spoke with him apart, and bade him prepare to return to his own country.

"Now," said the Queen, "how long think you that you have been here?"

"Certes, fair lady," answered Thomas, "not above seven days."

"You are deceived," replied the Queen, "you have been in this castle just seven years, and it is full time that you were gone. Know, Thomas, that the Archfiend will come to the castle tomorrow to demand his tribute, and so handsome a man as you could not escape his eye. For all the world I would not suffer you to be betrayed to such a fate; up therefore, and let us be going."

This terrible news reconciled Thomas to the prospect of his departure from Elfland. There was no long and fearsome return journey. In less time than it takes to tell it the Queen had placed him again on Huntley Bank, where the larks were singing in the dawn of a beautiful summer morning.

To ensure his reputation, she bestowed upon him the tongue that *could not lie*, before leaving him. Thomas in vain objected to this inconvenient and involuntary adhesion to veracity, which, as he protested, would make him unfit for church or market, for king's court, or lady's bower. But the Elfish Queen disregarded all his remonstrances, and Thomas the Rimer, *could lie no more*. Whatever he said thereafter

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

was certain to come to pass, and it was no wonder that he gained credit as a prophet.

For many years afterwards he lived in his own tower at Ercildoun, and enjoyed the fame of his predictions, many of which are current to this day.

At length, as the prophet was entertaining the Earl of March, there appeared a hart and a hind, which, contrary to their shy nature, came quietly onwards through the village towards the tower of the prophet. Thomas quietly arose from the festive board, and acknowledging that fate had summoned him, he accompanied the hart and the hind to the forest, and though he may be occasionally seen by his favored friends, he has never again since that day mixed familiarly with mankind.

### ENGINEERING FEATS OF THE ANCIENTS: by Magister Artium



THE engineering feats of the ancients was the subject of an address by Mr. George H. Pegram, President of the American Society of Engineers, from which the following is quoted in the *Scientific American Supplement*:

"No works of modern times compare in magnitude with those of the ancients. Consider a reservoir, to impound the waters of the Nile, covering an area of 150 square miles, with a dam 30 feet high and 13 miles long. The pyramids of Gizeh . . . had granite blocks which were 5 feet square and 30 feet long, and were transported 500 miles. One of the temples of Memphis was built of stones which were 13 feet square and 65 feet long, and laid with close joints. The Appian Way from Rome to Capua was so well built that after a thousand years its roadway was in perfect condition, and even now, after two thousand years, with slight repairs, is in use. The modern engineer would question the possibility of such work, without these great examples. If one could imagine cessation of life on this continent, and our works subjected to the destructive forces of time and nature for a thousand years, what evidences of civilization would remain? . . .

"We look in vain for the application of mechanical power by the ancients, whose works seem almost impossible without its assumption, but the stone reliefs showing the movement of large weights by manual power indicate that probably the other did not exist."

The subject is of frequent mention in Theosophical writing.

At the ruins of Baalbek in Syria lies a stone 71 feet long, and 13 by 14 feet in its other dimensions. Other stones, nearly as large, are found hoisted into their places in the walls. The pre-Incan ruins of Peru contain an incredible amount of masonry, vast in size and perfectly hewn, including about 250,000 miles of stone walls. But it is necessary to take a comprehensive view of the whole field of ancient masonry in order to do full justice to the subject.

We are not satisfied with the lecturer's argument that the feats are

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

impossible by manual labor, but that the reliefs show that nevertheless they were thus accomplished. But it suggests the idea that the stones were lightened in some way not now known. If the ancient builders were able to counteract the action of gravity, the puzzle would be explained. And we ourselves might find out how to do this tomorrow! Surely it is not impossible that this is among the secrets of science that are discoverable, and that it may have been known and lost. This is merely a suggestion. It may be that, before the knowledge was lost, the ability to use it was first lost. We do know that races of mankind, once chaste, have given way to sensuality; this would mean a loss of power. Also we know that disunion and strife have been characteristic of historical times; and this means disintegration. If, previous to the intrusion of these disruptive and debilitating influences, mankind could wield powers which it afterwards lost, there would be no cause for wonder.

Some will perhaps suggest that these engineering feats were accomplished by supernatural means; but that is only an hypothesis resorted to by materialists, who do not believe in any natural forces except those with which they are familiar. It is better to think the feats were done by perfectly natural means, but with which we are not now acquainted.

## THE SCREEN OF TIME

### MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

#### SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

**T**HERE must be law and order not only in social life, but law and order in individual life. Those who recognise this fact are advancing, but those who think lightly of these great principles are retrogressing," said Madame Katherine Tingley in her address at Isis Theater on the morning of September 8th, her subject being 'The Discipline of Experience.' This lecture followed in sequence the address of the previous Sunday on 'The Elements of Habit,' chief of which elements, said the lecturer, are system, organization, and order.

**Mme Tingley on the Discipline of Experience** With vivid reminiscences of certain experiences in childhood and also in later life when working among the poor in New York City, the lecturer introduced her subject, stating that it was these experiences that convinced her of the supremacy of great universal laws, and also of the value of experience in building character. Many of these experiences were sad in the extreme,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

"but," said the lecturer, "suffering is brought about by the law of balance, the great law of cause and effect. You must learn how to overcome even the saddest trials, helped by the knowledge that whatever has come to you, you yourself laid the foundation for. And for the compensation, the evening up, the true adjustment and balancing of conditions, you must 'arise and go to your Father,' or, in other words, to your own Higher Self, the Divinity within. From that you will learn the meaning of experience, you will value the lessons it teaches, and you will gain that higher wisdom which belongs not only to you and to those whom you love, but to the whole world.

"You must say to yourself, 'Time and I can meet anything and everything.' For to find your heritage, the sublime knowledge of the laws of spiritual life, is to find the key to growth and evolution. The soul is ever urging you to find the immortal Self, the spark of that great central life; for we should recognise that the mind which does so much cross-thinking and twisted thinking is but an instrument in the hands of the soul."

The theater was well filled. Neidlinger's 'By the Waters of Babylon' was rendered by the Young Ladies' Chorus of the Rāja-Yoga Academy.

MADAME KATHERINE TINGLEY, who had expected to continue her series of addresses at Isis Theater on September 15th, found herself at the last moment unable to speak, owing to the fact that unexpected pressure of duties during the prior few days had seriously overstrained her voice. Mr. J. H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and also private secretary to Madame Tingley, spoke instead, his subject being drawn from Isaiah, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

Disclaiming the modern scientific teaching that man's evolution is the result of blind forces merely, Mr. Fussell said, "Theosophy, which is ancient science, declares that infant humanity, like the infant child, had its teachers, its guides, in a word its spiritual parents, and that it was by these helpers that its first steps were guided. You are aware that if a little child were left unguided, it would not learn much in the way of self-control, and thus it would have been with the race in its childhood. Mme Blavatsky has shown, and it is one of the most important teachings of Theosophy, that at the dawn of every great age, especially at times when a great crisis was impending, these teachers sought again to guide humanity, struck again the keynote of truth, the same eternal truth that had been brought to the human race in its infancy."

Following this out by analogy, the lecturer quoted Mme Blavatsky as having said, "Analogy is Ariadne's thread which will guide us through the labyrinth of life." Mr. Fussell continued, "The teachings of the wise ancients may be summed up in that which is the greatest of all injunctions,

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

and is indeed the greatest challenge ever offered to a human being, 'Man, know thyself.' That is the challenge of Theosophy."

The Young Ladies' Chorus of the Râja-Yoga Academy sang Schubert's beautiful arrangement of 'The Twenty-third Psalm.'

'The Antiquity of Man' was the subject of the Theosophical lecture delivered at Isis Theater on September 22nd by Dr. Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S., formerly of London, where he was for some years a pupil of H. P. Blavatsky. For the past eighteen years he has been a resident-student at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma under Madame Katherine Tingley.

Drawing liberally upon the resources of history and archaeology in respect to civilization, and of psychology and biology in respect to individual man, Dr. Coryn both vindicated and explained the Theosophical teaching as to the immense antiquity of man.

A large audience listened to the second of Dr. Herbert Coryn's lectures on 'The Antiquity of Man,' at Isis Theater on September 29th. The case for the existence of mankind in remote antiquity was ably argued upon the testimony of geological records, existing prehistoric remains, ancient science, literature and art, and universal tradition, which showed man to have been in earliest times not only civilized but highly spiritual and philosophic.

Madame Katherine Tingley, the Theosophical Leader, introduced her address at Isis Theater on the morning of October 6th with a brief exposition of the history and status of the Theosophical Movement, having special reference to H. P. Blavatsky, Foundress and first Leader of the Theosophical Society, and William Quan Judge, Cofounder with her, and her successor.

**History and Status of the Theosophical Movement** Making a forceful plea for more spiritual thinking, Madame Tingley said: "As we advance spiritually, as we evoke the higher part of our nature and reach toward the state of perfectibility, the mind broadens, the nature deepens, and one's conception is enlarged. Then intuition becomes active and we can look with new understanding into the past. Then we experience what I call the purgatory of human life, for it is a world of regrets. And it will be a world of tears and of despair unless we have the courage to begin anew and sow in our lives spiritual seed for the future."

Speaking of the home and the responsibility of parenthood, which, said Madame Tingley, "has never yet been fully interpreted," she continued: "You fathers and mothers who are ever aiming to give to your children the best and who would sacrifice for them at any time, remember that it is your example, it is the dignity and the compassion of your soul-life that will

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

enable you to give your children the best. If we can carry the meaning of brotherhood and Theosophy into the families of the world, if we can go into homes of discord and readjust them and bring about understanding and peace, then the sacredness of human life and the sacredness of parentage will be understood. It is not enough merely to hold principles, they must be expressed in daily life; above all, the great moral principles that make for character-building, for without that there is nothing. It is the mission of Theosophy to anticipate the weaknesses of human nature and warn against them; it is its mission to forewarn and thus prevent mistakes."

F. J. DICK, EDITOR

## HOW CAN WE BEST ADVANCE THE WORK OF THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT?

THE first thought that comes in attempting to answer this question is the challenge in it to consider how far one's own life justifies an opinion. From the first the *Leaders* have made the duty of the members plain, and all along the line have added timely reminders to their own inspiring examples. But aside from the *Teacher's* training of a group of students, there are also things which *these* can do for, and can show, each other. Their very weaknesses are peculiar ties, which the wise student can use to advantage, by heeding the danger-signals of another's mistakes. The unwise and critical student, who sees only the mistakes of the faulty personalities around him, perhaps forgets that the group-karma holds all responsible for the warning lesson which is demonstrated in faulty action. Therefore, while only too conscious of failure to make a worthy living picture of how the Leader's work can best be advanced, it is a privilege to speak to comrades who may make the shadows in the personal picture serve more clearly to outline the path of light in their own lives.

What *is* the work of the Theosophical Movement? At present, the whole world is working earnestly, as never before. All classes and conditions and ages and both sexes vie with each other in a united effort to meet the human needs of the hour. The activities and sane, peaceful life at Point Loma seem to be things which resist the dominant psychology of unrest ruling everywhere else. The external work here is less emphasized than formerly. The visitors on the grounds are few compared with the crowds which, during the Exposition years, contacted the work and felt the spirit of the Movement. Yet the past year has seen the devotional side of the work accentuated, while the question of exemption for the divinity students has put the devotional character of the work plainly before the public, this aspect receiving official recognition from Washington.

From the time when Mme Blavatsky organized the Society, the Leaders have done full duty to the immediate conditions of the social and material

## HOW CAN WE BEST ADVANCE THE WORK?

life around them, but they have never failed to repeat — words too often unheeded or forgotten — that the vitality of the Movement was on inner lines, and that in the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood was the living germ of truth which would feed the future needs of the nations.

Mme Blavatsky said: "What the Theosophist has to do above all is to forget his personality." This is the whole lesson of occultism in one sentence; and it is the most imperative and the most difficult work that can be attempted, and consequently *it* is the task which confronts the Theosophist now. The outside world is doing only what the brain-mind can do, and is accepting service and sacrifice willingly but blindly, because acting without a Leader. Because it is doing this outer work, and meantime learning lessons of unselfishness, it rests with Theosophists to move forward on inner lines, and find for themselves, singly and collectively, that reserve strength and joy and peace and hope which an impoverished, wounded world will need living proof of to believe it possible. No theorizing or offer of philosophy will answer the awful questioning of the countless sufferers who survive the war. They will quickly test Theosophy by what it has done for Theosophists.

Everything in the scientific, educational, and religious line has failed to solve the problem of human life here and now, or give the rational clew to the hereafter. It will be impossible to go back to the old ideas or the old institutions; everything will have to be reorganized; and the naturalness and power of practical Theosophy in operation will be all the more convincing in the midst of worn-out systems. Numerically the Theosophists are so few that no one can escape the searchlight of the questioning world. Whatever our absorbing problems of personality may be, there are numerous other human beings of like make-up in direct line with each one, and these others will stand or fall in the path according as the light we face consciously is allowed to shine through us and fall upon them.

The personality, though craving recognition for *its* rights and *its* importance and *its* ability to judge others, is always unwilling to take the responsibility of truly leading others toward the light. Its heart-searchings do not go deeply enough to measure itself by the standard of ideal service. The personality is willing to work and study and give out the philosophy, but it is not willing to 'forget' itself. And as Mme Blavatsky said this was the work above all of the Theosophist, we can advance this work only in so far as we push through the limitations of the personal make-up, and enter into the wider, freer spaces and the clearer air and light of the impersonal life.

All the lessons of economy and conservation and moderation in eating and drinking which the world is now learning from necessity, have been part of Katherine Tingley's methods from the time of the location of her international household at Point Loma. Now she is giving us priceless lessons in the conservation of all our forces, and pointing out the reserve health and strength and insight that are to be found within. Always preparing for the future, and pointing out the easy way, she is pleading with us to find that

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

power which endows the strong, who can live on less because the body is not constantly wasting its energy in friction and inharmonious relation to the real self. She gives us the opportunity to think of finding "more light, more knowledge, more strength" at the close of the day, and thus be better prepared for the pressure without and within, which is so distracting and weakening.

It stands out more and more clearly that the real work of Theosophy is to bring back to human life that quality of devotion, for lack of which the light of our civilization has failed. It is hard for us to realize the naturalness and the necessity of this devotional spirit, with our materialistic Western heritage, so different from that of the Orientals with their long lineage of meditative, introspective make-up. Nevertheless, do we not all find something in those blessed morning meetings in the Greek Theater that, like a spiritual home-coming, seems more real, vital, and natural than any other phase of life? There the personality recedes into the background, and seems more like the unreality it is. To carry the consciousness of those sacred moments into and through the whole day would sanctify and enrich life at every point touched, as they are touched in the round of daily duties. Evidently the best way to advance the work of the Theosophical Movement is to cultivate the devotional side of the nature, which will bring us closer to the Leader in spirit and in truth and help her to help the world. Words leave it all unsaid; but we know that the Leader makes the truth and beauty of it all plain and clear by her very presence.—L. R.

## A WORK OF ART

"UNSURPASSED among current periodicals in artistic appearance is *The Theosophical Path*, a monthly magazine published at Point Loma and edited by Katherine Tingley, acknowledged leader in this country of the Theosophical Society as organized by H. P. Blavatsky.

"A consistent exponent of Theosophic philosophy, Mme Tingley is earnestly devoting her life and talents to the betterment of humanity. She exhibits no desire for political or secular power, but confines her activities strictly to promulgating the tenets of her faith.

"The real test of a religious or philosophic cult lies in the effect produced upon the moral character of its followers. If under its influence their attitude toward others shows a tendency to become increasingly reasonable, considerate and kindly, then and then only is there justification for its existence. With regret be it said that the adherents of so-called cults in too many instances become narrow, fanatical and generally offensive in disposition, which inevitably casts doubt upon the elevating quality of the philosophy they seek to propagate."—From the editorial page, *Los Angeles Evening Express*, August 12, 1918

# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**T**HIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California

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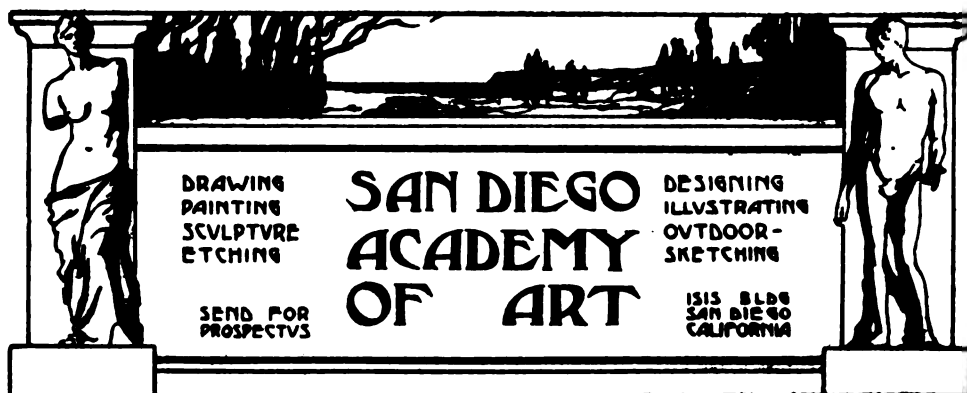
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# The Theosophical Path

77  
KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



Ed. 586799

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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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DECEMBER 1918

## THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book: "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



# The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian  
Monthly



Nonpolitical  
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

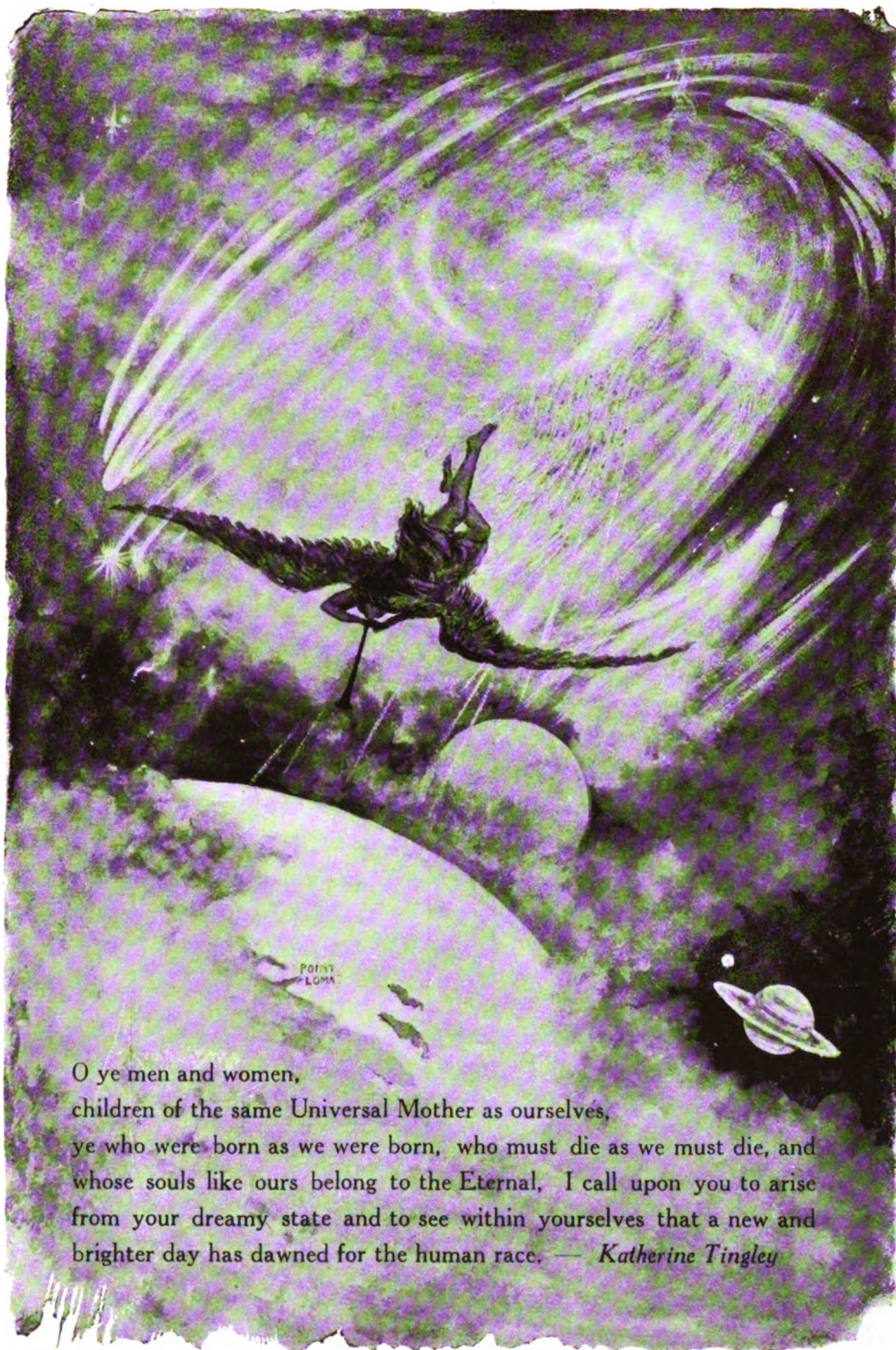
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Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

STRICTLY speaking, it is difficult to view the Jewish *Book of Genesis* otherwise than as a chip from the trunk of the mundane tree of universal Cosmogony, rendered in Oriental allegories. As cycle succeeded cycle, and one nation after another came upon the world's stage to play its brief part in the majestic drama of human life, each new people evolved from ancestral traditions its own religion, giving it a local color, and stamping it with its individual characteristics. While each of these religions had its distinguishing traits, by which, were there no other archaic vestiges, the physical and psychological status of its creators could be estimated, all preserved a common likeness to one prototype. This parent cult was none other than the primitive 'wisdom-religion.' The Israelitish *Scriptures* are no exception.


—H. P. BLAVATSKY, in *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 216



O ye men and women,  
children of the same Universal Mother as ourselves,  
ye who were born as we were born, who must die as we must die, and  
whose souls like ours belong to the Eternal, I call upon you to arise  
from your dreamy state and to see within yourselves that a new and  
brighter day has dawned for the human race. — *Katherine Tingley*

## THE WORLD-WAR AND UNIVERSAL PEACE PREDICTED IN MAY, 1914

(Published by request)

 *N this Twentieth Century humanity is challenged for something greater than war: we are challenged to defend our country and the countries of the world by the nobility of our manhood and our womanhood.*

*"The time is coming when you, the noble Veterans of the Civil War, before you close your eyes, will see the beginning of a great and united effort in this country and all countries for a larger liberty, a royal freedom, a spirit of brotherhood so accentuated that war shall cease for evermore. Then we shall close the door of the past and begin a new era, so royally splendid that never again shall war come to our land or the lands of the people of the earth...."*

*"And I tell you, noble Veterans, before you pass to another condition of life you will feel a new urge, a new inspiration; yes, a new hope will be born in your hearts, and a new light into your lives, and you will realize that to truly live, to evoke all the noblest in his nature, man must gain the knowledge of his immortality — of his divinity....and then all humanity shall have peace, grand and superb — something that will be as a veil between us and the old memories of all that is sad and pathetic, the loss of life and all the suffering that war produces.*

*"Be assured we shall still have the inspiration of having defended our flag and our country and the grand principles of liberty laid down in that royal Constitution of our noble forefathers. We shall have a new conception of life, a new conception of a larger duty, and a grand expression of brotherly love."*

— From Katherine Tingley's address at Isis Theater, San Diego, California, May 6, 1914, on the occasion of the 47th Annual Encampment of G. A. R. Veterans of the Departments of California and Nevada.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

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CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*  
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AN EGYPTIAN KING


# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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## THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

HE object of the original Theosophical Society, founded by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, is to clear away the obscurations of the human mind, to remove the delusions that hold man bound to his worldly gods, so to speak. Customs and manners and methods change with the changing years, but the Truth never changes; and, as Truth underlies all the great religions of the world, the Theosophical Society is ever aiming to bring this essential underlying fact to the minds of the people in order that they may not only discern the Truth wherever they may find it, but as clearly see the counterfeit and draw the line between the true and the false, and thus be able to surmount the stumbling-blocks in their way, and above all to kill out the monsters of Doubt and Fear.

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*We cannot obtain a clear conception of the Truth or of what our duties are to ourselves or our fellow-men, we can never fit ourselves to teach or help others, unless we first purify and strengthen our own lives and build up our characters on moral as well as on intellectual lines.*

\*

*Each individual has his own ills and trials; the human race has evolved from different standpoints of thought and action. If we could picture before our minds the great contrasts in life and clearly see human nature in all its different aspects — good and otherwise — we could then view life more rationally and justly; we could see our own and others' weaknesses more clearly, and thus gain the power to conquer all along the path of life.*

\*

*The Scriptures say that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." There is true enlightenment in this saying, for if one conquers*

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*a city and cannot conquer his own spirit, he cannot be considered in the category of enlightened minds.*

\*

*Go into the prisons today throughout the world and study the real history of each prisoner, and seek for the first cause of his crime. In the majority of cases it would be found that the first seeds of immorality had developed in childhood, sometimes even in babyhood, from inherited conditions — in both cases the innocent victims unaware of the wrong, the danger.*

\*

*Little does the young mind know that it is the animal side of nature that is governing in habit, so that when the youth arrives at an age when he should have understanding — not having had the ideas of self-control and self-knowledge presented to him in childish language, having had no education in corrective or preventive lessons — he finds himself on the wrong path. If one could read the individual histories of the unfortunate, from the small beginnings of crime, the hidden habits of vice, insincerity, deceit, passion and selfishness, one would find that in almost all cases the cause could be traced back to early childhood, to the most plastic age in human life.*

\*

*The other day I visited the County Hospital of San Diego. I saw there very old men and women in most distressing conditions. Later I visited the Isolation Ward and there I saw the most beautiful physical embodiment of a little child, six months old. It seemed almost as though the gods had formed that child physically for some special service to humanity. I asked the nurse what was the ailment of the child, for while it was playfully moving its little hands, its eyes were closed. The nurse explained that the child was going blind from an unnameable disease that had been passed on to it through the father, and that there was no hope for the child's ever having its sight.*

\*

*This distressing picture will ever stay in my mind. I cannot get away from it. There was a lesson there in that moment for every human being. One might see all the different aspects of suffering, men killed or mangled on the battlefield, or suffering from the thousand and one diseases prevalent today, but to see a helpless, innocent little child so afflicted was too much to bear. It was not only its blindness that affected me, but it was the horror of the cause. I turned away*

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*from that little sufferer with tears in my heart, feeling such an urge to impress upon the minds of all a realization of the appalling conditions threatening the very life of the human race today. It is plain to see that the vital refinements of life depend upon the moral as well as the intellectual status. If we are to build up a true civilization, if we are to become really enlightened, we must apply many remedies to such deplorable conditions. The human race cannot be built up, regenerated, except upon a basis of solid and splendid morality.*

\*

*The case that I have spoken of is only one of thousands. If I had gone into the other wards of the Hospital, doubtless I would have seen other appalling conditions, resulting from the same cause; and these conditions, bear in mind, are increasing rapidly. They are to be found in every one of our great cities, and in our smaller cities, and even in the country districts. Think of the families of those who are so afflicted; think of the children to come! Can we justly boast of our present civilization with this terrible curse upon us? Why do not all the reformers and preachers cease talking about heaven, or points in space, or any kind of future state, and why do they not begin to build now, here on earth, for the redemption of the human race, on a foundation of such clear, straight morality, that in the course of time the tide will turn for better conditions? We cannot temporize with these matters. Something must be done, or the human race will degenerate rapidly — so alarming is the increase in social vice.*

\*

*Why should we blame those who suffer or those who fail? Ignorance is the monster that holds humanity down — ignorance! We have not begun to apply the spiritual keynotes of human life to the children or the youth, and not until we do, can we establish schools of prevention in every city, town, and hamlet. Without new and drastic measures, ignorance and degeneracy and vice must inevitably follow.*

\*

*So there is great need that teachers and preachers, mothers and fathers, should begin right now to think quite differently from what they have heretofore thought. They should remember that the human brain is a mystery as yet. They have not yet found, at least those who have not studied Theosophy, the difference between the lower and the Higher Self. They have not yet learned that the brain is the instrument which is played upon by the master musician, the Higher, Immortal Self, or by the other — the lower, mortal self. Only Theosophy, the*

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*ancient Wisdom-Religion, can bring to the mind of man the light of Truth so that he need no longer be a slave to the lower self, nor permit his mind to be the tool of passion that must lead him to destruction.*

\*

*The human family must rise to that state of consciousness where each can see these deplorable pictures and can face and understand the causes and apply the remedy. We must learn to analyse, to turn our minds so directly to the errors and to the afflictions of imperfect human nature, that we can begin to establish the vital refinements so needed. First, the mind must be purified. Then there must be "a clean life, an open mind," which are the first steps of the ladder up which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom. There must be established that power of the will, the power of concentration, of study, of analysis, before the human race will be ready to take up the grand work of human progress.*

\*

*Fewer books and better ones should be our aim — fewer children and better ones. The human mind, generally, takes human life too much on the surface. It does not reach down to the first causes of the unpleasant experiences and the weaknesses and vices that are so prevalent today. It simply glosses them over. There are exceptions, of course, but they are so few. There are so few who take humanity into their hearts in the truest sense. There are so many who say, in their blindness, "Let us make merry and die. There is but one life."*

\*

*How different are the teachings of Theosophy. How great the incentive to right action found in the Doctrine of Reincarnation, and in the teaching of Karma, that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."*

\*

*The saying that "Honor and profit cannot lie in the same sack" has a deep and occult meaning. If we are to follow the honorable, clean, true, dignified, unselfish and compassionate life, we must put the idea of profit where it belongs. We have no right to sacrifice our inner opportunities; we have no right to ignore our higher consciousness, which tells us the truth plainly and simply. We*

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*have no right to turn away from the Eternal Teacher in ourselves, which is the Conscience — the Higher Being.*

\*

*When people wilfully ignore their responsibility to the race and their duties to themselves and others, when they avoid those means that will serve for self-purification, they are cowards — they shut their eyes so much that they cannot see the horses that are running away with them. They do not realize that egotism, selfishness, and passion, and the other vices, are tearing down the very fabric of society today.*

\*

*Many have thought as I do that all transgressors are not behind the prison bars, by any means, and if we were to search this or any other city, we would find a very large number who, in the most serious sense, are transgressors against the laws of human life and the rights of man. They are, indeed, moral lepers; and we have not to go to a colony of lepers to find the terrible disease and know how awful is its influence. It is in every city in the land, often in the lives of those who pass as respectable and prominent in the community.*

\*

*Oh, you who love your fellow-men, in spite of your service to humanity, in spite of your honest purposes, there is something more that you must do than you have done in the past. I have wondered if the parents who were really doing their best could see the pathetic pictures that I have seen in human life, would they not cry out for more light, for more knowledge, and make a supreme effort to reach out from their little houses of selfhood and mental limitation and step into a field of larger service? This is what the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has been doing since its foundation. No other society has the key to the situation; they have not discovered the remedy, though there are in other societies many splendid, royal, persevering workers who are striving to meet the Great Issue, but they have not found the basis. They do not realize that the outside physical man is the house for both the lower and the higher natures. They preach, work, and serve, but if they had the knowledge of Theosophy and could have the antidote which Theosophy gives, we should in no long time have a lessening of crime and of many unnameable diseases.*

\*

*We must fire our minds with a new urge. Our souls must persuade us to take a step that will lift the veil, that will change us, and bring home to us not*

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*only a higher sense of our duty here in this life, but of the need of a clearer understanding of the possibilities of human life. Where, in any exposition of thought, or in any literature, can one find this knowledge, except through a study of Theosophy, which will bring one straight to the point at issue? Many books are written, splendid books on reform, but there is lacking that one essential theosophical note; "Man, know thyself"—as an eternal Being. There is lacking that link that should bind man to the eternal verities and bring to him the knowledge that the persuasive power of the human soul is ever urging the mind to make greater efforts for the world's good. There is this constant divine urge within, if one will listen to it and cease harsh judgment, though holding the mind in protest against wrong, so that the smallest error will set one afire with the spirit of corrective helpfulness. One must study one's own life, one's own belief and religion, in order to see wherein the mind can come more closely to a knowledge of the inner meanings of life and realize the power there is for self-conquest, that "better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city";—no matter how much one may sacrifice oneself to what the world calls 'profit' in a material sense (not but what honorable profit is right in all that tends to support human life) selfish profit cannot lie in the same sack with honor.*

\*

*All who seek the world's good must step into a larger field for more honorable and higher duties and the more vital refinements of life. And in conquering along these lines each shall reach a point of strength and become a corrective force, each in his place, working with that solicitude that will be an assurance that one's first duty begins with the self and in the home.*

\*

*So let us build our homes in a new way; let us seek to bring to the consciousness of every human being the realization that man is divine in essence, that in order to redeem the evil and the immorality of the age we must cultivate the very highest vital refinements of life — the essentials of progress and happiness.*

KATHERINE TINGLEY  
EDITOR

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*"We say: I do not wish to plunge into vice, but neither do I wish to live like a Cato; I wish to lead an honest and comfortable existence. This is an illusion; we cannot be half man, half beast; soon or late, one tendency will triumph over the other. A moment will come when you will be forced to choose; the later the choice, the more painful and doubtful the victory."*  
— From an unsigned footnote in W. Q. JUDGE's *Path*, Vol. V, p. 7, 1890.

## THEOSOPHY CALLS FORTH LATENT GOOD:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.

"THE doctrines of Theosophy call forth every hitherto dormant power for good in us."

— H. P. Blavatsky

**M**AN is like a bud only partially unfolded; and consequently he has in himself many great powers that are not yet apparent. They are still latent. It is not as if man were a finished being, incapable of further improvement; for his evolution is not yet completed. He may grow into something much greater than he is at present. Neither is the good bestowed on man from without; it proceeds from within him. All the good is there, but much of it is latent and needs to be called forth. This is the meaning of the saying that man is his own savior and that the kingdom of God is within him. We can only approach the Divine through our own aspiration and through our devotion to the ideals of right that we intuitively feel.

Thus Theosophy does not discourage us, as some teachings do; it does not bid man regard himself as a failure, needing some external aid or favor to set him right. It bids him invoke and call into action the spiritual powers with which he has been endowed, and avers that there can be no fault worse than a denial of his own divinity and a refusal to seek its aid.

The bulk of people are of a neutral tone of character and very much like each other; but this is only because they allow so much of their character to remain latent and hidden, all undeveloped and unused. There are wonderful powers for good in everyone, and there is no knowing what might be called forth in a person if the proper inducement were offered him to seek within.

Some people are very pessimistic about their mental attainments, but there are greater powers than those of the head. Intuition is better than all intellect, says H. P. Blavatsky; and she assures us that the powers of the human heart are greater than all, and that "the heart has never fully uttered itself." So there is plenty of hope and encouragement for everybody.

He who embraces the teachings of Theosophy takes a new step in his evolution; he starts on a new phase of his life. Before this, he was perhaps cramped by dogmatic beliefs, and automatic habits of thinking, and copying the ways of others. But now a new world of ideas and of prospects opens out before him. There is nothing cramping about the teachings of Theosophy. So many beliefs that are offered us are restrictive; they limit us, telling us rather what not to do than what to do. Or they merely touch a small part of our life, leaving the rest unprovided for. The result is that we lead two separate lives, one religious and the other ordinary. The latter is not necessarily a wicked life,

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but it is simply made up of all the numerous concerns that do not come under the head of religion. But Theosophy includes everything. Its teachings apply to all our activities and interests. It is at once religion, science, philosophy, art. It is a mode of life, a set of principles that can be carried out in all our undertakings.

So many people have a great amount of good in them, which is latent and not called forth, because their life is too narrow in its sphere and gives no opportunity for this good to be brought forth. Theosophy provides such opportunity. People who find themselves in a narrow sphere, with a monotonous life, are apt to wish they could change into some wider and more interesting sphere; but they should rather seek to find more life and interest in the sphere in which they are. Because, after all, we have each of us gravitated to the place where we belong; and the way to get into another place is to change our character so that we may become suited to another place; then the laws of nature will conduct us into it. Thus one who studies Theosophy enlarges his view of life, and the little world in which he lives and moves takes on new colors; he finds more in it; new opportunities and interests meet him in proportion as he sends out new feelers.

It has often been said that Theosophy is RELIGION itself. This means that what ordinarily passes for religion is too often something else. Much of what we call religion is of the cramping kind: it seems to be based on the idea that man is incapable of further growth, and that all he can do is to make the best of a bad job in this life and wait until he is 'called home.' It is no wonder that human nature refuses to be altogether suppressed by this kind of doctrine, and that it therefore seeks relief by confining its religion to one day in the week, or to five minutes in the day, and gives up the rest of the time to a non-religious life. But Theosophy declares that man is capable of further growth, and that he should expect to become something better while in this life; for this life is his school of experience. This can be done by simply getting back to the ancient truth that man is essentially divine. All religion is obliged to teach, theoretically at any rate, that man has the divine spark in him; but in practice the religions do not live up to the theory. Theosophy makes the truth practical, and calls upon man to invoke the divinity that is within him. Its teaching of reincarnation enlarges the bounds of life and hope, and removes the feeling of hopelessness that paralyses the will. A mere study of the Theosophical teachings is calculated to sow a seed in our character that will grow into something; for such a study is bound to remove many wrong ideas that have been cramping us.

Whatever religious persuasion a man may belong to — whatever

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his nominal or professed religion may be — his *real* religion is the beliefs and principles that govern his life. And it is not often that the real and the professed religion are the same. This real religion is not usually formulated and definite; it consists of the principles and rules of conduct that we ordinarily follow, such as honesty, truthfulness, fair play, mutual helpfulness, self-respect, vanity, and so forth. These make up conduct and character and determine our fate. The professed religion is important only to the extent to which it affects this unformulated religion. Now Theosophy, by its intimate relation with every part of life, touches the springs of our real religion; it is not an exotic growth, for Sunday use only, but a new mode of life for every day.

We may therefore look for unexpected developments in individuals of every kind and class; for every man has the same fount of latent powers within him, and Theosophy is what draws them forth. Plans and schemes for the future ordering of society are usually based on the current standard of human nature; but if human nature is to grow and expand, it is evident that these plans and schemes will be too modest, and that it will be possible to achieve better results than would be possible if human nature remained as before.

That word human nature is a catch-phrase with which people have often humbugged themselves, as they have with the words fate and destiny. They excuse themselves by saying, "I can't help it; it is human nature"; or say that attempts at reform are futile, because human nature stays the same. But the phrase only stands for certain predominant features in the lower nature of man, and does not take much account of his higher nature. When some crisis calls forth heroic qualities — a man dies under torture, when he could have got free pardon by naming his allies; a woman drowns at a stake in the rising tide, sooner than violate her conscience — is this human nature, or what kind of nature is it? The question puts us in a dilemma: we must either say it is divine nature, or that human nature includes heroic and divine qualities. "Moments of exaltation," critics will say; but why should these moments be so comparatively rare? If man had more knowledge and faith, he would live less in his lower nature and more in his higher, and these moments would not be so rare; the standard of human nature would be raised.

History shows that neither absolute kings nor limited monarchs nor republics could act without being always pulled back by the standard of human nature at the time; and that this standard depended very much on the prevalence of narrow dogmatisms and local and racial prejudices. Theosophy shows that the essential part of religions is that which is common to them all, and that the real virtues of peoples are those virtues which the whole of the human race possesses.

## THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN:

by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

### I

**T**HEOSOPHY undoubtedly has some quarrels with modern science — to speak more accurately, with inferences which science draws from facts thus far accumulated.

And with all due respect to science — and a great deal of respect *is* due — Theosophy is not in trouble about the divergencies. Science consists of facts and of inferences from facts. Facts are constantly accumulating. Some of them are in line with those already known. But every now and then one or a group turns up which necessitates an entire reconstruction of old theory. This has always been happening, and no one can say at what moment and in what branch of science it will not happen again. So the theories are provisional, mostly, and ought to be so phrased. The phrasing should be: "*As far as facts now known go, the case stands thus.*"

"Obviously," some one early last century might have said, "we can never know anything of the chemical constitution of the stars. How can we get a piece of star into our laboratories and test it?" But then came the spectroscope, and it became suddenly possible to ascertain from the qualities of a star's *light* what sort of matter was sending out that sort of light.

Until the end of last century the chemical 'elements' were *elements*, simple, uncompounded, unchangeable. Anyone who should have questioned this — and Theosophy did question and deny it — was almost blaspheming. But suddenly, almost in a day, we had the X-rays and radium, and it appeared that every 'element' was, after all, a compound of still simpler units.

In regard to the antiquity of man Theosophy is consequently content to differ widely at present from science. And this especially because science is so rapidly and constantly differing from herself on this point. A little while ago we could almost number on the fingers of our hands the few thousands of years during which man, as man, was allowed to have existed on the planet. But with later discoveries of human remains the time of his origin has gone back, and we may now, on good scientific authority, talk about half a million years.

And the entire theory about him is beginning to be in confusion. We are familiar, of course, with the theory of evolution: how from the microscopic amoeba in the drop of dirty water up to man the scale of ascent was uniform and unbroken. Going downward from man, the

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link just preceding him was represented by some monkey-like ancestor from which certain of the apes diverged and from which man took the direct step forward — first into the lowest savagery and so onward. But it is beginning to be recognised that the 'missing link' is still missing; that the origin of man is still unaccounted for, and that it was from the already-produced man-type of hitherto unexplained appearance that the ape-type broke off on to a side path. And as for man's ascent from small-brained, brute-skulled savagery, it is now scientifically mooted that on the whole the evidence of the skulls shows that the earliest man whose traces we can find was possessed of as good a brain in point of size as we of the Twentieth century.

Theosophy is therefore content to wait for scientific acceptance of its teaching of the immense antiquity not only of man, but of man civilized; and of types of genuine civilization — especially as respects *consciousness* — of which we cannot yet form any clear conception.

And here is one little-considered item in man's anatomy which is infinitely suggestive. You doubtless know that in the development of the human embryo, in the prenatal evolution, it rapidly passes through stages representing all the main lower types; that it epitomizes, as it were, the whole path of evolution upward from the simple one-celled stage. At last it is human, with the human brain and the surface complexity of convolutions of the brain peculiar to thinking man.

Now this covering of the surface of the brain with those foldings or wrinkles called convolutions — foldings complex in accordance with the complexity of human mind — occurs *twice* in embryonic development. Wrinkles and convolutions are marked in *and then smoothed out again* as if they had never been there. After this they are produced *a second time*, this time finally.

What does that early set of folds mean? Does it not suggest a long-gone-by epoch in human mental evolution when there was a type or quality of intellect that has been put aside in favor of the type or quality that is ours? It is a prehistoric relic of which nothing has yet been made in science, and not a brute but a *human* relic, a relic, we must suppose, of a kind of mind not now functioning, but at one time in full activity.

Again: it is of course true that there have been skulls discovered, dating from immensely far back, which show that at that period there were men of the lowest type compatible with the name of human.

But suppose that in ten thousand years the scientist of that time should find in Australia the skulls of Bushmen. Would it therefore follow that nowhere else in the world there were men of a higher type than Bushmen? Degraded skulls have of course been found in Europe. But does it therefore follow that nowhere else at the time the owners of

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those skulls lived there were men of infinitely higher type? And, as I said, the evidence for the existence of such a higher type is already coming in.

Now as to the remains of older civilizations.

Let us first consider this possibility, and at the same time consider the meaning we attach to the word civilization:

We think of our own civilization with all its material complexity and outward richness. If we are told of some very high ancient civilization we carry our present conception backward and demand evidences of some sort of like material and outward complexity.

But a civilization might reach a very high point in terms of *mind*, of consciousness, and yet be very bare and plain *outwardly*. Thought might have been carried a long way, to very high levels, philosophically and spiritually considered; not turned *outward*, as we have turned our thought, to mechanical invention and material complexity. There may have been peoples living a very simple outward life whose consciousness was nevertheless much higher than ours. We have more than a suggestion of this in what we know of ancient India, of the times when some of the Vedic hymns were first written and men speculated on spiritual things in ways of which we can divine something from the earliest Upanishads. The Vedas especially are like the ancient cities of Troy, strata upon strata, and with no suggestion of spiritual barbarism anywhere. They suggest in fact a general preoccupation of the mind of that day with spiritual and philosophical matters that we of our times cannot parallel.

So that civilizations of a far past may have arisen and vanished that have left no trace at all, pre-Vedic civilizations, of which we can form no idea, civilizations which, from the standpoint of *consciousness*, have no resemblance to ours. And yet, deep within ourselves, their results must lie buried, waiting resuscitation. For Theosophy teaches that the mind of man is far more complex than our psychology knows of; that it develops aspect after aspect through the great groups of successive civilizations, each such group developing some special aspect; and that that, once developed, is as it were laid aside while another comes forward for development — just as that early group of convolutions are laid aside for another; and that it will not be till the end, the finale of human evolution on this planet, that all will reawaken together, blend with the last developed, and show us the completed man. We are more complex, have more hidden powers and aspects and faculties, than we know; and just as some man, placed in new conditions, may suddenly show himself possessed of faculties and aptnesses which perhaps not even *he* suspected, so with ourselves as a whole. Old conditions have gone by and did their work upon us. And the results remain upon the shelf whilst we turn a new face of our many-faced consciousness to new con-

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ditions. But nothing is lost. The old remains on call when the call shall come.

But apart from civilizations of which not a trace seems to remain — and Theosophy asserts on the authority of its records that there were many such civilizations, and not only on continents now for ages beneath the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific and about the North Pole — there are many whose shells, whose vast ruins, still remain, the greater part unexplored by archaeologists. How much is known, not to speak of the civilizations that *produced* the titanic remains in South America along the slopes shoreward of the Andes and in Mexico, hundreds of miles of them, but even of the remains themselves, guarded as they are by equally titanic or almost impregnable vegetation and by the peculiar and deadly fevers of the localities? Yet we know enough at least to wonder at a race that could have produced such structures.

When history first throws her light upon Egypt, she throws it upon a complex and fully-grown civilization that could only have been reached through long and historically unilluminated stretches of time.

And of the prehistoric *Eastern* world here is H. P. Blavatsky's cursory sketch of our ignorance:

"In their efforts to collect together the many skeins of unwritten history, it is a bold step for our Orientalists to take, to deny, *a priori*, everything that does not dovetail with their special conclusions. Thus while new discoveries are daily made of great arts and sciences having existed far back in the night of time, even the knowledge of writing is refused to some of the most ancient nations, and they are credited with barbarism instead of culture. Yet the traces of an immense civilization, even in Central Asia, are still to be found. This civilization is undeniably *prehistoric*. And how can there be civilization without a literature, in some form, without annals or chronicles? Common sense alone ought to supplement the broken links in the history of departed nations. The gigantic, unbroken wall of the mountains that hem in the whole table-land of Tibet, from the upper course of the river Khuan-Khé down to the Karakorum hills, witnessed a civilization during millenniums of years, and would have strange secrets to tell mankind. The Eastern and Central portions of those regions — the Nan-Shan and the Altyn-Tagh — were once upon a time covered with cities that could well vie with Babylon. A whole geological period has swept over the land since those cities breathed their last, as the mounds of shifting sand, and the sterile and now dead soil of the immense central plains of the basin of Tarim testify. The borderlands alone are superficially known to the traveler. Within those table-lands of sand there is water, and fresh oases are found blooming there, wherein no European foot has ever yet ventured, or trodden the now treacherous soil. Among these verdant oases there are some which are entirely inaccessible even to the native profane traveler. Hurricanes may 'tear up the sands and sweep whole plains away,' they are powerless to destroy that which is beyond their reach. Built deep in the bowels of the earth, the subterranean stores are secure; and as their entrances are concealed in such oases, there is little fear that anyone should discover them, even should several armies invade the sandy wastes where —

" 'Not a pool, not a bush, not a house is seen,  
And the mountain-range forms a rugged screen  
Round the parch'd flats of the dry, dry desert....'

"But there is no need to send the reader across the desert, when the same proofs of ancient civilization are found even in comparatively populated regions of the same country. The

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oasis of Cherchen, for instance, situated about 4000 feet above the level of the river Cherchen-daria, is surrounded with the ruins of archaic towns and cities in every direction. There, some 3000 human beings represent the relics of about a hundred extinct nations and races — the very names of which are now unknown to our ethnologists. An anthropologist would feel more than embarrassed to class, divide, and subdivide them; the more so, as the respective descendents of all these *antediluvian* races and tribes know as little of their own forefathers themselves, as if they had fallen from the moon. When questioned about their origin, they reply that they know not whence their fathers had come, but had heard that their *first* (or earliest) men were ruled by the great genii of these deserts. This may be put down to ignorance and superstition, yet in view of the teachings of the Secret Doctrine, the answer may be based upon primeval tradition. Alone, the tribe of Khorassan claims to have come from what is now known as Afghanistan, long before the days of Alexander, and brings legendary lore to that effect as corroboration. The Russian traveler, Colonel (now General) Prjevalsky, found quite close to the oasis of Cherchen the ruins of two enormous cities, the oldest of which was, according to local tradition, ruined 3000 years ago by a hero and giant; and the other by the Mongolians in the tenth century of our era.

"The emplacement of the two cities is now covered, owing to shifting sands and the desert wind, with strange and heterogeneous relics; with broken china and kitchen utensils and human bones. The natives often find copper and gold coins, melted silver, ingots, diamonds, and turquoises, and what is the most remarkable — broken glass. . . . Coffins of some undecaying wood, or material, also, within which beautifully preserved embalmed bodies are found. . . . The male mummies are all extremely tall powerfully built men with long waving hair. . . . A vault was found with twelve dead men *sitting* in it. Another time, in a separate coffin, a young girl was discovered by us. Her eyes were closed with golden discs, and the jaws held firm by a golden circlet running from under the chin across the top of the head. Clad in a narrow woolen garment, her bosom was covered with golden stars, the feet being left naked.'

— From a lecture by N. M. Prjevalsky

"To this, the famous traveler adds that all along their way on the river Cherchen they heard legends about twenty-three towns buried ages ago by the shifting sands of the deserts. The same tradition exists on the Lob-nor and in the oasis of Keria.

"The traces of such civilization, and these and like traditions, give us the right to credit other legendary lore warranted by well educated and learned natives of India and Mongolia, when they speak of immense libraries reclaimed from the sand, together with various reliques of ancient MAGIC lore, which have all been safely stored away."

We spoke of the great submerged continents beneath the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, whose once existence is now fairly orthodox geology. These, Theosophy teaches, had their humanity and their civilizations — recorded, too; but not on records to which science has yet been given access. Why should it be given access to them, when it will give no consideration to the Graeco-Egyptian tradition recorded by Plato? Read Donnelly's book *Atlantis* for the whole of what can as yet be said on that score.

And let us remember that nature is not very kindly to remains. She has her ever-ready earthquake; her slow age-long denudations by rain and frost; her slow subsidences and upheavals, land and water ever changing place; her glaciers and avalanches and volcanoes; her sandstorms and her all-dissecting vegetation. Given time enough and she can wipe out the last trace of any human structure.

Well, after all this, we can perhaps come to a reckoning. Civil-

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zation is the perennial flowering of the deathless plant humanity. And as, through the botanical ages, the plant, flowering year after year, slowly changes its type under the laws of evolution, so humanity. It flowers here and then as the evolved individuals transfer themselves there for other incarnations and come at last to a new and changed florescence. The dregs remain as types which wear out, the mental and moral degenerates of the type which was. Have we not degenerates enough visible in our midst today? Read the daily records of the crimes. Look at some of the faces in the streets. The new type flowers; a new phase of mind and consciousness is produced, intellectual, aesthetic, spiritual, moral, or what not. Some of the results are stored for use hereafter, as nature puts away for future use some organ of the animal body, or, if it has altogether served its turn, transforms it for some other function. The race betakes itself to the evolution of some new aspect or faculty or adds a further point to an old one. So we get the ups and downs of history. And so it is possible for those who do not see what is doing to argue that there is no progress; that the process is blind and functionless, a mere succession of samenesses that accomplish nothing. Do you not see what that means: that causes can be set going with no effects? That men can put forth their whole powers, mental or moral or spiritual, in art or science or what not — and remain what they were, the power expended vanishing traceless? For that is what it means to say that civilization does at best but repeat civilization. Every effort made by any of us on any line, mental or other, every worthy effort of will against our inertia, is a working force, raising him who makes it and contributing something *not there before* to the civilization of which he is a part. And as there always are and were those who make and have made such efforts, have even filled their lives with them, so there must be and have been eternal progress. And as a man at different parts of his life may work at different parts of his nature and develop each a step further, so with the successive civilizations. They represent humanity as a unit working at different parts of its nature. No effort fails of its result. And all results, when not now manifest, are stored against the great and superb future of our race.

So by way of final lesson we can remember that no noble stroke of work done by any of us on his own nature is wasted. It goes to his account and to the account of his civilization and to the account of all humanity. To make the smallest effort is to set a cause to work, and from then on the eternal current of effect is ceaselessly moving out.

(*To be concluded*)

## THE NIGHT WATCH

BY KENNETH MORRIS

*WHEN that I go on Night Watch here,  
From Temple Steps to Theater,  
And up and down the garden through  
And back by Pepper Avenue —*

Here the dark palm-processions stretch away  
Adown into the silence, silently down,  
As giant priests mute from their sanctuary;  
There, far across the dimness of the bay,  
The muffled lights of San Diego town  
Blink impotently at infinity. . . .

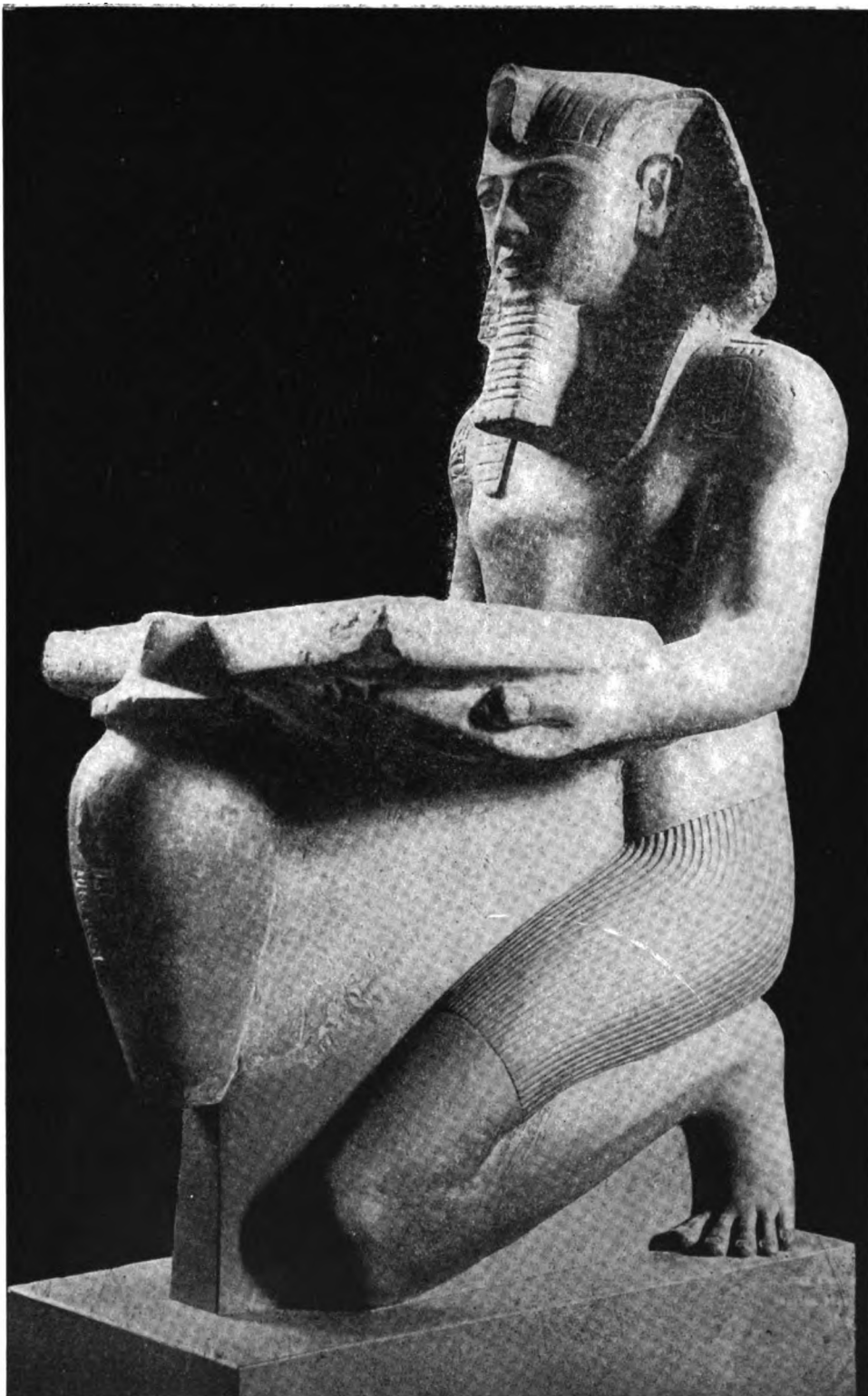
Veiling her Niobe face in cypress-lawn,  
Night broods above the mountains. She hath known  
Ten thousand universes born and die;  
But holds her hoary secrets all withdrawn,  
And speechless kneels as to some Hidden Throne  
Upreared beyond the muteness of the sky.

*And when I turn, and go the rounds  
Northward towards the Athletic Grounds,  
Northward and east, and then to west,  
Back 'twixt the cliffs and Holland Crest —*

Huge phantom multitudes come hurrying on  
Up from the starless sea, into the night;  
Ghostly, gigantic, mute; as it were a foam  
Of old defeated populations. Anon  
They come in-billowing, bosomed with faint light  
Caught from the glow in the gold-green Homestead Dome;

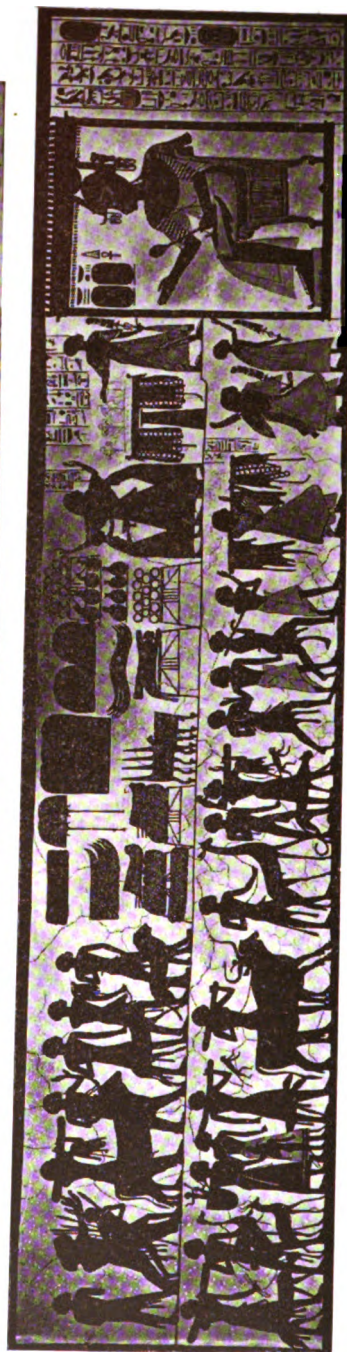
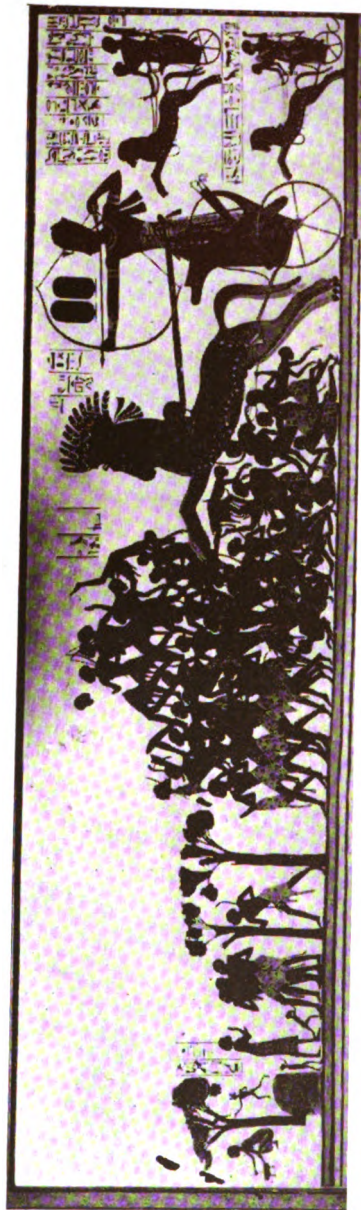
Then rear up lightless into the dark vast,  
And toss imploring spectral arms in vain,  
Searching the limitless abysm on high.  
And then they suddenly fall away and are past,  
And the cold stars have leave to shine again;  
And I hear inarticulate millions cry.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept*

**RAMESES II (THE GREAT)**



*London Photo & Engraving Dept.*

# CONQUEST OF THE ETHIOPIANS BY RAMESES THE GREAT, AND RECEPTION OF TRIBUTE

Wall painting from Bêt-el-Wali, Nubia

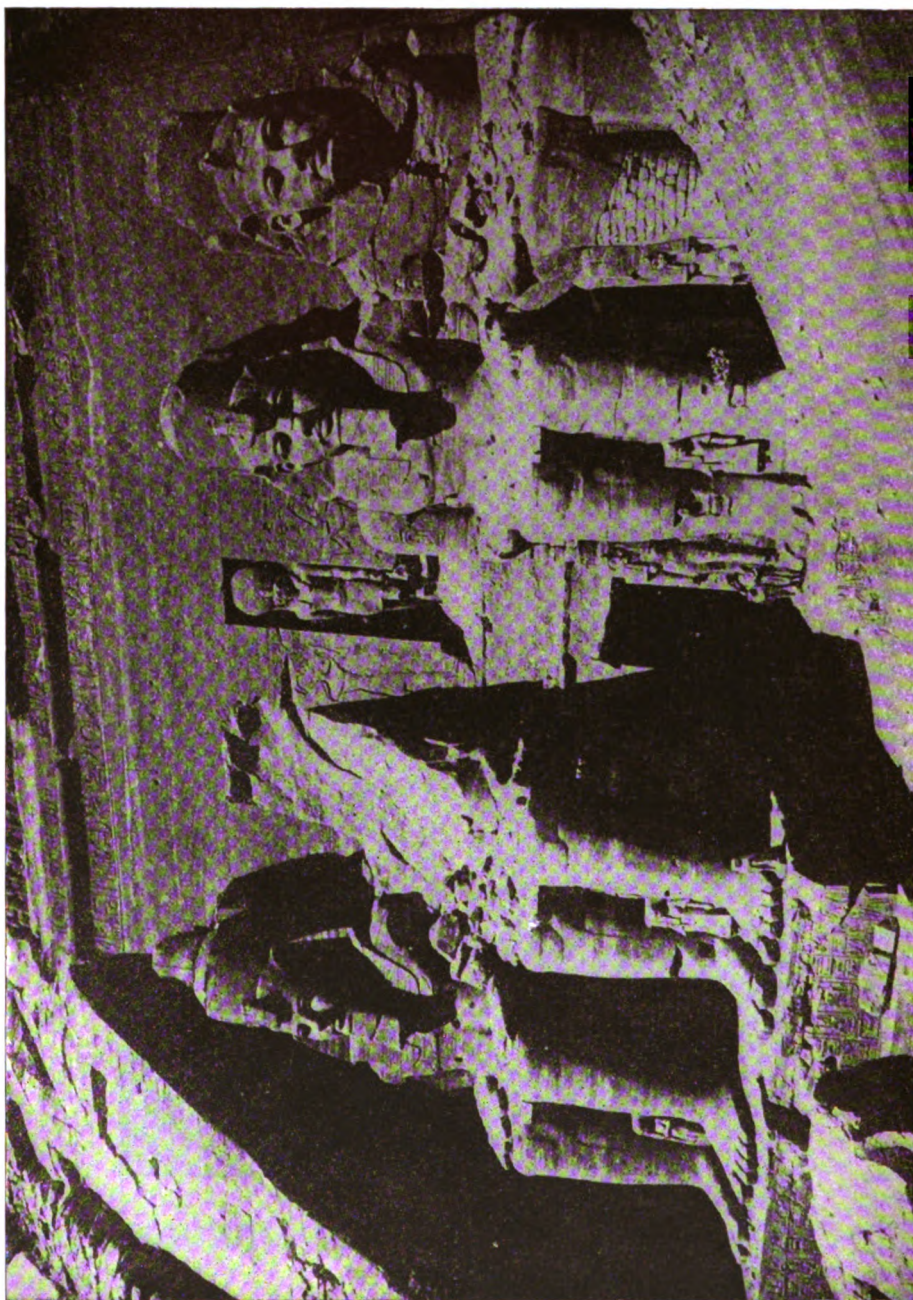


*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dep.*

(ABOVE) CAPTURE OF A CHIEF, AND ARRIVAL OF PRISONERS

(BELOW) CONQUEST OF NORTHERN ENEMIES BY RAMESES THE GREAT

Wall painting from Bêt-el-Wai, Nubia



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

FAÇADE OF GREAT ROCK-CUT TEMPLE AT ABŪ-SIMBEL, NUBIA, WITH PORTRAIT-STATUES  
OF ITS BUILDER, RAMESES THE GREAT

## RAMESES THE GREAT AND HIS VICTORIES:

by C. J. Ryan

**P**OPULAR writers are fond of including the name of Rameses II, called the Great, when reciting the list of aggressive military conquerors. A well-known picture shows him associated with Alexander the Great, Attila, Caesar, Napoleon, and other scourges of humanity, marching along a pathway thick-lined on each side with the dead bodies of their victims. Now there is little justification in putting Rameses in this category, for his wars were few and he probably considered them essential for the preservation of his realm from invasion. The Libyans, for instance, were continually attempting to penetrate into the fertile lands of the Delta, and there was always danger from the Hittites in Syria and further north. Furthermore, out of his reign of sixty-seven years, the first twenty only were spent in active campaigning; the remaining forty-seven were devoted to the arts of peace. Rameses' claim to true greatness lay chiefly in the direction of architecture.

The famous historical paintings from the warlike period of his life, which are reproduced herewith, are found upon the walls of the small temple at Bêt-el-Wâli, near Kalâbsheh in Nubia. They represent various scenes in his early campaigns, and are full of curious and interesting detail. Rameses' great battle against the Hittites at Kadesh on the river Orontes, in which he gained immense personal glory by redeeming an apparently lost campaign by a furious charge at the most critical moment, is not pictured in this series; it is found in full detail in many of his other temples and shrines, for he was evidently very proud of his one outstanding act of despairing bravery when all seemed lost. Though he won the victory, it was dearly bought, and his army was nearly annihilated. The campaign must have ended indecisively, for Rameses brought back little if any booty, and finally married the daughter of the Hittite king, thereby sealing a remarkable treaty of peace between the two great empires. This treaty is a striking example of real statesmanship, and it is permeated with a fair and extremely humane tone. As a result, there was peace between Egypt and the Hittite Empire for the rest of the reign of Rameses and long after.

In describing the wall-pictures from Bêt-el-Wâli, which represent a few scenes from the Syrian, Ethiopian, and Libyan campaigns of Rameses' early years, Mr. A. E. P. Weigall, Inspector-General of Upper Egypt, Department of Antiquities, says:

"Turning to the south wall the first scene at the east end shows the king in his chariot furiously charging down on the flying host of Ethiopians, and shooting arrows from his bow in their midst. Behind him in two chariots are the king's sons Amenherunamf and Khaemuast,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the latter being described as 'the water of the god coming forth in strength.' Each of the princes has a driver in the chariot with him, and the drawing of these is most spirited. The negroes, who carry bows and arrows, dash back towards their camp amongst the dôm palms; two warriors lead along a wounded comrade; the women and children run hither and thither in panic: and one woman looks up terrified, from her cooking. The scene at the west end of the wall shows the king seated under a canopy, while the nobles and princes of Egypt bring the tribute of the Ethiopians to him. In the upper line are gold rings, bags of precious objects, fruit, bows, leopard skins, shields, chairs, fans, feathers, tusks, a lion, a gazelle, oxen, and finally a group of negro soldiers with spears. In the lower line are prisoners, monkeys, a leopard, a giraffe, bulls, one of which has its horns ornamented with a head and hands, women with their children, one carrying two babies on her back in a basket, a gazelle, an ostrich, and a leopard.

"On the north wall of the court the scenes refer to the wars of the king in Asia Minor and Libya, and their representation here was intended to show the natives that the king was as powerful at one end of the earth as at another. The first scene at the east end of the wall shows the king, with axe raised, holding a group of Syrian captives by the hair; while the Egyptian princes lead in other prisoners, who are drawn in attitudes of the utmost despair and exhaustion. In the next scene the king is attacking a Syrian fortress, and is slaughtering a figure who appears at the top of the tower, holding a broken bow; while one of the king's sons bursts in the door with an axe. Dead warriors fall from the battlements, while the other figures supplicate the conqueror, making offerings to him as though he were a god. The following scene shows the king bending forward from his chariot, which is being whirled along by a pair of galloping horses. He is in the act of striking down his Syrian enemies, who are flying before his onslaught. Then follows a scene in which Rameses is represented putting to death a kneeling figure of a Libyan, while, as an indication of the prisoner's utter humiliation, the king's pet dog is seen biting him as he kneels. At a respectful distance various princes and nobles of Egypt bow before the king. In the next portion the king, seated under a canopy, with his tame lion at his feet, receives the princes who bring in prisoners. Three forlorn old men are dragged forward, walking on tiptoes, as though from fright. Below these are other nobles bowing before the conqueror."

In discussing Egyptian art it has frequently been said that the painters and sculptors in relief were inveterately attached to the highly conventional method of drawing the human figure which we associate with their representations — the twisted shoulders, flat feet, and other non-natural positions. That these were preferred is, of course, a matter of common observation, and many efforts have been made to explain it. Without entering upon this controversy, it is worth drawing attention to the remarkable and naturalistic drawing of many of the figures in the pictures from Bêt-el-Wâli. Look at the nude prisoner being led before the figure standing upon two bound prisoners, or at the corpses falling from the battlements; the trembling chiefs being led before Rameses seated under a canopy are quite unconventional in drawing; and among the Ethiopians there are many figures whose outlines are simply natural and highly expressive; notice the women at the left who are receiving the news of the defeat of the Ethiopian troops. In other places in Egypt there are figures so well drawn that, as Mr. Weigall says, they would not disgrace Greek art. It is perfectly obvious that the Egyptians had reasons for their general preference for the conventional which did not depend upon inability to see nature correctly or to represent

## RAMESES THE GREAT AND HIS VICTORIES

what they saw. The fact is, we must admit that the Egyptians, like many Oriental races — the Chinese for instance — looked at nature from a different standpoint from that of Europeans in general. Dr. Sirén, in his recent series of articles in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, has conclusively demonstrated this in regard to the Chinese and Japanese, and has also shown that their peculiar (to us) notions of perspective and grouping of figures are perfectly logical and right when considered from their mental attitude. The Egyptian reliefs and paintings are certainly not photographic in effect, they are essentially decorative, and they tell the story concisely and with a wonderful artistry. It will be well for us to refrain from throwing stones until we have developed some kind of originality and character in modern art.

Rameses' victories over the Hittites, the Libyans and the Ethiopians were undoubtedly of great importance to the safety of Egypt, but to us his title to greatness has been far more deservedly earned by his prowess as an administrator and especially as the builder of some of the most splendid monuments the world has ever seen. Professor Breasted, of the University of Chicago, says, of the great Hypostyle Hall at Karnak, of which the decoration was entirely carried out by Rameses II:

"He who stands for the first time in the shadow of its overwhelming colonnades, that forest of mighty shafts, the largest ever erected by human hands — crowned by the swelling capitals of the nave, on each of which a hundred men may stand together,— he who observes the vast sweep of the aisles — roofed with hundred-ton architraves — and knows that the walls would contain the entire cathedral of Notre Dame and leave plenty of room to spare, — he who notes the colossal portal over which once lay a lintel block over forty feet long and weighing some hundred and fifty tons, will be filled with respect for the age that produced this the largest columned hall ever raised by man. And if the discerning eye is rather impressed by its size than by the beauty of its lines, it should not be forgotten that the same architects produced Rameses' mortuary temple, the Ramesseum, a building not inferior in refined beauty to the best works of the Eighteenth Dynasty."

Above all the other works of Rameses the Great in originality and spiritual imagination, the palm must be given to the lonely sanctuary of Ra Harmachis at Abu Simbel in Nubia. The illustration given herewith shows the wonderful rock-cut façade with the great colossi of Rameses, calm, dignified faces looking towards the sunrise with an expression of eternal peace. The passages and chambers of the temple are excavated out of the solid rock and are covered with inscriptions and reliefs. Mr. Weigall, in his *Antiquities of Upper Egypt*, says:

"As the temple faces towards the east, it is only at sunrise that the light penetrates into the sanctuary, and only then can the reliefs on the walls be distinctly seen. Thus the whole temple is designed for the one hour of sunrise. Those who visit it at dawn and pass into the vestibule and sanctuary will be amazed at the irresistible solemnity of that moment when the sun passes above the hills, and the dim halls are suddenly transformed into a brilliantly lighted temple; and though one has sickened of the eulogies of the literary traveler in Egypt, one may in this

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case adopt his language, and describe the hour of sunrise here as one of profound and stirring grandeur. At no other time and at no other place in Egypt does one feel the same capacity for appreciating the ancient Egyptian spirit of worship."

In several places Rameses is shown leading prisoners towards or standing before his own deified self, and it is believed that he was worshiped in this temple. This appears very superstitious to those who have not penetrated into the possible inner meaning of such a strange-looking belief, but to students of Theosophy who have realized the distinction between the human personality and the divine, overshadowing, immortal Ego, it is seen to be a revelation, to those worshipers who could understand it, of the duality of human nature. While there can be little doubt that many evils had crept into the religious life of later Egypt, and that many of the kings were not true initiates into the Greater Mysteries, it is very difficult for our greatest scholars, whose point of view is essentially *modern*, to separate what was superstitious or the result of having to provide exoteric religious forms and ceremonies for the ignorant mob, from what was really a partially veiled exposition of the truths of the universal 'Secret Doctrine': in fact, it is impossible to appreciate these things with any accuracy without making a study of Theosophy.

In recent years much light has been thrown upon the literature of certain periods in ancient Egypt. Mr Flinders Petrie has published several volumes of curious and interesting stories some of which remind us of the *Arabian Nights*. The great age of Rameses II was noted for its literary output, though the written records of the State religion of that period show a decline in spirituality, in outward aspect at least. Many interesting manuscript stories, love-songs, religious poems and songs, official letters, records and accounts, and school exercises have come down to us from the time of Rameses II and the other Pharaohs of the Nineteenth Dynasty, and they have greatly helped in the reconstruction of the life of that age. Many of these have distinct literary character, and some of the poems are worthy of a place in the higher ranks of literature. The epic of 'Pentaur' is devoted to the Syrian campaign of Rameses II; especially to his dashing charge against the Hittites at Kadesh. It describes with effective dramatic contrast the valiant spirit of the young king who commands his charioteer to rush into the thick of the fight as compared with the charioteer's fear. The whole story of the battle is related with simplicity and clearness; in fact it is so well described that we can easily follow the mistakes of the Egyptians, the skilful strategy of the Hittite king Metella who "cut through the division of Re in the middle, while it was on the march, not knowing and not drawn up for battle," and the final extrication of the remains of his army from its perilous position by the desperate valor of Rameses, as related.

## FAR AWAY: by R. Machell

**F**AR away from our shores there lies a land as beautiful as the heart of man can desire, and that is saying much, for the heart of man can desire much, as we all know. But this land is far away and that explains the matter.

Natural truths find their expression in proverbs, and there is one that asserts that "distance lends enchantment to the view."

There is much wisdom in this proverb, and a part of it may possibly have escaped general observation. One may ask why should distance act as an enchanter, and what is meant by enchantment? Simple questions enough and natural, but they open the doors of the mind upon regions that seem boundless. Distance itself suggests unlimited extension, and enchantment seems to imply illusion that defies definition: though it is true that we use the word also to express a deep sense of enjoyment or the power to charm.

This suggests magic, and magic implies mystery; all of which is of the nature of the undefined and intangible, that which the very ordinary person regards as the unreal or imaginary. So that we see at once the affinity that exists between distance and enchantment, charm and illusion.

The commonplace mind tries to avoid illusion, and scorns beauty, charm, and enchantment. It adopts the word Truth as its motto, and under cover of that high-sounding word it builds a little prison of theories which it calls facts, in which it shuts itself and glories in its isolation.

But though the word Truth may be written over the entrance to this temple of self, it means nothing, for the door is closed; and those who look closely see that the real name of the building is Pride. There are no windows in this temple; but the indwelling devotee worships eternally his own limitations, which are the closed walls of his castle of delusion. The walls close in upon him and he feels that they are real, he loves their irresistible embrace, and glories in his absolute seclusion.

What then? Will the shrinkage of the walls eventually crush him, or will he retire into the inmost essence of his own consciousness and pass through nothingness into infinity? Or will he escape as the prisoner did in one of Marryatt's stories of the sea, as told by a sailor who was set to guard the captive? The man drew a ship on the walls of his cell, then he drew the waves. He was a Chinaman or a Malay, if I remember right. The waves began to rise and fall, and the ship rocked. Then the captive rapidly drew two lines from the ship to the floor, filled the space between with cross lines to represent a ladder, and, before the sailor could interfere, ran up this ladder, boarded the ship, and sailed away, leaving the truthful sailor to account for the loss of his prisoner as best he could. Imagination is a potent factor in history, I believe.

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That sailor must have felt that truth is indeed a mystery, which the profane are not qualified to use. Capt. Marryat may have been a transcendental philosopher, and he may have seen in this story an allegory of a truth in nature; to wit, the indestructibility of the essential principle of life, which passes from one plane of existence to another through the mysterious gateway of death or of transmutation, from the seen to the unseen, as a flame which opens the door between the visible world in which the candle exists tangibly, and the ethereal world in which its transmuted elements subsist invisibly. The flame goes out, the door closes, and the material candle has vanished — a mystery too familiar to be capable of real explanation. The things that are very near to us are mostly unintelligible for that reason. We can not judge of their significance or relative importance when they are so near. Indeed, we are often quite unable to find things that lie close at hand, or to see them when we are looking straight in their direction.

Distance lends more than enchantment, it lends value and relativity. And what is distance but a sense of detachment?

If you stand with your nose against the canvas you can not see the picture, if you touch the walls of a building you can not at the same time appreciate the architecture. If you want to know what happiness means you must wait till you have lost it. If you wish to know the true value of a man's work you must outlive him and read his history in the light of a wider knowledge.

In this fact lies a part of the explanation of the many unhappy unions and the frequent separation of partners and associates of all kinds. The need of distance. Nearness means disillusionment.

Did ever anyone associate happiness with disillusionment? Sometimes a cynic will thank God that he has got rid of all his illusions, but that is a mere bluff. No man can live on this earth if he is free from all illusions, since the earth itself is only known to us by its appearance to our sense-perceptions and imagination: without these a man is but a point in space, and space is unimaginable to the brain of incarnated man. As human beings we live by and in illusion.

True, we distinguish between these illusions and try to establish in this changing world, where permanence is so shortlived, some arbitrary standard of reality: but even here there is no sort of real agreement possible, only a kind of compromise. Still, within certain limits, we may agree that some illusions are true appearances, and others are false or distorted. Where all men are deluded by the very nature of their existence, and so may be called lunatics, it is necessary to establish some limits at which delusion may be said to pass the bounds of sanity. No one knows where such a line can be drawn, and only a compromise can

## FAR AWAY

be reached, with disputes certain and unavoidable between so-called authorities.

But to return to our land of beauty that lies so far away. Why do we go to some high peak to get a view of the distant scene? Simply because of the charm of distance.

"Blue glittering seas and headlands dim  
Of myosote and amethyst,  
Blue phantom mountains hung in mist  
Of pearl-dust on the horizon's rim."

Those headlands are not dim mysteries of myosote and amethyst when we get near them. They are like the ground we stand on, just that; no more; the spot we want to get away from, to lose ourselves in the infinite — yes, to lose ourselves, or to find ourselves as you please; it all depends on what you mean by Self. That is the key to all mysteries. Knowledge of the true Self. The old wisdom says: "Give up thy life if thou wouldst live"; or, again, we are told that we shall never come to know the meaning of Self until we can draw back and detach ourselves from it — and this detachment seems to suggest distance.

When our friends come back to Point Loma from the outside world they say: "You don't know what you have here; you ought to go away for a time, then you would understand."

I remember an old story of a man who had an ambition to be a great architect, and to achieve fame; so when he had learned his profession he set out to conquer the world, refusing the invitation of the council of his native city to stay and build the bridge that had fallen long ago and left the little city to dwindle into insignificance. Well, he gained some experience, as you may suppose, and was allowed to assist other men whose reputation was established, but he remained himself unknown to fame; until at last he grew homesick and went back to his native place. The bridge was still a ruin, and it stirred his pity. So he set to work to get the people interested in its reconstruction and one offered materials, and another implements, and another labor, and so on; while he worked and planned, and organized the builders into a community, to whom he gave instructions: and the work began. Then one day the floods came down and threatened to destroy the rising bridge, but the architect was there directing the whole community in the dangerous work of saving the unfinished structure. The bridge was saved, but the designer was drowned: and when at last the work was completed, the grateful city called the bridge by his name, and set up a statue of its designer to watch over it. So he found fame where it had lain waiting for him, near at hand, while he was far away pining for his distant home.

The beauty that distance gives to a scene is not an illusion, rather it

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is a revelation. Sometimes it would seem as if the distance itself was the source of beauty, and that this charm is indeed borrowed by the landscape, and is not inherent in it. What then is distance? Is it a something in itself? a source of beauty? a reality? Or is it perhaps a something spiritual? That is to say, something that is not on this plane, something that is not a material tangible fact, but that is an underlying reality, that is one of the links between consciousness and objects of perception: something that is everywhere like the air, but which is not so material as the atmosphere. It is more like love, which is the bond between two that are separate; and which is a reality to them under certain conditions, and which vanishes sometimes with contact.

Possibly the charm of distance is in part due to its power of drawing the mind out beyond the bounds of self into the infinite, where it becomes responsive to vibrations of a higher order than those it experiences in close contact with the body.

Certainly distance is relativity, and while it separates it is also the bond of union. It is not something tangible, yet it is the relation between objects and their perceiver.

The love of travel is a natural response to the call of distance; and what if the journey destroy that illusion by the experience of nearness? Does it not repay the traveler by revealing to him the charm of that home he was so willing to leave? Is home-sickness an illusion? Ask those who have felt it. Yet the returned traveler is apt to make life miserable for those at home by his complaints and exactions, and by his disparaging comparison of the realities of home-life with the charms of the now distant lands that he has visited.

It seems to me as if distance were a presence from another world that permeates the visible universe with beauty, inspiring longing in the heart towards the infinite. It calls us away from earth to that other world, but we do not understand its message. We see through its fair face only the dull reality of the material world; and then rail at Nature or at life when we experience the disappointment that follows upon realization of actualities.

Discussing this subject once with an old Arab, I was answered as usual by a story, from which I was left to draw my own conclusion.

There was a man, he said, in Jerusalem, who dreamed that he would achieve great fortune in Cairo, and as he was very poor he decided to take the hint and go to Cairo; which he accomplished with some difficulty, being poor. In Cairo he sold fruit to earn a living, and waited in vain for the promised fortune. One day a customer as poor as himself was complaining of the conditions that made life so hard there, and inquired what could have induced the fruit-seller to leave home in order

## FAR AWAY

to come to such a place. The man from Jerusalem told him; and was laughed at for his credulity. Trust a dream? Ridiculous! Why dreams are common enough; but he, the customer, was not such a fool as to be led away by one. As a proof of his indifference to such things he told one of his own, in which he had seen a treasure that was buried under the floor of a house, which he was able to describe with such exactitude that his listener at once recognised his own poor home in Jerusalem. When the story was finished the customer threw down the peel of a banana he had been eating, saying: "There is the value of a dream. Take it, you are welcome"; and went his way laughing. The fruit-seller did take it, and was soon on his way back to Jerusalem. When he arrived he did not stay to greet his family, but went to borrow a pickaxe and a spade, with which he tore up the floor of his house, to the amazement of his wife who thought he had gone mad. But at last the treasure was unearthed, that had lain there all the time while he was so badly in need of it. But he had to go far away in order to learn of its existence.

The meaning of the allegory was clear enough on ordinary lines of interpretation; but it seemed to suggest something deeper, and I began to wonder if it were not true that this material world is actually a shadow or a reflexion from another, and that the reflexion is in some strange way a reproduction by inversion of a world more real than this. We are always told that Truth can only be expressed in paradox, and it may be that therein lies a clue to the charm of distance and to the power of its appeal. It may be that the distance is the reality that seems to part us from the land of our desire, which latter is an illusion, so far at least as its charm goes. It may be that desire and disappointment, anticipation of delight and disillusionment, are but the result of our misunderstanding as to the nature of the world we live in and our own relation to it.

Those who retire from the world and seek wisdom in seclusion are not all blinded by selfishness, nor are they shirkers of their responsibilities. Rather are they students of the real meaning of life, who seek to identify themselves with the heart of the world, and to take upon themselves their full share of responsibility in the task of guiding human evolution along the path of progress, and of lightening the load of suffering that men pile upon their own shoulders through ignorance of the laws of life. By drawing back from the hurly-burly of life they are able to recover that mastery of their own lower nature necessary to those who would fit themselves to truly serve their fellows.

In this seclusion there is no peace unless the disciple find it in his own heart, for the paradox of life rules everywhere. As there is no solitude so distressing as loneliness in a crowd, so too there is no fiercer

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

conflict than that which a man finds in his own heart, when he can enter there demanding admission to the mysteries of his own inner self. And when that mystery is solved and peace is found, immediately the man becomes aware of his own oneness with the world. Then he has done with retirement from the world, for he has opened the door into a real sanctuary in his own heart, and can henceforth mix with the world unshaken by the storm and strife of human competition, and can with certainty guide others on the path of wisdom, and give help to those who seek the light, which he himself has found.

There is in every human heart a fountain of pure life, of joy and harmony beyond the dreams of men who only live for pleasure and enjoyment. There is a land, if one may call it so, more beautiful than even the heart of man can picture, for it is beyond the gateway of the heart. It is the region of the Soul; and it is far away from earth, for earth is here, and earth is there, whereas the regions of the Soul are everywhere. They are the invisible regions of space, the silence and the Infinite; they are the beauty that pervades the earth, they are the depth of heaven, and the radiance of the stars, and the light in the eyes of the children, the magic in music, and the mystery of art.

That world is the Soul itself, it is that which has many names, and yet remains unspeakable; once it was called TAO, and devotees have sought it under many of its names, and some have found it and passed on; and others have caught a glimpse of it; and none may claim it for his own; and none may guess when it will reveal itself, nor how, nor where he shall come on the heart of TAO. The legends tell us how the seekers sought for it, and how the mystery would sometimes be revealed to outcasts in their misery, while wise and pious devotees waited and watched in vain. One such I call to mind:

“There where the brook comes down in a white cascade,  
From the gloom of the pines above, to the green of the mountain glade,  
Suddenly I was aware of the heart of TAO.

“I was making a poem — simple thoughts enow,  
And choosing the simplest words — and then, somehow,  
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade,

“At the sound of a lute blown down through the pinetrees’ shade,  
The spirit within me thrilled and leaped and swayed,  
And suddenly I was aware of the heart of TAO.

“First there was one came bent, and the sweat on his brow,  
Bearing a load, ’twixt low-hung bough and bough,  
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade;

“And then came that One unseen in the wood, who played;  
And then, this one that heard, in the woodland strayed,  
Was suddenly wholly aware of the heart of TAO.

## THE GARDEN OF EDEN

"But suppose I had only striven and searched and prayed,  
And not gone forth where my fancy took me — how  
Should I so have suddenly come on the heart of TAO,  
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade?"

NOTE. Poetical arrangement by K. V. Morris from translations of a Taoist poem. R. M.

## THE GARDEN OF EDEN: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

"AND the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil."

**W**HAT a spell is woven around the very name of the Garden of Eden, for all of us who have been brought up amid the associations it recalls! Nor do I believe that this spell is wholly due to the association, or that it can be broken by a mere critical analysis of the Hebrew text. For there is more behind the name than the unaided mind can analyse, and the intuition of man, who is the heir of the ages, must have *felt* some of that inner allegorical meaning that lies hid in the name of the Garden of Eden and enshrines some of the most sacred memories of our great human family. Truly, those who have seen no more in the Bible than its literal dead-letter meaning, and those who have scoffed at it as mere fable, are both in the wrong; neither have glimpsed its real sacredness. Let us see if we can now discover any of this inner meaning and thereby add sacredness to an already sacred association.

Many people have speculated as to the geographical site of the Garden; and this is but natural, seeing that so many of the places mentioned in the Bible narratives can be identified and visited today. In *Genesis* certain topographical details are added; a river runs through the garden to water it, and is parted into four streams; the lands through which these streams flow is briefly described. These particulars seem to afford hints for identification of the site; yet to what varying conclusions have they led! Josephus was of opinion that the four rivers were the Tigris, Euphrates, Ganges, and Nile (which must therefore have had a common source). Calvin believed Eden to have been at the mouth of the Euphrates on the Persian Gulf. General Gordon and others were strongly of opinion that Eden was in one of the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean. Others, who have heard something of American archaeology, have placed

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the Garden in Yucatan. Still others believe it was at the North Pole, which, according to geology, was formerly warm. From all this it seems evident that the topographical details given in the Bible are not sufficient to enable us to choose any one site.

But supposing the Garden of Eden to have been a real place, still upon the map (if we could only find that place), what is to be said of the Creation story? Is that all literal truth? Very few believe so nowadays, and we shall find ourselves in good theological company if we declare our disbelief in the exact *verbal* truth of the narrative. But we are very far indeed from running to the opposite extreme and avowing that the whole story is futile folk-lore. Such extreme views, on either side, show shallowness of mind. Like other Theosophists, especially H. P. Blavatsky herself, we believe that there is much more in the Bible than has yet been gotten out of it; and that, however confused and obscured it may be, it is in the main one of the world's sacred allegories and may prove a mine of truth for those who can find the proper keys to unlock its mysteries.

It is evident that we have in the Eden story a very confused and altered symbolical narrative or allegory. Yet, if it be asked whether the story is *all* allegory, we cannot answer even this in the affirmative. The domain of literature contains many examples of stories which are at once allegorical and historical; and I think the immortal epics of Homer may be numbered among this class. What if the various gods and heroes depicted do represent the powers of the human soul, such as courage, strength, devotion, etc., it is possible and even very probable that historical personages were often chosen as the figures around which to weave the allegory. In old England there used to be enacted certain dramas called 'Mystery Plays.' In these the characters were symbolical, such as Virtue, Vice, Pride, and so forth. But later on it became the custom to introduce real characters, historical characters, among the *dramatis personae*. Thus were obtained dramas which were both historical and allegorical, and might possibly have puzzled critics ignorant of their origin. Coming down to the present moment, it is easy to see that any good writer might sit down here and now and compose an allegory of the struggle of the human soul, with Theodore Roosevelt and his big stick occupying the part of Hercules, and the dragons represented by something else. What would future critics make of this? Would they say Roosevelt was nothing but a solar myth or a religious conception?

H. P. Blavatsky says that Eden, as a locality, was no myth, but a real place, being the name for the Tigris-Euphrates region. But here we come up against an apparent obstacle. We find that the idea of a garden of Eden was not confined to the Hebrews nor to that part of the world, but is universal. It has already been found by scholars that the Bible narrative

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must have been derived and somewhat altered by the Hebrew scribes from an older Chaldaean source, which has been found and translated. But this is a small matter compared with the fact that the same legend has been found widely scattered among the aboriginal tribes of America thus leading some theorists to locate the garden of Eden on this side of the ocean. Prescott tells us that the early Spanish pioneers found many of the Christian symbols and narratives paralleled among the Aztecs. For fuller particulars we may refer to various sources, among them a book called *The Myths of the New World*, by Professor Brinton, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania. He says:

"In the myths of ancient Iran there is mention of a celestial fountain, Arduisur, . . . whence four all-nourishing rivers roll their waves toward the cardinal points. The Tibetans believe that on the sacred mountain of Himavata grows the tree of life, Zampu, from whose foot once more flow the waters of life in four streams to the four quarters of the world. . . . The same tale is told by the Chinese of the mountain Kou-an-tun, by the Edda of the mountain in Asaheim, whence flows the spring Hvergelmir, by the Brahmins of Mount Meru, and by the Parsees of Mount Albors in the Caucasus. . . .

"The Aztec priests never chanted more regretful dirges than when they sang of Tulan, the cradle of their race, where once it dwelt in peaceful indolent happiness, whose groves were filled with birds of sweet voices and gay plumage. . . .

"The myth of the Quichés but changes the name of this pleasant land. With them it was Pan-paxil-pacayala, where the waters divide in falling. . . . Once again in the legends of the Mixtecas we hear the old story repeated of the garden where the first two brothers dwelt. 'Many trees were there, such as yield flowers and roses, very luscious fruits, divers herbs, and aromatic spices.'"

Not to weary with quotations, I may take this as sufficient for the present purposes, though it is but a sample of what might be adduced to show that the idea of Eden is universal, as are also the stories of the fall of man, the flood, and other related particulars. But what is the significance of all this? Does it detract from the value, the beauty, the sacredness of the story of the Garden of Eden? Not one whit, but greatly enhances it. Need we try to get rid of these facts or explain them away? Not at all; on the contrary we should welcome them because they show that the Hebrew Bible story is far more ancient and sacred than we had thought.

Brinton, in his book, and many other scholars, think that these stories are nothing but the attempts of primitive man to express his feelings; but this does not explain why the story is always and everywhere the same, even down to minute details, such as the sending out of birds from the ark. The wiser surmise would be that it is the same story — the same story repeated over and over again by different peoples, each people adding to it the names suitable to their particular locality.

Evidently the Hebrew scribes took this ancient mystery-story, and

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located their Eden in the Tigris-Euphrates region; evidently each one of these American tribes had received the story from their ancestors and with them the story received its various local colorings. But whence and how did it originate?

Scholars have told us — it is written in our school history-books — that the cradle of the Aryan race is somewhere in the Highlands of Central Asia; and they opine that in this region once dwelt the great single race from which, as they think, the various races of Europe and some of those in Asia separated and dispersed. There is truth in this theory, but also much error. They do not put the Aryan race far enough back in time nor make it large enough. According to Theosophical teachings, the Aryan race is the Fifth great Root-Race of humanity, and has been in existence as an independent race for about 800,000 years. Its early sub-races dwelt in a part of Asia, some of which is now submerged beneath the sea. In ancient India dwelt some of the descendants of these early sub-races; and others had migrated to America — journeying thither by a land route which at that time existed. It is this which has caused the marvelous world-wide similarity beneath religious myths, and the wonderful similarity between the temples and pyramids of ancient America and those of Egypt. All these divers races are the remote offspring of a common race, which had a common religion. This common religion was embodied in allegory and symbol and passed down from generation to generation. Such allegories are undying, for they enshrine living truth, and continue to live in the racial memory of mankind for untold ages. The Eden story is one of them. And now let us consider its meaning.

Every one of these great sacred symbols has *many* meanings, *many* applications; and it is absurd to quarrel over different meanings or to belittle the subject by narrowing it down. Eden signifies the innocent bliss of a child-state. But a child-state may apply to an individual, or to a nation, or to a race, or to humanity itself. Let us take the widest meaning first. The Garden of Eden signifies the happy innocent child-state in which humanity dwelt before the fall — the Golden Age of humanity, so to say. But it also signifies the primeval state of the Fifth Root-Race of Humanity, and it is in this latter sense, doubtless, that it is generally to be understood in the Eden stories. They tell of the peace and innocence of the early sub-races of the Aryan race, and of the wondrous land in Asia where heaven and earth reflected the harmony and happiness of man.

The subject can hardly be continued without reference to the subsequent story of *Genesis*. The 'Lord God' had commanded Adam not to eat of the Tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for that he should surely die. But the Serpent persuades the woman Eve to eat the forbidden

## THE GARDEN OF EDEN

fruit, assuring her that "Ye shall not die, but shall become as Gods, knowing good and evil." She eats and persuades Adam to eat; and their eyes are opened and the outraged Deity expels them from Eden to the outer world to win their living by hard toil. This is the well-known story.

Now who or what is the Serpent mentioned in this narrative? H. P. Blavatsky points out — what many had already suspected — that our familiar theology has made a grave mistake in interpreting this Serpent as an evil power and also in misapplying the word 'tempt.' The Serpent is a universally accepted symbol of Wisdom, and is so mentioned in the Bible itself elsewhere. I am aware that this may come as somewhat of a shock to some minds, but am very far from wishing to shock anyone. I merely wish to arrive at an understanding of the Bible teaching — and at an understanding more reverent and more in harmony with our sense of the Eternal Goodness than is the ordinary crude conception. It would seem that the power which man gained by eating of the fruit — a figurative expression, of course — was not an evil power. It is expressly stated that, by so doing, he became as a God, knowing good and evil, and that his eyes were opened. According to the ordinary interpretation it is very difficult to understand how the Deity could permit his will to be thwarted, or could tolerate such an adversary as the theological Devil is represented to be. But many have thought, and surely in all reverence, that this 'temptation,' as it is called — though I should prefer to call it a test or a trial — was *permitted* or even ordained by the Deity as a necessary step in man's growth. Without it, man would have remained for ever in his state of blissful ignorance. May we not, then, suggest that the Deity was desirous of conferring upon man more power, and therefore endowed him with the power of free choice? This gift of free choice could not be thrust upon him; it had to be offered. If this be so, then the Serpent spoken of may well have been an agent of the Deity himself, sent to test man. Man accepted the tremendous gift, and with it assumed a new responsibility. It is of course conceivable that he did not make the best use of his new power; perhaps he even in a sense *failed*. But at all events he did not fail irremediably; and it was prophesied that man should eventually redeem all his errors by the power of the Divinity within him.

This interpretation certainly clears up much of the perplexity that has arisen around the question, and in no way detracts from any reverence one may feel for the subject.

The eating of the fruit refers to the time when man received the gift of the free-will and became thereby a responsible being. He was exiled from his previous state of ignorant bliss and child-like innocence, and he braved dangers and risks in order to win a greater glory. In order to ascend to greater heights, he assumed a power that could be abused.

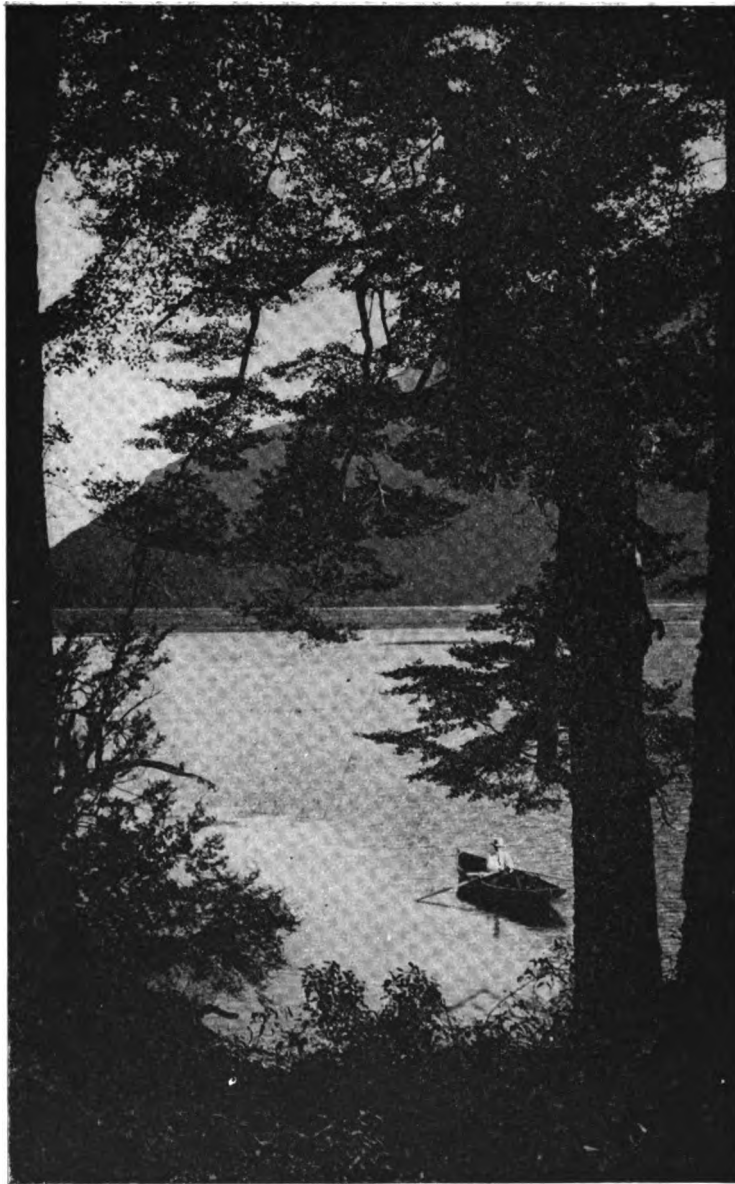
## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

And there is little doubt that he did abuse his power, and has often abused it, and still abuses it; but he will one day win through and justify his Divine gift.

Sometimes you may hear people wondering whether man's gift of intelligence has been to him on the whole a blessing or a curse. It is both, according to the use he makes of it. The child-state of ignorant innocence has its merits; but we cannot always be children. We must grow; and in undertaking new responsibilities, we shoulder new burdens. Yet a sacred book says that the candidate for Wisdom must "regain the child-state he has lost"; and this may serve to remind us that *Paradise Lost* has its sequel in *Paradise Regained*. If the evolution of man involves a fall, it also involves a resurrection. The Christ in man is entombed in the grave of earth, but will rise again, victorious over the flesh. Man will learn by experience to master his lower nature and command all the forces of the lower kingdoms; and thus he will be redeemed and fit once more to enter Paradise; this time not in the innocence of ignorance, but in the purity of Knowledge.

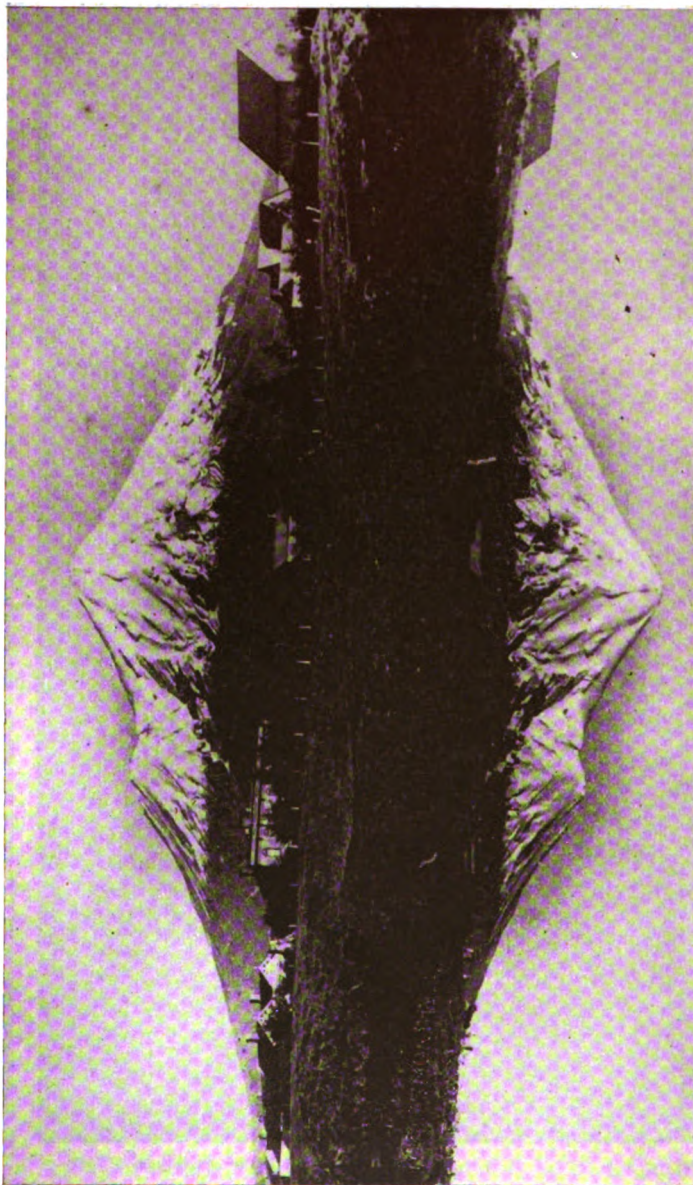
Though much more could be said on this important subject, it is time to draw to a close. Let us sum up the leading points. The Garden of Eden is a feature in a sacred allegory of great antiquity, which has been preserved for us by our ancestors as a tradition of the Golden Age of our race. But in its wider meaning it typifies the history of all mankind, in its mighty progress from the pristine state of innocence, through the state of responsibility, to the final triumph. In conclusion, we may apply the symbol on a still smaller scale — to man the individual and to man the society. Let us ever keep alive in our hearts this sacred memory of a golden past. Let us remember that each one of us has come into this life as a babe fresh from the eternal spheres and the abodes of bliss wherein the untrammelled Soul dwells. Let us remember that that bourne lies before us when we depart; that to it our departed loved-ones have gone. But above all let us bear in mind that we need not wait until we die in order to re-enter Eden. For it is the destiny of man to make an Eden of earth. Unless man can do so, the whole purpose of his incarnation is futile. We have, then, to restore the lost Eden, to make a heaven on earth, to regain the child-state we have lost.

Whatever critics may say about the Garden of Eden — let them put it in a test-tube and analyse it, or dissect it with a knife — we will keep alive in our hearts that sacred ideal; and even if there never was an Eden, we can resolve that in future there shall be one, if it is only around the spot which our own footsteps may be privileged to make brighter.



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**BEAUTIFUL MAORILAND**  
**Diamond Lake, New Zealand**



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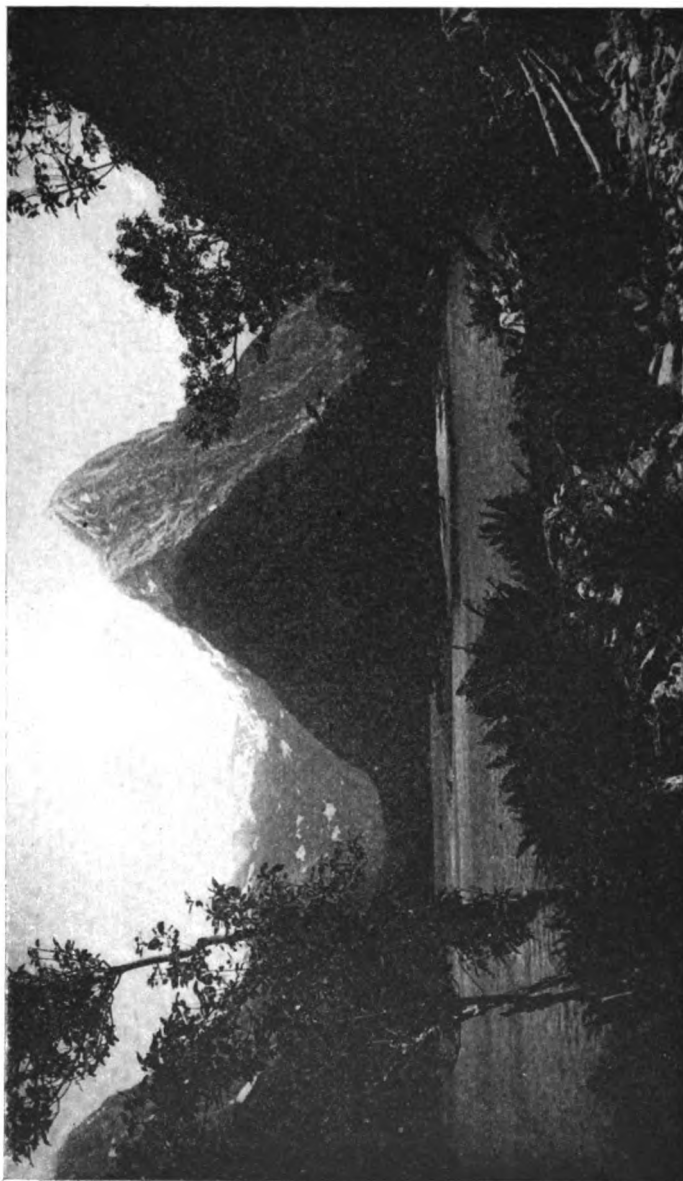
**MOUNT EGMONT, NEW ZEALAND**

Height, 8220 feet



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dep.*

MOUNT NGAURUHOE, NEW ZEALAND



*Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept*

**MITRE PEAK, MILFORD SOUND, NEW ZEALAND**

## THE PASSING OF MERLIN: by Kenneth Morris

### IV: HOW MERLIN GREW OLD, DWELLING ALONE IN CELYDDON

THE years flew by. Beyond Celyddon still  
Darker and darker waxed the world of men:  
There was no hope the sun should rise again,  
The Spirit Sun, and with his splendors thrill  
The inward firmaments to light, as when  
O'er the tense blackness of some eastward hill  
Dawn lights her daffodil.

Once on aerial far journeyings  
Aquest through all those islands Merlin wended;  
And sought in regions dolorous or splendid —  
The cells of monks, the palaces of kings —  
And many communed with, and heard commended  
All but that Splendor in the Heart of Things,  
Those proud imaginings

Which made the bards and heroes mighty of old  
To uphold things fair and excellent and true;  
No man he found to understand or rue  
Time's pillars broken, stripped of all their gold  
And ivory, and the chill winds shuddering through  
The desolate chambers — and the world grown cold,  
Lightless and pygmy-souled.

Whereafter, anxious vigils must he keep  
In the Orchard; scarce, him-seemed, since Time began  
Had so great ills oppressed the race of Man,  
Such loss, distraction, and untimely sleep.  
And in deep trance he set himself to scan  
For any sign the blue unmeasured deep  
Wherethrough these systems sweep.

And still no sign he saw: hope was denied,  
Near hope, to him. And now he dwelt alone,  
And as he might, 'gainst foes known and unknown  
Held that lone garth unsullied, unespied;  
Pacing at dawn and eve, as erst, to intone  
His wizard chants along the forest side  
In lonely faith and pride.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

And a long, long time passed, and he grew old,  
And the world came about him soft as dream;  
And half fantastical all things did seem,  
Half real: golden dimness did enfold  
All that of old in clear light used to gleam:  
The stream, the old trees lichen-boughed and boled,  
The daffodilly gold.

And often, in the azure-silvered night,  
Strange scintillations filled the interim  
'Twixt his bright dreamings and the outward dim:  
Slim silvern spirits, willowy, plume-bedight,  
Cream-gold, of frost and flame — and wreathings slim  
Of violet-shadowed dance, and fleeting light  
Blue turkis-bright.

And these in vaguest intertwining maze  
Wandered and paled far off among the trees,  
And then were lost in the interstices  
Where the blue night shone through. And midst the haze  
Of slumberous summer days and drone of bees,  
Shone phantoms of old times and golden days  
Down the green forest ways.

Once on a golden morn in blue July,  
When on the grass the dew shone diamond fair,  
And, nets of silver in the crystal air,  
Hung the spun gossamer — he, half dreaming, by  
The well-side, 'neath the low-hung boughs, was ware  
Of sunlit populations drifting nigh,  
Real or fantasy;

Gliding they rose, and flashed and vanished through  
The little spaces of bright jewel-green  
Where the sun shone on ferny meadows, seen  
Far off between the trees: — cloaks lupine-blue,  
Bright eyes incognisant — a drifting sheen,  
Drifting and passing, silent as the dew,  
Speechless, unspoken to. . . . .

## THE PASSING OF MERLIN

— He started from his dreams. — From far and far,  
Breaking the golden quietness of morn,  
Faint shouting through the forest leagues came borne;  
Bray of a battle-horn — the shock and jar  
Of rieving war. — There was no time to mourn  
The Druids' toil outworn: their spells, to bar  
Ingress of wrath and war

Outworn — the haunted mountains desolate  
The Gods first sowed with rigors dire of yore,  
Impassable to wandering feet no more,  
A wall no more to hold indeseccrate  
Their garth; — but now forsooth passed featly o'er  
By thievish kings at war, to flaunt their hate  
Where Heaven's Peace reigned of late.

He rose, and seven times paced the Orchard round,  
Sternly, and wrought with all his strength to impel  
Far out the awe and resonance of a spell  
Should boom and sing and tremble along the ground;  
And the elemental hosts invisible  
Awoke, and made the glades and groves resound  
With that deep glory of sound;

And then the invading noises died away;  
And there were days of sunlit quietude  
Again, and glimmering days of rain dim hued  
O'er the green lawn, and whisperings silver-gray  
In the leaves, and the wet woods in wizard mood  
Brooding on Them whose immemorial sway  
Keeps the green world so gay.

(O little drifting multitudes! O Wind  
That shouting sweep'st along the billowing sea  
Whose foam is green leaves, whose waves, tree by tree;  
O swift and footless, eyeless and unblind,  
Tongueless loud-crying! — for thy young-heart glee,  
Of all things known to our dull humankind,  
What cause didst ever find?)

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

### V: HOW THE ELEMENTAL RACES FLED FROM CELYDDON

A little while that peace endured, and then  
Sounds of the world without broke in again;  
And now such noises as one might not hear  
But they should strike upon his sense with fear,  
Though wisest he of all the sons of men.

For in his cell, or pacing to and fro,  
He had no peace for far off blow on blow  
Of axes, and anon the Woodmen's call  
Ill-omened, and anon the crash and fall  
Of some great leafy titan laid alow.

He might betake him to his spells anew  
In the gray dawn, and at the fall of dew,  
And pacing at new moon and at full moon,  
Raise in midwood his holiest druid croon,  
White wonder of star-speech where the nightjar flew;

But ever, as the vibrance died away,  
Or at day's dawn, or at the wane of day,  
Blew in from far and far the ominous, slow,  
Dull repetition of axe-blow on axe-blow;  
And the eve shuddered and the noon grew gray. . . .

Once in the gloom and rainless evening weather,  
In a lone place purple with dusk and heather,  
He was aware of faery lamentations,  
And shining through the dusk, faint flamey nations,  
As seed of the thistle blown, aglow like a dove's neck-feather,

In pale processions waning down o'er the moors and valleys;  
And a trailing of wan flame-bubbles through the branch-groyned midwood  
alleys;  
Low wailing through the pillared green-gloom; drifts of stars by  
grove and glade;  
Plaining of low voices:— Nevermore in the beechtrees' shade  
Song to be, nor laughter and harping by rush-grown hollow and hill-heart  
palace.

## THE PASSING OF MERLIN

And he watched them shine and pass, as a pale, pearl-dim smoke-plume  
Where now in sudden sombre orange and rose and gold and lavender-bloom,  
The west burned o'er the hills and the trembling tops of the beeches;  
And he deemed that now no more forever, in the forest's secret reaches,  
Song should be, nor laughter and harping of fairies wake through the  
moon-dim gloom.

And he knew there was no spell in the world potent to hinder or undismay  
them;  
Not the speech of the moon-glossed waters: not the speech of the stars,  
should stay them;  
For they were aware of Terror hiding behind the low red panting moon;  
And it seemed to them that the Lights of Heaven were appalled, and  
falling down in a swoon,  
And that for them some curse as an arrow wandered the winds of the world  
to slay them.

## VI: HOW THE WOODMEN BESIEGED CELYDDON

Some nightshade magic, mightier than his own,  
Opposed him now, and must prevail, he knew,  
Unless the Master of a Starry Throne  
Swift to his aid, should lighten down the blue;  
Was little more that he might do, alone.

Little — except to live in the Eye of Light,  
A Druid, nowise ceasing, night or day,  
From sacrificial rituals wrought in sight  
Of That whose quickening thrills the Milky Way  
Into delight, into calm, keen delight. . . . .

So lived he always. Yet as mockery borne  
Wind-blown to one astrayed in wastes of sands,  
Who nourisheth no hope of night or morn  
That he may win to green and watered lands,  
But hears the demons laugh, and bides forlorn —

Or as the battle-drums of Uffern boom  
About some stronghold midst the Spatial Snows,  
Which might, well-manned, withstand the Hordes of Doom,  
But now some angel outpost holds, who knows  
That this side Sirius' rayed and flamey bloom,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

And this side those arcane and dreadful Seven  
That swing through night slowly the Pole Star round,  
There move no pluméd Paladins of Heaven:  
Aldebaran holds some distant battle-ground;  
Algol disarmed forth from the field is driven; —

So rang the axes, louder and yet more loud,  
Round the woods' rim, round and about his mind;  
And still he went unhurried, white and proud,  
A Druid Compeer of the Sun and Wind;  
Lonely in the world; old; unperturbed; uncowed.

Uncowed — even though he knew the Kings of Hell,  
Hungering for dominance, their hosts arrayed  
Against Celyddon: tree by tree to fell,  
Grove after grove, green secret glade by glade  
To waste, where erst the beautiful Gods did dwell;

Till they should reach the seven and seven score trees  
Of wisdom, and that One, holiest of all,  
Where grew the Threefold Herb of Mysteries,  
The Mistletoe. Then belike heaven should fall,  
And all her stars drown in the nether seas.

## VII: OF THE LAST BATTLE IN CELYDDON

So lonely had he dwelt unnumbered years;  
Unnumbered years on all sides compasséd  
By Hellions round about; and now sans cease  
The ravening of their axes in his ears  
Rang near at hand; the forest leagues were dead  
Which once engirdled round the Garth of Peace.

Daily he strove with them, and was driven back;  
And summer waned, and the sad autumn came,  
And slowly the fruit ripened; though e'en now  
Full half the trees were leafless, stark, burned black  
'Neath the first breaths of Hell's oncoming flame —  
Leafless, burned black, stark trunk and broken bough

## THE PASSING OF MERLIN

Night came down slowly. Merlin paced the lawn  
Between the many and the lonely tree;  
Dim yellow Hesper westward down the gloom  
Sunk drowning. Still, perchance, till break of dawn,  
Chanting his holiest hymns of druidry,  
He might hold back Earth's and Heaven's threatened doom;

Longer he dared not hope. From every hill  
Swelled loud a thunder of incantations dire  
To counter him; and all his lambent soul,  
Challenged by so immense and imminent ill,  
White to the combat flamed: heroic fire,  
White, keen, celestial, pitted 'gainst the whole

Black wrath of chaos. In and out the trees,  
Moving in a white light, all night he sang;  
And round him from the darkness flashed and flamed  
Red shuddering fulminations; sorceries  
Harsh, sharp and abominable outrang;  
And night's self moaned and trembled, frightened and shamed.

All spells, save one Lone Name, he sang; he knew  
That were That spoken, he should pass from thence  
And be at peace, and leave the world forgot;  
And leave, maybe, the demons to subdue  
Earth utterly, and wreak their insolence  
Wholly, here on the Gods' most hallowed spot.

Shining and striving and singing, through the hours  
Of night he battled. Sometimes so the might  
Of inspiration thrilled him, he might go  
Outward, and circling near, afflict the powers  
Of Hell with keen swift syllables of light,  
Arrowy, bitter with pity, to work them woe;

And sometimes new auxiliar hordes from Hell  
Ever upthrown, poured forth, crowding anear,  
So dealt in thunders of the infernal deep,  
So waxed in might, that now his utmost spell  
Might not oppress, forefend, nor work them fear:  
Driven back, he might no more the boundaries keep.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

### VIII: OF THE SPELL HE SANG AT DAWN

Flickered at last gray dawn eastward in heaven;  
And Merlin, gazing from the holy mound,  
Beheld the seven score beautiful trees and seven,  
All save the One, broken, torn from the ground;  
And still the chanted spells, the flaming levin  
Of Hell against him, and the hill-tops crowned  
With Hell triumphant. There then, spent and worn,  
To raise one last escarpment round the Tree  
Ere all hope, light, truth, beauty, fell forlorn,  
He did betake himself to Poesie  
That last best weapon of Heaven, and hymned the morn;  
And was foredone, and knew not what should be.  
Then, like some great wave curving, rimmed in foam,  
That comes on haughtily against the shore  
To drive his thunderous anger utterly home;  
And then, remembering bonds imposed of yore,  
Ere half the sands be o'er-ridden, the rocks o'er-clomb,  
Moans and stumbles and falls, and is no more;  
Hell's onslaught came in rolling, and went down.  
And Merlin stood, unhoping, half adream:  
Not as a man whom night-dark waters drown,  
Clutching at each white reeling star agleam;  
Rather as some gaunt watchman from a town  
Long sieged and famishing, who sees astream  
Towards the gates wain by high ox-drawn wain  
Well-laden, and bright spears and banners borne  
By succor long despaired; and turns again,  
Dull-eyed and wordless: being so spent and worn,  
He cares no whit what passes on the plain;  
Him-seems death surely lurks there, night and morn —

### IX: HOW GLOYWEDD PEARL-WHITE CAME TO HIM AT THE LAST

So Merlin turned. And lo, above his head  
The hollow of the tree did shift and flow  
With nigh-forgotten light. The mistletoe,  
Seven-sprayed, from thrice seven opalled berries shed  
White wisps of song, white little wrens of flame  
To dart and sing; and from the light-heart came

## THE PASSING OF MERLIN

Gloywedd the Pearl, the Orchard's Tutelar,  
Emerging in this mortal time and space  
Out of some aureoled deep inward place  
Whenceforth the Spirit's premonitions are.  
And as she came, the wounded world shone fair  
With natural dew and sun, and down the air

Came drifts of blackbird-music; and for him,  
Release from burden of his latter years,  
And he was Merlin again, the Seer of seers,  
Scatheless and confident, with eyes undim,  
And limbs unweighted with the moil and stress  
Of his long wars on Hell, and weariness.

—"Yes," she said, "though the Kings of Chaos rage  
Around the brink of space, and all the skies  
Are loud with clash of arms and battle-cries  
Where we make conflict o'er the dying age,  
No one hath dreamed in Heaven but thou wouldst hold  
This Tree for us." Then he:—"I am grown old,

"And all the utmost of my lore is spent,  
All my spells spoken."—"Nay," she said, "not all;  
One word is yet to say, that should appal  
Hostings more vast than these, and drive them shent  
And fearful from the world." He bowed his head:  
—"Who speaketh that, passeth from time," he said.

—"Yet," said she, "were it spoken, round this Tree  
Such viewless battlements were surely wrought  
That, though ten thousand years ten thousand sought,  
They should not find."—"Tell you the Gods," said he,  
"Their Tree of trees bears fruit in Ynys Wên  
Till their day dawns, and They seek Earth again."

L'ENVOI: *Once I heard a Wren say:  
Somewhere far away in Wales  
Flows a little well-spring, gay  
With a light of faery-tales.  
From a druid mound it flows;  
No one knows where that may be,  
For enchanted round it grows  
Old Celyddon's mystery.*

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

*Cuckoo-flower and kingcup gold,  
Myosote beside the stream,  
Oaks a thousand winters old —  
In the midst the Hill of Dream.*

*Roar the winds and moan the sea —  
Raging March, November gales —  
Silence broods incessantly  
O'er Celyddon forest vales.*

*On the mound beside the rill  
Blooms an olden Apple-tree;  
Cures for every human ill  
In its golden fruitage be.*

*And I heard the Wren say —  
She's the Druids' Bird, and knows;  
There's no region hid away,  
But thither, when she will, she goes —*

*That an Old Enchanter lies  
Dreaming there since the olden time  
All the Wisdom of the Wise,  
All the splendor of the prime —*

*The haughty things, the holy things  
Druid sages knew of old:  
Lore of blackbird-haunted Springs  
In the Forest Age of Gold —*

*All that was and is to be,  
Life and death in golden streams  
Flow and glitter endlessly  
Through the spaces of his dreams.*

*Magic apples, year by year —  
So that druid birdie said —  
Ripen in the sunlight clear,  
And no one knows, and none is fed.*

## VITAMINES AND NUTRITION

*Only sometimes on the stream  
Fallen applebloom is whirled,  
Shadowy-bright, to float and gleam  
Through this darkling human world.*

*And she told me this beside,  
Lighting from her flight along  
The alders on Garth Faerdre side,  
For a sudden burst of song:—*

*Some day someone not so blind  
As the lave of mortals be,  
Seeking here and there, shall find  
Deep Celyddon's Wonder Tree.*

*Some day, far away or near,  
Someone singing, with his song  
Shall awake the sleeping Seer —  
Then there'll be an end of wrong.*

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## VITAMINES AND NUTRITION: by T. Henry, M. A.

**T**HE subject of food and nutrition, being one of perennial interest and no little importance, is therefore entitled to a place in any journal which treats of such matters. And in this connexion the word 'vitamine' is one that has lately loomed large in the public mind, exciting speculation and some anxiety in the minds of those concerned about their welfare. Under these circumstances it will not be amiss to notice an article which affords some information on this topic; we refer to 'Vitamines and Nutrition,' by Dr. H. Steenbock, of the University of Wisconsin, in the August number of *The Scientific Monthly*.

It may be as well to state at the outset that the sense of this article is such as to remove all anxiety from the public mind, as being needless; for it is made clear that this essential ingredient of food is so widely diffused in our diet that it takes considerable scientific skill and precaution to devise a diet of any kind whatsoever that shall exclude it.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

It seems that it was in 1912 that attention was first publicly directed to this hitherto unknown dietary essential, by Casimir Funk; and that previously to this we had been relying on the belief that a nutritive food was one which contains proteins, carbohydrates and fats, and inorganic salts. The carbohydrates and fats furnished energy, the proteins built up the protein of our own body, and the salts were needed for some other purposes. But it was found that, when animals were experimentally fed on food containing all these ingredients in a highly purified form, they refused to thrive, or even to live. Alarmed, though not yet defeated, the experimenters averred that it was lack of palatability which had prevented the due assimilation of the food by the animals; but, when they mixed all sorts of flavoring extracts with the food, and found the result the same as before, this refuge had to be given up. And all doubt was finally removed by the fact that the animals, however sick, recovered in a few hours after the administration of a minute dose of extract known to contain vitamins.

A number of such experiments are cited, and photographs of the little patients in their various experiences are given. One is that of a rat suffering from polyneuritis due to a deficiency of vitamin. It is helpless, its back is curved, its weight reduced from 120 to 54 grams. Yet twenty-three hours later we see the same rat, looking frisky and able to sit up and eat, after an alcoholic extract of 3.4 grams of wheat embryo. A bird in violent convulsions, as a result of lack of vitamins, will often preen itself, coo, and strut around the cage, in from six to ten hours after the treatment.

It seems that a disease called beri-beri had troubled the natives of certain rice-eating countries, and was not properly understood until Eykman, a Dutch investigator, observed that birds fed exclusively on white rice developed similar symptoms. Then it was realized that the false luxury which had induced the Orientals to whiten their rice by removing the hull had brought its own retribution. In Newfoundland a scarcity of food caused the people to subsist almost entirely on a patent wheat flour, with similar results; and cases are reported from Denmark and Japan of an abnormal condition of the eyes in children fed on pasteurized milk or grain milk-substitutes.

It is evident, however, that such cases are highly exceptional, and that the ordinary mixed diet contains so many varieties that any mistake in one is compensated by another. There is more danger in the case of a person who limits himself to a very small number of articles; since, if he does not understand the matter, he may inadvertently deprive himself of the essential ingredient. Dr. Steenbock thinks that probably man cannot safely restrict himself to grains as the source of his supply

## VITAMINES AND NUTRITION

of vitamins, but must supplement them with the actively growing and assimilating parts of plants. Leafy materials have been found to contain them in large amounts. Hence we are safe so long as we include garden produce in our diet. As to butter, while it is richer than other fats in vitamins, it contains more than is necessary, and the other fats contain enough.

The chemical nature of vitamins is not yet understood, nor have they been isolated from the substances that contain them. As the name suggests, they are believed to be amines — compounds consisting of ammonia in which one or more of the hydrogen atoms have been replaced by one or more compound radicles. There are two kinds: one soluble in water and fats, the other soluble in water but not in fats. The latter is called a water-soluble vitamin; the former, a fat-soluble vitamin. It is the water-soluble vitamin whose lack produces the more acute symptoms.

It would seem that hitherto we have been, to some extent at least, feeding off the husks and throwing the fatted calf to the swine; and that now we are recommended to change places with that animal and rescue from his wash-trough the good material we have been throwing into it. It is true that what we give to the cow or the pig, we get back again in butter and pork; but it would be a shorter and more economical process to eat it ourselves in the first place. Again, it has been said above that the plentiful eater is safer than he who restricts himself; but to seek safety by this method is a wasteful hit-or-miss policy. Are we to eat as much as we can of everything on the chance of getting some of the right kind along with a great deal of the wrong? It would be better to season our diet with a little of the salt of knowledge. As to economy, enforced by present conditions, it will prove a blessing if it impels us to discard a number of expensive and useless articles in favor of cheap and valuable ones. We shall not lose much by refraining from spending money in removing the vital essence from our food and throwing it to the pigs.

But the revolution in thought caused by this discovery is very interesting, and involves a principle which may profitably be applied to many other cases. That principle is that what science deems to be essentials may prove after all to be merely incidentals. With respect to proteins and carbohydrates, we may say, "What shall it profit a man if he have all these and lose his vitamins?" They are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Can we safely accept a chemical analysis as a criterion of the efficiency of a food? Is a food which has been taken to pieces and put together again the same as before? It seems likely that the essential element in food will for ever escape the researches of purely physical science; and that physical research can only result in the discovery of vehicles of that elusive essence, whatever it may be.

## WHAT DO WE KNOW? by Montague Machell

"HE is the wisest who can tell how first he lived, then spake the truth."



WHEN a man stops to consider what a complex entity the human being is and how easy it is for the different aspects of his nature to work at cross-purposes with one another, he is apt to be slow about making any positive statements as to what he does or does not know. A man may say he knows all the fundamental laws of health. Yet he will leave the office at noon aggravated and disturbed over some business miscarriage, sit down to the noon meal all out of tune, with mind absorbed with business cares, hurry through his meal and rush away to make up lost time and catch up with his competitors. Yet this same man, if asked to name the factors contributing to business success would probably say first of all 'efficiency'; if asked the factors contributing to this, he would name among the first physical health; of the factors to its attainment, sound digestion, preserved by thorough mastication of food eaten in a quiet and undisturbed frame of mind. These things he could tell you and would claim to know. Question: is he justified in his claim, and with what part of himself does he 'know' these things?

"Perhaps he did know these things," you may say, "and was willing to sacrifice health to business." But if business success is dependent upon bodily health, he cannot sacrifice the one without the other. So if he really did *know* the effect of sickness brought on by indigestion, caused by eating hurriedly in a disturbed frame of mind, he probably would seek to change conditions before sitting down to lunch. This same man, after having been confined to his bed with acute dyspepsia, thereby losing perhaps several weeks from his business, returning to work with *real* knowledge of one of the laws of health, gained by painful experience, will probably never again talk of sacrificing health to business.

What then, is the difference between his 'knowledge' in the first and second case? The first we call theoretical knowledge, the second actual knowledge derived from personal experience. In that case 'theoretical' knowledge is half-knowledge and useless for practical purposes, and we really only know what we have experienced.

But what is this thing we call 'experience', and what is the difference in us before and after undergoing it. And what of the people we meet who seem really to know so many things which they have not actually experienced, who act, as we say, from principle? What is 'principle'?

If I have never had the toothache, but have heard it vividly described and have been in the presence of one who was suffering from it, I should know it intellectually and should be able to sympathize with the sufferer to a degree. But should I have an attack of toothache myself,

## WHAT DO WE KNOW?

then my knowledge of it would be very different. In place of knowing *about* toothache, I should know toothache itself, for, if my attack was serious, I was *myself* for the time being the toothache. My brain knew it, my head knew it, all my nerves and organs of sensation knew it, and it may even have colored my thought and imagination (blue?)! This would be the knowledge derived from *experience*, the latter being, apparently, the acquirement of knowledge of a thing by contact with one's whole being, as opposed to its acquisition by the intellect merely. The difference in us after experiencing something is that the whole of our make-up is in possession of additional consciousness. The difference between a swimmer and a non-swimmer is that the former is imbued with a swimming consciousness throughout his whole being, the latter with a merely intellectual consciousness of it.

With regard to people who appear to know things they have never experienced, the error is in the assumption that because experience has not come in this life, therefore it has never been acquired — the one-life psychology, which ignores innumerable previous lives in which experience has been undergone and knowledge gained. Principle in the light of reincarnation becomes organic knowledge of right action become part of the very being, through the experience of former earth-lives.

Without the Theosophical explanation of man's dual nature, one might find cause for cynicism in the thought that nothing but suffering and discomfort can drive human beings to right action. But no; the suffering drives not the *real* human being, but only the animal in him from its indulgence to submission to the Angel, which is neither seeking joy nor shunning sorrow, but simply seeking its own sphere — Truth, Harmony, *Reality*. So long as the duality of our nature obtains, we remain subject to the dual forces — the 'pairs of opposites'. When we shall have entirely surrendered the lower to the Higher, then we shall have surmounted this duality, and our Knowing will be the revelations of the Self with which we have become identified.

Moreover, this acquirement of knowledge through experience seems itself to be again dual in aspect. It comprises a going forth of something from ourselves to the thing to be known, and a receiving back to ourselves from that thing. Thus, take the experience of compassion: he who exercises it towards another both calls forth from his Self that ray of divinity which manifests as compassion, and receives from the experience of this giving forth an added intellectual comprehension of compassion. And according as one is far advanced on the road towards Truth or but a beginner, so he will either initiate this current of compassion from within outward, making the returning experience from its exercise secondary; or he will wait for circumstances to call forth the quality before

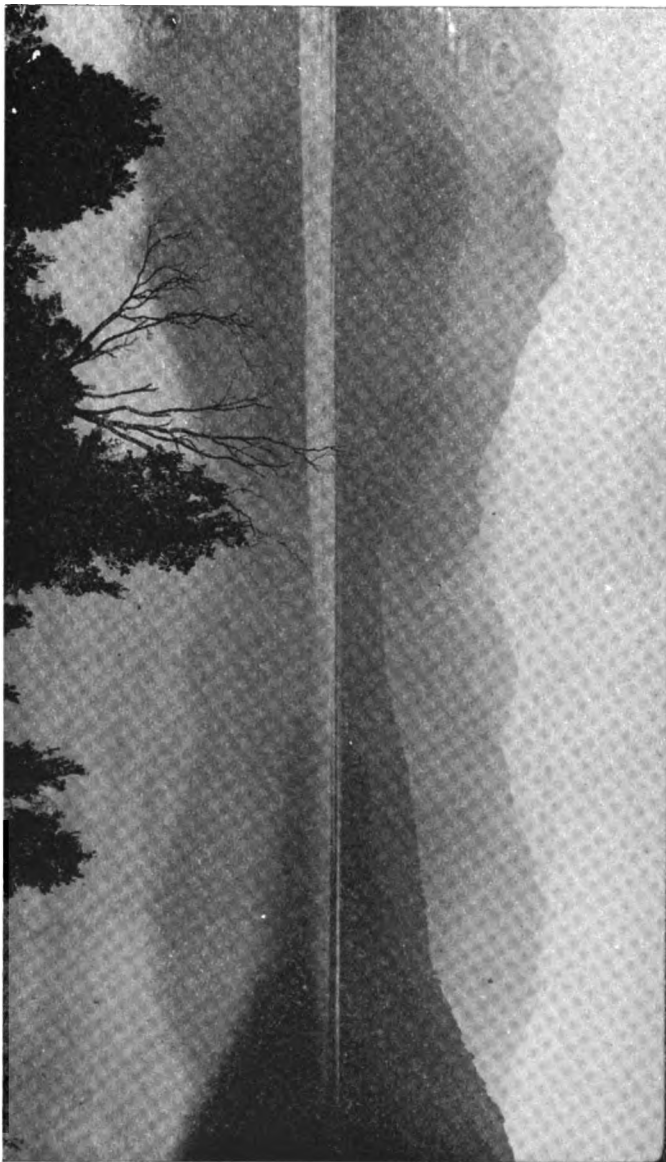
## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

he makes response. The strong man creates his own opportunities.

And must not the same thing be true in the acquirement of intellectual knowledge on any subject? What is 'making an atmosphere' or 'getting in sympathy with one's subject' but just this evoking from within the inherent kinship with the subject to be known? I am an Englishman living in England and desiring to learn Japanese. Now the *essential* element in me is identical with the *essential* element in the Japanese, and could I get into close enough contact mentally (as in meditation or the eastern Samâdhi) with my essential Self, I could become at one with my Japanese brother. Being only a very average human being I cannot do this; but what I can do is to make an atmosphere, get in sympathy with my subject — *draw forth from myself* my latent kinship with things Japanese. Approaching my subject in this frame of mind, what it gives back to me must be much greater and more valuable than it could otherwise have been. Here is a hint towards *concentration* — who can say to what mighty force this 'making an atmosphere' may be the initial step!

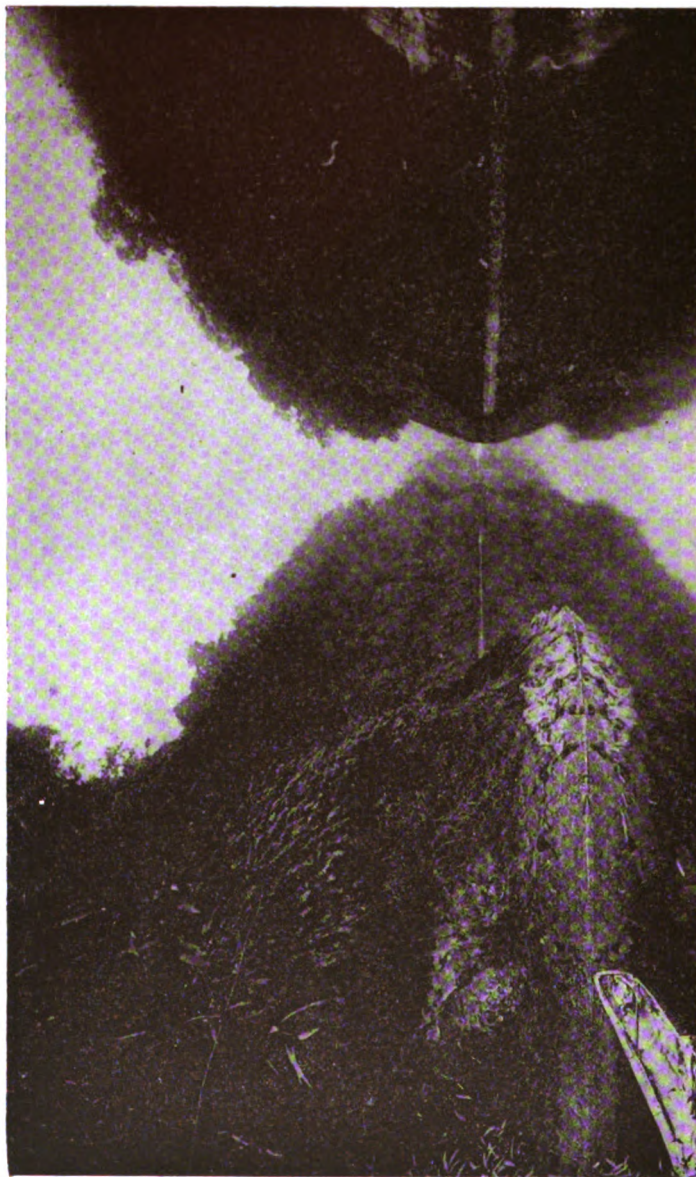
We know, then, simply that which we have *become*, and all learning is a constant becoming. "Knowledge is power", because it is added be-ness; and in the highest sense, the more we *are* (as conscious spiritual beings, *not*, as personalities) the greater is our power for good. Merely theoretical knowledge regarding things spiritual, sometimes called 'head-learning', H. P. Blavatsky says is to be separated from "Soul-wisdom — the 'Eye' from the 'Heart' doctrine" — mere sense perception, from be-ness. For "Even ignorance is better than Head-learning with no Soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it."

In this acquirement of knowledge, one of the most valuable sources of help is to be found in philosophy, the contemplation and study of which turns the mind to the path along which knowledge is to be found. The more sincere and conscientious the philosopher, the more inseparable becomes his thought from his action. But just as the ignorant and un-aspiring nature rejects and shuns all philosophy as beyond his comprehension and capacity, so the true student, as he and his knowledge become more and more one, has less and less occasion to discuss or ruminate upon his philosophy. The truths he loves and aspires to, ever becoming more and more a part of himself, cease to call for proclamation and discussion — the man *is* more, and *talks* less. After all, discussion and definition are but insignificant factors in the attainment of knowledge. For it is ever to be borne in mind that the *source* of knowledge is not without, but within the deepest recesses of our own nature. We are to 'look inward' towards those deep recesses, and above all to remember that "Wisdom comes from the performance of Duty, *and in the Silence.*"



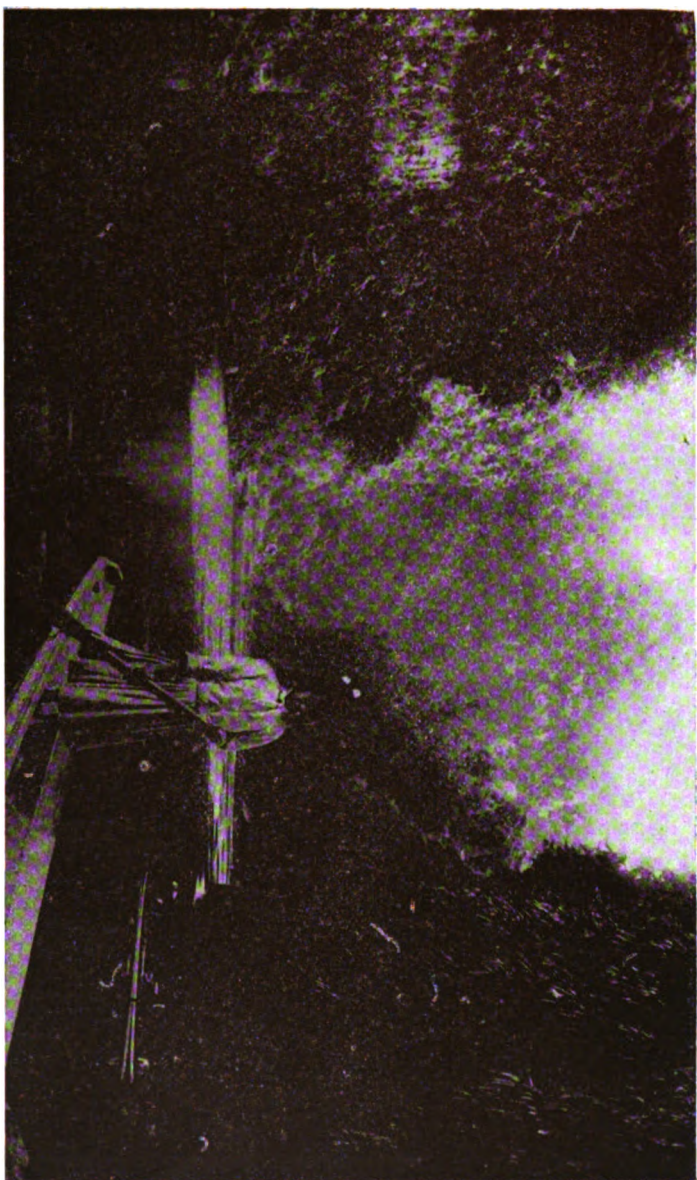
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**LAKE KANIERI, NEW ZEALAND**



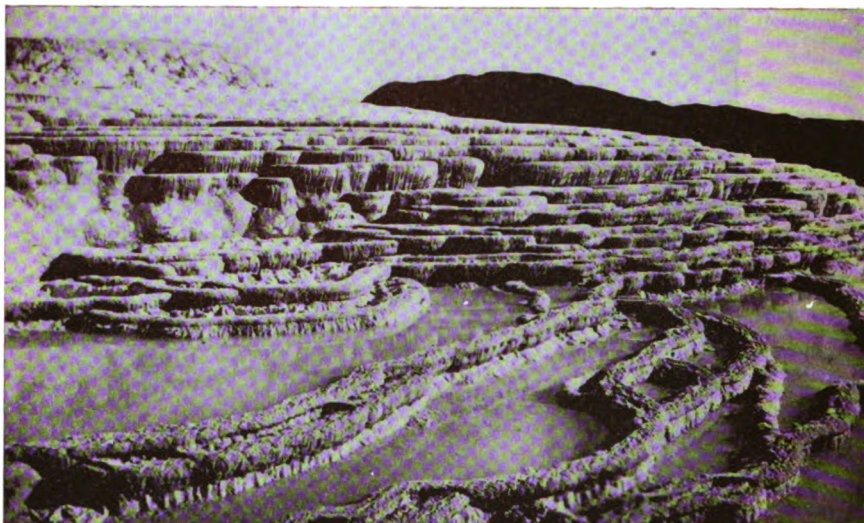
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**WANGANUI RIVER, NEW ZEALAND**



'THE DROP SCENE,' WANGANUI RIVER

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(ABOVE) HOT WATER CUPS, WHITE TERRACE, ROTORUA, N. Z.

(BELOW) PINK TERRACE

## SCOTTISH FOLKLORE: by William Scott

### VI — MAGICIANS

THOMAS LEARMOUNT AND CANOBIE DICK

**M**AGICIANS and Witches were at one time, and that not so very long ago, quite numerous in Scotland. There were all degrees of them, from the amateur artist who could do but one or two magical tricks, to the finished Magician whose powers were almost boundless. Doubtless many of them were merely men or women of more than ordinary talent, who were suspected of having dealings with the prince and father of Magicians, for it was a foregone conclusion that abnormal powers could only be acquired by those who were in league with the Devil.

According to popular belief there were no 'White Magicians' in Scotland; all 'magic' was 'black-art,' which was probably too true, or had been too true, for many a long year. That there was magic, plenty of it, no one can doubt, but the mystic schools were kept very secret, and to the ignorant, the superstitious, and the uninitiated, they were all mysteriously connected with the denizens of Hell and were therefore regarded not only with suspicion and distrust but with horror and contempt. But the very name '*black-art*,' implies a '*white-art*' as well; and the chief difference between the two is the difference between selfishness and altruism. Whoever uses the powers which he possesses, as far as he knows how, for selfish purposes, is a Black Magician: while he who uses all the powers at his command to help the onward march of human progress, is a White Magician.

Looking over the past history, not only of Scotland but of every other country in the world, it is easy to see that White Magicians have not been a majority at any time or anywhere during the historic period, but it is not so certain that there have been none at all, either in Scotland or elsewhere.

One of the most famous of Scottish Magicians was Thomas Learmount of Ercildoun, better known as Thomas the Rimer, of whom we have spoken already, who, according to tradition, may be still alive. At least there is no record of his death, and he is reputed to have been seen from time to time during the centuries that have passed since he was seen to go into the forest with the hart and the hind that called for him, towards the close of the thirteenth century.

One of the most remarkable of his reappearances was on the occasion of his relations and dealings with Canobie Dick, which are the subject of our present tale. Canobie Dick was a typical, old-time, Scotch horse-cowper, reckless and fearless, and admired but dreaded amongst his

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

neighbors. One moonlight night, as he rode over Bowden Moor, on the west side of the Eildon Hills — a favorite rendezvous of Thomas the Rimer — having a brace of horses which he had not been able to dispose of at the right figure, he met a man of venerable mien and ancient garb, who, to his surprise, asked his price and began to dicker for a bargain.

To Canobie Dick a dealer was a dealer, and he would have sold a horse to old Nickie Ben himself, and, more than likely, would have cheated the Devil in the bargain. The stranger, whether cheated or not, paid the price agreed upon, but the thing that puzzled Dick the most in the transaction was, that the gold which he received was in unicorns, bonnet pieces, and other ancient coins, having a relic as well as an intrinsic value. Dick, being no fool, saw the chance of a double profit, and accepted the obsolete currency without a murmur. But the first deal with this strange trader was by no means the last. Many like profitable bargains followed: the curious customer only stipulating that Dick should always come at night, and alone; to which conditions the fearless Dick raised no objections.

After Dick had sold many horses in this way, without improving in the least his acquaintance with the mysterious merchant, his curiosity was aroused to the pitch of investigation, and he resolved to try to unmask the mystery by means of the friendly cup; so he began to complain that 'dry bargains' were 'unlucky,' and hinted to the strange buyer that since he must live in the neighborhood, he ought, in the courtesy of dealing, to wet the bargain.

"You may see my dwelling if you will," said the stranger, "but if you lose courage at what you see there, you will rue it for the rest of your life."

Dick laughed the warning to scorn, and having secured his horse, he followed the strange man up a narrow footpath which led them up the hills to the singular eminence sticking out between the southern and center peaks, called, on account of its resemblance in form to such an animal, the 'Lucken Hare,' which is almost as famous for witch-meetings as the windmill of Kippilaw. Here Dick was startled to observe that his guide entered the hillside by a cavern which he had never seen or heard of before, though he knew the spot well.

"You may still return," said his guide, looking ominously back upon him; but Dick scorned to show the white feather, and on they went.

After a long and gruesome journey along the dark cavern, they entered a long range of stables; in every stall stood a coal-black horse, and by every horse lay a knight in coal-black armor, with a drawn sword in his hand: but all were as silent, hoof and limb, as if they had been marble statues. A long row of torches lent a gloomy luster to the range of stables,

## SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE

which, like those of Caliph Vathek, were of large dimensions. At length they arrived at the upper end, where a sword and horn lay on an antique table.

"He who shall sound that horn and draw that sword, shall, if his heart fail him not, be King over all broad Britain. So speaks the tongue that cannot lie"; said the stranger, now intimating that he was no other than the famous Thomas the Rimer of Ercildoun. "But," he added, "all depends on *Courage*, and much on your taking the sword or the horn first."

Dick was much disposed to take the sword, but his realization of the presence of the great Magician, and the supernatural terrors of the great hall, had awed his bold and daring spirit, and he thought that to unsheath the sword might be construed as defiance, and give offense to the powers of the mountain. So with trembling hand he took the horn and blew a feeble note, but loud enough to produce terrible results.

Thunder rolled in stunning peals through the immense hall; horses and men started to life; the steeds snorted, champed their bits, stamped, and tossed their heads; the warriors sprang to their feet, clashed their armor, and brandished their swords. Dick's terror was complete. When he saw the great army, which had been silent as the grave, now in an uproar and ready to rush upon him, he dropped the horn and made a feeble attempt to grasp the enchanted sword; but at the same instant a voice proclaimed aloud the mysterious words:

"Woe to the coward, that ever he was born,  
Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn."

At the same moment a hurricane of irresistible fury howled through the long hall, and swept the unfortunate horse-cowper clear out of the mouth of the cavern, and hurled him over a steep *rickle* of loose stones and landed him, almost lifeless, on the plain below. In the morning the shepherds found him with just breath enough to tell his terrible tale before he expired.

### MICHAEL SCOTT

ANOTHER of Scotland's famous Magicians was Michael Scott. Stories of his mysterious powers are still told in every nook and corner of the land. There is no agreement with regard to the time when he lived, but there is no doubt that the scenes of his activities covered a wide area of Scotland, as well as the environs of Edinburgh. In the early part of his life he was in the habit of going to the metropolis for the purpose of being employed in his capacity of mason.

On one occasion while he and two companions were journeying thither

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

with a common object, they had occasion to pass over a high hill, the name of which has been forgotten, but it is supposed to have been one of the Grampians; and being fatigued, they sat down to rest themselves. No sooner had they been seated than they were warned by the hissing of a huge serpent that their life was in danger. The serpent, they observed, was winding towards them with great velocity. Terrified at the monster, Michael's two companions fled for their lives, while he, on the contrary, prepared to combat the deadly reptile. The appalling monster approached the young Magician with distended mouth and forked tongue, and throwing itself into a coil at his feet it raised its head to strike, but just as it was about to inflict the mortal sting, Michael, with one stroke of his stick, severed its body into three pieces. Rejoining his affrighted comrades, they resumed their journey.

When they arrived at the next inn it was late, and the travelers being weary, they decided to remain there for the night. Naturally, before retiring, Michael's exploit with the serpent became the subject of the conversation; and the landlady, who was remarkable for her 'arts,' happened to be present. Her curiosity became excited, and she began to inquire about the size and color of the serpent. When told that it was white, she offered any one of them, who would procure for her the middle piece, such a tempting reward that one of the party was instantly induced to go for it. On reaching the spot he found the mid and tail pieces where Michael had left them, but the head piece was gone.

The landlady on receiving her coveted piece was highly gratified, and over and above the promised reward she regaled her lodgers most generously with the choicest dainties in her house.

Fired with the spirit of curiosity to know the lady's intended purpose with the serpent, the wily Michael Scott feigned that he had been seized with a severe attack of indisposition, which he affirmed would be greatly benefited if he might be allowed to sleep near the fire. Never suspecting Michael's duplicity, and naturally thinking that a person so ill would feel little curiosity about culinary affairs, the landlady allowed his request.

As soon as her guests had retired, the sorceress resumed her darling vocation, and in his feigned state of illness Michael had a favorable opportunity of closely observing all her actions through the keyhole of her alchemical laboratory. He could see the rites and ceremonies with which the serpent was put into the oven, along with many mysterious ingredients. Later, the unsuspecting woman placed the dish by the fire (where lay the distressed traveler) in order to let it simmer till morning.

Once or twice in the night, the enchantress, under the pretense of nursing her sick lodger and administering renovating cordials, the beneficial effects of which Michael gratefully acknowledged, took occasion

## SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE

to dip her finger into the saucepan, which was curiously coincident with the crowing of the cock. This wrought so powerfully upon the imagination of Michael that he could not dissipate the desire to try it himself. Although he more than suspected that Satan had a hand in the pie, he wanted very much to get to the bottom of the mysterious conjurations: and thus his reason and curiosity combated and clashed for several hours. At length the desire for knowledge conquered, and Michael, also, dipped his finger in the saucepan, and applied it to the tip of his tongue, and immediately the cock announced the deed with a mournful clarion. Instantly his mind was illuminated in a manner that he had never dreamed of before; and the amazed and undeceived sorceress now found it in her interest to admit her sagacious lodger to a full knowledge of the remainder of her secrets.

In addition to his own natural brilliancy, sagacity, and courage, Michael was now endowed with a complete knowledge of all the magic arts, good and evil, and of all the 'second sights' and 'second hearings' that can be acquired. No wonder he left the country inn next morning feeling assured that he had the Philosopher's Stone safely in his pocket.

By a series of new and original discoveries, of a recondite nature, he continued daily to perfect himself in his supermundane attainments, until at length he became more than a match for the Earl of Hell himself. Indeed, he succeeded in changing some thousands of Satan's finest workmen — the very 'imps o' Hell' — and converted them into good and useful fairies, friendly to humanity, and engaged them in his own employment. These, with marvelous success, he trained to great perfection in the science of architecture and in all the arts and crafts connected with building and construction. But his greatest achievement of all was, that after he had trained his devoted workmen to the highest degree of perfection in skill that it was possible for them to attain, he inspired them with such faithful and industrious habits that their capacity for building operations was more than sufficient for all the architectural work of the whole Empire. The truth of this can easily be established by simply referring to some of the remains of their workmanship, still existing, both north and south of the Grampians, some of them stupendous bridges, built by them in one short night, with no other visible agents than two or three workmen.

Indeed, Michael's greatest difficulty was in keeping his workmen employed, so industrious and capable were they. On one occasion work was getting scarce, as might naturally have been expected, and, as they were wont, his workmen flocked to his door, clamoring for — "Work, work, work." Michael, at his wits' end of finding useful employment for them, told them to go and build a dry road from Fortrose to Arderseir

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

across the Moray Firth. The fairies were immediately appeased, and went to execute his order, and, Scott thinking that the employment he had given them would keep them going for many a long day, retired, laughing in his sleeve, to enjoy himself at his favorite occupations.

Early next morning, however, he got up to take his usual constitutional walk at the break of day, and, to divert himself, he took a walk down the shore to view, as he thought, the fruitless labors of his zealous workmen. But to his amazement, on reaching the scene of their efforts, he perceived that already they had almost finished their more than herculean task, which he had allotted to them. Realizing that a dry road across the Moray Firth would be a barrier to navigation, he ordered his workmen to demolish the greater part of their work, consenting, however, to leave the Point of Fortrose as a monument to prove to posterity the prodigious powers of Michael Scott's Fairies.

This being done, they were again thrown out of employment, and resumed their clamor for work; nor could Michael, with all his sagacity, devise a plan to keep them usefully employed. Finally, he commanded them to go down to the sea-shore and manufacture a rope of oat-shells and sea-sand, that would reach to the back of the moon. Thereby Michael found the employment problem completely solved. When all useful employment failed, he had only to dispatch his industrious workmen to the rope manufactory. But although the fairies failed to make substantial ropes from oat-shells and sea-sand, their efforts were by no means contemptible, as can be well seen by some of their ropes that lie by the sea-side to this day.

Towards the close of his long career Michael Scott had a violent quarrel with a person who had done him a great injury, and he resolved to send his adversary to the proper place reserved for evildoers. Setting the proper machinery in motion to convey the unfortunate man thither, he was rapidly transported to the nether regions, and had he been sent by any other means than those of Michael Scott, no doubt he would have been given a warm reception. But when Satan learned who was his billet-master, he would no more receive him than he would receive the Wife of Bath. Instead of treating the unfortunate man with his characteristic severity, the Archfiend showed him considerable civilities. He even went so far in his hospitality as to introduce him to his 'Ben Faigh,' (housekeeper) and directed her to show his friend any interesting curiosities that he might wish to see, hinting very significantly that he had provided suitable accommodation for their mutual friend, Michael Scott, and suggested that a view of the quarters assigned for his future comfort might give the visitor some satisfaction. The polite housekeeper accordingly conducted the stranger through the principal apartments of

## THE HEALTH HABITS OF ANIMALS


Hell, and many a gruesome sight did he see. But the bed of Michael Scott! — words fail. His greatest enemy, with omnipotent power, could have added nothing to make it more complete. It was far too horrible to be described. It was filled promiscuously with the hellish elements of all the most awful brutes imaginable. Toads, leeches, lizards, lions, were there; and not the least conspicuous were huge serpents, with mouths gaping wide open. But with revenge more than satiated, the terrified stranger had seen too much, and begged to be led to the outer gate.

On returning to Earth, the entertainment that awaited his friend Michael Scott was too spicy a piece of news to be left untold, but Michael did not appear at all perturbed by his friend's intelligence. He affirmed that he would disappoint all his enemies in their solicitude for his future diversion; and to prove the truth of his asseveration, he gave the following instructions:

"When I am just dead, open my breast and extract my heart: carry it to some place where the public can see the result. You will then transfix it upon a long pole, and if Satan will have my soul, he will come in the likeness of a black raven and carry it off; and if my soul will be saved, it will be carried away by a white dove."

His friends faithfully obeyed his instructions, and his heart being impaled as directed, there came from the East a large raven, with exceeding swiftness, and with equal speed there came a white dove from the West: the raven made a furious dash for the heart, but, missing its aim, the momentum of its velocity carried it far beyond its mark; meantime, the white dove gently carried the heart away, amid the rejoicing of the numerous and joyous friends of Michael Scott.

## THE HEALTH HABITS OF ANIMALS: by Percy Leonard

HE celebrated Danish light-cure specialist, Finsen, was set upon the track of his discoveries by an untutored and illiterate cat. He noticed a cat upon the roof one day enjoying herself in the sunshine. Whenever the shadow reached the cat, she got up and stretched herself in the sunshine again. It suddenly struck the observer that sunshine was of some particular benefit to the animal, and from this humble starting-point he arrived at those valuable conclusions embodied in his famous book on Light Cure.

That we should take time over our meals and masticate our food

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

conscientiously, is vaguely realized by all and almost as universally disregarded. Horace Fletcher has exalted this simple fact to the status of a 'cure', and on this simple basis has built up a voluminous literature. Yet all the wild animals which masticate their food at all, 'fletcherize' their food most religiously, as a mere matter of instinct. Most children prolong their meals instinctively until the natural habit is broken by the example and precept of their elders.

Advertisements of toothbrushes and dentifrices fill the pages of our magazines, and most people seem to imagine that without these helps a healthy mouth is impossible; and yet the wolves living close to Nature neglect all such precautions, with the result that the whiteness of a wolf fang is proverbial.

Prepared and predigested foods are resorted to in the hope of getting into touch with the healing currents of Nature; but the colossal strength of bulls and cart-horses is maintained without any such extraneous aids; and nourished solely on coarse herbage and cold water, they preserve the forces of their youth almost until their death.

The way to health and vigor is a simpler thing than we suppose, and the reason for our exhausted nerves is not because Nature is niggardly, but because we exhaust our energies in passionate regrets, fierce longings, and the continuous leakage of our vital force in feelings of annoyance and anxiety as to the future.

The food of the gods enters into the composition of the commonest articles of diet, and the elixir of life may be drawn from the nearest hydrant; and ignoring the legacy of bad health bequeathed us by our ancestry, and self-acquired by our bad habits, it may be said that wrong thinking is the barrier which stands between diseased humanity and that vigorous and exuberant health to which it so earnestly aspires.



"WHO can forget that Troy was once upon a time proclaimed a myth, and Homer a non-existing personage, while the existence of such cities as Herculaneum and Pompeii was denied, and attributed to mere fairy legends? Yet Schliemann proved that Troy had really existed, and the two cities, though buried for long ages under the Vesuvian lava, have had their resurrection day, and live again on the surface of the earth. How many more cities and localities called 'fabulous' are on the list of future discoveries, how many more personages regarded as mythical will one day become historical, those alone can tell who read the decrees of Fate in the astral light."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 236



### CARNARVON: by Rhyw Gymro

**C**ARNARVON has a long history, and an atmosphere of its own in which romance and realism blend. It was Segontium, and a stronghold, with the Romans; then *Caer Seion*, changed to *Caer Seint*, *yn Arfon*, the City of Saints in Arvon, with the Welsh; till by and bye the saints were forgotten, and it became what it is now, *Caer yn Arfon*, the City in the Land over against *Mon* — which the English *will* lengthen out into Anglesey. Realism ugly enough — for this great and beautiful castle was the chief of a chain of them built by Edward I to hold in awe his conquest; Romance: for was it not here *Macsen Wledig* found at last *Elen* his bride? *Macsen Wledig* — pagan writers, for reasons of their own, call him the Emperor *Maximus* — being then in his city of Rome, rode one day a-hunting; and presently fell weary, and lay down to sleep; and sleeping, dreamed. Here is his dream: that he crossed many lands and seas, till he came to a region he had never known: “Valleys he saw, and steeps, and rocks of wondrous height, and rugged precipices; never saw he the like. And thence he beheld an island in the sea facing this rugged land. And between him and this land was a country of which the plain was as large as the sea, the mountain as vast as the wood; and from the mountain he saw a river that flowed through the land and fell into the sea. And at the mouth of the river he beheld a castle the fairest that man ever saw, and the gate of the castle was open, and he went into the castle.

“And in the castle he saw a fair hall, of which the roof seemed to be all gold; the walls of the hall seemed to be entirely of glittering precious gems; the doors all seemed to be of gold. Golden seats he saw in the hall, and silver tables. And on a seat opposite to him he beheld two auburn-haired youths playing at chess. He saw a silver board for the chess, and golden pieces thereon. The garments of the youths were of

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

jet-black satin, and chaplets of ruddy gold bound their hair, whereon were sparkling jewels of great price, rubies and gems, alternating with imperial stones. And beside a pillar in the hall he saw a hoary-headed man, in



*From an etching by Cuitt, 1812*

EAGLE TOWER, CARNARVON CASTLE

reason of her beauty. A vest of white silk was upon the maiden, with clasps of ruddy gold at the breast, and a surcoat of gold tissue upon her, and a frontlet of ruddy gold upon her head, and rubies and gems were in the frontlet, alternating with pearls and imperial stones. And a girdle of ruddy gold was around her. She was the fairest sight that man ever beheld."

So he sent over the wide world seeking this rugged land with the island in the sea facing it; and at last his messengers came to *Caer Seint yn Arfon*; and found the castle, and everything *Macsen* had seen in his dream; and that "fairest sight that man ever beheld" became, as you would suppose, *Empress of Rome*.

With none of the bright light and dews of faerie that drench and illumine this story of the *Dream of Macsen Wledig* is that other famous one

a chair of ivory with the figures of two eagles in ruddy gold thereon. Bracelets of gold were on his arms, many rings were on his hands, and a gold torque about his neck; and his hair was bound with a golden diadem. He was of powerful aspect. A chessboard of gold was before him, and a rod of gold and a steel file in his hands. And he was carving out chessmen. And he saw a maiden sitting before him in a chair of ruddy gold. Not more easy than to gaze upon the sun when brightest was it to look upon her, by

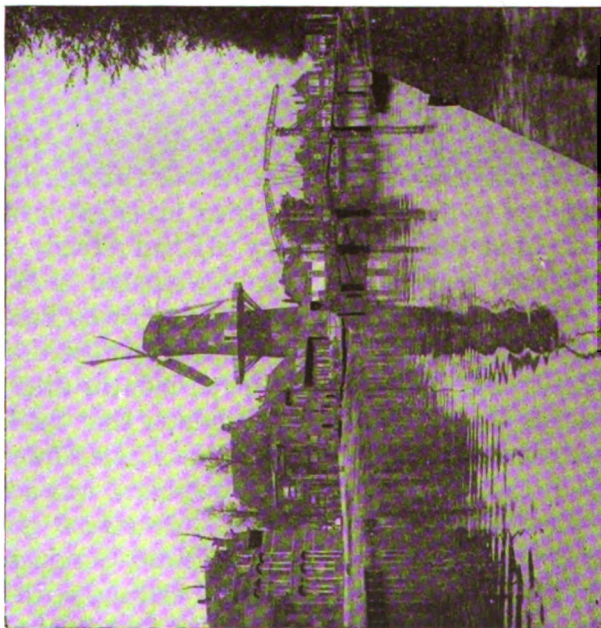
## CARNARVON

about Carnarvon: the story of Edward Conqueror's baby son, "born in the land and speaking no word of English," whom he is said to have foisted off on gullible chieftains for their Prince — the first English Prince of Wales. But it is less true than the Dream of Macsen: which has a truth of its own, of the kind "not made with hands," as somebody said; but this baby-worshipping yarn has no truth of any sort. It was invented in Elizabeth's time; when, under a Welsh dynasty, much euhemerisation of Welsh history went forward in England; and the English generally traced their descent as a race only on the distaff (which is the Celtic) side; and scorned Anglo-Saxonism as a mere disagreeable interlude in the national story. You shall find the truth of this in Spenser, Churchyard, Drayton; in Shakespeare himself, who ignores Harold and Alfred, and skips back, in setting forth the epic of England, from King John to King Lear and Cymbeline; while from Milton we get this: "Lords and Commons of England! consider what a nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors — a nation not slow and dull, but quick, ingenious and of piercing spirit: acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so minute among us that writers of good antiquity and able judgment have been persuaded that even the School of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Caesar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured studies of the French."

The "old philosophy" was of course Celtic Druidism.

Edward II was born in Carnarvon Castle. But he was the fourth son of his parents, and not born heir to the throne: Alfonso, his eldest brother was alive and twelve years old at the time. Henry III had already with royal inconsequence established a precedent: had presented a Wales that very much did not belong to him to his son and heir, who became Edward I. Had Alfonso lived, he, not Edward of Carnarvon, would have been created Prince of Wales; but he died some seven months after his brother was born. And it was not till seventeen years later that the king gave the Principality to his eldest remaining son. And this Eagle Tower, in which the legend will have it that the little Edward was born, was added to the castle by himself when he was grown a man. *Sic transit gloria!*

The castle itself is a monument to the genius of Edward Conqueror's architects; in strength and beauty it is worthy of its setting, with the mountains of Eryri behind, and before, on one side the sea and on another the Strait of Menai; its magic casements — But no! Keats's lines have been spoken of it too often, and one must resist temptations.

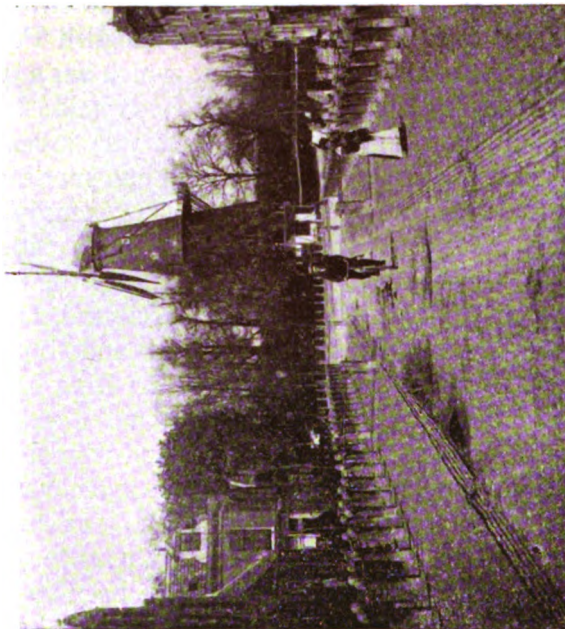


*Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

# **LEIDEN, HOLLAND**

## **The Old Heerengracht**

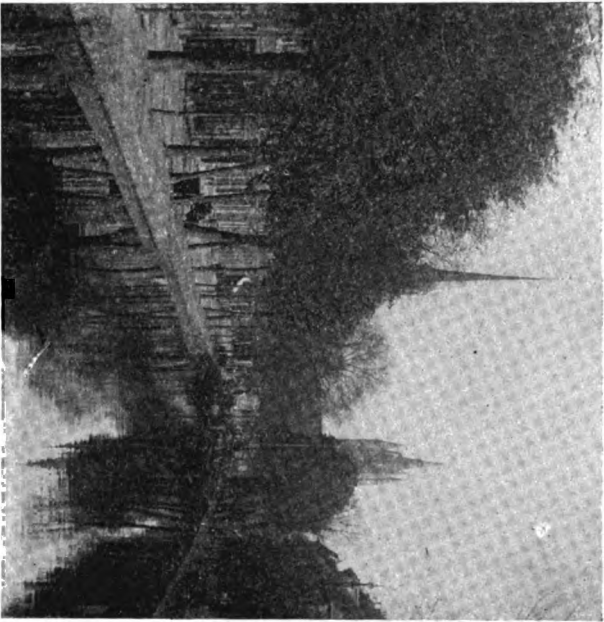
The famous Leiden University was established in 1574. It was here that the learned Hugo Grotius studied and that Oliver Goldsmith aspired in vain to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.



*Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

# **LEIDEN, HOLLAND**

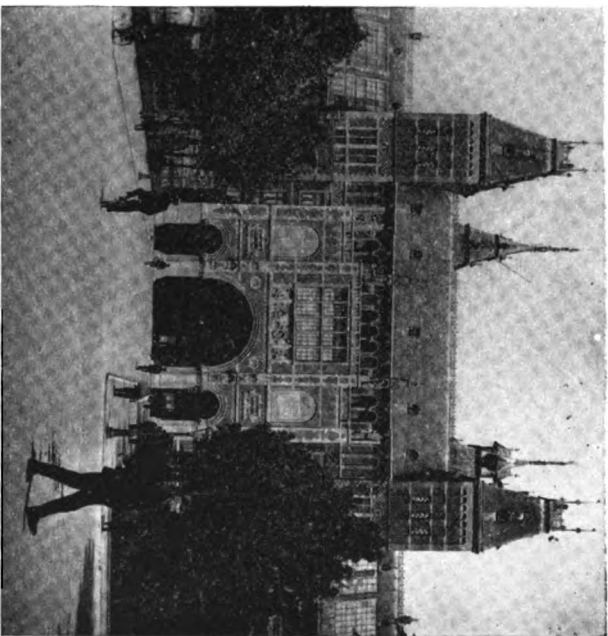
## **The New Cattle-market**



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### 'NOORDEINDE,' DELFT, HOLLAND

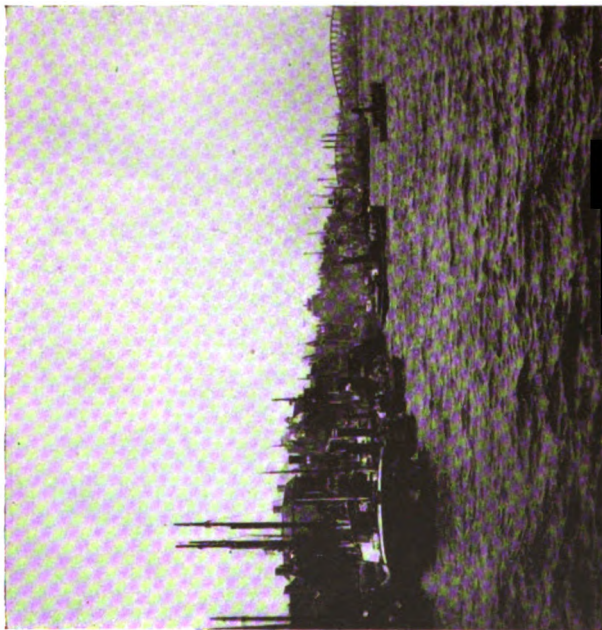
Showing a Dutch *gracht* (canal). The houses that stand behind the trees were substantially built and are well preserved, giving the place an impression of comfortable solidity.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

#### THE ROYAL MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

Built in 1885 by the Dutch architect, Dr. P. J. N. Cuypers. The Museum contains numerous works of art, among them Rembrandt's masterpiece, *De Nachtwacht* ('The Night-Watch').



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### ROTTERDAM: THE NEW MAAS

The harbor of Rotterdam, the principal seaport of Holland. In this city the celebrated writer of *The Praise of Folly*, Gherardt Gherardts, better known by the more poetic name of Desiderius Erasmus, was born in 1460.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### DUTCH GIRL OF THE ISLAND OF MARKEN

The island of Marken is situated just off the Zuider Zee coast, a few miles from Amsterdam. It is famous for the quaint dress of its inhabitants. Notice the white cap on the girl, which all women of the island wear.



*Lemeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### 'ZUIDWAL,' DELFT, HOLLAND

Showing a Dutch windmill. Delft is now a quiet town with 32,000 inhabitants. In this city William the Silent was assassinated on Tuesday, 10th of July, 1584, by Balthasar Gherarda.



*Lemeland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

### CHEESE MARKET, ALKMAAR, HOLLAND

Alkmaar is an old typical Dutch town twenty-five miles to the north of Amsterdam. It is called the 'Cheese Capital' of Holland. Forty-odd million pounds of cheese are exported yearly from this town.

## THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE: by R. Machell

*(Continued from the September number)*

### CHAPTER III

**A**S she thought of her manoeuver, Cantric's goddess laughed a malicious laugh. The Viceroy had tried to find the name of the singer on the lake, in order to secure a novelty for the entertainment of his guests, and he had not consulted her in the matter: two offenses against her supremacy that she could not pardon, for she was a spoiled child of fortune.

Her position was peculiar, and she felt that she must make herself necessary to the Prince, or risk the loss of all she most valued. She had grown up in the household petted and favored as the adopted child of her patron, yet not formally accepted nor officially entitled to any particular rank. Her mother had been a dancer, and the Prince in his youth had built for her the pavilion by the lake now occupied by Surati. Detached from the family mansion and hidden by trees, its existence could be ignored when necessary; and the girl learned to accept the limitations thus put upon her privileged familiarity with the Prince, whom she was not allowed to claim as father, though the relationship was known to all. She was as keen a critic in matters of art and music as he, and her taste was more sure. She ruled supreme in the house, when no relatives or guests were in residence. Then she retired to her pavilion, and the Prince visited her there to get her advice on such matters as the arrangement of entertainments or festivals. She was a fountain of inspiration to him in suggesting new amusements, new schemes of decoration, or new dishes for the feasts he loved to lavish on his noble guests. She supplied him with witty tales and bits of scandal, and sometimes by a word influenced his judgment in matters of state. Therefore she resented any attempt of his to arrange a concert or to engage a new singer without consulting her.

Another cause of annoyance to her was the prolonged visit of the noble Princess Mirrah, whose presence cast a blight upon the genial conviviality that usually distinguished the Prince's company. Fuchuli himself went in awe of her, and made such desperate efforts during her visits to live up to her austere ideals that he became irritable and depressed. This entertainment given in her honor was really meant to celebrate the close of her visit, and the hospitable Viceroy felt himself called upon to provide some new feature for the musical program, such as might be acceptable to one whose taste was refined and pure. Cantric's song had caught his fancy, for he was keen enough to detect in it something unusually lofty, as compared with the style of singing then in vogue, and he

## THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE

wanted to get this rare treasure for his concert that night, and to be able to tell a fanciful romance he had prepared to describe the manner in which he had discovered this new genius. For the noble patron of all the arts was a great romancer, and he always introduced a new discovery with some artistic fiction suited to the occasion, usually provided by the fertile fancy of Surati.

But the Princess Mirrah absolutely ignored the existence of the pavilion and its beautiful tenant, and the Prince dared not set foot in the house while his noble cousin was his guest. She made severe demands on his attention, for she had schemes of reform, of education, of sanitation, of social improvement, and even of religious revival, that appalled the easy-going sybarite. The worst of it was that the Emperor himself had to some extent endorsed her views, so that the Viceroy was compelled to promise many things, some of which might have to be seriously considered at some later date. In the meantime her visit was coming to an end, and then there would be Surati to conciliate and console for her long seclusion. Truly, the society of women is a source of tribulation to man.

The Princess had extracted a promise from the Viceroy that he would institute an extensive system of more popular education than any that had yet been allowed in that very conservative land, and she had pressed him to make some definite move in that direction before she returned to the Imperial City, which was her home. Now he felt the need of Surati's counsel, to show him how he might evade the issue without offending the Princess, whose influence at the Imperial Court was not to be ignored by one who wished to end his days in honor and ease.

There were other matters on which he wanted the assistance of his talented though capricious adviser, and he decided to visit the pavilion discreetly during the hour devoted to his siesta, when no one who valued his life would dare to intrude upon his privacy.

Surati had expected such a visit for some time, and was piqued to find that her patron could dispense for so long with her valuable counsel.

Fuchuli appeared prostrated with the cares and anxieties of his administration, and lamented the restlessness of men and particularly of women, who could not let well-enough alone, but must be stirring up trouble with uncalled-for innovations in the established order. He talked without ceasing, till he thought he had cleared the ground sufficiently to be able to come to a more precise explanation of his difficulties.

Surati rose to the occasion, and showed him how to please his exacting cousin without compromising his own policy of inaction. Then came the question of the evening's entertainment. That was a more serious matter, for it was a question of art. He felt that some novelty was

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

absolutely necessary to give point to the whole program, and he was forced to confess that he was unable to put his hand on a performer of originality, suited to excite the interest of so severe a purist as the Princess.

At the mention of the Princess Mirrah, Surati's face clouded; but no cloud stayed long on her smooth brow.

"Leave it to me, Fuchi," she said gaily, using the childish name she had given her patron long ago, and which always pleased him, for he loved the girl better than anything except his own comfort and enjoyment. "Leave it to me. I promise you an artist who will make you the envy of the Imperial Court for having discovered him. He is my present to my dear Fuchi."

"And you will make him understand that, if he is asked about his past, he must accept my story. I know how to present a singer; it takes some skill to discover a genius in the proper manner; he must listen attentively, and never allow his own vulgar past to interfere with the family history I shall endow him with."

Surati promised to school her new-found genius, and the Prince willingly left the matter in her hands, suspecting that it was the singer of the morning, who had already fallen under the spell of the siren. In any case he had absolute confidence in her judgment, and went to his deferred siesta comforted, and prepared both with answers to Mirrah's demands, and with an opportunity for the recital of the romantic adventure which he had invented to account for the discovery of his latest genius, the as yet unknown singer.

## CHAPTER IV

BENDORAH felt that fortune smiled on him at last when he saw the change in the young poet's costume and received orders to row straight to the little tower entrance, for he knew that only the most favored were admitted by that door. Already he saw himself enriched by the generosity of a powerful patron such as had never yet patronized his humble skiff.

The poet was reserved but calm, as a man sure of himself, confident of success; yet his heart beat fast as he felt the key turn in the lock and the tower door yield to his touch. It swung to behind him and Cantric found himself within the garden sacred to his goddess. His heart burned beneath the purple robe he had chosen that day as suited to his high calling and humble origin. Beyond a screen of bushes and trees were lights and sounds of conversation, but nothing more was visible in that direction. After a moment's pause he followed the path that lay before him and found himself facing the pavilion of Surati.

## THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE

The door stood open and the poet entered. The air was heavy with the scent of roses, soft light bathed the darkness of the draperies that covered the walls. The beauty of the place was intoxicating to one of Cantric's temperament, and he stood entranced, yielding himself to the spell without an effort at resistance. He woke from the trance at the soft ripple of a woman's laughter.

There was no time to be lost, and Surati promptly assumed the role of initiator, instructing the singer in the dramatic situation prepared for his début. She had no objection to his worship, but the right to worship must be earned by service, and his service was what now called for attention.

The fitting moment for the entry of the new singer had been carefully chosen and the musicians duly instructed and rehearsed, so that the host knew when to expect the climax of the program. Cantric was to sing first unseen and at a distance, gradually approaching till he was within easy reach of the illuminated space, into which he should enter only when called. Surati examined his appearance, and herself put the final touch to his costume by the addition of a rich scarf and a wreath of red roses, that she placed on his head.

The poet felt as if he stepped on air; the song came rushing to his lips in a wild burst of joy that thrilled the audience to silence. Fuchuli smiled and watched his cousin Mirrah.

The Princess started at the voice, and listened with a look of wonder on her face that delighted her host. Surati had redeemed her promise, and she should be richly rewarded. But the Princess looked grave, and her eyes had the intent look in them that usually made Fuchuli feel abashed in her presence. Instinctively he felt that she resented the passion that pervaded the song, but the guests were enraptured and the applause overwhelming, so that the Prince forgot his cousin in the triumph of the moment, and bade the attendants bring the singer forward to receive the applause he had won.

His appearance was the signal for a fresh ovation. The Princess opened her eyes with recognition and surprise. She leaned forward and fixed her gaze upon the artist who stood waiting for permission to sing again.

The Prince gave the sign; the singer looked up and caught the wonderful deep gaze of those mysterious eyes. Once more the scent of the white rose came faint and ethereal to his senses like a memory, and he saw again the fountain and the veiled litter and the eyes that were like nothing under heaven. But the lights, the company, the heavy perfume, and the fumes of the wine which Surati had made him drink before he sang, all rose to drown the vision, and when he touched the lute again it was in answer to the appeal of the place and its presiding genius, and his

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

own unmastered passion. Wildly he sang and well, but the eyes of the Princess darkened as she listened.

The guests were charmed and showered gifts and praises on the hero of the moment. Fuchuli was delighted, not alone with the success of the singer, but with the fire of the song; and when his chance came to introduce his protégé more fully, he excelled himself in the fluency and fancy of the story he told, of how he had found and fostered the youth, and kept him for this occasion, to do honor to his noble cousin and his other noble guests. Cantric listened in amazement, and Surati clapped her hands in delight behind the bushes, where she had stood to see the triumph of her latest victim.

The Princess Mirrah almost smiled as the youth approached, but there was something stern about the eyes that denied the approval of the smile. She took a white rosebud from beside her fan, and threw it to the singer, who stooped and gathered it, raising the flower reverently to his forehead, not to his lips, as was the general usage. At that her eyes softened and saddened, though her lips still smiled serenely.

It seemed to him as if a silvery ray of pure light for a moment pierced his brain, and left a scar like that which the lightning leaves where it strikes. His triumph fell to ashes in that flash of light, and left him weak and faint as if from a blow or a fall from some great height.

Behind the screen of bushes he sank on a bench, and Surati bade a servant give him wine. He drank it eagerly, and felt the blood rush to his heart and course through his veins with wild fire. Surati smiled.

## CHAPTER V

WHEN the Princess Mirrah was gone, Surati resumed her sway. The feasts and festivals given by her generous patron were more frequent, more lavish, and more brilliant than before. The promises of reform were lightly set aside, and the old system of neglect and corruption continued undisturbed. The court of the Viceroy set the fashion, and the extravagance of the nobility reached its culmination in the outbreak of a revolt that was in reality engineered from the Imperial City with the tacit approval of the Emperor.

This climax was hastened by political intrigue, which was aided by the reports that reached the Imperial court of the scandalous excesses to which Fuchuli's luxurious hospitality had encouraged the nobility of the city and province which he ruled so negligently. Released from the temporary restraint of the Princess Mirrah's presence, the pleasure-loving Viceroy abandoned himself more and more to the domination of Surati, whose genius fanned the slow fire of his weak nature into a flame

## THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE

from which many a kindred fire was lit. The new singer was installed as prime favorite, petted by great ladies, and patronized by all the nobles of the court. Surati was his goddess; and the evil fires that burned upon her altar were the source of his song, that in its turn incited his admirers to a veritable frenzy of esthetic intoxication.

Fuchuli's court was a hotbed of corruption, in which the rank growth of vice had its roots. The branches of these poison-plants stretched far and wide, and the unwholesome fruit they bore soon ripened and rotted, polluting the moral atmosphere of the whole province. The officers, both civil and military, applied the funds of the State to the replenishing of their private purses, emptied by the luxurious mode of life made fashionable by the example of the court.

Surati was the flame that gave luster to this age of decadence; her imagination devised the novelties that lent piquancy to the feast and sparkle to the festival. While Cantric by his wild, despairing songs stirred the last embers of a burnt-out fire of genius in the poets and singers of the city into a semblance of flame, that for a while made men think an age of literary glory had begun, which should make their generation famous for all time.

But the people groaned under the load of taxation, the oppression of bad government, and the laxity of the administration. Complaints flowed in to the Emperor, and the close of Fuchuli's administration was decreed. The Emperor sent a special envoy with a large retinue bearing a magnificent present and a laudatory message of greeting to the astonished Viceroy.

Almost simultaneously a revolt broke out in a distant part of the province denuded of police by the 'economies' of the governors, who had cut down the number of men to be fed and clothed, in order to have enough for their own needs. The Viceroy's guards were sent to quell the revolt.

Then a sudden rising occurred in the city itself, and in one night all the principal officials fell. The morning found the gateway of the palace of the Viceroy adorned with ghastly trophies of the storm. Displayed on spears were seen the heads of those who had so lately ruled the land. Fuchuli and Surati held the places of honor in this ghastly festival; and every palace in the city was in like manner decorated. The envoy of the Emperor and his retinue held the viceregal palace, and the people did homage to the Emperor in his person. The storm had passed.

And Cantric the favorite, the idol of the court; on him the anger of the Muse fell with the cruel mercy of the Gods. His humble birth made him unworthy of a place beside the high nobility: his life was

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spared, on payment of the awful tribute of his tongue, cut from his mouth, that he might testify henceforth in silence to his own apostasy. He recognised the justice of the Gods in the cold cruelty of the decree, that made him but the living tomb of a dead singer, branded by silence for his crime of song.


Fuchuli and Surati had but lived by the light they had, and died in their meretricious glory: but he, who had aspired to stand in presence of the Gods and sing the songs of the immortals, he had betrayed the light that he had seen; he had debased his genius to the service of the wild spirits of the underworld, and soiled his soul by blasphemy against the light he had himself invoked, and to whose service he knew himself pledged and his life dedicate. He bowed his pride before the hand of destiny, that sent him forth, naked of soul and mutilated, to seek the path in silence. In mockery they gave him back his lute, and set a wreath of roses on his head, one that had fallen in the slaughter of the night.

A woman of the people sheltered him, and healed him of his wound. She hung the wreath of roses on his lute; and, when at length the dumb man went his way, a beggar, bearing that emblem of his spiritual heredity, the lute, he took the withered wreath, and lo! a marvel. Among the faded blossoms and dry leaves one flower still lived, a white rose in the bud. And, as he looked upon it, there came again the memory of the fragrance which he had sensed so strangely when he had gazed into those eyes whose light had seared his brain like lightning.

He took the white rosebud and placed it in his bosom in an empty purse that hung by a gold chain about his neck. Then he set forth to seek the path, and, as he went, the fragrance of the white rose floated round him, and in his heart the rhythm of a far-off melody seemed calling to him like the tones of a loved voice echoing through a dream.

## THE PRINCESS BARBY: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

### A STORY FOR CHILDREN

 HE wasn't a princess — a real princess; at least not the kind we read about who are the daughters of kings and queens. Oh no! poor Barby was not in the least like one of these; and still less was she like any Fairy Princess ever heard of.

Now the children of kings — as we used to hear of them — lived in palaces with troops of attendants ready to gratify every wish. Every child knows what a Fairy Princess is like; or if it doesn't, it ought to know all about them. It is a great pity that any child should be told that these things are all nonsense when the truth is that each element

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in the realm of Nature is inhabited by its own kind of living beings who are exactly fitted to their own life there as we are to ours here.

Well, *our* Princess Barby lived, not in any of the beautiful Fairy-lands all about us, which so few can see: nor in any grand palace in Earthland: but up, up, up four long, wearisome flights of stairs in a rickety, tumble-down old building that ought to have been pulled down years before. And then the only share she had in it was one bare little room, at the top, with a tiny gable window and a very grimy bit of skylight. This house stood in a crowded and not at all pleasant part of the great city; and the air poor Barby breathed was as dull and grimy as the light by which she worked; for she was a very industrious princess indeed, and never found any time in which to be idle.

It was a bleak, raw afternoon in December, and though only three o'clock, the halls and stairs were dark enough as the child climbed wearily upward, with a large basket on her arm. When she reached her attic room she paused, listening attentively at the door. Then she opened it carefully and stole in on tip-toe. But quiet as she strove to be, she was heard by the occupant.

"Is that you, Princess?" cried a clear, childish voice, from the darkest corner of the room.

"Yes, Bessie," replied Barby; and her tone was bright and cheery, though she had dragged herself so wearily up the stairs and once had sobbed outright; and her eyelids were still wet. Putting down her basket on a long table under the skylight she went over to a sofa in the dark corner and knelt down beside it.

Though it was dark and gloomy in the room, Barby was accustomed to it and could plainly distinguish the pale little face turned toward her. It was such a beautiful face, too, and childish, though worn and wasted with suffering. Bright golden curls were tossed about over the pillow; but the large wistful blue eyes had a strangely still and vacant look — for the child was blind. But she put out a thin little hand and touched Barby's hair and cheek, and then clasped her fingers.

"Why, Princess Barby! how cold you are," she said; "and you stayed so long, when I told you to hurry back."

"Yes, Pet; I fear it was long for you. But I couldn't help it. I'll try and not stay so long again."

"Well, I didn't mind so much," said the child sinking back on her pillows. "But I do want my tea. I hope you have something good for supper; and you will have so much more to tell — of all you have seen today — won't you, Princess?"

"Yes indeed, Pet," cried the princess, springing up and setting briskly about preparing for the meal.

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Lighting a small coal-oil stove, she placed it near the couch, that Bessie might enjoy the warmth, though the child was well covered with soft warm blankets. Then she proceeded to make the tea and fry — oh! such a tiny little bit of sausage.

“Oh, you have got just what I like!” cried Bessie. “It smells so nice, and I’m hungry.”

“I knew you would like it; and I have something else you like, too — nice, fresh butter.”

And Barby took from a paper bag the precious bit of butter, two fresh white rolls, and a stale brown loaf. It was all soon arranged on a rickety little stand close to Bessie’s sofa which she never left, for having an affection of the spine she was well-nigh helpless as well as blind. She then poured out the tea, cut up the bit of sausage, and buttering one of the rolls placed all before the child, who began to eat with apparent enjoyment.

“It is all good,” she said: “but why don’t you eat, Princess?”

“Me! oh, I am eating,” cried Barby cheerfully, putting a crumb of stale bread into her mouth and trying very hard to swallow a big lump that *would* rise in her throat. It wasn’t that there was nothing for her but the stale bread — that happened frequently — but she did not know how Bessie’s next dinner was to be provided; and that was an altogether different matter.

But of this Bessie knew nothing. She never had known of the dire straits to which the poor princess had been pushed; nor had she any idea of the poverty and misery by which she was surrounded. While her mother lived she had managed to keep them in comparative comfort. She had been a first-class worker in the making of artificial flowers, and while absent at the factory Barby acted as housekeeper and cared for Bessie. They were only step-sisters, as their parents had each a daughter when they were married five years before. But after a couple of years, Barby’s father had been killed in an accident, and a year ago the dear mother had gone.

Bessie was only seven then and the other five years older; and what was poor Barby to do? Her stepmother had taught her to make the simpler kinds of flowers, and she worked faithfully, keeping the terrible truth from the little blind child whom she loved so dearly. To her this poor garret was as the light, pretty rooms of her former home. They had been brought here by an old cobbler to whom their parents had been kind, he contenting himself with a dark little den across the passage to give the children this room. But he was old and ill and could do no more.

Everything was gone but the sofa on which little Bessie lay, with its soft pillows and warm covering. But of this she was ignorant; and

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her blindness, which had been caused by an illness only a year before her mother's death, enabled Barby to keep up the fiction of still being surrounded by the things she still remembered.

To her fancy poor, pale Barby, with her hollow, dark eyes, unkempt hair, and worn garments, was a creature as lovely as any of the princesses of whom Barby used to read to her; and for this reason the child had called her Princess Barby. But Barby had little time to read now, and so she told, over and over, the stories they had read, varying them according to her own imagination. Then she amused Bessie in a way she liked almost better by detailing every incident she had observed during her absences, which were not to be avoided, and making up stories of the people she saw.

Some persons might say all this was foolish and wrong; but poor little Barby only thought of making the afflicted child comfortable and happy. She never dreamed of being untruthful because the cold hard facts which so bruised her own heart were concealed from her listener. Or if the facts were presented, they were so clothed with the veil of the romantic, poetic, and fanciful, that to the blind child they appeared interesting and beautiful: and sometimes even to Barby herself they lost some of their sharp, cruel ugliness.

After all, is there not always more than only the one view to be taken of every act and event in life? Are we to think only of the one narrow point that most irritates and wounds us? If so, we shall fail to see much of the truth.

Today an unusually unpleasant array of facts had presented themselves to Barby. First, when she had carried back her work the forewoman was in a bad humor, found fault with her work and paid her less than usual; and she had been kept waiting a long, weary time before she got another basketful to take home. Then when she went to the baker's the good man was out and the attendant looked contemptuously at her and overcharged for the two rolls, because they *were* only two, and made her pay nearly as much for the stale loaf as a fresh one, and the poor child knew that it would not taste half so good. Still that didn't matter so much — for the princess seldom thought much about herself — only if it had been fresh, Bessie might have eaten some of it too.

When she came into the hall, so cold and tired and discouraged, she had been met by the landlady who demanded her rent; and of course Barby had no money to pay it. The old cobbler had died a few weeks before. All she could do was to earn the little that kept Bessie and herself from starving; and it seemed that this might not be possible much longer.

For all her protestations of hunger, the weak appetite of the child

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was soon satisfied and she leaned back, sighing wearily and leaving the sausage and roll unfinished.

"What is it, Pet?" asked Barby anxiously. "You said you were hungry and that it was good."

"So it is, Barby dear; but I'm not hungry now — I've had all I want. Oh, I'm so tired, Princess. Won't you tell me something pretty tonight?"

"Yes, dear," said Barby, clearing away the things and carefully keeping the bits of sausage for another meal. Then sitting down by the light of a dim lamp, her fingers busily shaping the bright flowers, she told a long fairy-story to her little sister, in which there was light and warmth and music and beauty everywhere.

As the days went by the winter grew bleaker, and work became more scarce and harder to obtain. Sometimes now Barby could not get even a stale loaf.

But Bessie grew weaker and cared less for food, though she still talked of Santa Claus and of what he would bring. This wrung the heart of Barby; for how could she provide gifts when even food was wanting?

It was the day before Christmas and Barby had taken back her work and a little more was grudgingly given her. On her way out she saw a lady who was looking at her. There was something in the dark eyes that seemed wonderful to the child. The look of pity and compassion on her face brought the tears to her eyes. But the forewoman pushed Barby toward the door, telling her to make haste and get out of other people's way.

She hurried home with a tiny pitcher of milk and a few crackers, all Bessie cared to take now. While heating the milk her tears fell silently, for the little one must not be troubled.

"Oh!" she thought, "if that woman had only let me wait a little. I think the kind lady would have spoken. Then I would have told her about Bessie, and I'm sure she would have done something for her."

After Bessie had drunk her milk she said: "Don't work tonight, Princess. It's Christmas Eve, you know; and Mama always had a Christmas tree. But we don't need it, do we — only you and me? I dreamed while you were gone that Mama came to see me. Do you think she can see us now, Princess?"

"I don't know, darling," whispered Barby, kissing her.

"Why, Barby dear, you are crying! I thought you were always so bright and happy. I don't know why — but I feel happy tonight, though we have no tree and Mama's gone away from us. I feel as if something very good was coming to us this Christmas. I wish you to feel that way, too. I love you so dearly, Barby; and you have always been so good to me."

After a long silence Bessie spoke again: "Come nearer, Barby dear,"

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she said. "Though I am happy, I am cold and tired—Oh! so tired, tired; but I can't sleep. I want you to come here — on the couch with me. I want to have you close to me."

"Yes, Pet, I am close to you," answered Barby, gathering the frail little form into her arms and pressing her face against the golden head.

"That rests me, Princess. Now tell me all the nice stories you can think of; and sing me the Christmas songs. Then I shall go to sleep by-and-by."

But Bessie did not sleep, and all night Barby choked back the sobs and tears, that she might not distress the little sufferer. Her voice was low and clear as, hour after hour, she told again the stories of Fairies, Angels, and Heroes, which she had read, and crooned over the songs their mother had sung with them. Then before dawn they both fell asleep.

When Barby awoke the first gleam of sunshine she had seen for many days was shining dimly on the smoky skylight. But there was something stranger still; for two ladies stood there with kind faces and gentle eyes looking down on the little sisters.

"Why, how did you come?" asked Barby, rising very carefully, not to waken Bessie. "But neither of you is the lady who looked at me so kindly yesterday. And I dreamed she came and told me that what Bessie said was true; that a great good was coming to us both on this Christmas Day."

"Yes, it will — it has come!" said one of the ladies. "The lady you saw would have come last night, but she had to go on the evening train. So she learned your address and asked us to come this morning."

"Oh, I knew she was good!" cried Barby. "But we must be quiet and not waken Bessie. She did not sleep all night — until just this morning."

"Don't you know, dear," said the other lady, "that Bessie has gone? She will not wake here any more."

With a cry Barby turned to the couch. "Oh, it is cruel!" she said. "She thought the good was coming to her, too."

"So it has, my child; the very best good of all. Nothing could be better for her. And you are going to the lady you saw. It is a place where there are no bitter winters like we have here. All the year flowers bloom and birds sing. You will like to be there, will you not?"

"Oh yes," sobbed the child, "but if only Bessie could come —"

"She has gone to a more beautiful place; and she will no longer be blind, nor lame — nor know want or pain. Think of that, dear child. With you she would still have to keep all that. You do not wish her to suffer any more, do you? She will return with a new and better body. You will go into the school founded by this lady where many children are

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now being taught how to become good and useful women and men, so they can help make the world a better place to live in than you have found it."

"Oh, I should love to help do that!" said the child earnestly.

And in this way the "great good" which Bessie had seen in her dream came to the Princess Barby and her little sister on Christmas Day.

## THE SCREEN OF TIME

### MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

**O**WING to the prevailing epidemic of influenza, public gatherings of all kinds have been suspended in San Diego during the past month, and consequently the Sunday morning meetings in Isis Theater have been discontinued for the time being.

### A FITTING MEMORIAL

**O**NE of the anniversaries observed by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society everywhere is the day when H. P. Blavatsky put aside the outworn body of that daring, tender soul, to return to the larger life behind the shadowy veil. Her inspiring message of "Truth, Light, and Liberation for discouraged humanity," had awakened enough of the sleeping divinity in those close to her to lighten even the burden of their loss with a new sense of nearness to the great reality of the unseen. It was as if those who had loved this messenger from the realm of light, felt some touch of the royal home-coming she must have met, after her toilsome journey on alien earth.

Mme Blavatsky had asked that the date of her passing on should be called White Lotus Day. So it is a custom, on May 8th, for those loyal to the spirit of her great work to pause and live over in grateful memory the heroic efforts of this 'lion-hearted' pioneer in blazing a new pathway. Theosophy, as taught by her and her successor, Wm. Q. Judge, has been put to the practical test by Katherine Tingley. Today the third Leader's recognised world-work links the past and present of the Society as closely as an imposing edifice is related to its firm foundation, or as a flower continues the life-current of parent plant or seed.

As the students of Katherine Tingley, on White Lotus Day, re-live the vital hopes and plans of the Theosophical Society's Founder, so does she live on, in the ever-unfolding work that is realizing her fondest dreams. Those who knew her devotion to the cause of humanity, feel sure that no heaven could hold her long, while men were suffering here. The intuitive certainty that though gone she will return, links the present with the future, and relates the everyday earth-life to the illumined reality of the unseen.

## A FITTING MEMORIAL

To the true Theosophist the thought of death does not bring the usual dreary sense of finality, which shrinks with doubt and fear from the unknown change. Instead, the loss of a loved one brings a sacred pause in the confused round of events called life. Then, in the sentient hush of a tender silence, while the brain waits, love may follow a little way into the immanent world of light and peace that, all unknown, opens out of the very heart. The self-forgetful love for the departed easily turns toward the invisible way, that winds in and out of earth-life many times in the soul's immortal journey. A veritable benediction comes with the loss of a loved one, if the trusting, unselfish nature is open to receive it.

It is told that when a comrade of the late William Scott once said that he could not realize he should die some day, he replied, with his calm smile: "Of course you cannot realize it, because you never will die." That was the keynote of William Scott's life. His days were timed as simple, natural steps in the continued life of immortality. Having found his own inner self, he was not "moved from the reality" by the illusive changes of conditioned existence. Like one of our ocean rocks, he remained unmoved while feeling the ebb and flow and swirl of conditions around him. For years ill-health kept him from close contact with others in the work to which he was self-dedicated. But he always radiated the calm, courageous strength and uplift of a comrade-in-arms, who was too truly great to need prominence or stage-setting.

It seemed peculiarly fitting that William Scott's trusted Teacher should call together a group of the oldest workers at Point Loma in honor of his memory. Katherine Tingley set apart one of her busy days to receive some pioneers who had helped to clear the wild hills of Point Loma for a work that is radiating light and hope to every corner of the earth today. Always more than mother in fostering the noblest side of human nature, she made a rare home-coming for these old comrades of William Scott. Together they lived over those early days when only the clear eye of faith could see how the chaparral-covered hills could become a convincing picture of the power and beauty of Theosophy in human life. Comrade Scott was not only the skilled craftsman who came forward in time of need, but he brought rich tributes of the constructive, unifying, uplifting spirit that ennobled the practical work of the carpenter's son in Galilee. His hands were strong to help clear the way of tangled waste, and to upbuild the sheltering walls for new and better things. Moreover, he was as quick and firm in protesting against the human wastage of misjudgment, criticism, wrong, and error, and in steadily portraying the silent power of the living truth. As, in memory, the pioneer group now went back from the marvels wrought in eighteen years to the early days, all were touched with awe at the significance of their positions, when, imperfectly and unconsciously, they were yet building far better than they knew.

Katherine Tingley reviewed the links which unite the initial work of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge with the transformation of Lomaland they

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

never saw, but where their dreams are coming true. The present Teacher, in ever urging students to nobler efforts, in pointing to what has been done, is only sad with knowledge of even greater things that might have come to pass if all had simply remained true to themselves. Once when she had told Mr. Judge of her plans which have since been worked out in making Theosophy a living power, he replied that with the present state of human nature possibly it could be done in 300 years. Surely, there is a logic of repeated lives and of human perfectibility that has no time-limit in immortality, since by self-knowledge and self-discipline, the experience of several ordinary incarnations can be condensed and digested in one lifetime.

As these pioneer workers now heard reminiscences of Katherine Tingley's first crusade around the world, including the laying of the corner-stone at Point Loma, many interesting events took on a deeper meaning to them. Incidents of the trip, often at remote places, stood out as vital links in the past, present, and future of a movement for "the benefit of the peoples of the earth and all creatures." There was something cosmic in the superb sweep of inspiring possibilities for humanity, in reviewing what had been done already; and the very air seemed rarefied with that confidence and high hope that the distraught world is seeking. Everyone felt the liberating truth of a great joy and reality, that is the destiny of humanity, even though its stage is now set for a sad and pitiful drama. The occasion seemed like a halting-place in an absorbing mountain climb, that the little group might more clearly see in the wider vista outspread before it how continuously the path led from the confines of a prophetic past to unimagined heights of an untried future. It was an outlook from which the sweep of a wider horizon was as simple and natural as the limitation of the old outlook, which had lost nothing now that it had taken on more meaning in a larger picture.

The day drew to a close, with its hours rounded out by an enlarged sense of the sweetness and dignity and oneness of all life. Then these old comrades of William Scott sat down to break bread together, in the intimate home-touch of a family group, around the table where the loved and honored Teacher was her most gracious and happy self. Fragrant roses from the children's garden carried their greetings to every plate; and dainty place-cards from the Arts-Crafts Department made its artistic offering a choice souvenir. Vegetables represented the outdoor education of a busy swarm of boys in the Lomaland garden. The food, prepared by the comrades on duty in the Refectory, was served by several dear Râja-Yoga girls, glad to make some karmic return for care the old Lotus Home workers had given to them as babies. On every hand tokens of willing, faithful and loving service of many members of the "Theosophical household" struck anew the note of the higher home-life.

In the evening, officials and heads of departments and many resident students at the International Theosophical Headquarters came to pay respect to the pioneer comrades of a faithful worker who had rendered loyal service from the first. A long line of Râja-Yoga School boys and girls came

## ANCIENT ASTRONOMY IN ARIZONA

with flowers and happy faces, that well symbolized the flowering of seeds started in the small Lotus Home, years ago. More fortunate in their early training than were their elders, this young life is rich in promise, for, as Katherine Tingley says, the children are the links with the future. There was music, as always in Lomaland gatherings, and cordial exchange of fraternal greetings. The hostess related some dramatic and important experiences and incidents in the history of a movement, unique in purpose and method, and in its practical idealism imprinted upon every phase of human life. It was a day of revelation of how steadfast devotion to simple duty and loyal service for others invoke those finer forces in human nature that can easily wield the magician's wand.

— RECORDER

## ANCIENT ASTRONOMY IN ARIZONA

THE following interesting excerpt is from a recent bulletin issued by the Department of the Interior:

"For many years two pairs of holes in the walls of the celebrated prehistoric Casa Grande Ruin in Arizona have given rise to much speculation on the part of archaeologists. The holes are about an inch and a half in diameter and are bored through walls four feet thick. They occur in pairs, each pair on opposite sides of a great central room. The holes in each pair are in line with each other, so that one standing in a dark first-floor room behind the central room may look through the innermost hole, across the central room, and through the outermost hole at the sky. One pair points due east. The other pair points north at a declining angle.

"The interesting people who built this most ancient of pueblos have left no traces behind them. One can only imagine, by analogy from better-known neighborhood races of a later period, what their civilization may have been. That they were a deeply religious people and worshipers of the sun is an assumption. Recently an interesting theory has been advanced to explain the holes, according to which they form what might be called a seasonal clock. Twice a year, once as the sun works north and once as it works south along the eastern horizon, it rises in line with the eastward pointing holes and for one morning, for possibly three minutes, throws a bar of light into the dark inner room.

"From this the ceremonial calendar could be dated and certain festivals would fall on the same day year after year. One is reminded of Stonehenge in England where the sun at its summer solstice shone down a long alley of stone monuments upon an altar placed in the center of a series of circles of stones.

"We come now to the northern pair of holes which are placed in the north wall of the central room and the corresponding outer wall of the building. This pair trends downward and to the east so that they never overlooked the defensive wall which surrounded the group of buildings around the Casa Grande. At first thought this precludes any astronomical use, but

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the ingenious theorist has an explanation for even this condition of affairs.

"If we grant the former inhabitants the use of an instrument of reflexion, which need be no more complicated than a plain bowl of water, then it is easy to imagine the medicine-man in the dark of the night, when he comes to a certain point in his ceremony, putting a bowl of water at a predetermined point on the plaza outside and so reflecting the light of some bright star in the northern heavens up through these holes into the central room of the Casa Grande.

"The problem is now being studied as to which bright star near that particular angle could have been moved from that exact angle by the precession of the equinoxes, and it is hoped by this point to establish the date when the Casa Grande was inhabited.

"The Casa Grande itself, however ancient, was the most recent of its group. The evidence seems to show that an older group of ruins was abandoned about the time the Casa Grande was built."

Should the exact particulars of azimuth and inclination be published, astronomers in general would have an opportunity of considering this subject. We know that some of the ancient inhabitants of Central America must have had a good knowledge of astronomy at one time, though it does not follow that the builders of Casa Grande necessarily inherited it. Supposing the ruins to be of considerable antiquity, it may be that other elements besides the precession of the equinoxes would require attention, before a conclusion regarding the probable date of the ruins could be reached. — D

## THE SIMPLIFICATION OF TIME

WHAT appears to be a practical suggestion has been made recently (in *Popular Astronomy*) having the object of avoiding the confusion caused by the combination of the zone system of time in the United States with the summer and winter time-systems lately adopted. Many mistakes and delays at junction-points have resulted. It is pointed out that even under this double time-system much daylight is lost during the winter months; that it would be better if business in general were commenced somewhat earlier in the day; and that a uniform time for all transportation systems throughout the country is a great desideratum. To quote:

"Both these things can be effected in a very simple manner. Let Congress adopt ninetieth meridian time as the standard time for the whole country, except Alaska. Then let the legal hour of noon be fixed for each zone in such a way that legal noon shall in general be slightly before solar noon.

"Thus east of seventy-fifth meridian the time of legal noon would be ten o'clock. Between the seventy-fifth and the ninetieth meridian legal noon would be eleven o'clock; between the ninetieth and one hundred and fifth meridian, twelve o'clock; and west of the one hundred and fifth meridian, one o'clock.

"Banks and government offices would open accordingly, and other

## THE SIMPLIFICATION OF TIME

business would naturally follow, making the hours of work before the legal noon approximately equal to those after that period. Some confusion would inevitably result at first. People in some of the zones would have to change their time of rising, eating meals and retiring; but in a very few days every one would become accustomed to the change, and the country would have the inestimable advantage of a uniform time throughout the country.... Individual convenience and preference must give way to the general good of the country."

Probably comparatively few people realize that the whole navigation system of the world is conducted with reference to a single meridian, that of Greenwich. Yet no one ever heard of complaints from the navy and mercantile marine on this score! Many U. S. Government reports, such as those relating to seismological investigation, are framed solely in terms of Greenwich time. These facts point clearly enough to the advantage resulting from a simplified time-system.

The new suggestion, if adopted, would have the practical result that in all seasons the clock would read 12 at the same instant throughout the United States, 'legal noon' remaining alone the subject of adjustment by suitable enactments. This proposed adoption of the ninetieth meridian has two further advantages. Firstly, it would be equally suitable for the whole of Canada, leading to still greater convenience, both in transportation and telegraphy. Thus it would become 'North American Time.' Secondly, adding six hours to 'North American Time' gives Greenwich Time.

This system, if extended to Europe, would probably result in all European clocks being set to fifteen-east meridian time. The effect in London, for instance, would be that 'legal noon' (12 by the clock) would be in reality one hour earlier than at present, tending to cause all business throughout the year to begin an hour earlier. South America would probably adopt the sixtieth meridian as the standard for the whole of that continent.

While on this subject of time-simplification, one is tempted to suggest that whatever international committee of business and scientific men conceivably met to consider the question might also take up the subject of date-simplification, a matter mooted more than once during the last decade. The easiest way suggested seems to have been that the last month of each quarter should have 31 days and the others 30, the dated year thus consisting of 364 days, January 1 being always Monday. 'New Year Day,' following December 31, would remain undated, a *dies non*. In a leap year a second *dies non*, 'Midsummer Day,' would be inserted between June 31 and July 1. By this means the business dates of all years would be alike.—D

## A SIGN OF THE TIMES

THE Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of California has adopted, by vote representing more than 65,000 members, the establishment of full and fraternal relations with the Grand Lodge and Grand Orient of France.

## ART NOTES

**A**N exhibition of paintings by Maurice Braun recently held at the Babcock Galleries, in New York City, has attracted most favorable attention. Our readers will remember a descriptive article on Mr. Braun's work in our January issue, together with reproductions of several of his paintings.

This descriptive article was preceded by one by Mr. Braun himself on 'Theosophy and the Artist.' In this Mr. Braun speaks of Theosophy as "the champion and inspirer of all that is noble and true and genuine in art, as it also is in other fields."

The following are comments from New York and Philadelphia papers on a recent exhibition of his paintings in New York City.

"Among his paintings are a view of the bay and city of San Diego from Point Loma, and a 'Moonlight on San Diego Bay.' The artist studied at the National Academy of Design and under William M. Chase. He went abroad in 1902. In 1911 he was appointed director of the San Diego Academy, over which he still presides. He has won the first Canon prize, the first Hallgarten prize, and gold medals at San Francisco in 1915 and 1916."

—*New York Herald*

"An exhibition of California paintings by Maurice Braun is attracting much attention at the Babcock Art Galleries. Mr. Braun, who is director of the San Diego Academy is a lover of the West, and paints his sun-flooded landscapes with understanding and enthusiasm. 'Storm Clouds, Mission Hills,' is rich in color, showing great coppery clouds looming over the blue mountains. A wonder of blue sea and sky, with a city iridescent in the distance, is 'Bay and City of San Diego from Point Loma.' The same bay in moonlight is also poetically depicted. The famous eucalyptus trees of California prove a fascinating motive when painted by Mr. Braun's facile brush, and group themselves in flowing design in 'Out There Beyond.'"

—*New York Tribune*

"These pictures are of prize-winning quality in big exhibitions. The atmosphere of the region, tinted as if with the reflexion of burning sands, imparts to all the work a reddish glow which is monotonous in mass while strikingly effective in detail. Mr. Braun has the Californian's broad range of vision, and he handles with skill and balance the landscape features that distinguish the scenic charms of California."—*New York World*

"He tells the story of a country which has bluer skies and greener grass, a brighter sun and bigger trees than any other State in the Union, and he does it very convincingly. . . . These are canvases which will cause nostalgia for the land of eternal sunshine in the heart of many a Northerner."—*Brooklyn Eagle*

"Maurice Braun, Director of the San Diego Academy of Art, is the author of these picturesque California sunlight paintings. His success as a painter in the past few years has been phenomenal. Mr. Braun is one of the strongest and best known of Southern California landscape artists."—*The Moment* (Philadelphia)

"Going further West than the plains, the present collection shows us that land of Southern California that we have grown to look on as a suburb of Heaven. Indeed, if the land is full of the delectable valleys and ridges which Braun shows us, we begin to forgive the enthusiasm of the 'native son' in praising the State which might have become famous through 'movie studios' even if it had not elected Woodrow Wilson. . . . At the Panama-Pacific Exposition he had a group of paintings that were widely commented on, and in the light of those he has exhibited at the Babcock Galleries the favorable comment was justified. In presenting the hills and valleys, rivers and shores of California he has adopted a very broad way of painting. His shadows are masses of shadows just as his light is almost a palpable mass of sunshine. With such big subjects as he has chosen the method has worked out very successfully. His hills and the blue shaded depths of their folds have a solidity that is of the earth. There is a very striking sense of rhythm in the balance of his paintings and his avoidance of detail has not given a sketchy group, as one might have supposed."—*Philadelphia Record*

# The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

## MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either at 'large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

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## OBJECTS

**T**HIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California

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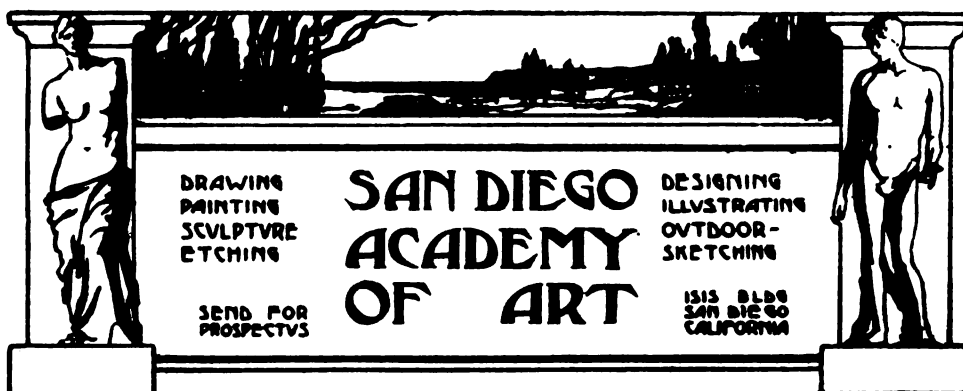
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